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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME XLVI
PART II.—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1919

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

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ST. NICHOLAS

VOLUME XLVI

PART II

Contents of Part II. Volume XLVI

AEROPLANE, SOME FURTHER USES OF THE. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs) ..... *James Anderson* 1075

AIRCRAFT, PUTTING THE, TO WORK. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs) ..... *Francis Arnold Collins*... 1070

AIRSHIP, BUNNY SQUIRREL'S. Verse. (Illustrated by George O. Butler) ..... *Pauline Frances Camp*... 592

ALBERT, KING, OF BELGIUM. See "Toy-Mender and King."

AMERICA MAKER, THE GREAT. Sketch. (Illustrated by Maurice L. Bower) ..... *Eva Madden* 771

APPLIED SCIENCE. Verse. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch) ... *Carolyn Wells* 614

BASEBALL. See "Bowman's Assist," "Grove Jokes, The," "Won by Mistake."

BATTLE OF THE CHEMISTS, THE. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs) ..... *A. Russell Bond*..... 916

BATTLE-SHIPS. See "Floating Citadels."

BICYCLE THAT WON OUT, THE. Story. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) ..... *Ralph Henry Barbour*... 680

BIRTHDAY CHILD, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Decie Merwin) ..... *Mattie Lee Hausgen*..... 700

BOWMAN'S ASSIST. Story. (Illustrated) ..... *Ralph Henry Barbour*... 787

BOY AGAIN, A. Verse ..... *Clinton Scollard* 1025

BOY FOR ME, THE. Verse ..... *Herbert C. Greenland*.... 785

BOYS, MRS. GRAY'S. Verse ..... *Emily Henderson* 837

BOYS WHO DO THINGS, FOR. Packing-Box Village. Sketch. (Illustrated by Howard V. Brown and with diagrams) ... *A. Russell Bond*..... 1102

BOY VIGILANTES OF BELGIUM, THE. Serial Story. Conclusion. (Illustrated by Edwin F. Bayha) ..... *George Ethelbert Walsh*. 636, 734

BUCANEERING. Verse. (Illustrated by Marion T. Justice) ... *Clinton Scollard* 673

"BUNNY." Picture. Painted by Ralph Peacock 1069

BUTTERFLY BAND, THE. See "Plays and Music."

BUTTERFLY BEAU, A. Picture. Drawn by Beatrice Stevens 989

CALLERS, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Marion T. Justice) ... *Alix Thorn* 701

CAP AND MASK, IN. Verse. (Illustrated by George O. Butler) ..... *Cornelia W. McCleary*... 878

CAMERONS OF HIGHBORO, THE. Serial Story. (Illustrated by Phillipps Ward) ..... *Beth B. Gilchrist*..... 599, 723, 826, 926, 1026, 1122

CAMPS, GIRLS'. See "Girls in the Woods," "Inter-Camp Days."

CARNEGIE, ANDREW, CARRYING A MESSAGE FOR. Sketch. (With facsimile) ..... *Victor Rosewater* 1093

CATAMARAN, HOW TO MAKE A. Sketch. (Illustrated with diagrams) ..... *William Wise* 838

CHEERFUL AUTUMN-IST, THE. Verse ..... *Blanche Elizabeth Wade*. 1128

COLL THE JUGGLER, ADVENTURE OF. See "Wondering Boy Series, The."

COLUMBUS. Verse. (Illustrated) ..... *Joaquin Miller* 1092

DIVISION OF LABOR, A. Picture. Drawn by Mabel B. Nestler 908

EGYPT. See "Scarabs," "Yankee Doodle Scarab, The."

ELVES DEFEND THEIR SUPPLY BASE, THE. Picture. Drawn by Milo Winter 1025

EXAMINATION DAY IN THE CONGO FREE-SCHOOL. Picture. Drawn by Culmer Barnes 708

FAIRYLAND FASHIONS. Verse ..... *Tudor Jenks* 935

FIND, THE. Story. (Illustrated by Enos Comstock) ..... *Orville W. Mosher, Jr*... 1081

FIRST LOVE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Marion T. Justice) . *Harriet Crocker Le Roy* 978

FLOATING CITADELS. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs) ..... *FitzHugh Greene, U.S.N.* 835
FOCH, FERDINAND. See "Glory of His Country, For the."
FORTUNES OF WAR. Serial Story. Conclusion. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) ..... *Ralph Henry Barbour, H. P. Holt* 606, 715
"FUNNY FACE." Verse ..... *Grace Tyers* 632
GAS ATTACKS, MASKS, ETC. See "Battle of the Chemists, The."
GIRLS IN THE WOODS. Sketch ..... *Mary Graham Bonner* ... 1023
GLORY OF HIS COUNTRY, FOR THE. Sketch. (Illustration from photograph) ..... *Katherine D. Cather* 879
GRANDDADDY-LONG-LEGS. Verse ..... *George B. Carpenter* 925
"GROVE JOKES, THE." Story. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) ..... *Arthur Wallace Peach* ... 990
HARVEST DAYS. Picture from photograph 914
HOST, MINE. Verse ..... *Elizabeth Ferris* 908
IMPROVEMENT, AN. Verse. (Illustrated by the author) ..... *George O. Butler* 786
INDIAN'S RIDE, THE LITTLE. Verse ..... *Grace Purdie Moon* 808
INTER-CAMP DAYS. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs) ..... *Anna Worthington Coale* 586
"JADE BOWL, THE." Picture. From painting by Dines Carlsen 1001
JINGLES ..... *Charles L. Phifer* 913
JUDGMENT OF HELEN, THE. Story. (Illustrated by Norman Rockwell) ..... *Leslie Gray* 740
JUNE'S CHOICE. Verse ..... *Alice E. Allen* 686
KANGAROO, THE. Verse ..... *George C. Cassard* 699
KARUSOKIN AND KREISLERETTE. Verse. (Illustrated by the author) ..... *Edith Ballinger Price* ... 1087
KATHLEEN'S LUCKY-PIECE. Story. (Illustrated by W. V. Chambers) ..... *Christine Whiting Parmenter* 1059
KNIGHT OF THE MAGIC CHESS-BOARD, THE ADVENTURE OF THE.
KNIGHT OF THE SINGING SWORD, THE ADVENTURE OF THE. See "Wondering Boy Series, The."
LIFE-SAVER, ARE YOU A? Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs) ..... *Anna Worthington Coale* 694
LONE TRACK, THE. Serial Story. (Illustrated by Howard L. Hastings and Frank Stick) ..... *Joe Mills* 867, 970
LOST AND FOUND. Verse. (Illustrated) ..... *Ellen Manly* 1065
MARK-TWAIN LAND, IN. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs) ..... *Elizabeth P. Milbank* 934
MATCH FOR HIS CAPTORS, A. Story. (Illustrated by Edgar F. Wittmack) ..... *C. H. Claudy* 1014
MATTER OF CHOICE, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Milo Winter) ..... *Frances W. Marshall* 893
MAY-QUEEN, TEDDY AND THE. Picture. Drawn by Marion T. Justice 632
MILKWEED, THE. Verse ..... *Cecil Cavendish* 1091
MOLLY'S HEALTH-AND-WEALTH COMPANY. Story. (Illustrated by A. D. Rahn) ..... *T. Morris Longstreth* ... 983
NEST, MY. Verse ..... *Albert Bigelow Paine* 739
NOISELESS FOURTH, ABOUT A. Verse ..... *Blanche Elizabeth Wade.* 837
PACKING-BOX VILLAGE. See "Boys Who Do Things, For."
PATH AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS, THE. Picture. From a photograph 1022
PICNIC LUNCH ON A MIDSUMMER HIKE, A. Picture. From photograph 915
PLAYING MERMAID. Picture. Drawn by Mabel B. Nestler 921
POPPIES, THE CALIFORNIA. Verse. (Illustrated by Bertha Corbett-Melcher) ..... *Elizabeth Gordon* 839
PRIMROSE LANE. See "Plays and Music"
"RALEIGH, GALLANT SIR WALTER." Verse. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch) ..... *Adele M. Hayward* 776

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER. See "America Maker, The Great."
RANGE, GETTING THE. Sketch. (Illustrations from photographs) ..... *A. Russell Bond* 820
RUSTY ON THE TRACK. Story. (Illustrated by Frank Stick) ..... *Joseph T. Kescel* 1116
"ST. NICHOLAS!, OH, MOTHER! DAD'S GOT MY. Picture. Drawn by Marion T. Justice; from sketch by Mary Baker 884
SCARABS. Sketch. (Illustrations from prints and photographs) ..... *Albert E. Bailey* 810
SEA, THE MACHINERY OF THE. Sketch. (Illustrations from famous paintings) ..... *Arthur Hallam Hawksworth* 963
SERPENTS, KING OF THE. See "Shah-Maran, The Tale of."
SHAH-MARAN, THE TALE OF. Story. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch) ..... *Raphael Emmanuel* 909
"SKYSCRAPERS." Picture. Drawn by Josephine Adams 935
SLIPPER POINT MYSTERY, THE. Serial Story. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) ..... *Augusta Huiell Seaman* .. 777, 885, 1006, 1094
(S)TARTLING. Verse. (Illustrated by Bertha Corbett-Melcher) ..... *Elizabeth Gordon* 613
SUMMER GRIEVANCE, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch) ..... *A. H. Folwell* 808
SUMMER WIND, SONG OF THE. Verse ..... *Mabel Livingston Frank.* 794
SUNKEN GARDEN, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker) ..... *Emma Gage Avery* 687
SWINGS, NEW, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM. (Illustrated by diagrams, and from drawing by Emma Troth) ..... *William Wise* 633
TANKS. See "Match For His Captors, A."
TOY-MENDER AND KING. Sketch. (Illustrated by George Samuels and from photographs) ..... *Katherine Dunlap Cather* 579
TRACK MEET, AN INDOOR. Sketch. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea and with diagrams) ..... *Ralph W. Kinsey* 1088
TREASURE HUNT, THE. Sketch. (Illustrated by George A. King) ..... *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* 593
TWO-BASE HIT, A. Picture. Drawn by M. Falanga 722
"UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS, IT'S THE." Picture. Drawn by Clifton Meek 933
"VERY STIRRING." Verse. (Illustrated by the author) ..... *George O. Butler* 1021
"VIVE LA FRANCE!" Serial Story. (Illustrated by Emilie Benson Knipe) ..... *Emilie Benson Knipe, Alden Arthur Knipe* ... 623, 702, 802, 900, 994, 1108
WING, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Marion T. Justice) .... *Hilda W. Smith* 979
WON BY MISTAKE. Story. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea) ..... *Lawrence Gilchrist* 922
WONDERING BOY SERIES, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Maurice L. Bower) ..... *Clara Platt Meadowcroft*
The Adventure of the Knight of the Singing Sword 874
The Adventure of Coll the Juggler 980
The Adventure of the Knight of the Magic Chess-Board 1066
WEE BROWN BOX, THE TALE OF THE. Verse. (Illustrated by W. M. Berger) ..... *Florence Boyce Davis* 1078
WISKEDJAK THE JAY. Verse ..... *Arthur Guiterman* 1064
WONDERLAND OF ARCADY, THE. Sketch. (Illustrated by Alfred Parsons and from photographs) ..... *Arthur B. Cooke* 688
WOODLAND VOLUNTEERS, THE. Picture. Drawn by Charles F. Lester 615
YANKEE DOODLE SCARAB, THE. Story. (Illustrated by Philip Lyford) ..... *Frances Healey* 814
YVETTE OF THE KIND HEART. Story. (Illustrated by W. M. Berger) ..... *Violet Maxwell* 675
ZOO, THE SUGARY SHIPWRECKED. Verse. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch) ..... *Mrs. John T. Van Sant* .. 630

FOR COUNTRY AND FOR LIBERTY. (Illustrated) 616, 709, 795, 894, 1002
THE WATCH TOWER. (Illustrations from photographs) ..... *Edward N. Teall* 648, 743, 840, 936, 1033, 1129
NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS. (Illustrated):
Easter Lilies on the Desert ..... *J. Smeaton Chase* 653
Growing Potatoes in Straw ..... *S. Leonard Bastin* 654
Concrete Cisterns for Fire-Fighting ..... *C. W. Geiger* 654
What One Boy Did With Melons ..... *E. V. Laughlin* 655
Testing the Energy of a Tulip Bulb ..... *S. Leonard Bastin* 657
A Treadmill Thread-Mill 657
An Invader in the Garden ..... *Hamilton M. Laing* 748
The Machine-Gun Camera ..... *Francis Arnold Collins* ... 749
"The Wire is Busy!" ..... *L. M. Edholm* 750
Huge Spools for Circus Tents ..... *L. M. Edholm* 750
Lotor ..... *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* 846
A New Rudder for Motor-Boats ..... *George F. Paul* 850
About Our Neighbors of Yucatan ..... *Lilly De G. Osborn* 850
A Butterfly Tragedy ..... *George A. King* 850
A Patriotic Robin 851
"Blackbear" ..... *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* 941
A New Auger That Bores Square Holes ..... *James Anderson* 944
Soap-Bubbles a Year Old 945
The Old Scythe ..... *Mary Richards Berry* ... 945
The Black-Cat ..... *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* 1038
Saving the Big-Horn Sheep ..... *Edgar C. MacMechen* ... 1134
Transatlantic Wireless Telephone ..... *Francis Arnold Collins* ... 1135
A Musician of the Autumn ..... *Hamilton M. Laing* 1137
The "Devil's Slide," and Nonnezoshe ..... *George Burbank Shattuck* 1138
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE 662, 756, 854, 950, 1046, 1142
LETTER-BOX, THE 670, 765, 862, 958, 1054, 1150
RIDDLE-BOX, THE 671, 767, 863, 959, 1055, 1151
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK. (Illustrated):
Up Hill and Down—Love Me, Love My Dog—A Bright Idea—Playthings—The Dolly's Tea—For Sale. Verses. *Mattie Lee Hausgen* 658
A Queer Critter. Verse ..... *Edith Ballinger Price* 660
A Little Lover—The Little Sister. Verses ..... *Edith Ballinger Price* 752
The Lamb. From "Songs of Innocence" (1789) ..... *William Blake* 754
A Good Little Mother and a Good Little Child. Verse ... *Anna F. Hoover* 852
A Budding Athlete. Verse ..... *Nora Bennett* 853
The Coming of the Donkey. Story ..... *Ida Lee Davis* 946
ST. NICHOLAS DAY. Verse ..... *J. L. Glover* 949
A Squirrel's Dinner—The Balloon Man. Verses ..... *Edith Ballinger Price* 1044
The Sand-Pile Bakery—When Mother Went Away. Verses ..... *Edith Ballinger Price* 1140

PLAYS AND MUSIC

BUTTERFLY BAND, THE. Song. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan) ..... *Mary Pinney* 731
PRIMROSE LANE. Play. (With music by Marshall N. Fulton.) (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan) ..... *Cornelia Meigs* 641

FRONTISPIECES

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM. From a photograph ..... *facing page* 579
"YVETTE." Drawn by W. M. Berger ..... " " 675
"IN THAT MOMENT HIS FORTUNE WAS MADE." Drawn by Maurice L. Bower ..... " " 771
"UP WHERE HIS KITE ONCE FLEW." Painted by C. D. Batchelor ..... " " 867
"THE WAVE." From the painting by David James ..... " " 963
"THE GIANT LAUGHED." Drawn by Maurice L. Bower ..... " " 1059

To Mr. Hoover.
With my feelings of deep gratitude for the eminent services he rendered to the Belgian people.

Albert

Times Photo Service

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI MAY, 1919 No. 7

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TOY-MENDER AND KING

By KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

IT was springtime in the great forest of the Ardennes. Around the château of the Count of Flanders thousands of birds held carnival. Within and without the castle glad voices told of the delight of the entire household at being once more at the loved woodland retreat of Les Amerois after the long, white winter in Brussels. Yet on the floor of the nursery, that lay beneath one of the stately old towers, a little girl sobbed bitterly, and a woman beside the window dropped her embroidery and ran over to where the child sat.

"Oh, it 's broken! It 's broken!" came the distressed exclamation. "It won't *tick-tock* any more!"

The child held up a toy clock as she spoke, one carved with quaint Flemish workmanship, and given her as a birthday present by her uncle, who was Belgium's king.

The nurse took it in her hands, moved the pendulum back and forth, and waited to hear the ticking sound the little princess loved. But the sound did not come. She shook it, turned the hands about the dial, and tried to set the wheels in motion with her fingers, but they refused to turn. Then she shook her head and put it down again.

"Never mind, *petite*," she said consolingly. "Even if the clock is broken, you have other toys. Come over by the window and I will tell you a story. Do you want to hear of how the brave knight Godfrey, when he was but seventeen years old, overcame the robber chief and his band? His castle still stands above the river close to the town of Bouillon; and if it were not for the leaves on the trees, you could see its turrets through the forest."

But Josephine shook her head and sobbed again. "No, no! I want my clock, *ma petite horloge*," she wailed.

And nothing the nurse promised or suggested could make her forget her broken toy.

She did not hear the nursery door open, or see a boy come in from the hall. But the boy saw at once that his sister was in trouble, and believed it was something about the clock. He went over and examined it, a puzzled expression on his face. Then, as he opened the back and looked at it more closely, he smiled as if he had discovered something.

"I know what 's the matter!" he exclaimed. "One of the wheels is caught against a peg."

Then he took out his knife and, with quick, certain movements, busied himself with the works.

The nurse, from her chair beside the window, watched with a smile, for she was proud of this young prince of the house of Flanders, over whom she had watched with affection ever since he was a baby. She did not doubt that he could mend the clock, for he had often done such things. In fact, he seemed to have been born with an understanding of mechanics, and more than once had taken apart some intricate toy and put it together perfectly. And now, as his fingers moved deftly among the wheels, she believed that Josephine's tears would soon be dried.

Suddenly he smiled happily.

"It will go now!" he exclaimed. And a

second later the familiar *"tick-tock"* sounded through the room.

The little princess gave a shriek of delight. "Oh, brother, you have mended it!" she cried. "You are so good to me."

She hugged the toy and smiled, while the nurse looked at the happy face and said softly: "Yes, Albert is always ready to help. Now I wonder if he would like a story."

Albert's face brightened at the suggestion; but before he could answer, Josephine broke in.

"Yes, yes!" she exclaimed. "Please tell us about the brave knight Godfrey, who fought back the robber band."

Outside, the gloaming had begun to paint shadow-pictures, and, on the sweep of lawn that stretched like a rug around the château, gaunt, dark figures lay. Their fantastic arms reached up among the gargoyles and out to the wooded bluffs that cut down abruptly to the river Semois. Twilight cries of birds rang through the glens. Somewhere to the south, hounds bayed intermittently, and the sound of horns and answering horns told of a group of hunters homeward bound after a day's sport in the Ardennes.

It was a time for stories and dreaming, and the children took their places on the floor beside the nurse, who began a tale Belgian children have loved for almost a thousand years, of Godfrey of Bouillon, who was one of the first rulers of the country in the days when it was a duchy, and who helped to make it strong and free. He rode away to the Crusade, this gallant son of Flanders, and, in order to make the pilgrimage, did a deed both brave and knightly. Much money was needed for the trip to the Holy Land, and although Godfrey had castles and lands in goodly number, of gold he had very little; but he believed in the cause of the crusaders, and was willing to sacrifice much to become one of them. He sold Antwerp to the good bishop of Liège, who promised to respect the rights of the people even as he had done. Then away he went to Palestine.

"And he helped to take the Holy City from the Saracens!" exclaimed Albert, who had heard the story before; "and afterward the crusaders made him King of Jerusalem."

"Yes," the nurse replied, "and right well he deserved that honor, for he fought as heroes fight, and in the end died the death of a hero."

Albert liked to think of Godfrey, who, like many another historical personage of old Belgium, seemed as much alive to him as if he still hunted in the forest or rode his horse through Antwerp's streets; and sometimes when he drove down the Semois Valley with his father, the Count of Flanders, he would ask the coachman to stop close to the rock ledge on which the Château de Bouillon stood, and he would picture to himself the brave young owner holding that donjon against the robber band. It was in ruins now, but his nimble imagination set every rock in place, every time-wrecked, war-torn turret in good order; and although bats flitted through the broken walls, and owls sent weird night-calls from the battered gargoyles, it rose proud and invulnerable before his eyes, the mightiest stronghold on the river.

Albert loved these old stories as much as he loved to plan and build and mend things; and when the nurse finished the tale of Godfrey he asked for another bit of romance of old Belgium, of the knight Regnault and of Bayard, the horse of miraculous power, that Charlemagne himself would have given half his kingdom to possess, and that Flemish peasants say is still to be heard neighing in the forest of the Ardennes. It was dark before the story was finished, but very likely he would have asked for another tale still had not a commotion outside taken all three to the window, and by the torch-lights in the courtyard he saw his father and brother Baudoin ride in from the hunting trip that had taken them from the castle three days before.

"I wonder if Baudoin got much game," Albert remarked as the riders drew rein in front of the great gateway. "I wish I might go on hunting trips and do some of the things he does, instead of having always to stay at home."

The nurse looked at him and said gently; "You will go sometimes when you are older; but you must remember, Albert, that Baudoin will do many things you cannot hope to do. He is the crown prince, you know, and some day will be king. Therefore he must be allowed many privileges, for he will have many troubles, too."

"I know," the boy replied wistfully; "and I did not mean that I want him to stay at home always because I must. I just wish I were big enough to go with Father."

He ran from the nursery to meet the returned hunters, while Josephine, from the window, still watched the Count of Flanders, big and splendid looking as he sat in the saddle, and the young Prince Baudoin with a smile upon his lips as he waved toward the nursery window a spray of forest flowers he had brought home for his sister. A merry, good-

natured boy he seemed at the time, yet he was in the direct line of succession to the throne of Belgium, and would one day rule as that country's king when the reign of his uncle Leopold was finished. He would reign unless something happened—and many things can happen in the years that lie between youth and manhood.

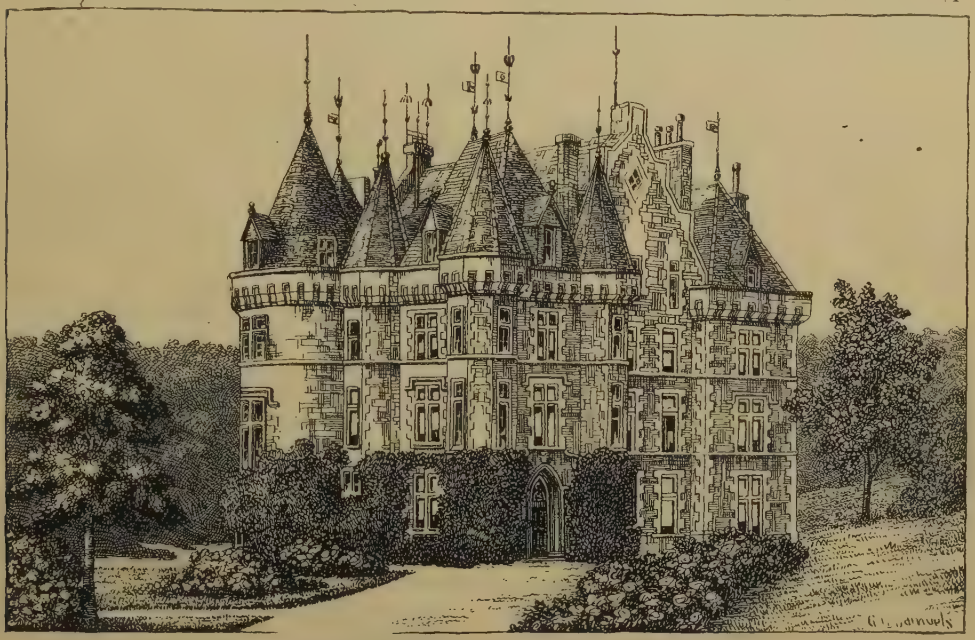
For in 1891 there was a tolling of bells in the city of Brussels—a knell from church tower and cathedral spire that awakened a knell in the hearts of all who heard, and brought the rich from their palaces and the poor from their huts into excited groups in the street. Prince Baudoin was dead—very suddenly that morning—of pleuro-pneumonia, the court physicians said.

The sorrow of the people was deep, for Baudoin was very popular. Pleasing in manner and handsome in person, he looked and seemed a real prince, and whether he rode with his regiment of carbineers in a review at the capitol, or swung with the free motion of the born horsemen along some Walloon bridle-path or Ardennes highroad, fond eyes followed him—"Our king that is to be!"

But now he was gone, the prince who had been the country's idol, and of whom was expected a reign that would be a glory to Belgium. The sun was shining on the freshly-fallen snow, and along the Rue de Regence a million crystals glittered, yet it was a gloomy day in the Flemish capitol and people, as they met, spoke in hushed voices.

"He was our hope," an old fish-seller in the Avenue Louise said sadly, "and would have wrought many reforms for us. Only last week I heard the schoolmaster at Ferbeo tell the children that he promised to be, in truth, the people's king."

"*Oui*," replied her neighbor, in the quaint French of the Walloon peasantry, "but mayhap his brother, the young Prince Albert, will prove a worthy successor to Baudoin."



THE CHÂTEAU OF LES AMEROIS

A group of venders had gathered to hear the conversation, lace-workers from Bruges and Malines, weavers of linens from Ypres and Liège, and a green-capped knife-polisher of Namur, each come into the capitol to sell his wares or ply his trade in the hope of going home with a well-filled pocket, and being able to afford a few pennies for finery and bonbons for the mid-winter feast of St. Sebastian; and several nodded as if they believed what the woman said. But another, who sold papers in the Bois de Cambre, shook her head and objected.

"Albert cares for nothing but books and mechanics!" she exclaimed. "He buries himself in romances, stands by the hour watching trains go over the bridges, and goes very often to Antwerp just to be among the boats. They say he cares nothing at all about the army, and although he is a very excellent scholar,

and knows a marvelous lot about electricity and screws and wheels, he will not make such a king as Baudoin would have made!"

Thus they chatted and harangued in the peasant fashion, while in the palace of the Count of Flanders, not far away, a boy looked with grave eyes out on the snowy streets. He was only seventeen, this Albert of whom they spoke, and was saddened by a double sorrow; for Baudoin was dead, and in another darkened chamber of the palace his sister Henriette, his playmate from childhood, lay dangerously ill —even now the royal physicians were trying to fight death from her bedside; and crowding into these thoughts, came another troubled one. His brother's death made him the heir-apparent to the throne of Belgium, and it is a very serious thing to be a king. So the boy realized that no light task was before him; and as the bells of St. Gudule tolled his brother's knell, they seemed to ring away the care-free boyhood he had known until now.

In that January-day funeral procession were princes from far countries, statesmen and nobles, relatives and representatives of every royal house of Europe, come to pay their last respects to Belgium's heir. But the eyes of the people rested with most interest upon the boy of seventeen, the young Prince Albert, who would be the king. Would he be the people's king, they wondered, or would he be just a self-centered ruler, with much thought for his own pleasure, and with very little for the country that expected much of him?

Perhaps Albert saw the question in the faces as he walked past them behind the catafalque; perhaps some one had told him of their doubts and fears, for after the funeral, when the city resumed its normal, even tenor, he changed his mode of life as completely as if he had suddenly been transplanted to another world. He put aside the books of romance, whose pages had given him many hours of delight, devoted less and less time to the mechanical pursuits that fascinated him, and began studying law, government, and the art of diplomacy. He sent for Baron Lambermont, the greatest Belgian statesman of his day, with whom he worked diligently, and that he might know political economy as a people's king must know it, he employed as his teacher a professor from the Sociological Institute. Often he thought of the old days when he was free to watch locomotives by the hour, or to follow the passage of some boat on the Scheldt from Antwerp out to the sea; and into his studies of statecraft came the wish that he might drop it all and go back to the wheels and screws and machinery that still fascinated him as much as they did when he sat on the nursery floor at Les Amerois and mended his sister's clock. But he was determined to give his country the best in him, so he gave up his pleasures uncomplainingly, and presevered in acquiring the education his advisers urged him to have.

The years of manhood came, and he entered the army. His brother Baudoin had belonged to a regiment of carbineers, but Albert chose the grenadiers, and into his career of soldiering he threw as much energy as he had thrown into studies of statecraft. Beginning with the lowest command, he worked his way rapidly through every grade until he attained the rank of major-general, and this varied experience was more valuable to him than thousands of lectures on military tactics would have been. He never took advantage of his high position to evade some disagreeable task, and Brussels citizens tell how the crown prince was often seen wet with perspiration and begrimed with soil as his regiment returned on forced marches from the manoeuvering-ground. At the barracks he ate with his brother officers, and never was he the arrogant heir apparent among them, but always the comrade, a soldier in a group of soldiers, learning a soldier's problems for the good of his land. He became so proficient in military matters that he often lectured upon the subject, and the men in the army knew he was not just a noble in a uniform, having command by the prerogative of his rank, but that he was a soldier to the core, and splendidly fitted to take his place at the head of the army, should Belgium ever need his presence there. Little did they dream how gloriously he would take it one day!

The old love of mechanics was stronger than ever with him, for instead of being crushed by other tasks, it had grown with the years; and now he found a way of turning that love into a means of serving his people. He decided to know the needs of the toiler by toiling beside him; so he studied railway engineering, and ran a locomotive from Brussels to Ostend, the passengers in the coaches, and even the members of the crew, having no idea that the bare-armed man at the throttle was Belgium's future king. That he might add to his knowledge of railroad matters, he visited America, and, under the guidance of James J. Hill, made an extensive study of our railroads. Shipbuilding, too, the methods of construction and the lives of the workers, was something that needed improving in Belgium, so he went to Ireland, disguised as a newspaper reporter, and worked for weeks around the Belfast docks.

Returning home, he served as a stoker in a steel factory, went down into a coal-pit at Seraing, and worked as a miner, and visited factories of every kind, sometimes working, sometimes making informal trips of inspection; and always he kept his eyes open that he might learn the people's needs. For this young prince of the House of Flanders was still a good deal of a dreamer, but now, instead of dreaming of the brave knight Godfrey and heroes of olden time, he dreamed of making happier homes and lives in Belgium, and no prince can dream a nobler dream than that.

He did not devote all his time to work, for he was pleasure-loving and youthful, and all work and no play makes even a dreamer lose his dreams. He took frequent vacation trips, hunting and fishing in the Ardennes; for like all whose natures are big and noble, he loved the rugged scenes of nature, and the mountains were always beckoning to him. Never a summer but he spent some time in the Swiss and German Alps, and before he was twenty he had become a famous climber.

Loveliest of all the uplands of Germany are those of Bavaria, and along their wild defiles Albert often planted his wander-staff. Sometimes, on the way to and from this play place, he stopped for a while in Munich, for the Bavarian Prince Henry was his closest friend; and while there in the summer of 1899, he visited the clinic of Duke Charles Theodore, a great oculist, who had given up the idle life of a nobleman for the study of medicine, and who practised among the poor without charging for his services. He had established a hospital in Munich, and, when Albert saw him that summer, was a beloved and fortunate man—beloved because the blessings of those to whom he had given sight followed him everywhere; and fortunate because his son and daughters shared his nobility of character and served with him. The youngest of the three princesses, Elizabeth Valerie Gabrielle, was the people's favorite.

She, too, was a lover of the highlands. In fact, she was almost as distinguished a climber as Albert himself, and she joined the mountaineering party of 1899. The more the Belgian crown prince saw of this fair girl, the more he knew he wanted her for his princess. Elizabeth thought equally well of Albert, and the outing resulted in an engagement which culminated in their marriage.

In 1900 Albert took the Bavarian girl to Brussels as future queen of the Belgian people, and the Belgian people, charmed by her sweet face and gracious manner, and by stories told throughout Europe of Charles Theodore's warm-hearted daughter, gave her a welcome that was all a princess could desire. Then, in her adopted country, she began a life of service that was but a continuation of her life in Munich, and the crown princess was seen as often in hospitals, about orphanages, and in the homes of the poor, as in the royal ballrooms. Never once did she disappoint those who trusted her. Never by any ungracious deed did she shake the people's faith in her.

Albert, too, went on with his life of work and study, filling his days with preparations that would make him more fit for kingship. Knowing that Belgium's policy in the Congo had shocked the world, he decided to know Congo conditions at first hand; and although his advisers urged him not to risk his life by going into a region where there was danger from fever and from savage natives, he replied that his duty was to go wherever he could learn anything that would benefit his people. He sailed from Antwerp in 1909, and traversed the Congo country from one end to the other. He took long marches, endured hardships, and risked death in a dozen forms, but found out what he wanted to know. Then, repaid tenfold for all the hardship of the trip, he returned to Belgium with a knowledge of conditions that would enable him to improve them when he came to the throne.

King Leopold died in 1909, and Albert succeeded him, speaking in both French and Flemish as he took the oath of a Belgian king to preserve the constitution and maintain the independence and rights of the country. All the world knows how splendidly he has kept that oath. From the first day of his accession, he began a series of reforms to better the condition of his people. The school system was reorganized. A more humane administration was begun in the Congo. Art and letters were especially protected, and men of achievement in these lines were given much encouragement. The young king's course was marked by hundreds of deeds of wisdom and kindness, in every one of which he was aided by the queen. They lived as simply as the conditions of their rank would permit them to do, every summer going with their three children to Les Amerois, the retreat in the Ardennes Albert had loved in childhood, and to which he was always eager to return. There, in the shadow of the firs, he told his own children the tales of Godfrey and Regnault which the nurse had told to him and Josephine. He cut out toys for them from blocks brought in from the forest, and trudged

through the pungent glens with his boys beside him, pointing out the flight of a bird or some growth of flower or tree that interested him. There was rejoicing among the peasants for miles around when the royal family came to Les Amerois, for, as long as they remained there, the drives through the estate were open to all the countryside, and many a happy day was spent by the young folk of the region dancing on the green. Sometimes there were picnics for children, pageants, and fireworks at night, and the king and queen entered into the fun with as much spirit as anybody. If there was illness among the people, or if trouble of any kind came into their homes, Albert and Elizabeth were among the first to know, and they never failed to make some effort to lighten it.

But just how nobly this royal pair were to serve Belgium, the Belgians themselves did not realize until the summer of 1914. Then, when the German hordes swept westward, determined to make the Flemish land a pathway to Paris, the king took his sublime stand. To the Belgian parliament, assembled to consider emergency measures, he made a memorable address, urging the people to defend the country's pledged neutrality to the last drop of their blood. He might have urged a different course, permitted the Germans to pass through unmolested, and saved the cities of his fathers and his own estates. But Albert prized his country's honor above material possessions, believed the keeping of Belgium's word to be worth more than the preservation of property or lives. So he pleaded eloquently with the people to hold the invaders back. And because those who heard knew he was himself ready to do exactly what he advocated, the advice did not fall upon unheeding ears. The entire populace rallied to the support of the king; what that stand cost Belgium, all the world knows.

Then, as in the old days, Albert did not shirk or try to save himself. When urged to keep back from the front, and not risk his life there, because his country needed his counsel, he replied, "My place is with my brave soldiers." No private in the trenches endured more physical hardship than this heroic ruler, no humble peasant has beheld with a more aching heart the destruction of his loved possessions. In January, 1915, the home at Les Amerois that held so many memories of his own childhood, and of the childhood of his children, was sacked by the Germans from cellar to garret. Of his estates in different parts of the country, not one has been left untouched. The rugs and tapestries spun and woven by his mother, the Countess of Flanders, the views in the Ardennes which she and the queen sketched and painted, and which he prized so dearly, all were defiled and defaced by the Uhlans, scarred with ink and mud, and burned. His peasant friends and neighbors have been blinded and maimed by Prussian shells and cut down by Prussian swords and bullets, for no crime except that of standing by a king who was not willing to sell the national honor. And the queen was forced to flee from the land in which she was loved, and where her life had been one of service to the people.

The wonder of it is that he is still kind and magnanimous. For more than four years a ruler without a country and a king without a throne, living in exile in France and fighting with an exiled army, yet he has not become embittered. Many acts during the war period attest this fact, but none more nobly than this one, related by a soldier:

In a village near the French border, three children crept out of a cave in which the war had forced them to make their home, to warm themselves in the sunlight. Just beyond was a wayside shrine—a rude, wooden cross by the

Press Illustrating Service

THE AMERICAN COLOR-BEARERS PASSING THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE REVIEW IN BRUSSELS

Press Illustrating Service

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BELGIUM AND THE PRINCE OF WALES SALUTE THE AMERICAN COLORS

road, of the kind often seen along continental highways—and the little ones knelt beside it to say their prayers. It was the Lord's Prayer they repeated, and they were homeless, cold, and hungry. They went through the first part without faltering, but when they had said, "Forgive us our trespasses," they stopped, thinking of the misery caused by German guns.

A soldier was standing close by, viewing the military position just beyond, and his eyes grew misty as he heard the children hesitate. He stepped over to where they knelt and finished the petition.

"As we forgive those who trespass against us," he said softly. The children repeated the words after him, then, with quivering voices, went on to the end of the prayer. The soldier returned to his work of viewing the field, watching the gleaming rifles, and marking the tread of the sentries' feet. The children sat in the sunlight until it waned, then crept back to the cave, talking about the kind officer, and how pleasantly he had smiled at them.

They did not know it, but he who prompted the words of forgiveness was Belgium's king.

But now the war is over. On western and eastern front the armies of friend and foe have ceased contending, and the great work of reconstruction has begun where only a few months ago howitzers roared and shrapnel hissed. In the streets of Antwerp, Bruges, and Brussels sound the vibrant strains of Brabançonne and Marseillaise, the very spirit of liberty turned to music, for the Uhlans have recrossed the Rhine and Belgium is free once more. Perhaps it will be a long time before she becomes the happy, laughing country she was in the day when Germany despoiled the calm beauty of her peace and changed her from a contented Ceres to a warrior goddess whose defiance thrilled the world; for that defiance cost broken hearts, maimed children, and lives cut off in their prime, and the memory of it will not soon fade away. But Albert is there again, a king in his own capital, and the rejoicing of millions of subjects and glad carillons from many a bell-tower greeted him and Elizabeth Valerie on their triumphant return. And there they are again working together for the upbuilding of the land; and there the people smile whenever they see them, because they know that if golden recompense was ever deserved by prince or peasant, it is deserved by the sovereign and consort whose watchword has been service, and who, in serving Belgium, stood ready to give all.

"THEY CAME DOWN THE FIELD IN THE FINAL FORMATION SIXTEEN ABREAST" (SEE PAGE 589)

INTER-CAMP DAYS

By ANNA WORTHINGTON COALE

"HERE they come!" suddenly shouted the outposts from away down the road. For a long time they have been watching there, these two trim figures in dark-brown bloomers and fresh white middies, stationed along a certain country road in New Hampshire on that important day in August, known as Inter-camp Day.

Farther back, close by the entrance to the athletic field, were the rest of the crowd, likewise in the brown-bloomer, white-middy costume of Tahoma, drawn up in a waiting line by the roadside, ready to welcome—whom, we shall see later.

"Here they come!" The word came like a shot, and the next moment the air was charged with the explosion, "Here they are, girls! It 's Hanoum!" as a big automobile could now be plainly seen reeling on its way toward them down the long woods road. "Hey, hurry up! They 're coming! Clear the way, everybody! Back from the road! Yes, over there, Sue, with the megaphone!"

The swaying car was very near, now, and not far behind was another. The song-leader stepped out in front, her hand poised in air. "Everybody, now! It 's 'Whoop her up!' for Camp Hanoum!"

Then, just as the serenaders began to "whoop her up!" the heavy machine drew up by the roadside, and six or eight fit-looking young women in a costume of khaki and red hopped out. Without waiting for the finish, they started an answering cheer.

Into the midst of this the second machine stole swiftly, and in its wake was another. Looking down the long road, one could see still more coming, car after car rocking along on its uneven course, all filled with waving crowds of camp girls. Their voices, laughing and singing, came gaily through the woods. On they came, nearer and nearer, in a long procession, like the automobile section of a holiday parade. Swiftly they drew up to the entrance, one after another, deposited their lively fares, and turned back to the parking place to make room for more. This was an important occasion, like the big college game.

The occasion was, as a matter of fact, an annual gathering of a dozen or more girls' camps located in this part of the White Mountain region—on the Vermont-New-Hampshire border—for a celebration known as the Inter-camp Frolic. As they piled out of the cars, a hundred or more girls in the blues, greens, and browns of their several camps, they were given a noisy welcome by the reception committees from three camps located near together here on the Lake Tarleton plateau.

"Hello, Wynona!" went up a shout to a delegation in brown with white-lettered head-bands that had just tumbled out of their cars. "There 's Farwell!" burst forth, as a load in blue costumes rolled in. "This way, Hokomoko!" designated a band wearing bright red ties. And so on, as they kept on coming. It was all most exciting. "Where 's Quinni-

beck?" was asked by and by—one camp seemed to be missing. "Oh, they must have stopped down at Aloha Club," some one said. The reception force, it seemed, was divided, and one half of the crowd was landing a mile or so below, where they were given a similar reception by the girls in green from Aloha Club. This crowd was considerably swelled now by the arrival of two more camps in green, who were met with a shout, and who completed a reunion of three camps bearing one name, Aloha, and united in devotion to one leader.

Up by the athletic field, the singing and cheering kept right on growing noisier and noisier as each newly arrived camp came in. Frolic singing, by the way, is as much a feature of a camp gathering as of a college reunion. One after another they broke forth in college serenades or camp songs—original songs, with clever hits, many of them at this time referring to war work and Mr. Hoover. Perhaps the most dramatic were from Serranna, the other hostess-camp, who was quarantined on account of a mump scare and stood off by herself on the edge of the woods holding some big placards, which, like her songs, explained the situation.

For a while the hostess song-leader attempted to lead, but one broke in to answer another, and sometimes there were two or three going at once. Which was no matter, and all the more exciting. Finally, above the cheerful noise, shouts could be heard from the megaphone, giving directions about visiting near-by camps before lunch, and the singers dispersed. This started the day's program, which held its bigger events for the afternoon.

The custom of celebrating this Inter-camp Day began back in the early days when there were only two or three camps in this region, and not many more in the entire country. In those days, about one hundred girls met together for an afternoon of competitive sports, and, as they all sat down at the end of the day on the Aloha or Quinnibeck green for supper, it seemed like a big crowd. To-day they number nearly a thousand, and they march on a broad field in inspiring lines to the music of a brass band. This latter was the effect of the war upon inter-camp celebrations. In place of the usual program of sports, there was to be a patriotic parade, with several divisions representing war activities, in which all the camps were taking part.

Since there must always be some place in the day's plan for visiting together and getting acquainted, everybody, great and small, was now urged to come along and pay a visit to the hostess camps. Since there were two hostesses —there should have been three—the company divided up and some went that way to Aloha Club and some, in the other direction, to Tahoma. There were guides for each group, who walked importantly ahead and tried to act as

"SERRANNA STOOD OFF BY HERSELF HOLDING SOME BIG PLACARDS"

though they were not showing off their own camp. Though they took a proper pride in conducting these rather unusual and sympathetic visitors through the rows of neat tents, with their tightly made cots—extra tightly made for the occasion—and their rows of trunks down the center, draped with good-looking steamer rugs, and every shelf in what the inspector would pronounce "A1" order. The time was limited, but like guides from Cook's they hurried them through everything, including the dining-room, fresh with flowers; the living-room, in faultless order; the recreation hall and porches, somewhat decorated; and the crafts room, where some special hand-work was on exhibition. And finally they gave them time and a swimming-suit to "go in" and try the spring-board and the chute.

Many of these girls, who had never seen any other camp than their own, and had certain narrow convictions about its superiority, found it illuminating to know that the other girl had the same convictions about her camp. All this makes for a spirit of inter-camp friendship, a fact which the camps in this union are coming more and more to appreciate.

After an hour or more spent in these visits it was lunch-time, and the crowd came together again at the athletic field, where each camp found its own place, assigned on arrival and easily recognized by its name in big letters, posted there by the reception committees. Each camp had brought its own luncheon, in big hampers, which were soon unpacked, but none too soon for the poor famished mortals who were beginning to feel the effects of a long, eventful, and "eatless" morning.

Immediately after luncheon the various divisions of the parade began to line up, at certain intervals, from the luncheon-place to the Lake Tarleton green, and into each division were hurried the delegations assigned to it from each camp.

At two-thirty the camps began the march to the Lake Tarleton green. The procession poured down the long, over-arched roadway to a point beyond the Lake Tarleton Club, turned, came on to the green, and advanced half-way across to where stood the statue-like figure of a camp marshal, thence straight up the center in squads of four. It was a stirring sight. Again, at a point held by another rigid figure in bloomer costume, they turned, separated, and went down the side of the field, uncoiling and spreading over the green like some huge snake. Now they seemed to fill the green, but still they kept coming on, turning, up the center, down the sides, now in fours, now in eights, each figure in perfect alignment, and each foot in step to the spirited airs played by the band.

"AT A POINT HELD BY A FIGURE IN BLOOMER COSTUME, THEY TURNED"

As the line marched on to the green, there was a flutter of applause from the crowds of spectators gathered from the country round and grouped on the side-lines. In the front

"THE CAMP GIRLS' OWN PECULIAR CONTRIBUTION TO THE WAR"

came a drummer, a member of the orchestra in her own camp; then the marshals, four abreast, then the five patriotic divisions. Ahead of the first division, holding high the famous war-poster, called "Joan of Arc Saved France," marched a row of standard-bearers in bright bodices of red, white, and blue, their company representing War Savings. The second division pressed on close behind, its standard-bearers carrying another familiar war-poster, representing peasant women engaged in plowing, and urging us to food conservation by saving wheat. The third division bore the banner and insignia of the Red Cross. In each division were pressed the khaki, blue, brown, and green in an each-for-all-and-all-for-each arrangement; for the keynote of this war-time demonstration was coöperation and community action. Each division was distinguished by the particular color of its caps and insignia.

After the war-garden section, which completed the line of war-time activities of camp girls, came the last division, representing the camp girls' own peculiar contribution to the war. Its original poster, featuring a big banner labeled "health," displayed by a sturdy-looking girl in a camp costume of bright colors, was carried by four representatives from as many camps, who were well chosen for the part.

In these four divisions the procession swept on across the field, with not a single pause or a hitch, now down, then right about and up; now in diagonal lines across the green, then back and up the sides, until, at a wonderful moment, they came down the field in the final formation, sixteen abreast, every line as straight as an arrow and every foot coming up in perfect time to the music. It was then that the crowd on the side-lines broke into noisy applause, and a spectator said something to his neighbor about "West Pointers."

But there was more to it than simply a drill well executed. There was something inspiring in the way these eight hundred girls, who had never met together before, fell into line in mixed companies and marched in perfect unison with never so much as a rehearsal, something that revealed a real inter-camp spirit and a comradeship not unlike that of the barracks and the trenches. It was like the unity of the Tommies, the Australians, and the Canadians, that Phillip Gibbs, in his wonderful war-correspondence, tells about. It is a unity that bars group jealousy, or even group consciousness. For although every individual girl

marching along in her place in the ranks was a type of her particular camp, yet all these types were submerged, so that there was no distinction of camp, but a mass of girls numbering up toward a thousand, coming from points as remote as Maine and California, Ontario and New Orleans, tramping side by side in the cause of—well, something big for women and girls that the camps stand for, a new kind of freedom and a new comradeship of life in the open.

SINGING THE NATIONAL AIRS

The solid mass moved slowly down the center. At a signal they turned; marked time, then moved toward the road. Across the way stood the huge flagpole on the Lake Tarleton Club lawn. Three buglers stepped out from the ranks and four standard-bearers, and took their places around the pole. The company stood at attention while the buglers played in unison "To the Colors" and the standard-bearer raised the flag. In the exercises that followed was the pledge of allegiance to our flag and the singing of national airs, that never seemed more significant than now, out under the summer sky with such a wonderful company and the mountain background.

When it was all over, the company dispersed quickly in every direction: the cars began to roll up, the riders galloped away in a hurry, and little groups here and there were taking a hasty farewell. Within half an hour the green was vacant. The flagpole stood alone on the club-house lawn, and beyond the lake the sun cast purple rays on the bare top of grand old Moosilauke.

Back in the annals of Inter-camp Days there are records of a glorious day of sport on the farm lands of Camp Quinnibeck, on the shore of Lake Fairlee in Vermont, when Quinnibeck's hospitality was nobly expressed by big dish-pans full of doughnuts and wells of lemonade. There were relay races in the roadway; a tennis tournament and games in the field; and competitive swimming and diving down at the lake; every one working heart and soul for the honor of her particular camp, but all united later on by a supper together on the hillside.

Father Time could tell, too, if he would, of other happy days, spent by little new camps on the shore of old Lake Morey near Fairlee, in Vermont (where tradition has it that the first steamboat was tried out and then sunk), when the camps came together at the call of

Aloha, the oldest of them all. He could tell of that particular day when the celebration was first called a "frolic," of the stunts in the water and on land; how chosen teams amused the crowd with canoe-tilting, with pillows lashed to their paddles, and other teams were challenged to "mess up" a tent and put it in order in double-quick time. There were the handicap races, and the free-for-all swim, and the supper out of doors, generously supplemented from Aloha's kitchen; and finally the parting in the summer twilight, some going in hay-wagons, some on horseback,—these were the days before automobiles began to pour in their hundreds,—all singing and cheering until long out of sight around the bends in the lovely road that winds its way around Lake Morey.

Or, coming down to later times, who can forget the lovely Totem-pole ceremony at Camp Hanoum in 1914? There, near the scene of the famous Thetford Pageant, the camps assembled in the early afternoon of a lovely day in midsummer, and, falling into line on the plain below, filed up, up, up to the top of a high hill, where they entered a pine wood and followed a path which led out onto a grassy circle. There stood the huge symbolic pole, made by Hanoum's craft-workers. Made in sections, eight in all, and put together to represent the eight camps uniting for the celebration. As they emerged from the woods in single file, the campers marched in a spiral round and round the pole, singing the festival song made for the occasion and accompanied by an inter-camp orchestra in the center, while a crowd of spectators from the city and the country round about looked on and gave their applause. Then came each camp in turn to the center of the stage, and in the allotted ten minutes presented their pantomime or "stunt" prepared for the occasion. For the most appropriate one, the big banner, containing the inter-camp dragon, now floating from the top of the totem, was the reward.

When it was all over, the campers rushed to the center for a final song together, then, almost as quickly, scattered and made their way by various paths down the hillside to mingle again on the plain. Hanoum, at the top of the hill, massed together and sang a farewell. Down below, a score of riders started away toward the setting sun; automobiles bore away another delegation; and then the north-bound train steamed into the little station, swallowed up the last of the crowd, and disappeared around the bend; and one splendid Inter-camp Day was over.

The frolic of 1915 was marred by a persistent, unreasonable, and finally pouring, rain. In the early morning the signs had been unpromising, but later it had cleared, and by ten o'clock the country lanes leading to Camp Farwell were alive with automobiles, flying big banners, passing each other on the way to and from the station at Wells River, while a single hay-wagon and a few riders joined on to the procession at the cross-roads. At the entrance to Farwell's grounds they all fell into line and marched in under the pine-trees along the shore of the lake. Farwell was lined up to greet them, and there was the usual round of singing and cheers. All was going well until the program started—a program of "stunts," each camp having arranged for her own.

"DOWN THEY WENT IN THE MIDST OF THE PUDDLES." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

The stage was Farwell's tennis-court, banked on one side with fir-trees, rustic benches being arranged here and there among them. The first camp to come on was the hostess of the year before, in a pantomime and song in camp costume. As they made their entrance, some rain began to fall, small drops at first, and not

very disturbing. They went right on. The first act represented a mountain hike, and kept them moving rapidly around the court. Meanwhile, the drops grew bigger and bigger and came faster and faster. By the time for the second act, the stage was flowing with little streams from the banks above, and the audience had begun to move under the trees for shelter or found refuge in the automobiles.

Now the next verse of the song described a night on the mountain-top, and the singers had to lie down. What would they do? The other camps looked on with sympathy, thinking of their turn. Some sighed over their dainty costumes. There was a moment of suspense, while Hanoum hesitated. Then, with the game spirit characteristic of campers, down they went, and snuggled together in the midst of the puddles as in a mountain hut, forming a tableau that was very dramatic indeed. The rain kept increasing, but they went right on. And after them the camps, one after another, came on in the midst of the downpour and presented their lovely tableaux, dances, and masques, with a loyal audience looking on from the inadequate shelter of dripping trees.

One camp had prepared a beautiful flower pantomime—a whole garden in color, the costumes made of crêpe paper. Out in all the downpour they went through the scenes, as game as the others, kneeling in the puddles; and when they got through, the once beautiful costumes were dripping color over everything, and of course, completely ruined.

The rain continued and increased all through the afternoon, and Farwell met the situation with a blazing hearth-fire and hot refreshments. Neither was there any let-up on the way home, yet, remarkable as it may seem, not a girl there was known to have taken cold!

Out of these inter-camp celebrations has come the Inter-camp Association, comprising these camps located in the valley of the upper Connecticut River in Vermont and New Hampshire, which now number fourteen. Besides the big celebration in mid-summer, the camps are united in making trails and building shacks, following the example of the Appalachian Mountain Club and Dartmouth's Outing Club, whose hospitality they have enjoyed on mountain trips. There are frequent meets for water sports, basket-ball and tennis.

When Mr. Bunny Squirrel,
About the air-ships heard,
He hastened to procure one,
And says, it is "a bird!"
Pauline Frances Camp
G. Butler

The TREASURE HUNT

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE Jr.

It was upon a spring evening that the Band met. There was the captain, sometimes known as Fathie, First Lieutenant Trottie, Second Lieutenant Honey, Sergeant Henny-Penny, and Corporal Alice-Palace. There were no privates. The captain spoke with the stern brevity which characterizes all great leaders.

"Comrades," he announced, shutting the door and looking carefully under the sofa to make sure that there were no spies about, "I have just heard that there is a treasure hidden not many miles from here. All those in favor of a treasure-hunt to-morrow will kindly make a loud noise."

Then ensued probably the finest collection of assorted sounds ever heard outside of a shipyard, and the captain announced that the motion was carried by a close vote. Thereafter there were hurryings and scurryings and dashings to and fro in preparation for the great adventure. Honey put fresh rubbers on his trusty sling-shot, with which he could frequently hit a barn door at five paces. Trottie oiled up the air-rifle, which he was only allowed to use in windowless wildernesses, while Henny-Penny kept up such a fusillade with his new pop-gun that the captain threatened to send him forth unarmed on the morrow if he heard one more pop. Alice-Palace's practice, however, was the most spectacular. She had a water-pistol which, when properly charged, would propel a stream of water an unbelievable distance. From the bath-room door she took a snap-shot at Henny-Penny, who was approaching her confidingly. The charge took effect in the very center of a large pink ear, and it was a long time before Henny-Penny could be convinced that he was not mortally wounded. At last the captain ordered bed and silence within fifteen minutes under penalty of being shot at sunrise.

"Nobody could n't shoot me at sunrise," boasted Corporal Alice-Palace, as she started upstairs, " 'cause I would n't get up."

The next morning at dawn, from the captain's room sounded the clear whistle of the cardinal grosbeak, the adventure-call of the Band. Followed thumps, splashings, and the sounds of rapid dressing from the third story, where the Band bivouacked.

Purples grackles creaked and clattered in the trees, and the bushes were full of song-sparrow notes as the Band hurried away from the house-line toward the Land of the Wild-Folk, where romance still dwells and adventures lurk behind every bush. A tottering stone chimney marked its boundaries. There old Roberts Road began. Worn by the hurrying feet of two centuries, it ran far below its banks, and, long deserted by humans, had become one of the highways of the Wild-Folk. On and beyond Roberts Road, anything might happen. As they moved deep and deeper into Wild-Folk Land, the air was full of bird-songs.

They stopped to listen. First, there was the song-sparrow, who begins with three notes and wheezes a little as he sings. It took them longer to learn the quieter song of the vesper-sparrow, with the flash of white in his tail-feathers. His song always starts with two dreamy, contralto notes and dies away in a spray of soprano twitterings. Then there were the silver flute-notes of the little pink-beaked field sparrow, which they were to hear later across darkling meadows, and the strange minor strains of the white-throated sparrow, who to our northern neighbors sings, *"O sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."*

Before long, as usual, a sudden thirst came upon Sergeant Henny-Penny. Fortunately, they were near the bubbling spring that marked the beginning of Fox Valley, and the whole Band halted and drank in the most advanced military manner, to wit, by bending the rims of their felt hats into a cup. This method, the captain assured them, was far superior to the more usual system of lying flat on their tummies, and had the approval of all great military leaders, from Gideon down. Right in the middle of their drinking, there

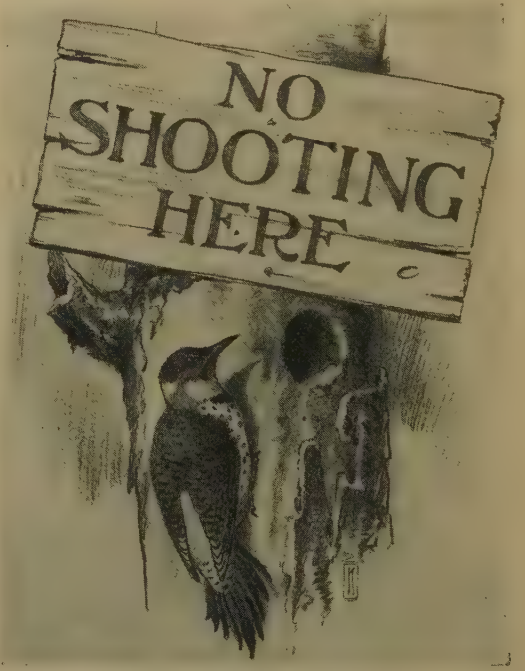
sounded from the thicket a hurried warble of a mellow timbre, the wood-wind of the sparrow-orchestra, and they caught a glimpse of the gray-and-tawny, which is only worn by

THE SONG-SPARROW AND THE FOX-SPARROW

the fox-sparrow, the largest of the sparrows and the sweetest and rarest singer of them all.

Through the long narrow valley hidden between two green hills marched the Band, following the hidden safe path that generations of foxes had made through the very middle of a treacherous marsh. As the road bent in toward Darby Creek, sounded the watchman's rattle of the first kingfisher they had heard that year; and as they came to the creek itself, a vast blue-gray bird, with a long neck and bill, flapped up ahead of them. It was so enormous that Alice-Palace was positive that it was a roc, but it turned out to be the great blue heron, the largest bird in eastern America. From the marshy fields swept great flocks of red-winged blackbirds, each one showing a yellow-bordered, crimson epaulet, proof positive that Mrs. Blackbird was still in the South. Mrs. Robin had come back the week before, which accounted for the joy-songs which sounded from every tree-top. Until she comes, the robin's song is faint and thin and infrequent. Beyond the creek they heard the *"Quick, quick, quick"* of the flicker, calling for spring, and before long they came to the tree where he had hollowed his hole. A most intelligent flicker he was, too, for his shaft was sunk directly under a sign which read, "No Shooting Here." From behind them, as they marched, tolled the low, sweet bell-notes of the mourning dove—*"Ah—coo, coo, coo."* The captain tried to imitate the sound, and the harassed bird stood it as long as he could, but finally flew away with whistling wings. Then the captain told the Band of a brave mother-dove whose nest he once found on the last day of March. It was only a flat platform of dry sticks in a spruce-tree and held two pearly-white eggs. The day after he found it there came a sudden snow-storm, and when he saw the nest again it was covered with snow—but there was the mother-bird still brooding her dear-loved eggs, with her head just showing above the drifted whiteness.

Beside the ruins of a spring-house a gray bird with a tilting tail said, *"Phoe, bee-bee, bee."* It was the little phoebe, so glad to be back that he stuttered when he called his



"A MOST INTELLIGENT FLICKER"

name. Thereafter, the captain was moved to relate another anecdote. It seemed a friend of his had stopped a pair of robins from nesting over a hammock, hung under an apple-tree, by nailing a stuffed cat close beside their bough. Whereupon the two robins, when they

came the next morning, fled with loud chirps of dismay. When two phoebes started to build on his porch, he tried the same plan. He was called out of town the next day, and when he came back a week later he found that the phoebes had deserted their old nest. They had, however, built a new one—on top of the cat's head!

As the Band swung back into the far end of Roberts Road, the captain's eye caught the gleam of a half-healed notch which he had cut in a pin-oak sapling the year before, at the top of a high bank, to mark the winter quarters of a colony of black-snakes. He halted the Band, and one by one they clambered up the slope, stopping puffingly at the first ledge and searching the withered grass and gray rocks above for any black, sinister shapes. Suddenly Honey did a remarkable performance in the standing-back-broad-jump, finishing by rolling clear to the foot of the bank. Right where he had stood lay a hale and hearty specimen of a black-snake, nearly five feet long. Evidently it had only just awakened from its winter sleep, for there were clay-smears on the smooth, satiny scales and even a patch of clay between the golden, unwinking eyes. Only the flickering of a long, black, forked tongue showed that his snakeship was alive. Then it was that the captain lived up to the responsibilities of his position by picking up that black-snake with what he fondly believed to be an air of unconcern. He showed the awe-stricken Band that the pupil of the snake's eye was a circle, instead of the oval, which is the hall-mark of that fatal family of pit-vipers to which the rattlesnake, copperhead, and moccasin belong.

"If you have any doubt about a snake," lectured the captain, "pick it up and look it firmly in the eye. If the pupil is oval, drop it. Perhaps, however," he went on reflectively, "it would be better to get some one else to do the picking-up part."

When the Band learned from the captain that it was the creditable custom of the Zoölogical Gardens to give free entry to such as bore with them as a gift a snake of size, their views toward the captive changed considerably. Said snake was now legal tender, to be cherished accordingly. It was resourceful First-Lieutenant Trottie who solved all difficulties in regard to transportation. Hurriedly removing a stocking, the snake was inserted therein, giving it that knobbed, lumpy appearance usually seen in such articles only at Christmas time.

From the den, the Band marched to a bowl-shaped meadow, not far from old Tory Bridge, under which a Revolutionary soldier hid with his horse nearly a century and a half ago, while his pursuers thundered overhead. On three sides of the field the green turf sloped down to a long, level stretch, covered by a thin growth of different trees centering on a thicket, through which trickled a little stream. Near the fence, on a white-oak tree, some ill-tempered owner had fastened a fierce sign which read: "Keep out. Trespassers will be shot without notice." The cross owner had been gone many a long year, but the sign still stood, and it always gave the Band a delightful thrill to read it. At the edge of the grove the captain halted them all.

THE COURAGEOUS PHOEBES

"Comrades," he said in a whisper, "I have heard rumors that there is a clue to the treasure hidden in the sign-tree."

It was enough. With one accord the Band sprang upon that defenseless tree. Some searched among its gnarled roots. Others examined the lower branches. It was Henny-Penny, however, who, boosted by Alice-Palace, fumbled back of the threatening old sign and drew out a crumpled slip of grimy paper. On it had been laboriously inscribed in some red

fluid, presumably blood, a skull and cross-bones. Underneath in a very bad hand was written, "By the roots of the nearest black-walnut tree. Captain Kidd." There was a moment's check. It was Honey who recognized the tree by its crooked, clutching twigs, and found at its roots a crumpled piece of paper which said: "Go to the nearest tulip-tree. Blackbeard the Pirate." It was Trottie who remembered that a tulip-tree had square leaves, and it was he who found the message which read, "I am buried under a stone which stands between a spice-bush and a white-ash tree." They all knew the spice-bush, with its brittle twigs and pungent bark which was made to be nibbled, and under the stone they found a note which said: "Look in the crotch of a dogwood-tree. If you will listen you will hear its bark"; which made the Band laugh like anything. The last message of all read, "I am swinging in a vireo's nest on the branch of a sour-gum tree." That was a puzzle which held the Band hunting like beagles in check for a long time. Corporal Alice-Palace at last spied the bleached little basket-nest at the end of a low limb. Inside was a bit of paper which, when unfolded, seemed to be entirely blank. So were the faces of the Band as they looked. It was the captain again who saved the day.

"I have heard," he whispered, "that sometimes pirates write in lemon-juice, which makes an invisible ink that needs heat to bring it out. Like the 'Gold Bug,' you know."

It was enough. In less than sixty seconds, sun time, the Band had built a tiny fire after the most approved Indian method; and as soon as it began to crackle, the paper was held as close to the blaze as possible. The captain had the right idea. As the paper bent under the heat, on its white surface brown tracings appeared, which slowly formed letters and then words, until they could all read: "I am in the hidey-hole of the chimney of the Haunted House. The Treasure."

For a moment the Band stared at each other in silence. They had made a special study of pirates, black, white, yellow, and mixed. Haunted houses, however, were beyond their bailiwick, and only two of them had ever even seen the dangerous spot before. It spoke well for the iron discipline and high hearts of the company that not one of them faltered. Led by dauntless Sergeant Henny-Penny, they crossed the creek in single file on a tippy tree-trunk. Half hidden in the bushes above, a gaunt stone house stared down at them out of empty window-sockets like a skull. Through the thicket and straight up the slope the Band charged with such speed that the captain was hard put to it to keep up with his gallant officers. They never halted until they stood at the threshold of the house, shadowed by a squat sycamore-tree of monstrous girth and fringed on all four sides by lilac- and mulberry-bushes which, in a century of years, had grown into trees. Under the bowed lintel the Band marched, and never halted until they reached the vast fireplace, which took in a whole side of the room. The floorings of the house had gone, and nothing but the beams remained, save for a patch of warped boards far up against the stone chimney where the attic used to be. It was plain that there they must look for the hidey-hole. The captain had evidently been in the house before, perhaps with some other robber-band in younger days. At any rate, he showed his followers how, in one of the window-ledges, the broken ends of the joists made a rude ladder. Up this the Band clambered to the first tier of joists without any mishap, save that the captain's hat fell off and landed in front of the fireplace. As they all roosted like chickens on the beams, there sounded a footstep just outside. The Band stood stony still and held their breath. Through the dim doorway came the furtive figure of a man. In one hand he carried a basket, while the other was clenched on a butcher-knife, well fitted for dark and desperate deeds. Although the basket seemed to be filled with dandelion greens, no one could tell what dreadful, dripping secret might be concealed underneath. For a minute the stranger looked uneasily around the shadowy room, and when his eye caught sight of the captain's hat he started back and peered into every corner, while the Band stood taut and tense, just over his unsuspecting head. At last, however, evidently convinced that the hat was ownerless and abandoned, he picked it up, and, taking off his own battered, shapeless head-gear, he started to try on the captain's cherished felt. Then it was that the latter acted. Bending noiselessly down until his head was hardly a foot above the unwary wanderer's ear, he shouted in a deep, fierce, growly voice, which the Band had never suspected him of having:

"Drop that hat! Run for your life!"

The stranger obeyed both of these commands to the letter. Throwing away the hat as if it were red-hot, he dashed out of the doorway and sprinted down the slope, scattering dandelion greens at every jump, and disappeared in the thicket beyond. Although the

captain laughed and laughed until he nearly fell off his beam, the rest of the Band feared the worst.

"He looked exactly like *Black Dog!*" murmured Honey, in a low voice.

"Yes," chimed in Trottie, "kind of slinky and tallowy."

Whereupon, in spite of the captain's reassuring words, they made haste to find the treasure, fearing lest at any moment they might hear the shrill and dreadful whistle which sounded on the night when *Billy Bones* died. Sidling along the beams in the wake of the captain, they came to what remained of a crumbling staircase. One by one they passed up this until they reached the bit of attic flooring which they had seen from below. Sure enough, in one of the soft, mica-schist rocks of the chimney, some one had chiseled a deep and delightful hidey-hole. It was Lieutenant Trottie, by virtue of his rank, who first explored the unknown depths and drew out therefrom a heavy, grimy, canvas bag. Undoing the draw-string, a rolling mass of gold and silver nuggets rattled down on the dry boards, while the Band gasped at the sight of so much sudden wealth. A moment later, a series of crunching noises showed that the treasure-hunters had discovered that said gold and silver were only thin surface foils, each concealing a luscious heart of sweet chocolate. The captain met their inquiring glances unmoved.

"It only shows," he explained, "what thoughtful chaps pirates have become. They knew you could n't use a bag of doubloons nowadays, but that sweet chocolate always comes in handy."

An investigation of the commissary showed that the quarter-master general, also known as Mothie, had merited promotion, decoration, citation, and various other military honors by reason of the unsurpassable quality of the rations for which she was responsible. When these were topped off by the treasure for dessert, it was felt by the whole Band that this was a day which thereafter would rank in their memories with Fourth of July and Thanksgiving, and press hard upon the heels even of Christmas itself. After a rapturous half-hour, undisturbed by any desultory and unnecessary conversation, followed a chapter in the adventures of Great-great-uncle Jake. Said relative had been a distant collateral connection of the captain, who had fought through the Revolution and, in the opinion of the Band, next to General Washington had probably been most nearly responsible for the final success of the patriot arms. It was Uncle Jake who made General

"GOING DOWN HILL LIKE MAD—RIDING BEAR-BACK, AS IT WERE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Putnam get off his horse into the mud and give the countersign. It was Uncle Jake who shot the Hessian who used to stand on an earthwork and make insulting gestures every morning toward the Continental camp. It was Uncle Jake again who, when he was captured, broke his way out of the hulks and swam ashore one stormy night. To-day the captain had bethought him of a rather unusual experience which Uncle Jake once had while hunting bears.

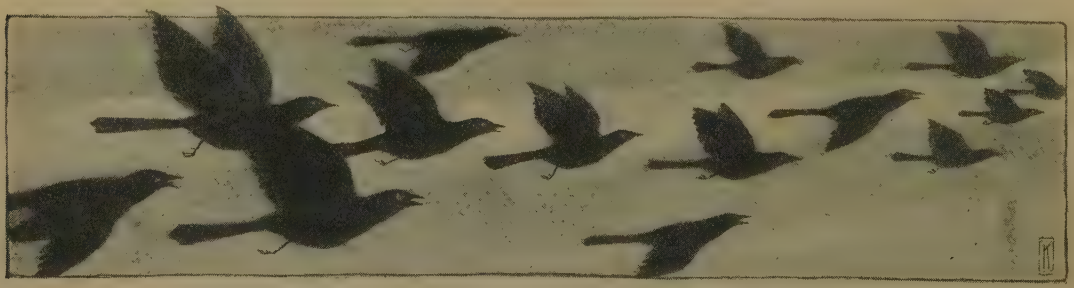
"It was during a February thaw," he began. "Uncle Jake was coming down Pond Hill when he stepped into a mushy place, back of a patch of bushes, and sank in up to his waist. He felt something soft under his feet and stamped down hard. A second later," continued the captain, impressively, "he wished he had n't. Something rose right up underneath him, and the next thing poor old Uncle Jake knew he was astride a big black bear, going down hill like mad—riding bear-back, as it were. You see," went on the captain, hurriedly, "Uncle Jake had stepped into a bear-hole, and waked up a bear by stamping on his back. He was in a bad fix. He did n't want to stay on, and he did n't dare to get off. So what do you suppose he did?"

"Rode him up a tree," hazarded Henny-Penny.

"No," said the captain. "He stuck on until they got to level ground. Then Uncle Jake drew his hunting-knife and stabbed the old bear dead, right through his neck, and afterward made an overcoat out of its skin."

The Band felt that they could bear nothing further in the story-line after this anecdote; and the treasure having gone the way of all treasures, the march back was begun. It was the captain who on this homeward trip discovered another treasure. They were passing a marshy swale of land where a little stream trickled through a tangle of trees. From out of the thicket came an unknown bird-call. *"Pip, pip, pip,"* it sounded. As they peered among the bushes, on a low branch the captain saw a flock of strange birds, all gold and white and black, with thick white bills. Never had the Band seen him so excited before. He told them that the strangers were none other than a company of the rare evening grosbeaks which had come down from the far Northwest and which had never before been reported in that county and which few bird-students ever met in a whole lifetime. For long the Band stood and watched them. They flew down on the ground and began feeding on cherry-pits, cracking the stones in their great bills. At times they would fly up into a tree and sidle along the limbs like little parrots. The females had mottled black-and-white wings and gray backs and breasts, while the males had golden breasts and backs, with wings half velvet-black and half ivory-white. For a long time they all watched the birds and made notes, until the dimming light warned them that it was time to be on their way. In the twilight the hylas called across the marshes like the lost children whom the pyxies stole and who can call but never come back, and from upland meadows scores of meadow-larks cried *"Swee-eet, swee-eet."* Westering down the sky sank the crescent new moon, with blazing Jupiter in her train. As the Band climbed Violet Hill and swung into the long lane which ended in home, they heard the last and loveliest bird-song of that whole dear day. Through the gathering darkness came a sweet and dreamy croon, the love-song of the little owl.

And then, even as they listened, the distant door of the house opened, and framed in the lamp-light, waiting for them, was Mother, the best treasure of all.



"'WHAT WERE YOU THINKING OF DOING WITH ME?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

THE CAMERONS OF HIGHBORO

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

CHAPTER I

ELLIOTT PLANS AND FATE DISPOSES

Now and then the accustomed world turns a somersault; one day it faces you with familiar features, the next it wears a quite unrecognizable countenance. The experience is, of course, nothing new, though it was never staged so dramatically and on so vast a scale as during the past four years. And no one to whom it happens is ever the same afterward.

Elliott Cameron was not a refugee. She did not trudge Flemish roads with the pitiful salvage of her fortunes on her back, nor was she turned out of a cottage in Poland with only a sackful of her household treasures. Nevertheless, American girl though she was, she had to be evacuated from her house of life, the house she had been building through sixteen petted, autocratic years. This is the story of that evacuation.

It was made, for all the world, like any Pole's or Serbian's or Belgian's; material valuables she let pass with glorious carelessness, as they left the silver spoons in order to salvage some sentimental trifle like a baby's shoe or old love-letters. Elliott took the closing of her home as she had taken the disposal of the big car, cheerfully enough, but she could not leave behind some absurd little tricks of thought that she had always indulged in. She was as strange to the road as any Picardy peasant and as bewildered, with—shall I say it?—considerably less pluck and spirit than some of them, when the landmarks she had lived by were swept away. But they, you see, had a dim notion of what was happening to them. Elliott had none. She did n't even know that she was being evacuated. She only knew that ways which had always worked before had mysteriously ceased working, that habits of mind and action, which she had spent her life in accumulating, she must now say good-by

to, and that the war, instead of being across the sea, had unaccountably got right into America itself and was interfering to an unreasonable extent in affairs that were none of its business.

Father came home one night from a week's absence and said, as he unfolded his napkin, "Well, chicken, I'm going to France."

"To France?" A little thrill pricked the girl's spine as she questioned. "Is it Red Cross?"

"Not this time. An investigation for the Government. It may, probably will, take months. I go as soon as I can get my affairs in shape—in a week or ten days, probably."

"I suppose the Government didn't say anything about my investigating something, too?"

"Now you mention it, I do not recollect that the subject came up."

"That *was* an omission. However, I think I 'll go as your secretary."

Mr. Cameron smiled across the table. "That arrangement would be entirely satisfactory to me, my dear, but I am not taking a secretary."

"But what can I go as? I 'd like to go as something."

"I 'm afraid you can't go, Lot, this time."

She lifted cajoling eyes. "But I want to. Oh, *I* know! I can go to school in Paris."

Her little air of having settled the matter left him smiling, but serious. "France has mouths enough to feed without one extra school-girl's, chicken."

"I don't eat much. Are you afraid of submarines?"

"For you, yes."

"I 'm not. Daddles dear, *may n't* I go? I 'd love to be near you."

"Positively, my love, you may not."

She drew down the corners of her mouth and went through a bewitching imitation of wiping tears out of her eyes. But she was n't really disappointed. She had been fairly certain in advance of what the verdict would be. So she crumbled her war-bread and remarked thoughtfully, "I suppose I can stay at home, but it won't be very exciting."

Her father seemed to find his next words hard to say. "I had a notion we might close the house. It is rather expensive to keep up —not much point in doing so just for one, is there?"

The delicate brows lifted. "What were you thinking of doing with me?"

"Dumping you on the corner. What else?" The two laughed together as at a good joke. But there was a tightening in the man's throat. He wondered how soon, after next week, he would again be sitting at table opposite that vivacious young face.

"Seriously, Lot, I met Bob in Washington. He was there on conservation business. When he heard what I was contemplating, he asked you up to Highboro. Said Jessica and he would be delighted to have you visit them for a year. Your uncle is a fine man, and I have always admired his wife. Never saw as much of her as I 'd have liked. What do you say to the idea?"

"Um-m-m." Elliott did not commit herself. "Uncle Bob and Aunt Jessica are very nice, but I don't know them."

"House full of boys and girls. You won't be lonely."

The piquant nose wrinkled mischievously. "That would never do. I like my own way too well."

He laughed. "And you generally manage to get it by hook or crook."

"I? You malign me. You *give* it to me because you like me."

How adorably pretty she looked!

He laughed again. "You 've got your old dad there, all right. By the way, here 's a letter from Jessica. Better read it before you say no."

Elliott received the letter without enthusiasm. "Very good of her, I 'm sure. I 'll write and thank her to-morrow, but I think I 'll go to Aunt Nell's."

"Just as you say. You know Elinor better. But I rather incline to Bob and Jess. There is something to be said for variety, Lot."

"Yes, but a year is so long. Why, Father Cameron, a year is three hundred and sixty-five whole days long and I don't know how many hours and minutes and—and seconds. The seconds are awful! Daddles darling, I never could support life away from you in a perfectly strange family for all those interminable seconds!"

"Your own cousins, chicken; and they would n't seem strange long. Better read the letter. It 's a good letter."

"I will—when I don't have you to talk to. What 's the matter?"

"Bless me! I forgot to tell you. Nell 's coming to-night. Wired half an hour ago."

"Aunt Nell? Oh, jolly!" The slender hands clapped in joyful pantomime. "Now we can settle things talking. It 's so much more satisfactory than writing."

"Can't say no so easily, eh, chicken?"

But now Elliott, too, remembered something. "Oh, Father! Quincy has scarlet fever."

"Scarlet fever? When did he come down?"

"They suspected it yesterday, and Stannard came over to Phil Tracy's. To-day the doctor made sure. Uncle James went to the hotel, and Aunt Margaret, of course, is quarantined. Quincy is n't very sick. Do you know what Aunt Nell is coming for?"

"Not the ghost of a notion. Perhaps she is going to adopt a dozen young Belgians and wants me to draw up the papers."

It was then that Elliott began dimly to sense a predicament, and to wish that Quincy had selected another time for isolating her Uncle James's house. Not that she particularly desired to spend a year, or a fraction of a year, with the James Camerons, but they were preferable to her Uncle Robert's family, on the principle that ills you know and understand make a safer venture than a jump in

"LAURA TOOK THE NEW COUSIN UP TO HER ROOM." (SEE PAGE 604)

"Want you at Clover Hill?" said Aunt Elinor, when the first greetings were over and she had heard the news. "Why, you dear child, of course I do! Or rather I would, if I were to be there myself. But I 'm going to France, too."

"To France?"

"Red Cross," with an enthusiastic nod of the perfectly dressed head. "That 's what I stopped off to tell you people. Ran down to New York to see about my papers. It 's all settled. I 'm hurrying back to shut up Clover Hill. Then for something worth while. I feel as though I were on the point of beginning to live at last. All my days I have spent dashing about madly in search of a good time. Now—well, now I shall go where I 'm sent, live for weeks, maybe, without a bath, sleep in my clothes in any old place; but I'm crazy, simply crazy to get over there and begin."

the dark. Elliott understood that the Robert Camerons were poor. More than once she had heard her father say he feared "Bob was hard up." Elliott knew that father had never succeeded in lending him any money. Proud and independent and poor—those were worthy qualities, but they did not make any family interesting. No, the Robert Camerons were out of the question, kindly though they might be. If she must spend a year outside her own home, away from her father-comrade, she preferred to spend it with her own sort.

There is this to be said for Elliott Cameron: she had had no mother since she could remember. The mother Elliott could not remember had been a very lovely person, and as broad-minded as she was charming. Elliott had her mother's charm, a personal magnetism that twined people around her little finger, but she was essentially narrow-minded. With Elliott

it was a matter of upbringing, of coming-up rather, since her upbringing had, after all, been largely in her own hands. Henry Cameron had had neither the heart nor the will to thwart his only child.

Before she went to bed, Elliott, curled up on her window-seat, read Aunt Jessica's letter. It was a good letter, a delightful letter, and more than that. If she had been older, she might, just from reading it, have seen why her father wanted her to go to Highboro. As it was, something tugged at her heart-strings for a moment, but only for a moment. Then she swung her foot over the edge of the window-seat and disposed of the situation, as she had always disposed of situations, to her liking.

The next day her cousin Stannard Cameron came over. Stannard was a long, lazy youth, with a notion that what he did or did n't do was a matter of importance to the universe.

"So they 're going to ship me up into the wilds of Vermont to Uncle Bob's," he ended his tale of woe. "Have a farm, have n't they?"

"I was invited up there, too," said Elliott.

"*You?* Come on! Be a sport."

She shook her head. "No wilds in mine. When do you start?"

"To-morrow, worse luck! What *are* you going to do?"

"I have made—plans."

The fact that the second party to the transaction was not yet aware of their existence did not alter the fact that she had made them. Then she devoted herself to the despondent Stannard, and sent him on his way cheered almost to the point of thinking, when he left the house, that Vermont was not quite off the map.

Not so Elizabeth Royce. Bess knew precisely what was on the map, and had Vermont been there, she would have noticed it. And now Elliott, adorable Elliott, was to be marooned in this uncharted district for a whole year. It was unthinkable!

"But, Elliott dear, you 'd *die* in Vermont."

"It *is* rather far away from everybody. Think of not seeing you for a year, Bess!"

"What's the matter with your Uncle James's house when the quarantine's lifted?"

"Nothing. But it has only just been put on. I think there ought to be a home opened for girls whose fathers are in France."

"Why," asked Bess, gripped by a great idea, "why should n't you come to us while your uncle's house is quarantined?"

Why not, indeed? Elliott thought Bess a little slow in arriving at such an obvious solution of the whole difficulty. "Would n't that be too much trouble?"

"Mother will love to have you!" Miss Royce spoke with conviction.

But Mother, alas! proved a stumbling-block. "That would be very nice," she said, "very nice indeed; but Elliott Cameron has plenty of relatives. I should hardly feel at liberty to interfere with their plans."

"But her Aunt Elinor is going to France, and you know the James Camerons' house is in quarantine. That leaves only the Vermont Camerons—"

"Oh, yes. I remember, now, there was a third brother. They have their plans probably."

And that was absolutely all Bess could get her mother to say.

Then it was that Elliott discovered the *impasse*. Try as she would, she could find no way out, and she lost a good deal of sleep in the attempt. To have to do something that she did n't want to do was intolerable. You may think this very silly; if you do, it shows that you have not always had your own way. Elliott despised girls who lamented their obligation to go to places where they did not wish to go. There was always, she had held, a way out, if you used your brains. Altogether, it was a disconcerted, bewildered, and thoroughly put-out young lady who, a week later, found herself taking the train for Highboro. The world, her familiar, complacent, agreeable world, had lost its equilibrium.

CHAPTER II

THE END OF A JOURNEY

Hours later, from a red-plush, Pullmanless train, Elliott Cameron stepped down to three people: a tall, dark, surprisingly pretty girl of about her own age, a chunky girl of twelve, and a middle-sized, freckle-faced boy.

"I am Laura," said the tall girl, "and here is Gertrude; and Henry will bring up your trunks to-morrow, unless you need them to-night. Mother sent you her love. Oh, we 're so glad to have you come!"

Then it is to be feared that Elliott perjured herself. Her all-day journey had not in the least reconciled her to the situation; if anything, she was feeling more bewildered and put out than when she started. But surprise and dismay had not routed her desire to please. She smiled prettily as her glance swept the welcoming faces, and kissed the girls and handed the boy two bits of paste-

"IT WAS BEAUTIFUL UP THERE ON THE HILLTOP." (SEE PAGE 605)

board, and said—oh, Elliott!—how delighted she was to see them at last. You would never have dreamed from Elliott's lips that she was not overjoyed at the chance to come to Highboro and get acquainted with cousins that she had never known.

But Laura, who was wiser than she looked, noticed that the new-comer's eyes were not half so happy as her tongue. Poor dear, thought Laura, how pretty she was and how daintily patrician and charming! But her father was on his way to France! And though he went in civilian capacity and was n't in the least likely to get hurt, when they were seated in the car, Laura leaned over and kissed her new cousin again, with the recollection warm on her lips of empty, anxious days when she, too, had waited for the release of the cards announcing safe arrivals overseas.

Elliott, who was every minute realizing more fully the inexorableness of the fact that she was where she was and not where she was n't, kissed back without much thought. She really had n't much curiosity about the life into which she was going. What did it matter, since she did n't intend to stay in it? Just as soon as the quarantine was lifted from Uncle James's house she meant to go back to Cedarville. But she did notice that the little car was not new, that on her way through the town every one they met bowed and smiled, that Henry had amazingly good manners for a country boy, that Laura looked very strong, and that Gertrude was all hands and elbows and feet and eyes, and that the car was continually either climbing up or sliding down hills. It slid out of the village down a hill, and it was climbing a hill when it met squarely in the road a long, low, white house, canopied by four big elms set at the four corners, and gave up the ascent altogether with a despairing *honk-honk* of its horn.

A lady rose from the wide veranda of the white house, laid something gray on a table, and came smilingly down the steps. A little girl of eight followed her; two dogs dashed out, and a kitten. The road ran into the yard and stopped; but behind the house the hill kept on going up. Elliott understood that she had arrived at the Robert Camerons'.

The lady, who was tall and dark-haired, like Laura, but with lines of gray threading the black, put her arms around the girl and kissed her. Even in her preoccupation, Elliott was dimly aware that the quality of this embrace was subtly different from any that she had ever received before, though the lady's words were not unlike Laura's. "Dear child," she said, "we are so glad to know you." And the big dark eyes smiled into Elliott's with a look that was quite new to that young person's experience. She did n't know why she felt a queer thrill run up her spine, but the thrill was there, just for a minute. Then it was gone, and the girl only thought that Aunt Jessica had the most fascinating eyes that she had ever seen; whenever she chose, it seemed that she could turn on a great steady light to shine through their velvety blackness.

Laura took the new cousin up to her room. It was small and slant-ceilinged. One picture, an unframed photograph of a big tree leaning over a brook, was tacked to the wall, a braided rug lay on the floor, on a small table were flowers and a book, over the queer, old chest of drawers hung a small mirror—there was no pier-glass at all. Very spotless and neat, but bare, hopelessly bare.

But as Elliott bathed and dressed, her spirits lightened a little. It did rather freshen a person's outlook on a hot day to get clean. She even opened the book to discover its name —"Lorna Doone." Was that the kind of thing they read at the farm? She had always meant to read "Lorna Doone," when she had time enough. But there would n't be much else to do up here, she reflected. Then she surveyed what she could of herself in the dim little mirror—probably Laura would wish to copy her style of hair-dressing—and descended, very slender and *chic*, to supper.

It was a big circle which sat down to that supper-table. There was Uncle Robert, short and jolly and full of jokes, and another new cousin, a wiry boy called Tom, and a boy older than Henry, who certainly was n't a cousin, but who seemed very much one of the family and who was introduced as Bruce Fearing. And there was Stannard. No maid appeared, and Gertrude and Tom and eight-year-old Priscilla changed the plates. Laura and Aunt Jessica, Elliott noticed, had entered from the kitchen. It was no secret that all the girls had been berrying in the forenoon. Henry seemed to have had a hand in making the ice-cream, judging by the compliments he received. It was, however, a surprisingly good supper. The guest was astonished at herself for eating so much salad, so many berries and muffins, and for passing her plate twice for ice-cream.

After supper every one seemed to feel it the natural thing to set to work and "do" the dishes, or something else equally pressing.

Elliott felt relieved when her uncle tucked

her arm in his and said she must come and talk to him on the porch. As they left the kitchen, the boy Bruce was skilfully whirling a string mop in a pan full of hot suds. But did n't she catch a glimpse of Stannard nonchalantly sauntering around a corner of the house with the air of one who hopes his back will not be noticed?

Presently she discovered another household custom—to go up to the top of the hill to watch the sunset. It was beautiful up there on the hilltop, with its few big sheltering trees, its welter of green crests on every side, and its line of far blue peaks behind which the sun went down; beautiful, but depressing. Depressing because every one, except Stannard, seemed to enjoy it so. There was something engaging about these cousins that Elliott had never seen among her cousins at home, a good-fellowship that gave you in their presence a sense of being closely knit together. But, oh dear! she knew that she was n't going to care for the things that they cared for or enjoy doing the things that they did. And there must be at least six weeks of this—dish-washing and climbing hills, with good frocks on. Six weeks, not a day longer. But she exclaimed in pretty enthusiasm over Laura's disclosure of a bed of maidenhair fern, tasted approvingly Tom's spring water, recited perfectly, after only one hearing, Henry's tale of the peaks in view, and let Bruce Fearing give her a geography lesson from the southernmost point of the hilltop.

It was only when at last she was in bed in the slant-ceilinged room, with her candle blown out and big moon looking in at the window, that Elliott realized quite how forlorn she felt and how very, very far three thousand miles from Father was actually going to seem.

The world up here in Vermont was so very still. There were no lights except the stars, and for a person accustomed at home to an electrically illuminated street, only a few rods from her window, stars and a moon merely added to the strangeness. Soft noises came from the other rooms, sounds of people moving about, but not a sound from outside, nothing except at intervals the cry of a mournful bird. After a while the noises inside ceased. Elliott lay quiet, staring at the moonlit room, and feeling more utterly miserable than she had ever felt before in her life. Homesick? It must be that this was homesickness. And she had been wont to laugh, actually laugh, at girls who said they were homesick! She had n't known that it felt like this! She had n't known that anything could feel as hideous as this in all the world. In a minute she knew she was going to cry—she could n't help it; actually, Elliott Cameron was going to cry.

A gentle tap came at the door. "Are you asleep?" whispered a voice. "May I come in?"

Laura entered, a tall white shape that looked even taller in the monlight.

"*Are* you sleepy?" she whispered.

"Not in the least," said Elliott.

Laura settled softly on the foot of the bed. "I hoped you were n't. Let 's talk. Does n't it seem a shame to waste time sleeping on a night like this?"

Elliott tossed her a pillow. It was comforting to hear a voice saying something, and Laura's voice was very pleasant.

"It *is* too fine a night to sleep, is n't it, girls?" Aunt Jessica crossed the strip of moonlight and dropped down beside Laura.

"Are you all in here?" presently inquired a third voice. "I could hear you talking and, anyway, I could n't sleep."

"Come in," said Elliott.

"Come in, Trudy," Laura echoed.

Gertrude burrowed comfortably down on the other side of her mother.

Elliott, watching the three on the foot of her bed, thought they looked very happy. Her aunt's hair hung in two thick braids, like a girl's, over her shoulders, and her face, seen in the moonlight, made Elliott feel things that she could n't put words to. She did n't know what it was she felt, exactly, but the forlornness inside her began to grow less and less until at last, when her aunt bent down and kissed her and the two braids touched the pillow on either side of Elliott's face, it was quite gone.

"Good night, little girl," said Aunt Jessica, "and happy dreams."

(To be continued)

FORTUNES OF WAR

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island"

CHAPTER XIII

THE LIGHT FROM THE SEA

PILED on the sandy floor of the cave were now twice as many barrels of oil as there had been on the occasion of their last visit.

"Why, their supply-ship must have sneaked in here again lately, probably at night!" said Ben. "The place was only half as full as this when we saw it before."

"All the better!" declared Ensign Grimes. "Evidently they don't suspect that we 're on to their game."

"Are you going to break the casks in now?"

"Break them in? I should say not! Man, you 've no idea how tickled the 'luff' will be when we take this lot aboard. It 's a regular prize. We 've got a base of our own in the Azores, remember; and though we 're not exactly short of supplies, every little helps. It was a real act of kindness on the part of those Germans to bring this here, even if they did n't intend it as such!"

It was beginning to grow dusk, but there was still sufficient light to signal the news to the destroyer.

"Bring the barrels aboard," came back the reply. "Am sending another boat."

Then for two hours followed a performance which would have been sorely trying to any German who might have been watching. Two men to a barrel, the oil was rolled from the cave down to the pier, and there lowered into the boats. Jerry and Ben lent a hand willingly, for none knew how soon their pleasing task might be interrupted, and even Grimes, carried away by enthusiasm, was not above soiling his hands and uniform. Many trips from pier to ship were necessary before the last of the barrels was safely aboard, by which time night had arrived, and the gray hull of the destroyer loomed up dark and forbidding as they rowed alongside. No light showed from stem to stern, for none knew when an attack by some skulking U-boat might come. The *Farley*, though not anchored, would have presented an easy target while lying there motionless, and the lookouts scanned the dark ocean with keen and anxious eyes. Below deck, in the engine-rooms, were men ready to send the ship tearing away at the first flutter of the indicator.

"We took all the oil there was, sir," Grimes reported, saluting the "luff," as they returned on board.

"And a pretty good haul, too!" replied Lieutenant Bentley, with a nod of approval. "What about this landing-place they have?"

Grimes described it in detail.

"I think, sir," he concluded, "if you 'd let me have the men, I 'd like to wait on shore for a while for the Fritzes to pay a call."

The luff drummed his fingers on the rail thoughtfully.

"It 's an idea, Mr. Grimes!" he said. "Evidently they intend to call again soon."

"They won't if they happen to see the *Farley* lying here in the meanwhile, sir," Grimes observed significantly.

"You 're right. We 'd better leave you to do it. Take twenty men, and get ashore at once."

"They may not walk into the trap during the first day, sir," the ensign put in.

"You 'll be all right there, anyway, to-night and to-morrow night," replied the commander of the *Farley*. "To-morrow is Friday. If nothing happens by six o'clock on Saturday morning, I shall make other plans; but in the meanwhile, we 'll stand off due north. Mind you take rockets. In case the fun starts, you don't want it all to yourself, do you? We sha' n't be far off after it gets dark, you may be sure."

"I 'll summon you, sir, as soon as I think you 'll be able to give us any help," Grimes replied with an impassive face.

"By Jove, Grimes!" said the luff, "I wish I were in your place! If the Square-heads do show up, you 'll have a dandy scrap on your hands. Mind you give us the rockets, now, if anything breaks loose. Don't try to hog the game, Grimes!"

"No, sir," answered the ensign, with a grin. "I 'll see that you get into it."

Ben and Jerry, standing near, had been listening.

"If you please, sir," said Jerry, "if you send a landing-party ashore, could n't we go along?"

Lieutenant Bentley frowned. "Whom do you mean by 'we'?" he parried.

"Duncan, Todd, and myself, sir."

Indecision was no part of Lieutenant Bentley's make-up, but he hesitated an instant.

Some one might get hurt within the next twenty-four hours, and his position would be awkward if——

"We sha' n't be in the way, sir," Ben urged. "We 're fair shots, and Todd is equal to three Germans any day."

"But if you got wounded,—" the luff began.

"Anyway, we 've *got* to go ashore again, sir," declared Jerry, "because our kit-bags are on the island. And besides, we want to go back to the *Endeavor*. We only left her to report the submarine base; and now that we 've done that, there can't be any harm in putting us back on her, sir."

"Nobody knows the lay of the land there as we do, sir," Ben urged finally.

"I don't believe the admiral would pat me on the back for doing it," said the lieutenant; "but I 'll do it."

"Thank you, sir," Jerry said gratefully. "We—we owe those Germans something, anyway!"

"Well, trot along, before I change my mind," laughed the luff.

The two boats were quickly filled with jackies, and, when the ensign returned from a final conference in the ward-room, pushed off. The landing was made on the breakwater, and through the starlit gloom the boats returned to the destroyer. Led by Jerry and Ben, the ensign sought the top of the cliff, from where, as best he might in the darkness, he studied the lay of the land. He spoke little for a long time, but his keen eyes darted everywhere. On his shoulders had fallen the responsibility of forming plans which were to make or mar the expedition.

"Get the U-boat—that 's the main thing," were his superior officer's final instructions. "If the Germans land on the island, they can't leave again without our permission. But if you let a submarine get away, you will have wasted the finest chance of your life."

"I 'm glad this cave of theirs is n't very near their landing-place," said Grimes, at length, when he had studied the matter from every angle. "They 'll have to send half their men ashore to handle the barrels. They 'll expect to roll 'em down to the breakwater, and pump the oil into the 'sub' from there. Now, let me see! The U-boat can't come close up to the rocks. She 'll probably lie a couple of dozen yards away, at least. If only we knew whether the brutes were coming in the daytime or at night, that would n't be so bad. It 's got to be a surprise attack, anyway."

A distance of about two hundred yards separated the cave where the oil had been stored from the place where the U-boat men had evidently been accustomed to make their landing on the breakwater. If the Germans came ashore now, they would naturally follow a direct line along the path-like ledge down which the jackies had just rolled the barrels. It ran along the northern edge of that part of the island. The cliff on which Grimes stood was a little to the south of the breakwater, and under the cliff, near the level of the sea, were a number of great boulders behind which his men could hide from view.

Finally, Grimes scrambled down the cliff and explained to his command what he hoped to accomplish.

"Get behind these boulders," he said. "Keep together so there will be no delay in passing orders. If a 'sub' arrives by daylight, we shall have to wait till a number of their men are ashore and then rush her. The chances are that the working-party they send off won't be armed. If we can board the U-boat before it has time to get away or submerge, we 'll fight them for it. If she comes in the dark, we shall have to rush her just the same, only the darkness will cover our attack until we 're almost on top of them."

A murmur of approval came from the men. They were all keen for the adventure and had implicit confidence in the ensign. In a score of ways, since they had been together on the *Farley*, Grimes had shown that he was a natural leader, without fear for his own safety, and there was no doubt that every man would follow where he led.

When the men had taken up their stations, silence fell over the party, and no sound was to be heard save the occasional surge of water over the rocks at the farther end of the breakwater. Somewhere, out there in the blackness, lay the destroyer, from which eyes were doubtless straining landward for the first signal that fighting had begun. There was no moon, and toward midnight banks of clouds prevented the stars from throwing even a gleam of light on the scene. Few of the members of the landing-party slept more than briefly.

When the sun rose, the *Farley* could be seen steaming slowly, half a dozen miles away to the north.

"I 'll bet the luff was n't as far off as that while it was dark," Grimes commented, as his eyes rested on the distant ship. "He 's coming straight ahead now. What the dickens does he want to poke his nose in here for?"

Grimes was watching the destroyer closely through his glasses.

"She 's signaling," he announced at last. "Wants to know if all is well. Why can't the luff keep away! Does he think we 've all died of fright in the night? Here, Jones," he added, calling one of the seamen, "skip up to the top of the cliff and signal him to run away and play. No, wait a minute. Just say, 'All well. Please keep off'; and mind you don't show yourself up there for a second more than you have to."

When Jones had finished signaling, the *Farley* began to turn, and then headed out to sea again; and though, at times, she appeared as little more than a dot on the horizon, she was in sight of the island all day.

The long vigil was beginning to tell on the men; so during the forenoon Ensign Grimes insisted on most of them putting in a few hours' sleep, which they did after making a rough-and-ready meal. From then onward the jackies took sleep in regular watches; and though, as the hours ran on, it began to look as if disappointment was to be their portion, they kept each other in good spirits.

Again darkness fell, a darkness unmitigated by a solitary star.

Eight o'clock—ten o'clock—midnight.

Twenty-four pairs of eyes constantly roved through the blackness beyond the island, for no one was inclined to sleep.

"Beg pardon, sir," said a voice at the ensign's elbow, "but if them Fritzes don't come to-night, could n't you get the luff to give us another chance at 'em?"

It was Digby, gunner's mate, who spoke. He was a short, thick-set fellow, whose brother, in the merchant marine, had been wounded during the bombardment of his steamer by a submarine.

"I don't know, Digby," the ensign replied. "I 'll do my best."

Two o'clock—three. Impatience was beginning to show itself among the men who, after waiting so long, like a pack of hounds in leash, wanted nothing so much as an opportunity to let off some of their pent-up energy.

Grimes looked at the luminous face of his watch anxiously. At the first sign of daybreak the destroyer would run in to pick them up again.

"It 's too late for a submarine to come to-night, is n't it, sir?" Ben asked.

"I guess so," replied Grimes. "You can't tell, though. If I were in charge of one of their boats, I 'd come at night; but perhaps they come at any old time. You see, this island is a long way from anywhere, and they feel pretty safe."

Another trying half-hour passed slowly. Increased restiveness showed among the men.

"They 're getting fidgety," the ensign whispered to Ben. "And I can't blame them. If nothing happens in the next hour, we shall have lost out."

He bit his lip. Goodness only knew what would happen if they were called off. Probably the lieutenant would send a wireless for assistance, and half the fleet in southern waters would come scurrying up.

Suddenly the ensign raised himself on his elbow, every nerve in his body taut. For a day and two nights he had been listening to the surge of water over the rocks at the end of the natural pier, and his ears had become attuned to the sound; now he fancied that a new note had crept into it, a kind of throbbing undertone.

Doubting his ears, he listened intently, and it seemed that the sound had stopped. He looked at his watch. There remained only another hour or so before dawn.

Jerry, lying flat on his chest, with his eyes fixed on the blank void ahead, fancied he could pick up shapes moving in the darkness. Imagination began to play strange pranks on him. He could have persuaded himself that a full-rigged ship was sailing past, right under his eyes, where no ship ever could pass because of the rocks.

And then, out of the pitch-black night, with electrifying suddenness, came a dazzling glare—the sharp, white glare of a search-light!

"Keep down!" Grimes whispered hoarsely.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FIGHT ON THE U-BOAT

For a long moment the search-light whipped the surface of the water, but never did it rise high enough to cast a glare in the sky. Finally it rested for a moment on the landing-place and then vanished.

Jerry's pulse was beating fast. His fingers gripped the automatic that had been served out to him. Obeying orders, he, too, had crouched down behind a rock, out of sight. Nobody but Grimes watched now, lest the search-light should be flung on the place where they were.

Five minutes of suspense passed, during which the throbbing of the slowly turning propellers could be plainly heard, and then the search-light blazed forth once more. This time it was nearer, and the murmur of voices was audible. For an instant only the light showed.

The ensign's brain was working with lightning rapidity. Everything depended on the strategy he employed.

"Digby," he whispered, "it 's a 'sub', sure enough! They won't use that search-light again. Pass the word along to the men to slip off their shoes and be ready to move."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Voices could now be heard close to the pier, orders which traveled far in the still night air. The U-boat's propellers were motionless. There was a splash, as of a boat taking the water. Some one on deck was using an electric torch.

Grimes calculated that there must be a distance of fifty or sixty feet separating the submarine from the landing-place. He had hoped she would lie closer up, but that could not be helped.

There came the measured splash of oars, and soon the electric torch flashed on the iron staples in the side of the breakwater. Grimes could see the Germans distinctly as they mounted the secret ladder. He counted eight of them in the rays of the torch. Now and again he could catch a glimpse of them congregated at the top.

Presently the oars were heard again.

"Another boat-load of 'em coming off, evidently," he muttered delightedly. His worst fear had been that the Germans might only send off about half a dozen sailors to handle the casks. If that had been so, the difficulty of storming the submarine would have been enormously increased, for he knew that the U-boat's crew would number close to forty men.

On the second trip the small boat brought off another eight men, as near as the ensign could tell, and presently, leaving one of their number in the boat, the Germans started toward the cave, the occasional flickering of an electric torch, muttered words, and heavy footfalls indicating their course.

"Hurry up!" Grimes said to Digby. "Tell the men to keep close together. We 're going to work our way down to their landing-place. Oh, plague take the thing! I saw a light flash out there at sea. It must be the *Farley*. She 's coming in to fetch us off. If she starts signaling now, she 'll make a mess of everything! Oh, for another fifteen minutes! We may have time, at that. Dexter, I want you to stay behind and send up a rocket as soon as you hear we 've started scrapping. You understand, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

Without another word, Grimes moved off as silently as a wraith, with nineteen men in his train. Much as Jerry and his friends longed to join in the attack, that, Grimes sternly ruled,

"GRIMES FELT THE GUNWALE WITH HIS FOOT" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

was out of the question, so they remained behind with Dexter.

Fortunate it was that the ensign had made a study of the topography of the place in the daylight. At best, it was difficult going, clambering over a rock here, skirting a declivity there. Many a shin was bruised and many an exclamation of pain suppressed as the men scrambled along in their stocking-feet and silently made their way down to the breakwater. There Grimes halted his little force and moved forward alone until he could peer over the edge of the landing into the darkness below, where he knew the boat was waiting. If only he could find the rungs of that iron ladder!

Deliberately, he gave a slight cough.

Three yards away, to left of where he was standing, a voice came out of the night. So that was where the boat lay! Whispering Digby to follow, he made his way along until his foot hit one of the stanchions.

Taking his life in his hands, he lowered himself over the edge of the pier and groped with his feet until they encountered one of the rungs. Then, feeling his way cautiously, he descended.

The boat bumped lightly against the side of the rocks, and the man in her spoke again, this time raising his voice a trifle.

"*Ja!*" mumbled Grimes, uttering one of the three or four German words at his command as he felt the gunwale with his foot.

The German said something else, which was of course meaningless to the ensign, but it gave him an additional ten seconds in which to leap down into the boat.

He stepped over a thwart, and, without warning, put his hands forward until they touched the German's chest. Then, quietly, he slipped them up until his wiry fingers closed about the man's throat.

A cry of astonishment burst from the German, but its sound was stifled. The two struggling figures crashed to the bottom of the boat, the ensign uppermost, and at that instant Digby landed beside them. There was a soft thud, and the German subsided, silent and inert. Digby slipped his revolver back into its holster.

"That tap 'll hold him for awhile," he muttered.

"Pass him up the ladder," Grimes ordered, "and tell the others to look alive."

This was done, and in only a minute, it seemed, the boat contained as many as it would hold, the rest slipping quietly into the water, either to hang on to the gunwale or to swim off in the darkness toward where the submarine lay, a faint light from the conning-tower revealing her location.

Willing hands seized the oars, and the boat moved silently from the shore. Suspense gripped them all as the distance lessened between them and their prey. And then, quite suddenly, the submarine loomed indistinctly beside them.

A voice on deck was heard, and Grimes, fending the boat off the side of the U-boat, grunted in reply. He took hold of a rail and swung himself on board, at the same moment pressing the switch of the torch in his left hand.

Somewhat mystified at receiving no reply, the German who had already spoken made another similarly unintelligible remark.

There were two figures close to Grimes, and others, but for the moment he could not tell how many, farther along the narrow deck, within the arc of his light.

The man nearest the ensign, growing suspicious, whipped out a revolver, but before he had time to point it, Digby, emerging from the darkness, caught him a terrific uppercut with his left fist, and sent the man sprawling over the side into the sea.

Instantly the U-boat became the scene of a seething conflict. The *Farley's* men were clambering from small boat to submarine, or from the water up over the sloping side to a precarious deck, while, by way of the conning-tower hatch, those of the German crew who had been below came hurrying to the assistance of their comrades.

It was hand-to-hand work, now, with the numbers about equal. The Americans, however, were fully armed, while not all the submarine's men had paused to secure weapons; beside which, the element of surprise aided the assaulters.

"Give them the butts, men!" ordered the ensign, still flashing the torch-light here and there over the scene. He had wanted to delay giving the alarm to those ashore as long as possible, but even as he gave the order, the sharp report of a revolver-shot came from the direction of the cave, to be echoed an instant later by a second report from a dozen feet away.

The torch in Grimes's hand went out. With a muttered exclamation of disgust, he dropped the shattered remnant and clapped his left hand to his lips. The bullet had torn a deep furrow along the back of his hand; but although the wound was bleeding profusely, it was no time for paying attention to such mat-

"INSTANTLY THE U-BOAT BECAME THE SCENE OF A SEETHING CONFLICT"

ters. Pausing only to get his direction in the sudden darkness, the ensign, revolver clubbed, sprang forward.

The wildest confusion reigned, and, while the tumult was raging, a bright light shot far into the air from the island near. It was the signal rocket fired by Dexter.

Almost instantaneously there blazed forth from out of the darkness, a mile or so away, the destroyer's great search-light, which wavered for a moment over the surface of the water, and then settled on the scene of the conflict on the deck of the U-boat.

A cheer sprang simultaneously from the throat of every jacky under Grimes's command, now that they could see what they were doing and knew that assistance was near. The glare of the light, moreover, gave them a peculiar advantage, for they had boarded the U-boat aft of the conning-tower, and had their backs to the light which had the effect of dazzling the enemy.

As Grimes advanced, a German sprang to meet him, at the same time firing point-blank at the ensign's head. The German's aim was unsteady, and the upward kick of the weapon saved the life of the invaders' leader. A sharp, stinging pain in his temple made Grimes wince, but he sprang forward and brought the butt-end of his revolver down on his opponent's head. Men were falling from the slippery deck into the sea, clutched in combat. Shooting had become almost as dangerous to friend as to foe. But in the battle of muscle and brawn the advantage was now decidedly with the Americans. Also, the cheer with which they had greeted the appearance of the search-light helped to demoralize their foe.

A hullabaloo had, meanwhile, arisen on the island, where the enemy landing-party, finding it had been tricked, was gathered on the edge of the breakwater.

Some one on the U-boat mounted the conning-tower, and, using his hands as a megaphone, bellowed across the water in German, endeavoring to make his companions hear through the din. He stood out clearly in the vivid searchlight for the space of about ten seconds. Then, from the stern end of the submarine, came a shot, and the German threw up his hands, at the same time falling forward.

Digby, who had shot one man, felled another, and was grappling with a third, had by no means come through the encounter unscathed. There was a nasty gash along his cheek, and a lump was rising on the top of his head where he was kicked while lying on the deck struggling with a lithe German petty officer. He was clutching at the throat of his third opponent, when one of the enemy struck him violently on the forehead.

Digby's hands unclasped. The man under him wriggled away, scrambled to his feet, and shouted something at the top of his voice. Evidently it was an order, though what its purport was Grimes did not immediately understand. Its effect, however, was electrical. Several of the enemy near jumped over the side. Rushing along the deck in the glare of the search-light, the German petty officer dashed for the conning-tower.

Suddenly Grimes discovered that his men now had the deck of the submarine almost to themselves and, as the petty officer dropped through the hatch, it dawned on the ensign what the man's game was.

Swiftly he discharged his revolver twice at the disappearing head. Whether he hit or missed he could only surmise; but hurling aside one of his own command who stood in the way, he leaped in pursuit.

JERRY and his companions were held in breathless suspense after the *Farley's* men filed silently away into the night. Not a sound reached their ears save the swish of waves on the pier and an occasional voice from the party of Germans who were now nearing the cave. Dexter held a match in his hand ready to light the rocket, and strained his ears for some indication that the conflict had started. He could see a torch moving like a will-o'-the-wisp near the entrance to the cave. Presently it vanished, and the watchers knew that the moment was at hand when the enemy must discover the loss of their stores.

"Say, when this rocket goes up we 'll have to make ourselves scarce!" Dexter whispered. "They 'll be around here after us like a lot o' hornets. I guess we 'd better bolt into one of them other caves."

"No," Ben replied. "There 's a place just along here where we can get up to the top of the island, where we sha'n't be trapped. I can find the way easily."

"Wait for me a minute, mate," Dexter said. "I 'd break my neck——"

"Don't you worry," put in Jerry. "We 're stopping right here till you come, too."

A minute passed silently. Then, from the direction of the cave came the sound of footsteps and low, guttural murmurs as the Germans, bewildered and uneasy, emerged in confusion and started hurriedly back toward the landing-place. It was an eery experience for Jerry and Ben, waiting there in the blackness

for they knew not what, and having no inkling of how their comrades were faring. The Germans' electric torch was now very close to the pier, and voices came across the water from the direction of the U-boat.

"They 're there! They 're on her!" Jerry whispered, close by the side of the seaman.

Dexter was aching to apply the match to the rocket, for he now felt positive that the force led by Grimes had reached its objective. Hoarse cries went up in the distance, and then, in quick succession, two revolver-shots were heard.

"That 's good enough!" the jacky muttered, as he struck the fateful match and applied it with a steady hand to the fuse.

The thing rose high in the air and, bursting forth into silvery glory, illuminated the whole scene brilliantly for a few seconds. Dexter was on his feet, gazing upward at the effect.

"Down! Keep *down!*" Ben said sharply, raising his voice; but before Dexter had time to obey, bullets whizzed in his direction from the pier.

The jacky collapsed with a groan.

"They 've got me!" he exclaimed. "You-all clear out of this, quick!"

For answer, John Todd took the seaman in his arms and bore him swiftly toward the slope of the cliff. Ben hurried ahead, Jerry bringing up the rear. Even if the U-boat men on the pier had had any idea of following them, they abandoned it promptly when the destroyer's search-light appeared. Breathing heavily under his burden, Todd reached the top of the slope, where for a few moments they rested, fairly sure, at least, of temporary safety.

The cries of the Germans on the pier were now loud and insistent, for the boat they had left there was nowhere to be found, and the battle aboard the submarine was in full swing.

Dexter, who was still conscious, though somewhat seriously wounded, lay on the ground, with his eyes turned in the direction of the fighting.

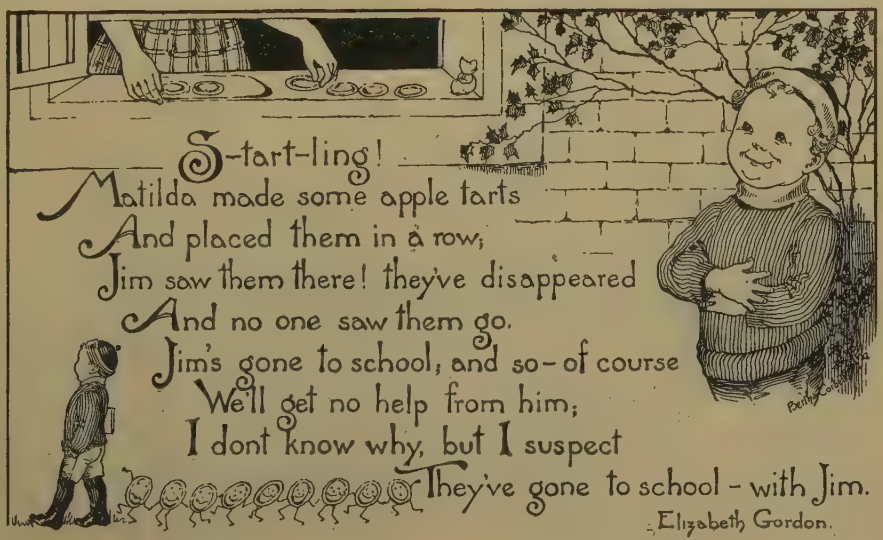
"I never did have any luck!" he said, between clenched teeth. "Me lying here as useless as a log, and down there the *beautifulest* scrap——"

Dexter never finished his sentence. There came a muffled roar from the water. A glare of flame and a cloud of smoke momentarily hid the submarine from their sight, and then shrill cries cut sharply into the night.

A moment of awed silence was broken by Ben.

"They 've blown her up!" he cried.

(*To be concluded*)

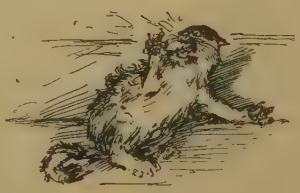

S-tart-ling!
Matilda made some apple tarts
And placed them in a row;
Jim saw them there! they've disappeared
And no one saw them go.
Jim's gone to school, and so - of course
We'll get no help from him;
I dont know why, but I suspect
They've gone to school - with Jim.
Elizabeth Gordon.

APPLIED SCIENCE

by

Carolyn Wells

THERE was a modern little boy, exceeding bright, and keen;
His name was Thomas Edison Marconi Tesla Green.
At handy jobs about the house he really was quite clever,
And one fine day he set to work with diligent endeavor.

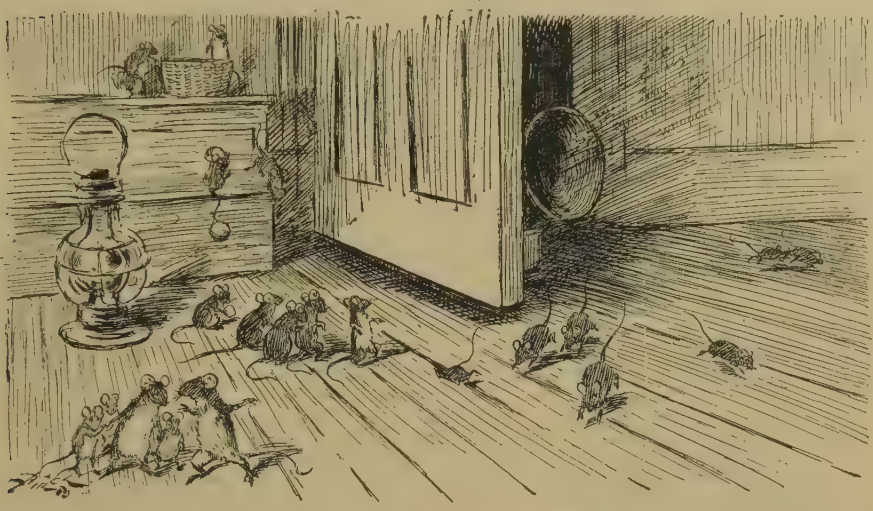


Into his father's library he took the family cat;
A portly tabby tortoise-shell, quite elderly and fat.
And by some clever tricks of his he made that pussy growl,
And scratch and hiss and meow and "s-tiss," and claw around
and howl.

And as the cat waxed wrathier and yowled and growled and spat,
That little boy a record made of sputterings of the cat.
A record for a phonograph, which reproduced, forsooth,
The cat's remarks *verbatim,* and set them down in truth.

"'WHAT 'S THIS?' HIS PARENTS MURMURED"

"What 's this?" his parents murmured, when they heard the record played;
"That," remarked Thomas Tesla Green, "is something I have made,
To put out in the pantry. You 'll find it very nice
To keep away the nightly raids of depredating mice."



The Woodland Volunteers

By Charles F. Lester

"Hey, Bunny, slow up on that wigwag! You're going so fast that they can't read it!"

Lieutenant Hawk, with his piercing eye, needs no glasses in the observation corps.

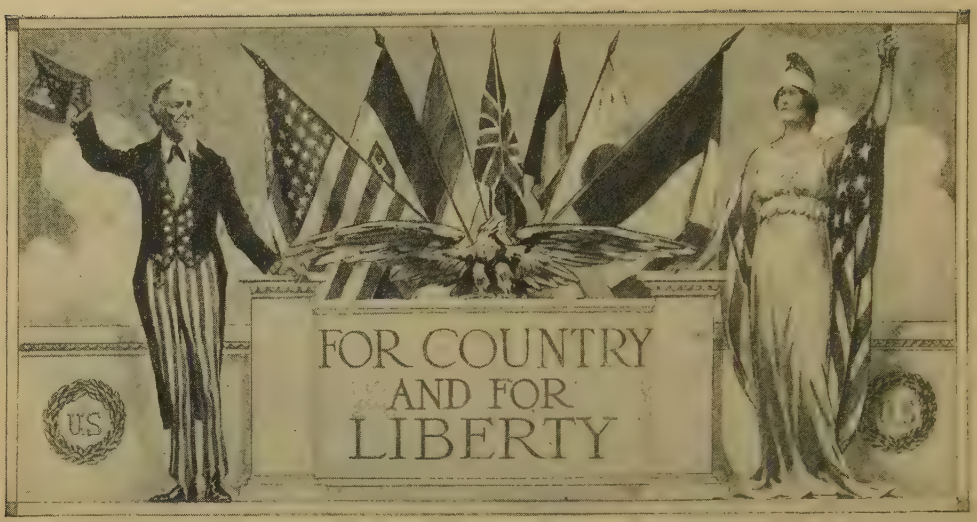
Private Monk is just the boy for rapid signalling!

Captain Tom Turtle is right at home in a submarine!

You can't beat "old Brer Fox" for scouting work.

Will Weasel, on sentry duty, is "never caught asleep".

Digging trenches is easy for Bob Woodchuck.



YOUR TASK, TOO, HIGH-SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS

(WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR ST. NICHOLAS)

To float the Victory Liberty Loan is such a tremendous task that it calls for the help of every American, young and old. Some of the students who read this have helped in the Liberty Loan campaigns of the war period. All who took part in these drives realized that they were performing a patriotic service of the highest value, whether they spoke to audiences about the need for money, or served in various ways at the headquarters of the Liberty Loan committees. But it will be just as patriotic to help, now that the war is over, as it was when your elder brother or your friend was on the firing-line. It is still your country that is calling you. It is still your Army and Navy that is to be kept going.

The student whose elder brother or uncle is in Germany as a member of the great army of occupation knows that food and clothing must be provided for him, and that he must be kept supplied with guns and ammunition in case of war breaking out once more. Until all the peace terms are decided and the treaty finally signed, that elder brother is in the enemy's country, armistice or no armistice. He must be backed up by the folks at home just as completely as when the war was raging. It takes money to keep all those regiments equipped and fed.

The Victory Liberty Loan helps to furnish these necessities.

If you are able to save money and buy some of the securities that the Government offers on April 21, you will be in a position to render vital assistance. Even without a subscription on your part, your services can be utilized in countless ways.

It has been well said, "No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and lots of it, withal, for those who will."

This applies just as much to the Victory Liberty Loan as to the every-day tasks of life. Think of the multitude of services that must be performed before a loan of five or six billions of dollars can be distributed among all the people.

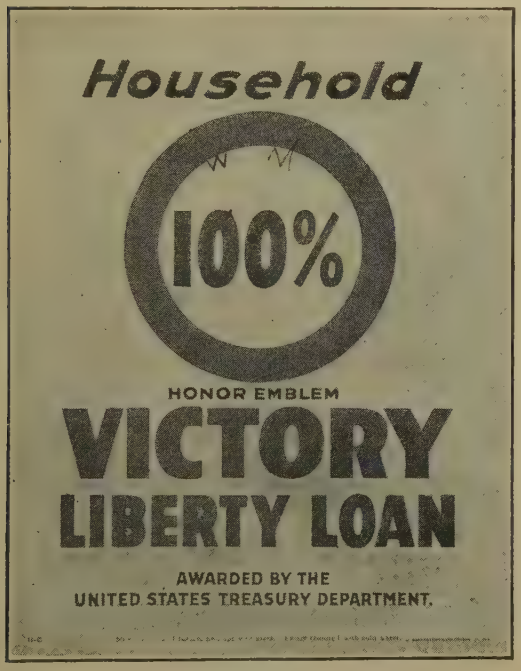
Perhaps the most valuable kind of assistance that our young folks could render right now would be to spread the correct information about the Victory Liberty Loan. Suppose that some friend or relative believes that, with the ending of the war, his responsibility has ended. He bought bonds and War Savings Stamps during the war, and he thinks he has done his complete duty. Here would be an opportunity to tell him what you think about subscribing to the new loan.

It takes enthusiasm, patriotism, devotion, and hard work to float this loan. If you see your obligations clearly, you will be able to convince others.

During the first four Liberty Loan campaigns, there were committees operating in every town and village. The chairmen of these committees needed a great many volun-

teers to help them. In some communities there was a canvass from door to door. Every person who could subscribe was sought out and was personally requested to buy a bond. Naturally, to carry out such plans required hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of helpers. In New York City, for instance, where the canvassing was done by means of precinct organizations, it took a small-sized army to cover the ground properly.

In every school and college throughout the country, large subscriptions were obtained in each loan campaign. In some instances, each of the classes in the school had its own team or committee at work, raising money at home, in the crowds at night, or in various other ways. When all the subscriptions had been



A WINDOW POSTER TO BE AWARDED BY THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

collected, they were turned over to the principal of the school or to some one appointed by him for that purpose, and the payment for the bonds and their delivery was made through the banks.

Uncle Sam owes the students a great deal for their loyal services during the war, but he is equally in need of volunteers for the fifth campaign.

To hold high the torch of patriotism is a duty that the high-school boy or girl may well take upon himself or herself at this time. Idealism, as well as the organization of committees, is needed right now if the loan is to succeed.

With the war at an end, there have been many signs of slowing up in this country. The great conflict imposed upon all of us a

FACSIMILE OF A CARTOON BEING PRINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

burden of anxiety, of sacrifice, and of labor. It was natural that there should be a let-down.

But any relaxation now would be a great injustice to the men of our Army and Navy who have fought the good fight in our behalf on sodden, but glorious, fields. We still have to keep a large army and navy ready, we have many war bills to pay—sacred obligations, all of these. All our young people will recognize the high claims that are met by the Victory Loan.

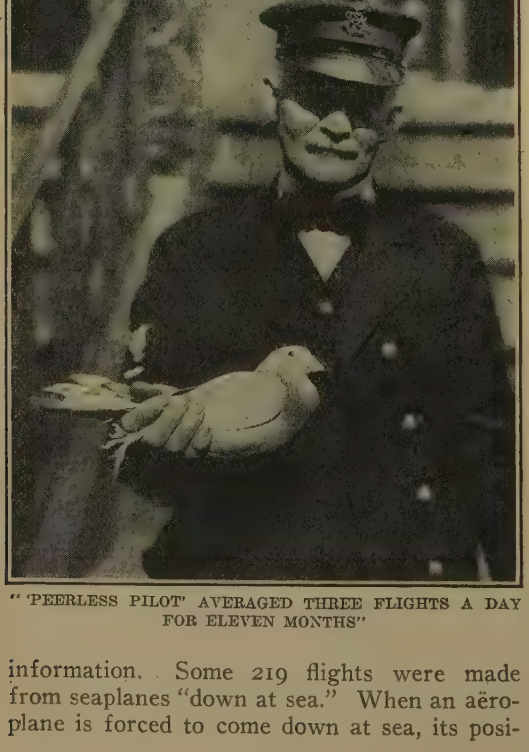
Putting Ben Franklin's axioms of thrift to practical test would be an excellent way of helping in the fifth loan campaign. The whole nation has taken some of that old philosopher's sayings and changed them from meaningless proverbs into dynamic ideas. Thrift has raised billions for the Government, and will raise huge sums in the future. Have you been profiting from this movement? Have you saved so as to benefit yourself and your Government?

CARRIER-PIGEONS IN THE WAR

By FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

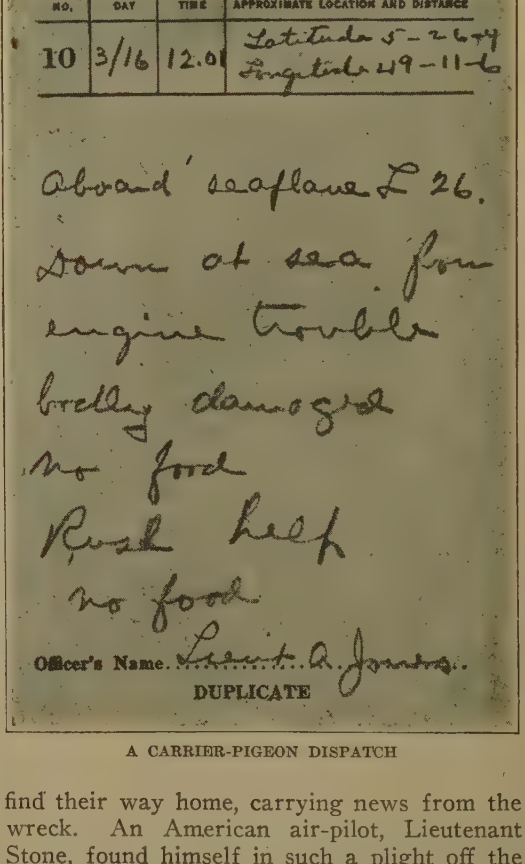
In the great war the carrier-pigeons of the United States Navy proved themselves one of the most efficient arms of the service. In the thousands of flights which they made over the enemy country and the battle-fronts, the plucky little birds could be counted on ninety-eight per cent. of the time. The missing birds probably lost their way in the smoke of battle, or were brought down by shock of exploding shells, so close were their journeys to the firing-lines.

In a single year our navy birds at the front made 778 flights, covering a total of 10,995 miles. They carried messages, which meant life or death to our boys, in incredibly short time, often under the direct fire of the enemy. The birds were taken into the front-line trenches or carried with the advancing troops. Their most important work, however, was probably in the aëronautic service. Carried aloft on aëroplanes, they sped back to their homes over sea and land, carrying priceless



"'PEERLESS PILOT' AVERAGED THREE FLIGHTS A DAY FOR ELEVEN MONTHS"

information. Some 219 flights were made from seaplanes "down at sea." When an aëroplane is forced to come down at sea, its position is especially dangerous. The frail craft is at the mercy of every wave, there are no life-boats, and scarcely a spar to hold to. No matter how remote the aëroplane wreck may be, the pigeons, with unerring instinct, soon



NO.	DAY	TIME	APPROXIMATE LOCATION AND DISTANCE
10	3/16	12.01	Latitude 5-26 N Longitude 49-11-W

Aboard seaplane L 26.
Down at sea from
engine trouble
badly damaged
no food
Rush help
no food

Officer's Name. Lieut. A. Jones.

DUPLICATE

A CARRIER-PIGEON DISPATCH

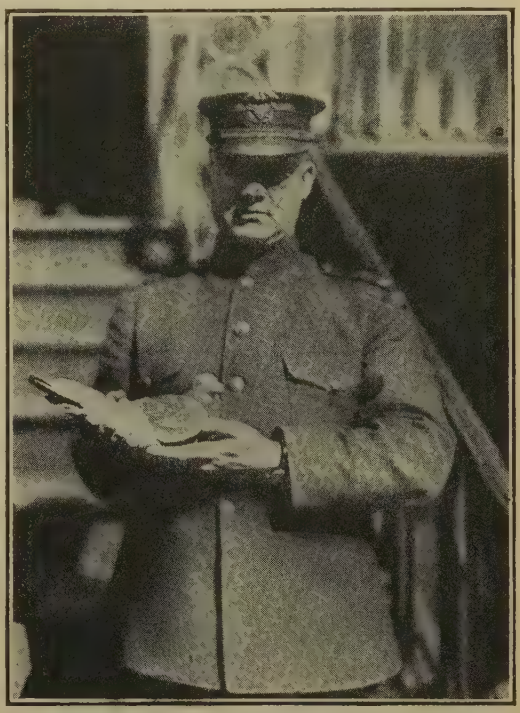
find their way home, carrying news from the wreck. An American air-pilot, Lieutenant Stone, found himself in such a plight off the coast of France. He released his birds and watched them disappear. His message reached his naval base in short order, and scouting seaplanes and motor-boats were quickly sent out to his relief. He was not found for seventy hours, but his life, like those of many others, could only have been saved by the faithful pigeons.

One of the English carrier-pigeons, "Red Cloud," flew 535 miles in the incredibly short time of 643 minutes. The longest flight on record, by the way, is 1680 miles, covered in less than three days. No boats which sail the seas, and scarcely any aircraft, can rival

these birds. As one of the sailors in charge of the carrier-pigeons explained, "they have no engine troubles." The British bird, "Peerless Pilot," averaged three flights a day for eleven months. It is not generally known that the Germans had some 60,000 carrier-pigeons in service, so important did they consider their work. The Allies had 30,000 birds. When the German armies marched through Belgium, they confiscated every pigeon, and announced that any citizen found with a carrier-pigeon in his possession would be instantly shot.

In dispatching pigeons at the front the messages are always sent in duplicate. The officer in charge carries a little pad made up of sets of three sheets of paper, two thin sheets for carbons and a third, heavier sheet for the record. The sheet, which measures three by five inches, is ruled with columns for the date, the number of the message, the time, the officer's name, and the position from which the bird is set free. The message itself is usually written in cipher. By using two carbon sheets, the three leaves are filled in with one writing. The two thin sheets are then detached, rolled up, and each inserted into a water-tight aluminum tube, which is fastened to the leg of a pigeon. The two birds are then released, carrying duplicate copies of the message, which gives two chances that the message will be delivered. The birds object at first to the little cartridges and try to peck them loose, but soon grow accustomed to them.

The carrier-pigeons used by our navy abroad have been British or French birds. The champions have been brought to America and will be used for breeding birds for American flights. Special attention will be paid to this work in future at all naval stations. The British and French birds would, of course, be useless if liberated in America, since their homes lie so far away, and in trying to find



"'RED CLOUD' FLEW 535 MILES IN 643 MINUTES"

them they would be lost at sea. When the American air-craft start on their trip across the Atlantic, in order to keep in touch with both continents they will carry both American and European birds.

EIGHT-WEEK CLUBS; COMMUNITY SERVICE

By MARJORIE KINNAN

A most peculiar thing has happened to the boys and girls of the United States. A few generations ago Grandfather and Grandmother would have said it was impossible.

"Young folks are thoughtless and careless," they used to say. "It is all we old people can do to train them into considerate ways."

But now, behold! All over our great, beautiful country, which danger has taught us to love so deeply, boys and girls in their 'teens are voluntarily taking the responsibility for community welfare work. The nation is looking at them in astonishment and joy. Of course, the war has done the most to awaken us all to our duties. We have bought thrift stamps, Liberty bonds, and made Red Cross dressings, and in doing all this we have caught a glimpse of how much difference the service of each small, youngish individual makes in the life of a community or a country. If each Mary Jenkins had not knitted a pair of socks and made some bandages each week, what would the Sammies have worn on their long American feet, and with what would the hospitals have bound up their wounds? *E Pluribus Unum* means something more than it did in the

care-free days before the war. And we like to think, too, that years and years of fine American training have bred a sense of social responsibility in our youth.

For the last six years American girls have been doing a fascinating sort of work, which is now becoming so popular and wide-spread as to be a movement. "We are busy with our studies and helping Mother during the school year," they said, "but what about our summer vacations? We can help around the house, and yet have plenty of time for other things. What shall we do with those empty eight weeks?"

As it happened, the Young Women's Christian Association had the answer. After fifty-two years of club work with girls, it knew that some sort of organized club was the best means of getting girls together to accomplish anything, from hemming towels to hoeing corn. So the Eight Week Clubs came into existence for the purpose of utilizing the summer months for something worth while to the community. The Y. W. C. A. even set up courses of training for leaders for these clubs. In student Y. W. C. A.'s all over the country, there are Eight-Week-Clubs training-courses for college girls who are anxious to pay back some small interest on the debt they owe their communities. These girls are taught the principles of club organization, types of service that interest girls, characteristic activities for different ages, and various forms of wholesome recreation to increase good health and develop an interest in exercise and outdoor life. Have you some one in your community who has taken this course, but has never been given a chance to use it in action—never been asked to lead a group of girls?

Already the Eight Week Clubs have made themselves felt. The ideal is always community service of some type, and real results have been obtained. Exhibits have been made at county fairs that have "done the communities proud"; in one small town the girls wrote patriotic items for the local newspapers; in many rural communities the girls did "potato-bugging," hoeing, and haying; in one district in North Dakota they helped in the grain-fields at a time when the nation was clamoring for the crop, and help was scarce. Eight Week Clubs have got the community together in countless places—a service invaluable to coöperation. They have bought chairs for a community hall, so that every one could meet and talk over problems, facing them as a group; they have held "fly-swatting" and anti-mosquito campaigns; have held general clean-up days; circulated petitions for electric lighting and other civic improvements; distributed pamphlets on canning; bought apparatus for the children's playground; and cut down all the weeds which were making Main Street a disgrace.

AN EXHIBIT THAT "DID THE COMMUNITY PROUD"

Perhaps the most valuable bit of work done by these groups has been the attempt to get a feeling of unity and coöperativeness in communities where there had been friction. One club devoted the summer to getting a better spirit between the high-school girls and the grade-school girls, after there had been petty jealousies and rivalries for several years. Another club united warring factions of the church.

These are all things that any Eight Week Club can accomplish. And even if there is no trained leader available, it is a simple matter to organize with or without the help of suggestions from the national headquarters of the Y. W. C. A.

HELPING WHEN HELP WAS SCARCE

The principle is to utilize that long summer vacation for community service, for doing for your community whatever it needs the most, whether that be a circulating library, a recreation club, a clean-up campaign, or just good times to get every one, from Grandfather to the baby and from all the families in the community, together—a real American unit.

"ROOSEVELT HOUSE"

THE Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association, organized in January, immediately after the death of Colonel Roosevelt, has just announced the form of the permanent memorial which the women of America will erect to the memory of the great leader.

The Association is to acquire Colonel Roosevelt's birthplace at 28 East Twentieth Street, and the adjoining property at 26 East Twentieth Street, New York City. The place of his birth is to be restored and the interior reproduced, and the whole "Roosevelt House," with its assembly halls, is to be not merely a museum, not merely a record of the vigorous life and growth of our great American, to be visited by those from all over the country who loved him and who would study the influences that made up his growth; it is to be more than this, a center of citizenship activities, a *living* thing, a place where the boys and the girls of America—and the men and women as well—will come together in citizenship activities, in order that their understanding of America may become deeper and keener, and in order that the great ideal of practical service to our country, of indefatigable activity in its behalf, shall stir and move with vivid power all Americans that frequent or visit "Roosevelt House."

"That Colonel Roosevelt's vigor of life, robustness of belief, and energy of will may be eternally recalled to the youth of America, is the real spirit and background of this memorial," said the officers of the association in making their announcement at the association offices at 1 East 57th Street. Long and careful consideration has been given to the possibilities. Mrs. Leonard Wood is the honorary president of the association, and Mrs. William Curtis Demorest is the president. Other officers include Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Thomas Preston, Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. William Bayard Cutting, Mrs. Elihu Root, Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, Mrs. Robert Winthrop, Mrs. James T. Leavitt, Mrs. Henry A. Alexander, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mrs. Henry A. Wise Wood, Mrs. Charles A. Bryan, and Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn.

"We now urge every woman in America who believes that the spirit of Roosevelt is the spirit of a greater America, and of a sounder American youth, to join us," said the president of the association. "We want this memorial to be raised not by a small group of women here and there, but by the women of America in a great body, following a nation-wide im-

pulse thus to memorialize the great living spirit we want to see carried on by our own

—From "Roosevelt the Citizen." Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHPLACE

sons. We believe it is fitting that as the women, and the mothers, of America we should thus in this concrete, symbolic, yet practical, way, in the place and the house of his birth, 'hand on the torch' of that vigorous, flaming, never-dying spirit to the youth of America.

"A few years ago Colonel Roosevelt wrote to a friend, protesting against 'meaningless mausoleums and monuments to the dead.' It seemed unthinkable to us to perpetuate *his* memory in that way. Colonel Roosevelt lives; 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.' We want a place set aside for the objects and ideas that characterized him, pervaded by the influences that developed him, a gathering place for the men and women and boys and girls he loved, where his voice may, year after year, be clearly and strongly heard. In the letter we have just spoken of, the Colonel wrote, 'As for the rest of us who, with failures and shortcomings, but according to our lights, have striven to lead decent lives—if any friends of ours wish to commemorate us after death, the way to do it is by some expression of good deeds to those who are still living.'"

No contribution is too small. The association wishes this to be an all-American tribute. The names of all who give one dollar or more are to be inscribed in a book of donors to be placed in the Memorial. Every contributor will receive, as a receipt, the emblem of the association, which is to be a small bronze pin bearing one of the Colonel's best likenesses.

THE HOUSE AS IT IS TO-DAY

The work must be begun immediately. It is urged that subscriptions and contributions be sent at once to the treasurer, Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn, New York Trust Company, 1 East 57th Street, New York City, and that this public notice be considered as an individual appeal to all Americans eager to do honor to Colonel Roosevelt.

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER XX

GENERAL JOFFRE

It will be plain why I have said so much of Monsieur Rouleau. We had known him only a few days, and then he had gone away. Because he would never return, our memories of him became precious. We treasured his sayings. We recalled his funny traits of character, and had a clearer understanding of his actions upon that last visit. He had known the many chances against his ever coming back.

And his death brought very near the perils of those most dear to us.

"Would my papa be the next to go?" It was impossible not to put the question to one's self. Madame Barton and Heloise must have had a similar thought in mind. We all worked harder at our daily tasks of mercy, giving ourselves as little time as possible to dwell upon what might happen.

It may seem curious, but, now that Monsieur Rouleau was dead, Madame his wife talked of him much more than she had before. She spoke of him constantly, as of one still living, but who had gone upon a long journey. There were no tears.

"We must be brave in order that our men may have courage," Madame Rouleau repeated again and again. It is the watchword of all women of France to-day, as it was of the many, many yesterdays.

Shortly after this I began to note a change in Grandpère. He no longer went out of the house. The lines in his face deepened, as if he hid a secret pain, and I well knew what was the matter. His Cross of the Legion was not only an honor won for a particular kind of bravery, but rather it stood for a perpetual willingness to serve his country. His patriotism was not satisfied with words. He longed for active duty, and I began to worry about him.

"Grandpère, you must go into the air," I told him one day, "or else your health will suffer."

"Jeannette," he burst out, "I am ashamed to go! Fine men like Monsieur Rouleau are dying every hour for France, and I sit in safety. I am ashamed to face my fellow-countrymen. What must they think of a De Martigny who skulks behind the lines?"

"But, Grandpère, that is not your fault. You have tried——"

"It is my fault that I am useless," he interrupted.

And though I argued the matter with him, there was no shaking his conviction that another man in his position would have obtained a place in the army.

"It is thy loving heart, child, that invents excuses for me," he said finally, "but I can find none for myself."

A few days after this conversation I was hurrying along the Rue Royale when I heard a loud cheering and had a momentary glimpse of an automobile rushing up the Avenue Gabriel. I had no need to ask who it was that passed, for the cries of "Joffre! Joffre!" rang in my ears. Our brave general, who had brought us victory at the Marne, was in the city, and I kept my eye upon his car. I saw it turn in at the Elysée Palace, and a sudden impulse started my feet in the same direction.

"Perhaps General Joffre could help Grandpère," I said to myself; and with no thought of the difficulties before me, I hurried up the street.

I found a host of officers about the palace, and they were very polite. But I got no farther than the doorway.

"C'est impossible, Mademoiselle," they told me, when I asked for an audience with the general; and I realized that this must be true. The man who carried the heavy burden of winning the war for France could have no time to waste on a girl coming only to ask a favor. I blushed and stammered an apology.

"Your pardon, messieurs, I did not think what I was asking. Of course General Joffre is too busy to bother with my small affairs."

As I spoke, the general himself appeared. He evidently overheard my last remark, for he looked at me a moment and then smiled genially.

"Is it possible there is any one in Paris who thinks his affairs too small for me to bother with?" He spoke rather slowly. "Come, Mademoiselle, this is too rare a treat. What can I do for you?"

His blue eyes twinkled, and his face had so kindly a look that I instantly lost all feeling

of shyness. At once I felt a perfect faith that, no matter how clumsily I might put my case, General Joffre would understand. It was as if I talked to my papa.

"It is about my grandpère that I wish to speak, Monsieur le Général," I began, but at my words I saw a change come into his face.

"Is your grandfather, by any chance, a colonel?" he demanded.

"But yes, Monsieur le Général," I answered, astonished.

"And he desires a commission in our army? Is that it?"

"That is indeed so," I replied.

"Mademoiselle," he went on, "you doubtless are not aware that there are many colonels who were of great service in the war of 1870 who now wish to be generals at the least. They seek appointments, thinking them their due, and are perfectly willing to lead men into a kind of battle of which they know nothing. It is impossible, Mademoiselle, to make your grandfather a general."

"Oh, Monsieur, you do not understand!" I cried. "Grandpère cares nothing for his rank, so long as he may serve the country. He would willingly go as a private soldier—and yet he wears the Cross of the Legion of Honor. It 's not promotion he asks, Monsieur le Général. He wishes only to serve."

General Joffre looked down at me with a kindly light in his eyes; then he turned to one of his aides.

"Please take the name and address," he ordered. "Mademoiselle," he went on to me, "if your grandfather will come at once to the War Office, I shall be glad to talk to him. There is always a place in the French army for one who wishes only to serve. As for you, Mademoiselle, I am charmed to have met you, and I regret that my duties take me away so soon. Adieu."

He did not stop to listen to my stuttering words of thanks, but, with a bow, turned on his heel and went out to the waiting automobile. His aide followed, to whom I, walking at his side, rattled off our names and gave him the number of our house.

Then I left the palace and ran all the way home with my news.

Grandpère was alone, and I threw my arms about him in great excitement.

"General Joffre is waiting for you at the War Office!" I announced. "Hurry and go to him. I think he will find an appointment for you."

Grandpère looked at me in amazement, as if I had gone crazy.

"Are you mad, child?" he burst out.

"No, no, no!" I cried. "Truly, General Joffre is waiting, or at least he is n't waiting—and if you don't go at once, he may be off. Please, Grandpère, go quickly!"

I explained further as I helped him with his hat and overcoat, so that he left the house knowing something of the circumstances; but when he had gone, I felt suddenly like sitting down and crying. Why had I been in such haste to seek General Joffre? If Grandpère received a commission, both he and Papa would be at the front. All the family I had in the world would be in jeopardy of their lives, and I might never see either of them again.

I waited for Grandpère's return, sick at heart. In an hour or so he came back; and oh, what a change had come over him! There was no need to ask if he had been successful. He entered the house gaily, with the jauntiness of a man years younger.

"Jeannette, *ma fille!*" he cried. "The best of news! Thy old grandpère has been granted his dearest wish. Come and embrace me!"

I ran to him, but though it was right that he should go, in truth I cannot say that I was happy.

"They have given me work to do," he went on, as excited as a boy. "I shall no longer be a drone. Now I can do something for my country, and need not be ashamed to look a soldier in the face. Jeannette, my dear, I owe you more than I can ever repay!"

"Oh, Grandpère!" I half sobbed, "I 'm glad for your sake; but indeed my heart misgives me. I shall not like to see you go."

"My dearest Jeannette!" he murmured tenderly, "do not ever grieve for thy old grandpère. I know thou lovest me. We love each other dearly; but, my child, France is our great mother, and everything else must be forgotten in her service. This is not only a war of soldiers. The whole nation is in the struggle. The battle-line is here in Paris as well as *là bas*. Our women are fighting, too, the *bon Dieu* bless them for it! I am an old man and thou art a child. Each of us has a part to play. Is it not best that I give the little life I have left to my country?"

"But, Grandpère, I love thee!" was all that I could find to say, as I buried my head on his shoulder to hide my tears.

"My dear, my dear," he murmured soothingly, "these heartaches are thy sacrifice. Do not think that all the fighting is done with guns."

"But you have not told me, Grandpère, what you are going to do for General Joffre," I said,

after a moment or two. In a twinkling his joyous mood returned.

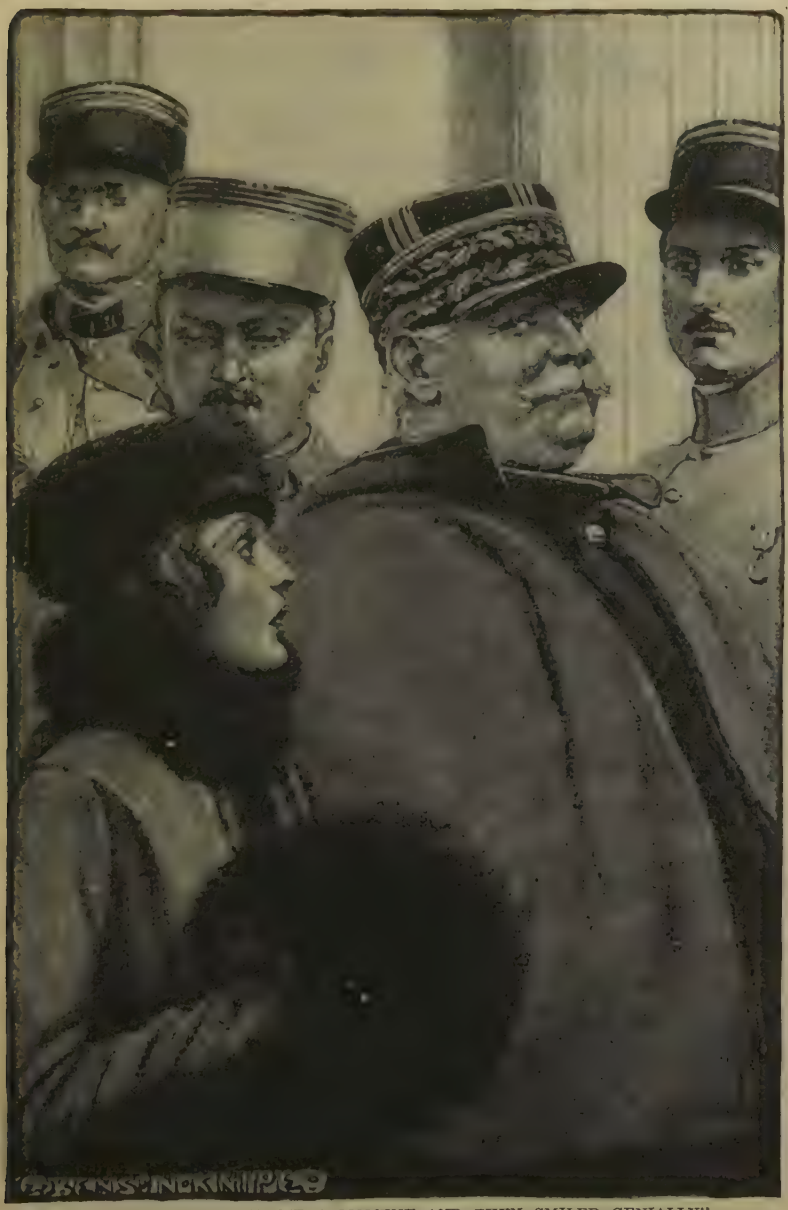
"It is a service never before undertaken," he began. "Think of that, Jeannette! An old man in a new service!" He laughed gaily.

And then he told me what his duties would be; but until the war is ended nothing concerning that service may be set down, lest word of it should reach the *Boches*.

"But it will be most dangerous, Grandpère!" I cried, when he had finished.

"Oh, no, no, not necessarily," he answered, confidently. "Not more danger than thousands are facing every day. And, my dear, what matter the danger? It is for France."

After that I said no more of my fear. Indeed, I tried to laugh and be as merry as ever, for it is no kindness to send those we love away with heavy hearts. Grandpère would have sorrowed if he had seen me with wet cheeks and swollen eyes, so I made the best of my courage and set about helping him to get ready, for he was leaving us almost at once.



"HE LOOKED AT ME A MOMENT AND THEN SMILED GENIALLY"

We had a farewell supper for him that night, and after it, over a glass of wine, he made us a little speech in a quite old-fashioned way. He toasted the women of France, saying, again and again, that to them we should owe the victory. He was the last man of that household to go *là bas*, and each of us knew what was in the mind of the others. Nor could we fail to remember that, not long before, Monsieur Rouleau was there, too. But we laughed and held high our glasses, drinking long life to France, with as brave a spirit as we could muster. Our faces smiled, we spoke gaily and confidently of the future, we let the tears come no higher than our hearts. But after we had said good-by to him, after we had waved a handkerchief for the last time as he disappeared up the street, we turned back into the house which had suddenly grown very still and lonely.

"I am the only man left now," little Jacques said, half to himself.

"Ah, *mon petit,*" murmured Madame Barton, as she kissed him.

"C'est la guerre!" I heard Madame Rouleau whisper.

Heloise, her eyes filled with tears, put an arm around me.

"It is for France, Jeannette, dear." She had spoken the only words in which I could find comfort.

CHAPTER XXI

"Bijoux"

WE all missed Grandpère very much. I realized after he had gone how great had been my dependence upon him for courage. A few words from him would always restore my faltering spirit. When bad news from the front inclined all of us to look gloomily into the future, it was Grandpère who cheered us with his unshakable confidence in our ultimate victory, and soon had us crying *"Vive la France!"* as bravely as ever.

I had a letter from him shortly after he left. He was at ——— and seemed in the best of spirits.

During these days my thoughts often went back to Rheims and to dear old Eugénie, from whom I had messages now and then through Madame Garnier. Often, too, I remembered Léon Guyot and wondered what fortune had befallen him. No word had come of my precious sandal; and though I refused to believe that I should never see it again, there were times when I almost despaired.

Nor did I forget the funny little visit of Monsieur Eddie Reed, about whom Heloise was inclined to tease me, saying that I thought and talked a great deal of that young American gentleman. She even hinted that my interest was something more than friendly, which was silly.

"I never expect to see him again in this life!" I remonstrated, at which she would laugh as if she knew some secret. Then, because I blushed, she plagued me all the more, which made my confusion the greater.

But as a matter of fact, I did meet Monsieur Reed again and under very amusing circumstances, and from the encounter there came a change in my daily occupation.

I was walking along the Boulevard and saw him in a very heated argument with a veritable cabman. As I neared them, the young American was shaking his finger in the old man's face and shouting, *"Bijoux! Bijoux!"* at the top of his lungs. The other wagged his head disconsolately, repeating mournfully, "I understand, Monsieur; I have done so, I have done so."

Monsieur Reed turned half away, with an exclamation of impatience, and saw me. As he recognized me, his face lighted up with a look of relief.

"Mademoiselle," he cried, striding toward me with outstretched hand as if we had been old friends, "come and save my life! I can't make this cabby understand his own language."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why, the man insists upon taking me to the wrong places!" he explained. "Please come and talk to him for me. Find out what 's in his head. I think it 's solid ivory."

I went to the *cocher,* and at my questions he poured out a flood of misery.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, it is sad, but the young man is without doubt crazy," he began. "He stopped me, and with many gestures and by the repetition of the word *'bijoux'* led me to understand that he wished to buy some jewelry, so I drove him to the Maison Cartier. Would you not have done as I did?"

"Mais certainement!" I agreed.

"But behold, Mademoiselle," the *cocher* went on, "when we arrive at the Maison Cartier, the young American looks through the window only and returns very angry. 'Do you not understand, *bijoux?*' he demands. I tell him that of course I understand, and with a shrug of my shoulders I point to the shop as one would say, *'Voilà la Maison Cartier!'* But it is evident that this does not commend itself; and then I am persuaded that he wishes to visit another jewelry establishment. 'Now I understand, Monsieur,' I tell him, and drive at once to the Maison Lalique. But again he finds no satisfaction. And again I see he wishes to go farther. Mademoiselle, we have visited six shops, and still he is angry. He continues to repeat *'Bijoux, bijoux!'* until I am certain either he is crazy or I am."

Rather perplexed, I turned to Monsieur Reed. "He seems to understand what you want, Monsieur," I remarked. "Are you in great need of these *bijoux?"*

"Sure," he replied. "They want them in the hospital in case the lights go out."

I shook my head in dismay. "I do not understand, Monsieur," I said.

"Why, it 's perfectly plain," he insisted. "My car broke down and I was out of a job, so they sent me in to town to get some candles that—"

I heard no more of what Monsieur Reed said. Unable to control myself, I burst into a peal of laughter. He stopped, looked at me

for a moment, then he, too, laughed. So also did the *cocher,* but I was the only one who knew the joke.

"Well, Mademoiselle," said Monsieur Reed after a time, "if you 'll tell me what it 's all about, I 'll enjoy my laugh better. But I guess it 's on me, all right!"

"It is *bougies,* not *bijoux,* that you want," I explained. "No wonder that you could not find them at the Maison Cartier. *Bougies* is the French word for candles, not *bijoux.*"

"I might have perceived that myself," said the *cocher,* catching the two words, "but Monsieur was so sure of what he wanted."

"I guess it 's up to me to apologize," the American confessed, somewhat ruefully. "But I 'm mighty glad you happened to come along, Mademoiselle. I should never have got my *bij—bij—bougies.* Thank you very much indeed."

"I 'm very glad to have helped a little," I answered, and was about to say adieu when he spoke again.

"By the way, Mademoiselle," he said, with a serious face, "I wish you could come to the hospital and laugh the way you do. It would help our wounded *poilus* a lot. They just could n't help feeling better for hearing you. Could n't you come and see them, anyway? It 's a fine hospital and——" He broke off suddenly and took a step nearer to me. "Mademoiselle," he went on, "I 'm a happy-go-lucky sort of chap, you know; but since I 've been over here I 've been thinking a bit, and when you laughed just now it was like being home again before all this horror happened in the world. You ought to go where you can laugh the pain away for these *poilus* of yours. Tell them jokes, Mademoiselle, or, at any rate, laugh. It would be worth all the medicine or surgery there is in Paris."

"But, Monsieur," I stammered, "I don't think I could laugh with so much pain and suffering about me."

"Oh, yes, you could," he answered confidently. "They are n't a complaining lot, you know. They 're ready to joke, no matter how much they suffer. They are the bravest fellows you ever saw, and—and——" He broke off again suddenly. "Mademoiselle, can't you come on Sunday with the other mademoiselle I met that night at your house? I sha'n't be on duty, and I can show you about the place. I 'll introduce you to our chaplain. He 's French, you know, and a dandy! Do say you 'll come. I 'm sure you won't be sorry."

"I 'll speak to Madame Barton," I answered. "I should like to see your hospital, but I am not certain whether it is best that I should go. It might be a service to make our poor *poilus* laugh, though," I added, half to myself.

We said good-by after he had thanked me again for my help with the *cocher* and I started home with a new thought in my head. Perhaps my readiness to laugh, about which I had been teased more or less all my life, might help to cheer the wounded.

"And what do you think of it, Madame Barton?" I asked, after I had told her of my meeting with the young American and what came of it.

"I wonder I did n't think of it myself," she answered promptly. "If any one can make our poor soldiers even smile, it will be well worth the doing. And certainly, Jeannette, when you laugh, every one that hears you wants to do the same. We will go on Sunday."

CHAPTER XXII

THE HOSPITAL AT NEUILLY

On Sunday afternoon we went to Neuilly, and found Monsieur Reed expecting us. He at once made us known to the chaplain, and it was evident that our visit had been prepared for. After a few words, the chaplain and Madame Barton went ahead to inspect the hospital, while Heloise and I followed with Monsieur Reed.

It would take too long to describe the huge buildings the Americans have erected for the care of the wounded soldiers. Every one in Paris knows the splendid work that is being done there, and all France loves and honors the people of the great republic who have shown, in so many ways, their deep sympathy for our suffering.

To my eyes, the hospital looked very large and very clean. The long rooms were bright and airy, and the poor *poilus,* in row after row of little beds, seemed as comfortable as it was possible to make them.

When we left the wards, I found that Madame Barton and the chaplain had been talking together about my possible usefulness in the hospital and the latter at once spoke of the matter to me.

"Mademoiselle," he began, "I am wondering if you could find time to help us here. Madame Barton has agreed to let you come, if you will."

"But can I really be of any use?" I asked.

"In many ways," he answered with a smile. "First of all, we have n't enough here who can talk both French and English. All the Americans are studying our language, but frequently they have great need of some one who can

translate for them in a hurry. Then, too, the *poilus* wish to have letters written for them. You could be most useful there, I am sure. Moreover, just talking to the soldiers who are getting better is a great help to them. You don't quite realize that yet, but you soon will. I will promise work for you, if you think you can find time from your other duties."

Madame Barton promptly arranged my work at the Red Cross station so that my afternoons would be free, and three days later found me back in Neuilly.

I must confess that I was in some trepidation. It seemed to me that in this endeavor I might come near to being of real service; but there was a fear in my heart lest I fail. Nevertheless, I was determined to do my best. My desire to help was spurred by my longing to ease the suffering of our wounded soldiers.

I did not see Monsieur Reed, but the chaplain welcomed me most kindly, and, after a few words of encouragement, turned me over to a Mademoiselle Alice Peters, an American girl who was one of the head nurses. She seemed not very much older than I, but I noticed that she had a certain confidence in herself, which I think is a characteristic of these friends from across the sea. Yet Mademoiselle Peters was most sweet and gentle, talking French very prettily.

"You must tell me when I say anything that is n't right," she said, almost as soon as we had met. "I get dreadfully mixed sometimes. You see, I learned my French in America."

"And will you help me with my English?"

"You don't need any help," she replied with a smile. "I heard you on Sunday talking with Mr. Reed."

She led me into one of the long rooms where the men were convalescing, but still not able to sit up.

"There 's a poor fellow here who has been trying to get a letter written home for the last two days," Mademoiselle Peters said, as we went in. "We 've all been so busy that not one of us has had time. There are n't many who can write French, you know. He 'll be very glad to see you." And she stopped beside a bed in which lay a huge man with a great beard.

"Here is Mademoiselle de Martigny, who will write a letter for you, *mon vieux,*" said Mademoiselle Peters, and the man turned his glance on me with a look of welcome.

I heard a grunt at my side, and, turning, caught the eye of another *poilu.*

"When you 've finished with Whiskers over there, give me a chance, Mademoiselle," he said, with a low laugh. "I want to send a letter as badly as he does, but I have n't made so much fuss about it."

Mademoiselle Peters answered for me, addressing him as Perot, saying that I would be glad to do as he asked, and then went off to get the writing materials, leaving me alone on a little chair between the two beds. It was my first experience, and I could not help feeling a trifle awkward, sitting there between these two wounded soldiers.

They lay motionless in their beds, fearing to move a muscle lest it bring unbearable pain, and each watched me fixedly. For a moment I lost all power of thought and sat like a stupid owl, staring first at one and then at the other as I tried to summon my wits. At last, in sheer desperation, I turned and spoke to the bearded man.

"It 's a nice hospital, is n't it?" I said, thinking to open the conversation, but I was by no means prepared for the fervent answer I received.

"It is heaven, Mademoiselle!" he replied in a deep voice, that was like a growl. "You, who have never been *là bas,* cannot comprehend what it means to be clean!"

"And to know that you 're going to get something to eat every day," the man on the other side of me cut in. "You should have seen Whiskers in the trenches! Ho! Ho!" He laughed outright at the recollection.

"Perot need not laugh," said my bearded one, with a show of testiness. "He was no beauty himself in the trenches." And he went on, directly to the chuckling Perot, "One would think to hear you that you were not a sight to frighten children."

"Oh, I was no swell," Perot admitted, "but it was known to the whole brigade——"

He was interrupted by the return of Mademoiselle Peters, who saw at once that here was the beginning of a quarrel between the men.

"So Perot and Voisin are squabbling again, I see," she remarked, with a pretended look of severity from one to the other. "You must know, Mademoiselle," she went on, addressing me, "that when these two came in, badly wounded, each said that the other had saved his life and that his friend was to be looked after first. Oh, they were very nice and unselfish. We thought them great chums, and when, by accident, they were placed at opposite ends of the ward, they complained bitterly of the separation."

"It was a just complaint, Mademoiselle," Perot put in. "I have stood at the side of Voisin since this war began. When it comes

to dying, think you I would let him go alone? Is it not so, Whiskers?"

"It is so," the bearded one growled deeply.

"Therefore," Mademoiselle Peters went on to me, as if there had been no interruption, "we put them together, fearing that they would get out of their beds in spite of their wounds. And what do you suppose has happened since?"

I shook my head, but Voisin answered for me.

"Mademoiselle Peters will say that we quarrel," he began.

"And so we do," Perot interrupted emphatically.

"Perot does," Voisin allowed, "but I——"

Again he was cut short by a grim laugh from the other bed.

"We quarrel, Mademoiselle," Perot admitted. "We quarreled in the trenches. We quarreled on the way there, and we quarreled on the way back. We shall always quarrel. If it had not been for Voisin, there, I should have no reason to live—and besides, he saved my life. Is that not enough excuse to quarrel with a man?"

"Mademoiselle," the growl came from the other side, "I tell you, in all seriousness, that it was Perot saved my life, and——"

"Now do stop it," Mademoiselle Peters insisted. "Mademoiselle de Martigny is waiting to write your letters, and if you go on like this, she will never get at it."

"I shall be as a fish, Mademoiselle," replied Perot meekly. "All the same, Voisin did save my life."

At that I laughed outright. Who could have helped it. Here were two brave men, so sorely wounded that they dared not move, and yet who were acting like two small boys. Of course I laughed, and in a moment Perot and Voisin and Mademoiselle Peters had joined in. For a time we were all put to it not to make so much noise that those near us would be disturbed.

"Now for the letters," I said, trying to be serious, as Mademoiselle Peters went off with a nod.

"Mademoiselle," said Voisin, "I 've not heard a laugh like that since I left my home. I would have you know that I left behind me a little angel of five years who laughs just like you—a laugh that touches the heart, Mademoiselle. It is good to hear!"

I heard Perot say something behind me; but knowing that, if I was to write any letters that afternoon, I must pay no heed to him, I took up my pen and told Voisin that I was ready.

"It is to my wife and little ones, Mademoiselle," he began and I wrote as he told me:

"My dear wife:

"I am here in the American hospital in Paris. Do not be alarmed. It is nothing but a small bullet through my chest. The doctors here do not even find it interesting. I am just a common case, so I shall soon be walking in to see you. When we leave the hospital, they will let us go home to recover fully. I am anxious for you and the little ones, Angélique and Bernard. What would I not give to see them! You know my heart.

"The pigs must have fetched a fine price, but I have worried about the fields, wondering how you have managed. This war has upset everything. It is very inconvenient for you, yet I cannot see how it is to be helped till the *Boches* are sent back over the line. They will go one of these days, when we have killed enough of them; but it is not yet, and, in the meantime, many of our men are lost. *Le bon Dieu* knows best, but for me I do not understand how He came to let the Germans exist at all. Until they are beaten, nothing goes on as before.

"It hurts me to move as yet, but soon I shall be well and with you. My kisses to *nos enfants*. I thought just now I heard the baby laugh, but it was the little mademoiselle who writes this. Perot is beginning to growl that I do not finish. He is beside me, the good Perot, wounded as I am. He is the same quarrelsome fellow, but he saved my life. Tell the children to pray for Perot and for France. And now, adieu, God guard thee.

"Thy husband,
"Jean Voisin."

He finished with a deep sigh of satisfaction, gave me the address, thanked me "a thousand times," and closed his eyes. Then I turned to Perot.

"I 'm ready for you, Monsieur," I said.

His eyes looked into mine, and I seemed to see a shadow in them.

"And to whom shall I write, Mademoiselle?" he asked with a wry smile.

"To your wife, of course," I answered.

"But I have none," he replied. "No, Mademoiselle, I have no one but Voisin. No one in the world who cares whether I live or die, except Voisin, his children, and his wife. Ah, Mademoiselle, if I did not quarrel, I should cry like a little child with my love for him and his."

"Does he know that?" I asked, a little awed by what he told me.

"Oh, yes, he knows," Perot murmured. "It cheers us both, this quarreling. It is a game we play. Save for France, to whom I owe my life, all that I have is Voisin's."

I rose, preparing to move to another bed.

"Come again, Mademoiselle!" he called after me. "I am a thousand times better for your visit; and Voisin—he will sleep to-night. *Au revoir.*"

(To be continued)

The Sugary Shipwrecked Zoo.

By MRS. JOHN T. VAN SANT

HAVE you heard the sad, sweet, tearful tale
Of the sugary shipwrecked zoo?
They were lost at sea in a fearful gale,
This valiant and sugary crew,
The pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

In a silver tray they rowed away
On the ocean calm and blue,
And the life-preservers stowed away
Were doughnuts crisp and new,
For the pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

Then the rain began to pelt and pour
On the sugary shivery crew!
But they donned their doughnuts, and felt secure
As sailors sometimes do—
The pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

But the storm grew worse, and the wild wind
roared,
And the tempest raged and blew,
And a big wave washed them overboard,
The sugary shivery crew,
The pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

And the life-preservers, alas, were fried
(Poor sugary shipwrecked crew!)
By a very exceedingly youthful bride,
And they sank—as such doughnuts do—
With the pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

So ends the sad, sweet, tearful tale
Of the sugary shipwrecked zoo,
Who were lost at sea in a fearful gale,
A valiant and sugary crew,
The pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

"FUNNY-FACE"

(From Bobbie's Point of View)

By GRACE TYERS

When chaps at school say,
"Funny-face,"
I think they must mean me;
For if it 's true what people say,
How "funny" mine must be!

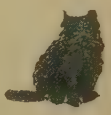
They say when I was two days old
My Great-grandmother said,
"He has my Harry's merry mouth,
And Great-grandfather's head."

Then I remember Grandpa said:
"He has his Grandma's nose";
And Granny laughed, "He 's just my Bob—
The way he kicks his toes."

And Aunty Jess said with a laugh:
"He 's got his Father's grin";
While Father smiled, "I see his aunt
Each time I see his chin."

And when they say I 've Mother's hair,
And walk like Cousin Dot,
I think it 's fun, for that is all
The relatives I 've got.

So now there 's no one else to say
I 'm like, in this or that;
They 've mentioned all the family—
'Cept Sam, our bob-tailed cat!



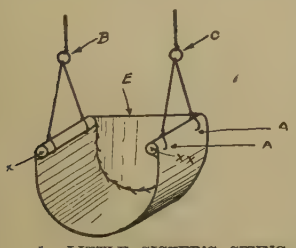
TEDDY: "DO YOU *HAVE* TO BE A GIRL TO BE A MAY-QUEEN?"

NEW SWINGS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

By WILLIAM WISE

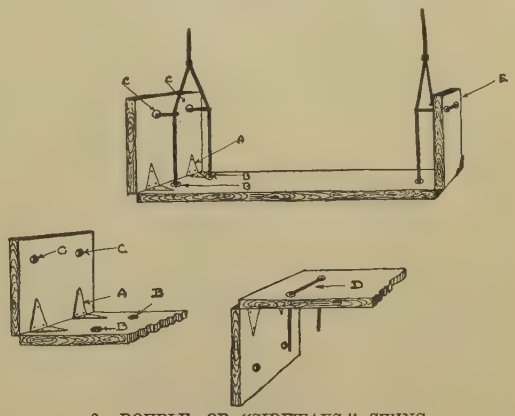
THERE is a great deal of pleasure and fun to be had with the old-fashioned swing, the sort of a swing with which your father and your grandfather used to amuse themselves. This consists, as we all know, of one long rope, each end of which is fastened to the branch of a tree, while a notched board is put at the bend of the rope for a seat. But the boy who likes to make things, the boy who likes to have something different from the other fellows, will be interested in learning how to make some of the nine swings described in this article.

Figure 1 shows how to make what we may call little sister's swing, because it is so easy and comfortable for the girls, and gives them a back to lean against. For this a piece of canvas is needed, eighteen or twenty inches wide and four feet long. This should be the extra-heavy canvas of the twelve- or sixteen-ounce variety. Take two pieces of broomstick as long as the canvas is wide, shown at X and XX, and sew the canvas firmly around these. Then cut out a piece of canvas to fit the back of this swing, as at E, and sew the curved edge to the canvas strip which has been fastened to the two sticks. The canvas is pierced as at A, A, a rope passed through each front hole, through the rings B, C, then through the back holes, and securely fastened around the wooden sidepieces. The completed swing is then hung from a single rope at each side.



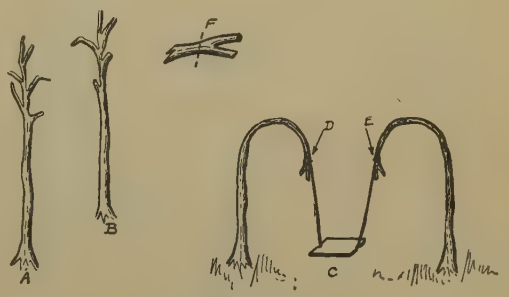
1. LITTLE SISTER'S SWING

Figure 2 shows the double, or "sideways," swing. To construct this, take a board six feet long and about fourteen inches wide. At each end fasten, with long strap-hinges as shown at A, a piece of board the width of the bottom board and eighteen inches high. Holes should be bored at B and C, then the rope passed through B, B, as shown at D. To keep the wooden ends upright, run a rope through the holes C from the back, as at E, and fasten them by splicing or tying them to the main ropes. If this swing is strongly made, two young people can sit in it facing each other, their backs against the end-pieces, with the soles of their feet touching. By leaning backward and forward, much as a cockswain does in a boat, one leaning forward while the other leans back, they will actually be swinging each other by means of the pressure of the soles of their feet.



2. DOUBLE, OR "SIDEWAYS," SWING

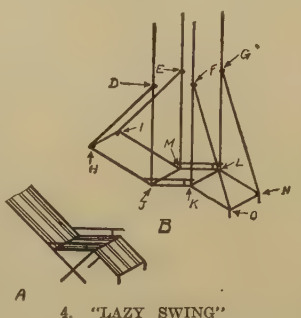
A sapling swing is something new, and furnishes a great amount of fun for boys who can go out in the woods and play. Select two stout saplings about fifteen or twenty feet apart. These should be stout enough so that the weight of a boy cannot bend them over to within eight feet of the ground. Let the heaviest boy climb the sapling and bend it over. These saplings should be about like A and B in Figure 3. When the sapling is bent over, fasten a rope near the end and just below a branch, as at F, so it will not slip off. Do the same with the other sapling. Your rope is then tied as at D and E, and your swing is ready as shown at C. This will prove the liveliest swing of all, as it will bob up and



3. SAPLING SWING

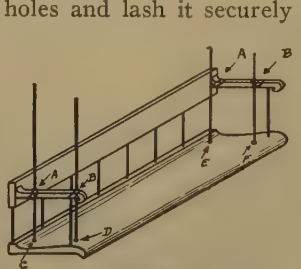
down just as though you were swinging from a big elastic band.

If you have an old-fashioned porch- or steamer-chair, one that is apparently past usefulness, you may easily make what is known as the "lazy swing," see Figure 4. A shows one of these old-fashioned chairs. You may take the legs off, if desired, and swing it as shown at B. The main ropes are tied to the wooden frame of the chair at J, K, L, and M. These are carried up to the pole, limb, or beam from which the chair is to be suspended, given one turn in each direction, and then securely knotted. Ropes are then tied to the back and to the leg-rest, at H, I, O, and N, run to the main ropes and fastened to them as indicated at D, E, F, and G by making a secure knot at each point, binding it with copper wire to prevent slipping. Swinging in this is decidedly comfortable, as it is moved with a slight swaying of the body and the feet. If there are arms to the chair, they should be allowed to remain, as then you may lie back, rest your elbows on these arms, and read at your ease.



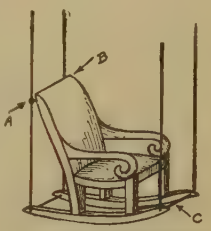
4. "LAZY SWING"

The party swing is **very** simple to make. It is shown in Figure 5. You have seen the old-fashioned long settee, such as is found in town halls and country Sunday-schools. If you can secure one of these, remove the legs, bore two holes at each end, as at C, D, E, F. Loop the rope through these holes and lash it securely to the arms, as at A and B. The suspending ropes should be extra strong, as a settee is heavy and designed to hold several people. A great deal of sport may be had with such a swing when five or six are in it and swinging together.



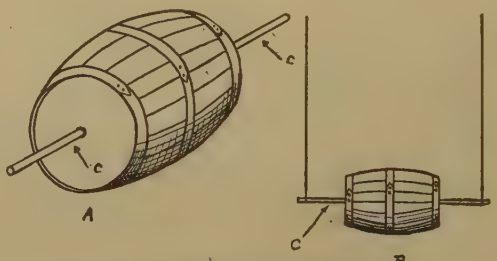
5. THE PARTY SWING

The swinging rocking-chair, Figure 6, is another interesting form of swing. One of the old-fashioned, curved-armed, hard-wood rocking-chairs will serve for this. Bore holes through the end of each rocker, as shown in the diagram, the holes to be one eighth of an inch larger than the rope that is to be used, and insert stout screw-eyes at the back, at A, B. To insert the screw-eyes, first with a nail make a shallow hole large enough for the screw-eye to take hold. Then lubricate the end of the screw and turn it slowly until it has entered the wood to the desired depth. Now pass one rope through the front rockers and another through the back rockers and the screw-eyes, as shown in the diagram. You can rest your feet on the rope at C, in this queer old chair-swing, and have a lot of fun.



6. THE SWINGING ROCKING-CHAIR

The barrel swing, shown in Figure 7, is strictly a boys' swing, and made for rough play. The barrel should have both heads firmly secured in place and a hole bored through the exact center of each head, this hole being a little larger around than a broom-stick. Insert the broom-stick, C, as shown at A. Then hang it up as you would an ordinary swing, as at B. By grasping the side ropes with either hand,

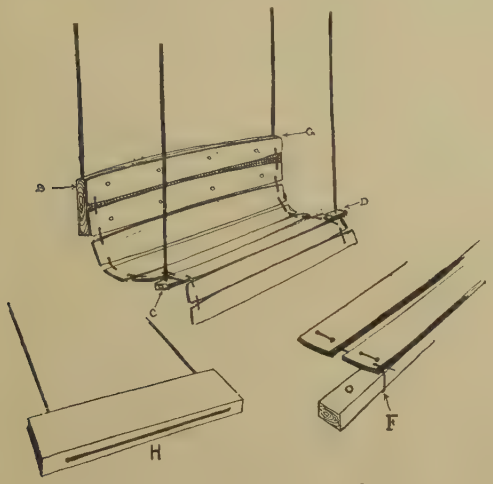


7. A BOY'S SWING—THE BARREL SWING

you may climb up by putting your foot on the broom-stick, C. From this, you may step on top of the barrel, holding on by the ropes. You may swing, make the barrel spin around, and have all sorts of fun with this apparatus; but it should not be very far above the grass or, if it is hung indoors, there should be hay or an old mattress placed underneath it.

Figure 8 shows a somewhat freakish, yet comfortable, barrel-stave swing. Seven or eight barrel-staves are laced together with extra-stout linen cord, the size of clothes-line cord, or, better, with picture-cord wire, this being threaded through two holes in each end of each stave, as at E. A plank two inches thick, the length of a barrel-stave and the width of two staves, is used for the back, as at B. Holes an eighth of an inch larger than the rope to be used are bored through the plank, the rope drawn through across the

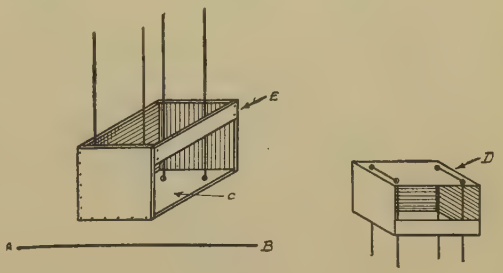
lower edge, as at H. The two top staves are fastened to this plank with screws, as indicated.



8. THE BARREL-STAVE SWING

For the front support, C, D, a stout hard-wood stick, at least one inch thick, two inches wide and three inches longer at each end than the stave, is used, with a hole for the suspending rope bored in each end. This is held in place by wiring it to the stave at each end, as at F. By making the suspending ropes B, G, C. D of the proper length, the staves curve naturally into a seat as shown. It is best to allow the ropes to go straight up to overhead beams or a porch ceiling, using the same hooks as are used for putting up a Gloucester hammock. This swing fits the body well, and by bending the body and swinging the feet out it works easily.

Figure 9 shows a "little folks' swing." It is just a strong little wooden box, with two ropes looped through the bottom, as at D. A top piece is left across the front, as at E, to prevent the youngster from pitching forward. This swing is just high enough from the ground, A, B, to clear it, so that even if the child falls out, he will not fall far enough to hurt him. He climbs in through C, and he can get out that way quite as easily.



9. A LITTLE FOLKS' SWING

THE BOY VIGILANTES OF BELGIUM

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

CHAPTER XIV

BROKEN BONDS

Bob, crouching among the branches of the tree where he could look directly down at the sleeping soldier, began to feel safer than at any time since he had escaped the sentry on the river front. The century-old tree had mammoth branches and thick foliage. No one from below could see him, while he had the advantage of peering through the interlacing boughs without uncovering his position.

After a while the German who had gone to the woods returned, and in a loud, noisy voice routed his sleeping companion from his bed. The old stone house was apparently occupied by the sentries who had that section of the country under surveillance. There were two of them to take turns in doing guard duty.

Bob watched them prepare their morning meal and eat it with great gusto. This recalled to the boy that he was still waiting for his own breakfast, which, judging from the outlook, would be a long time coming.

He was also extremely tired and drowsy, but the thought of falling asleep in the tree and losing his balance kept him wide awake. There was certainly no rest or sleep for him that day—not unless both of the soldiers left the house together.

The second sentry walked away to the woods, finally, and the first one took his turn resting. Bob watched him with anxious eyes. All sorts of schemes entered his head. Would it be safe to descend and make a run across the open fields? Or was the risk too great?

"No, I 'll have to stay up here until dark," he decided finally.

The minutes and hours passed slowly, and still the sentry below slept on, while his companion paced his beat near the edge of the woods. As the sun rose it grew hotter, making Bob's perch still more uncomfortable.

He settled himself in a crotch between two big limbs, and tried to make himself as comfortable as possible. With a rope he might have tied himself to the tree, so that, if he dropped asleep, he could not fall to the ground; but he had nothing that would answer this purpose. With arms flung around the biggest limb, he did manage to forget himself for a few minutes. When he woke with a start, his head and body were sagging at a dangerous angle.

"I must n't do that again," he muttered, regaining his balance.

Toward noon there was a sudden commotion in the woods. A sharp fusilade of rifle-shots, followed by shouts and calls, indicated something unusual. Wondering what it could all mean, Bob waited and listened. A few minutes later, tramping feet warned him that his enemies were approaching the house.

Concealed among the branches, he waited and listened. The guard on duty near the woods was returning, accompanied by others. Bob could not see them until they were almost directly beneath him.

Then his heart gave a bound and he almost dropped out of the tree. Three German soldiers stood there, and in their midst was a prisoner. Bob gave one glance, and exclaimed under his breath:

"Egmont! They 've caught him!"

His cousin was wet and muddy, with his clothes torn and his hands and face scratched with the briers and twigs of the woods. The shouts and rifle-reports were explained—in searching for Bob they had stumbled upon Egmont, who had been hiding in the woods also.

The soldiers took their young prisoner into the old building, where they proceeded to tie his hands and feet—they were not going to take any chances of his running away. The sleeping sentry meanwhile woke up, and listened to the story of the capture.

The boy seemed to be too tired and exhausted to pay any attention to his captors. He dropped down on the floor and was soon either fast asleep or feigning slumber. Bob concluded that his cousin was simply tired out and glad to rest—an opportunity that he envied him, for his own limbs and body were aching and his eyes were heavy from lack of sleep.

With their prisoner secured, the soldiers who had captured him left the building, the two sentries accompanying them half-way to the woods. Bob waited until they were at a safe distance, and then, breaking off a twig, he dropped it through the open roof. It fell close to his cousin's side, but Egmont did not even open his eyes. Another landed on his body, but with no better effect. A third and fourth followed with the same results; but the fifth landed directly on Egmont's nose. He

woke with a start, sat upright, and looked stupidly around him.

Bob glanced in the direction of the woods. The soldiers were a considerable distance away. Leaning over, he whispered as loudly as he dared:

"Egmont!"

The prisoner glanced around him in astonishment, for he had recognized the voice; but he saw nothing except the blank walls.

"Look up, Egmont!" Bob said; "in the tree over your head."

The prisoner obeyed, but for a time could see nothing. Bob shook the branch gently to attract his attention.

"Bob!" burst from Egmont's lips.

"Yes, I 'm here; but don't speak so loud."

"What are you doing up there?" asked his cousin.

"Hiding from the *Boches*. Are you hurt?"

"No, but I 'm desperately tired. Traveled all night."

"So did I, but I don't dare fall asleep up here.

Egmont continued to stare as if he could hardly believe his senses. This American cousin of his was forever doing the strangest things and appearing in the most unexpected places.

"Have they searched you yet?" Bob whispered again.

"Yes," was the reply, "they took everything I had away from me."

"Then they won't be apt to search you again," said his cousin. "That will help."

Egmont could not see the point. What difference did it make whether the Germans searched his clothes the second time? He had nothing more to lose.

And now listen, cousin," Bob continued; "I 'm going to drop my penknife to you. Do you think you can get it and put it into your pocket? How much can you move your hands?"

Egmont showed him, and the result was promising. His hands were tied by the wrists, but the palms and fingers had free play.

"Watch it!" Bob called again. "I 'm going to drop it near you."

Taking good aim, he landed the pocketknife within a foot of his cousin.

Egmont began wriggling his bound hands toward the knife until the tips of his fingers touched it. Then he grasped it and held it a moment.

The sentries were beginning to move toward the house again, and Bob said softly: "Put it in your pocket, and pretend to sleep. The soldiers are coming. Listen carefully, Egmont. To-night, when he is off duty, the guard will go to sleep. You must then cut your way free. I 'll watch the one outside. When he 's at the end of his beat, I 'll let you know; I 'll drop a small stick down to you. When you feel it or hear it, come outside as quickly as you can. I 'll climb down and meet you. We can get a long distance away before they find you 're gone, if we have any luck."

"All right, Bob. I understand."

"Then go to sleep again. The men are coming. Pleasant dreams to you. I wish I could get a snooze. I don't see how I 'm going to cling to this branch all day and not fall asleep."

His cousin cast him a glance of sympathy, for he knew how he felt from his own weariness, and then, as the noise of the approaching soldiers reached his ears, he rolled over, and in a short time was actually asleep.

Bob watched him enviously, and then turned his eyes to the two men. They did not enter the house for some time, but remained outside, smoking and talking under the shade of the trees. They even prepared their midday meal there, heating it over a fire made of dry leaves and sticks. The savory odor of it floated upward and made Bob nearly frantic. Even the coffee, made mostly of acorns, had such an overpowering deliciousness that he unconsciously sniffed the odor with greedy satisfaction.

The men on duty near the woods patrolled a considerable section. While one disappeared and remained gone for nearly half an hour, the other either spent his time resting at the stone house or wandered off in the woods or fields. Once both were gone for so long that Bob was half tempted to rouse Egmont and tell him to come out; but on second thought he concluded it was better to wait until after dark. In broad daylight they might be seen crossing the fields.

It was the longest day Bob had ever experienced. He had to fight against man's worst two enemies—hunger and the lack of sleep. Either one alone was bad enough, but the two combined made his vigil almost unbearable. The quiet of the scene and the warmth of the air made the temptation to sleep all the greater.

The sun finally set. The two soldiers had finished their supper, and once more they sat in front of the house, smoking and chatting. The moon rose and spread a white light around, and still the soldiers sat there. Bob grew impatient. Would they never separate?

He was growing more and more anxious, when one of the men rose and yawned. The

other, after a few more puffs at his cigarette, got to his feet also. They stood a moment talking, and then one entered the building and the other started off on his patrol. Bob's heart beat with hope and anticipation.

He saw the one inside strike a match and hold it to Egmont's face. Then he inspected his bonds, and grunted with satisfaction. In a few minutes he was sprawled out upon the rude couch, and almost immediately he fell asleep.

As soon as Bob felt sure the sentry on guard was at the far end of his beat, he dropped a twig through the open roof. To make sure that it should attract Egmont's attention, he dropped a second. Then he began swiftly and noiselessly descending the tree. If Egmont had heard the signal, he would be ready almost as soon as Bob reached the bottom.

When the boy reached the ground, his limbs were so cramped and trembling that he had to exercise them a few moments before he could go on. His legs were fairly numb from inaction.

Finally, he crept up to the door and listened. It was closed, and no sounds came from within. Even the snoring of the soldier had ceased —or could n't he hear it through the thick door? He waited impatiently for five minutes, and, as Egmont still failed to appear, he became anxious. Had anything happened to him? Had he found it impossible to free himself, after all?

His impatience increased as the time drew near for the sentry on guard to return. It was now or never. If Egmont was having any trouble, he must push in and help him. They could n't delay now. They had gone too far to retreat. The same opportunity might not offer itself again.

He raised a hand to push back the door, when it began to move very softly. Bob stepped back. The crack widened, and when the door had opened half-way his cousin stepped cautiously out. Bob touched his arm and beckoned him to follow.

"EGMONT CLOSED THE DOOR AS SOFTLY AS HE HAD OPENED IT"

Egmont closed the door as softly as he had opened it, and then, catching Bob's hand, he stepped quietly away from his prison. Gaining the open fields, they sped across them without speaking a word. Their noiseless flight through the moonlight night was swift and sure.

Not until they had put at least a mile between them and the stone house did either utter a word. Then Bob slackened his pace and turned to his cousin.

"Luck was with us that time, Egmont!" he said jubilantly. "I hope it will hold."

"It was more your brains and planning than luck," was the eager retort. "But what were you doing up that tree?"

"Looking for cherries," smiled Bob.

"Why, cherries don't grow on oak-trees!" replied Egmont, seriously. "Did n't you know it was an oak?"

"Sure!" laughed Bob, amused by the other's lack of humor. "But cherries or acorns are all the same when one is starving, and if I don't find something to eat soon, I 'll simply drop down and die!"

CHAPTER XV

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS

In spite of Bob's intense weariness, they traveled steadily all that night, anxious to put as many miles as possible between them and their German captors before morning. An hour before dawn they concealed themselves in a wooded ravine. Bob almost instantly fell asleep, while Egmont started off on a foraging expedition for some food.

He returned shortly before sunrise with enough to satisfy both of them. At the risk of discovery, he had boldly applied at a farmhouse for relief, and the good-natured farmer patriot gave liberally from his own meager supply of bread, meat, fruit, and vegetables.

Both boys slept soundly all day; and when night came again Bob was not only completely refreshed, but in the best of spirits and eager to resume the journey.

They passed south of Alost, which had been scathed and terrorized by the German army as it swept westward to the Belgian frontier in the early days of the war, and then directed their steps toward Deynze. In the low Flanders country, they had easier traveling. Fortunately it was not the rainy season, and the country roads and pathways were not wallowing in mud and water.

The farther away they got from Brussels, the less they had to fear. They were fugitives, liable to be arrested on sight, but the Germans here were not alert in watching for the boys who had escaped from the wrecked train. Perhaps this relaxation was due to the belief of the army that the fugitives would either make for the Holland border or attempt to return to Brussels and keep in hiding.

Still traveling with caution, they averaged ten or more miles a night across country, sleeping in the daytime and foraging for food as opportunity offered. In spite of the warnings the German authorities had given the peasants against harboring spies and assisting refugees, the boys never had their appeal for food or lodgings denied them.

Their progress finally brought them to their real danger-point. The nearer they approached the battle-front of the contending armies, the more difficult and dangerous their journey became. German detachments appeared everywhere. The roads were crowded with trucks, ambulances, and marching infantry, and the air was humming with airplanes. The wastage of war appeared in deserted villages, fields and meadows trampled by many feet, whole towns ruined and abandoned. On the other hand, refugees from the war zone were constantly met—old men and women, with children tagging behind, streaming in endless procession back from the firing-line. Their presence helped to camouflage the flight of the young Vigilantes, for by mingling with these throngs of homeless fugitives Bob and Egmont found a certain protection. The Germans here were too busy with their own affair of holding the line to waste too much time and energy in stopping and examining every barefooted boy.

A few miles below Thourout, they were hiding in the ruins of an old dugout that had long since been abandoned by the Germans. They had reached the edge of the fighting-zone. Directly ahead, the distant boom of the big guns came to them on the morning breeze. They had traveled far; but the few miles of territory that still remained to be traversed bristled with dangerous pitfalls. How could they pass through the German lines and get safely across No Man's Land?

Bob had been thinking and dreaming of this every night and day since they had left Brussels; but as no solution had come to his mind, he had kept pushing the unpleasant question forward, hoping that something would develop to show them a way out. But they were squarely up against the problem now. They either had to go blindly forward, and trust to their wits and a measure of good luck, or accomplish their purpose by some ruse or trick.

The problem seemed too big for them. If they went forward in the darkness of night, they would be challenged often, and it would not be an easy thing to pass the sentries, who, near the firing-line, were more alert than they had been around Brussels. They both realized this, and the thought sobered them.

"We can't fail now that we 've come so far," Bob remarked, as they were discussing the difficulty. "We must get through. If only we had an airship," smiling grimly, "we could fly across in no time."

"There 's one for you now!" exclaimed Egmont, pointing skyward through the ruined roof of the abandoned dugout. "Why don't you hail it?"

"An Albatross, of course, with the kaiser's iron cross on it!" Bob muttered in disgust.

They watched the big airplane in silence, their eyes striving to make out the insignia painted on the under part of the fuselage.

It was an enormous machine, with a great spread of wing, and flying very low. Indeed, it appeared to be descending; and while the boys looked, it rapidly grew in size.

"It 's going to land!" exclaimed Bob, suddenly, clutching his cousin by the arm.

The big plane was circling around, like a great hawk watching for its prey. The pilot was apparently searching for a level space where he could land with safety. Directly in front of the abandoned dugout stretched a low, flat field.

"It looks as if he 's going to land here," Bob whispered excitedly.

Egmont made no reply. He was watching the big plane gliding gently to the earth. "It 's stopping!" he exclaimed; "and there are two men in it!"

"It looks big enough to carry a dozen," said Bob, as he took in the mammoth spread of the wings.

The moment the plane came to a standstill on the ground, the pilot and his companion leaped out and began examining the wings and the struts supporting them. Bob watched them with narrowing eyes. They were perhaps a thousand feet away from the boys, but, even at that distance, something in the bearing of the men, and the cut of their uniform, excited him. He looked again, opening and closing his eyes to make sure he was not being deceived. Then in a whisper that vibrated with emotion, he said:

"Egmont, they 're not Germans!"

"Who are they, then?" gasped Egmont, in amazement.

"I don't know. But I 'm going to find out."

Bob made a motion as if to climb out of the dugout, but his cousin held him back with a hand.

"If they 're Germans disguised, Bob, we 'll be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, as you call it."

"Yes, but sometimes the frying-pan 's so hot that the fire can't be any worse," was the grim retort. "I 'm going to risk finding out who they are."

"You can't creep upon them without being seen, Bob," his cousin warned him. "There 's nothing to hide behind."

"Then I 'll walk straight toward them—they 'll be less likely to shoot at me."

"And find yourself surrendering to the *Boches?*"

Bob paused a moment, and took another long look at the plane and its two young navigators. There was something in the jaunty appearance of the pilot's helmet that impressed him. It was not the clumsy head-gear commonly used by the German fliers.

"I believe they 're English!" he breathed aloud. "Yes, I 'm sure of it! Come, Egmont, it 's our chance. We must speak to them before they leave. They will take our message to King Albert."

Egmont found himself dragged out of the dugout by his impetuous cousin, and, before he realized it, he was running across the open space in the direction of the airship. Their unexpected appearance created a sensation. The two airmen gave a start when they saw them, and sprang for their seats in the fuselage.

Bob, afraid they would fly away before he could reach them, waved his arms frantically over his head, and shouted:

"We 're friends! Don't go! Wait! I 'm an American! Oh, please don't go!"

This latter was delivered in a long-drawn-out wail, for the big propellers of the bombing-machine had started and were clattering vociferously. The machine began to move. Then the engine stopped and the whirring propellers slowly came to a stop again. The young aviators turned upon the boys and covered them with their revolvers, and Bob immediately stopped and threw up his hands.

"We 're friends!" he repeated. "I 'm an American, and my cousin is a Belgian. You 're English, I know. We 've got important information for the Allies. If we can't get across, won't you take it for us?"

The aviators, experienced in the tricks and ruses of the enemy, kept silent for a moment, with eyes bent more upon the ruined dugout than upon the two ragged boys, as if they expected any moment to see German soldiers emerge from it. But nothing happened, and finally one of them said in good English:

"Advance, but keep your hands up!"

(To be concluded)

PRIMROSE LANE

A May-day Play for Out of Doors

By CORNELIA MEIGS

CHARACTERS

Anne Venner	*Peter Malkin*
Molly Baxter	*Granny Green*
Hiram Doolittle	*A Traveler*

Children

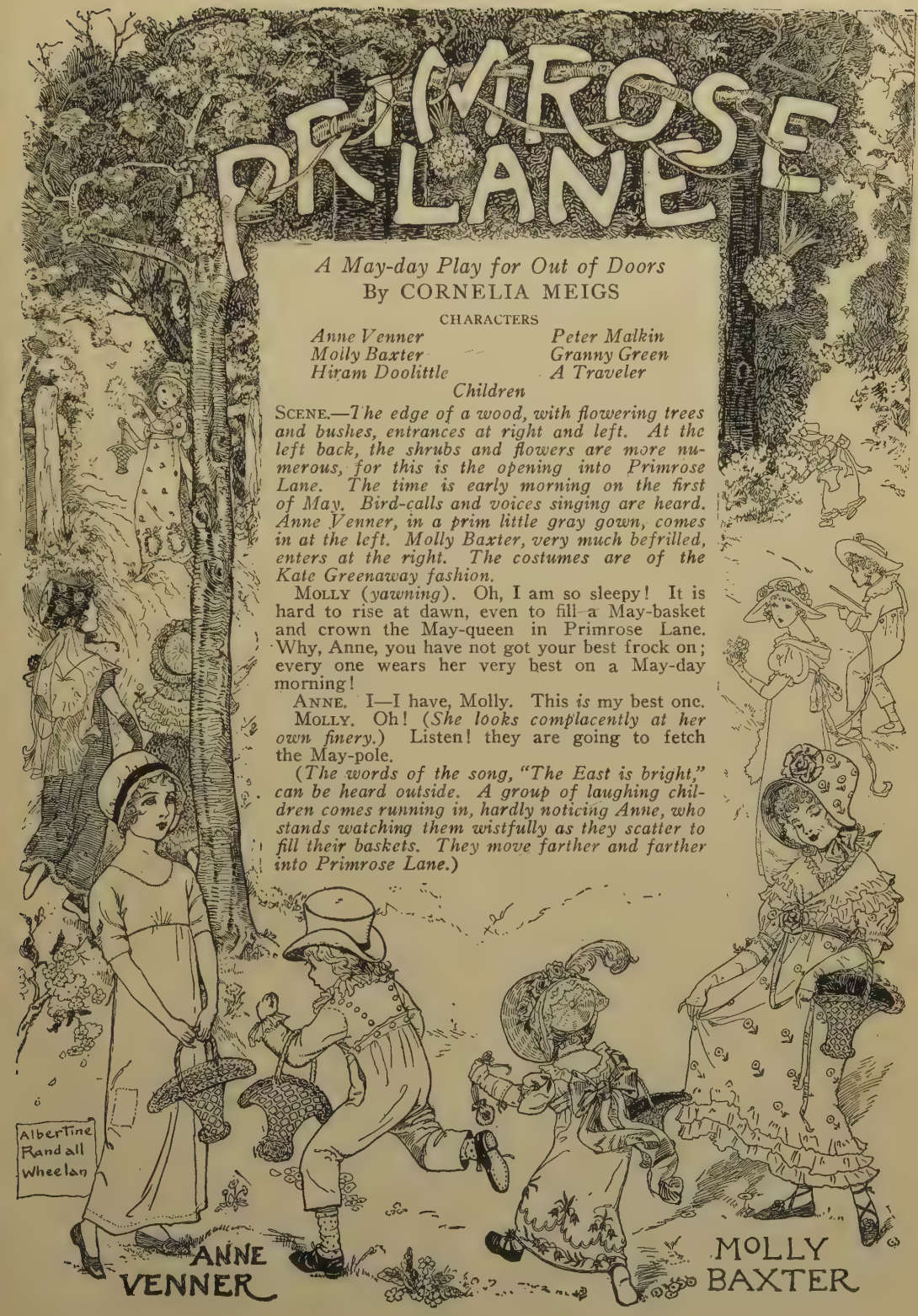
SCENE.—*The edge of a wood, with flowering trees and bushes, entrances at right and left. At the left back, the shrubs and flowers are more numerous, for this is the opening into Primrose Lane. The time is early morning on the first of May. Bird-calls and voices singing are heard. Anne Venner, in a prim little gray gown, comes in at the left. Molly Baxter, very much befrilled, enters at the right. The costumes are of the Kate Greenaway fashion.*

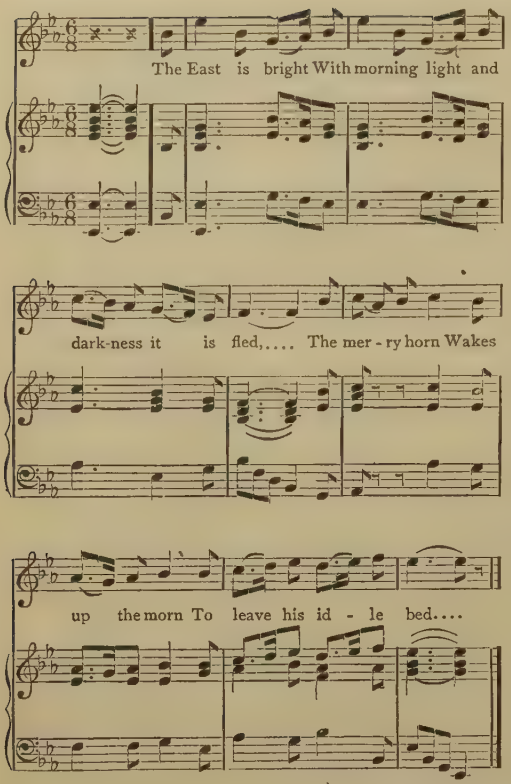
MOLLY (*yawning*). Oh, I am so sleepy! It is hard to rise at dawn, even to fill a May-basket and crown the May-queen in Primrose Lane. Why, Anne, you have not got your best frock on; every one wears her very best on a May-day morning!

ANNE. I—I have, Molly. This *is* my best one.

MOLLY. Oh! (*She looks complacently at her own finery.*) Listen! they are going to fetch the May-pole.

(*The words of the song, "The East is bright," can be heard outside. A group of laughing children comes running in, hardly noticing Anne, who stands watching them wistfully as they scatter to fill their baskets. They move farther and farther into Primrose Lane.*)





(*Hiram Doolittle comes stiffly in at the right front. He is a little, dusty, dried-up man, who carries a great law-book and a three-legged stool. He brandishes his cane as he comes, and speaks loudly.*)

DOOLITTLE. Stop, stop! you shall not go down Primrose Lane!

MOLLY. But it is where we always come to gather flowers on May-day.

DOOLITTLE (*in a tone of great scorn*). May-day! It is on account of just this May-day nonsense that I have had to arise at cock-crow and come here to see that no idle children trespass on my land.

MOLLY. It is not your land; it is Granny Green's.

DOOLITTLE. Hey?

MOLLY (*very loud*). Primrose Lane belongs to Granny Green.

DOOLITTLE. No, it belongs to me now. So get you gone, every last worthless one of you!

FIRST CHILD. But where shall we put up our May-pole? The May-queen has been crowned in Primrose Lane every spring for a hundred years!

DOOLITTLE. And what care I for that? (*He advances threateningly and the children flee before him, some of them crying. They run out at the right and only Anne faces him undaunted.*)

ANNE. Why can we not go down Primrose Lane? It has been our right always.

DOOLITTLE. Because the land now belongs to me, or at least to that estate whose affairs I manage. The master who has been so long away is coming home at last, so I am setting all accounts in order. I have closed the mortgage on Granny Green's holdings, and have taken possession. My purpose is to cut down the hedges, level the banks, and turn the lane into a useful turnip-field.

ANNE. Turnips! in our Primrose Lane? And did the new master tell you to do so? Have you seen him to learn what he desires?

DOOLITTLE. I have not seen him for many years, but he will not question what I do. (*He takes out a placard with "NO PASSING" printed large upon it and hangs it on a branch. He seats himself on the stool and opens his great book.*) I knew there would be a horde of idlers tramping through the lane this morning, so I arose at dawn and have come hither to prevent it. But (*he gives a great yawn*) I like not these early hours. Only the strictest sense of duty would make me linger in this dewy, disagreeable place. (*He yawns again.*)

ANNE (*persisting*). But we have a right here.

DOOLITTLE (*regarding her over his horn spectacles*). And who are you to stand up so boldly for the children's rights? I observe that they have not much to do with you; that in their frills and flounces and new, flowered bonnets they find it hard to see some one in a plain gray gown. What do you care for them? Ah, I suppose that you are like every other empty-headed maid in the

village, each one waking up this morning with the hope that she will be chosen Queen of the May. Hey, is it not so?

(*A fresh burst of song is heard outside, and Anne sits down on the grass and buries her face in her hands. Doolittle chuckles and goes back to his book, over which he yawns, nods, and finally goes to sleep. Peter Malkin, a tall, gawky, village boy, in a smock-frock and carrying a bundle of faggots, comes in at the right back. He does not see Anne, who sits before the bushes at the right front. She watches him, laughing through her tears as he examines the placard on all sides, being unable to read it.*)

PETER. Now what can that mean? And what is Mr. Doolittle doing here, getting in honest folks' way? (*He lays a finger on one letter after*

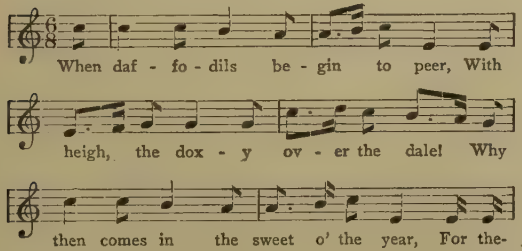
another.) Now that is an O, I learned it at the dame-school yesterday; and that is an S—or a Z? Sure I can't tell which! I will just take this with me to show my mother; it might tell something that a body ought to know. (*He takes the placard and goes off down the lane, whistling.*)

DOOLITTLE (*waking suddenly*). What noise was that? Where is my sign?

ANNE. One took it, sir, who thought his mother might like to read it.

DOOLITTLE. And you sat there and laughed, you impudent, idle piece? (*A single voice is heard singing outside at the left.*) Ah, more music! A hard-working man can snatch no quiet moment from his labors.

THE VOICE SINGS—



(*The singer comes in sight down Primrose Lane. He is tall, shabby, and dusty, and carries a staff in his hand. Doolittle interrupts his song.*)

DOOLITTLE. You lazy vagabond, what are you doing on my master's land? You— (*He stops suddenly, his mouth wide open with surprise. The Traveler makes a sign, whereupon Doolittle bows hastily and goes out.*)

TRAVELER (*to Anne, who is sobbing again beside a bush*). And who are you this May morning, this bright, clear, *happy* May-day morning?

ANNE. I am little Anne Venner, sir; and who are you?

TRAVELER. Oh, I am only a poet, a ballad-maker, who goes up and down all over the world, singing songs that nobody cares very much to hear. (*He seats himself on Doolittle's stool.*) Now tell me, little Anne Venner, why should you be crying on such a day as this? Those children I passed outside the village, they were singing lustily, every one. Why were you not with them?

ANNE. They—they did not want me, sir. My mother is the poorest woman in all the village, except perhaps old Granny Green, so I have no new dress for May-day as the others have, and they laugh at me when my back is turned. It has always been so. I hate this place! I wish I could run a thousand miles away from it. (*She begins to cry again.*)

TRAVELER. So you hate this place! And I thought the same thing once, for I was born here and went away when I was but little older than you, vowing that I would never come back. Since then I have visited strange lands on the other side of the world; I have crossed wide oceans, and have seen palm-trees and jungles and far cities, with their painted minarets and their great gilded domes rising like golden bubbles against the sky. But at the bottom of my heart I always knew that there was nothing more beautiful than the gray skies of my own country, and the broad, wet fields, and the steep lanes with the hedges all in bloom. So here I am, back again across half the world, to see May-day in Primrose Lane, and here is almost the first soul to whom I speak, a weeping damsel who wishes herself a thousand miles away!

ANNE. But it is so dull and lonely here, with never a change or an adventure from one year's end to the other!

TRAVELER. Adventures? They come to you at home as well as in far countries. Who knows but yonder old woman, toiling up the path with a basket on her arm, is not bringing you an adventure?

ANNE. That? Why, that is only Granny Green. She used to own this land and Primrose Lane, and she thinks she owns it still.

TRAVELER. And does she not?

ANNE. No, Hiram Doolittle has taken it from her; he says that she owes money to the estate that he manages, and he must have all accounts in proper order for the new master when he comes home.

(*Granny Green, a very old and poorly dressed woman, comes in at the right. The Traveler rises from his stool and takes off his cap.*)

TRAVELER. Good morning, madam.

GRANNY. Good morning to you, sir, and to you, Anne Venner. Why, child, you have been crying!

ANNE. Yes, but I am happy again now.

GRANNY. What was it? Did the May-day children pass you by? They do that—they will do it; for children are no better than their elders, and they sometimes see shabby dresses plainer than they do bright, friendly faces. Yes, when I was your age and my father owned all these fields and meadows, I was a friend of all; but as he grew poorer and poorer, it was strange how some used to look another way when I went by. But we must forgive them; they know no better.

TRAVELER. You have a good heart, Granny Green.

GRANNY. No, sir, it is but that one learns a little through growing old. Have I not seen you somewhere before, sir? Perhaps not, my eyes have grown deceitful of late. Anne, I am going to a neighbor's and will be back again this way. Could you watch my basket of eggs for me so that I need not carry it up the steep path?

ANNE. Yes, gladly. (*She takes the basket and sets it down beside the bushes at the right.*)

GRANNY. And fill your own basket with flowers, child; take as many as you want. I may be so poor that I know not, often, where the next day's bread is to come from, but still I own my little cottage and this bit of field and that fair, green, blossoming Primrose Lane. (*She goes out at the left.*)

TRAVELER. When I dwelt here before, there used always to be the biggest and yellowest primroses over by yonder hazel-bush. I wonder if they grow there still! (*Anne goes to look, at the left. While her back is turned, he hastily opens the basket, takes out the eggs, which he conceals among the leaves, and empties into it from his*

purse a shower of gold-pieces. He covers the basket again just before Anne turns around.)

ANNE. Yes, here are the best I have ever seen. And did you use to go maying here, sir?

TRAVELER (*putting the primroses in his coat*). There is no boy or girl that ever dwelt near this village that did not go maying in Primrose Lane. And now good-by, little Anne; remember that we are to be friends and—watch the eggs carefully. (*He goes out at the right, turning to wave his cap to her just before he disappears. Anne, singing gaily to herself now, begins to gather flowers. Doolittle's big book has been left on the grass; she opens it idly, then reads with interest. Granny Green comes in at the left front.*)

GRANNY. Thanks for watching my eggs so well, now I will— (*She stops in amazement, for Doolittle comes up the lane, dragging Peter by the ear and carrying the sign, which he hangs once more upon a branch.*)

DOOLITTLE. Now, you stupid rascal, have you learned what those words mean? Do you understand that no one is to go this way again?

PETER (*released and rubbing his ear*). I understand that you say so.

GRANNY (*her voice shaking with anger*). Why should no one go that way—down my lane?

DOOLITTLE. Hey?

GRANNY (*very loud*). Why is no one to walk down *my* Primrose Lane?

DOOLITTLE. Because, you chattering old dame, the lane is no longer yours. Neither is that cottage where you live, nor this field; they are all forfeit to my master. Where is the money your father borrowed on this land and never repaid? All these years you have owed, and now your holding is lost forever. (*Molly enters.*)

GRANNY. You shall not have the land! I will go to my neighbors; I will borrow the money somehow, and pay in some way; you shall not close up Primrose Lane! (*She turns to go, but stops to deliver a parting shot.*) I have known you since you were so high, Hiram Doolittle, and used to steal eggs from my mother's poultry-yard. You need not think, though you have become a man of law, that you can deceive me even now with your tricks. Watch my egg-basket, Anne! Do not leave him alone with it. (*She goes out, wiping her eyes.*)

DOOLITTLE (*after she is well out of sight*). Hey?

PETER (*standing close to him and shouting*). She said that you were an egg-stealing, thieving—

DOOLITTLE. Hush! Think you that I care what the old simpleton said? She may rave and weep to her heart's content, but she has lost her land for all time.

ANNE (*to Doolittle*). Oh, oh! you are stepping on the yellowest primrose!

DOOLITTLE (*stamping his foot*). A plague on you all and your primroses! I 'll step on that one if I please—and that one—and that one—

ANNE. No, no, you shall not! You may pretend you have a right to close our lane, to ruin poor Granny Green, but our flowers—those you shall not destroy! You are a cruel man; we will not obey you any longer. Go, call the others, Molly; tell them to bring their baskets; they shall gather blossoms and set up their May-pole here if they choose. I tell you we have the right. (*Molly runs off.*)

DOOLITTLE. You think to defy me, do you, Miss? To laugh at Hiram Doolittle and his orders? Well, we shall see!

ANNE. Yes, we shall see. (*Molly comes in, the other children following.*) Go on, form your procession, sing your May-song, go forth to bring the May-pole in. (*The song begins rather faintly and uncertainly.*) Louder, louder! Do not fear; hold up your wreaths; sing with all your voices; no one shall harm you as you go down Primrose Lane. (*The song rises louder and louder. The children, a long line of them, with flowers and wreaths, with laughing and dancing, go singing across the stage and down the lane. Between the verses of the song, "To the May-pole let us on," they call to Anne.*)

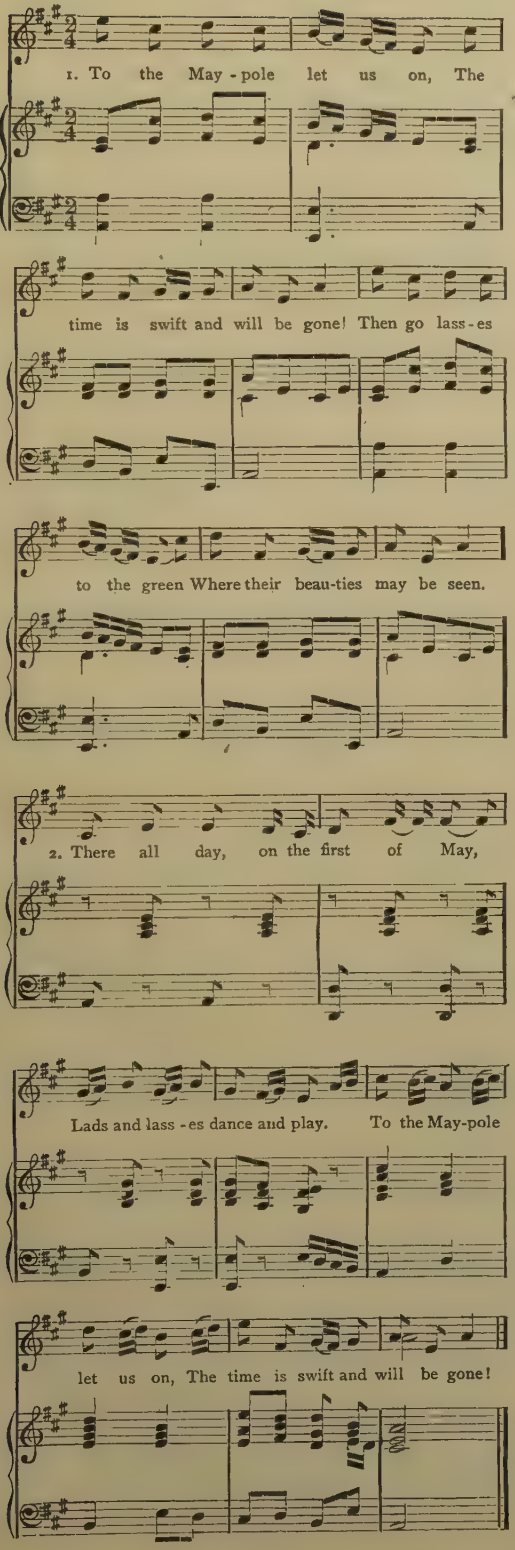
CHILDREN. Good Anne! Brave Anne Venner! Come with us, Anne. (*They hold out friendly hands to her and she goes out with them. Doolittle steps forward to prevent, but Peter snatches up the stool and fences him into a corner by the bushes at the right, where he stands, raging and helpless.*)

PETER. Be not overhasty, Hiram Doolittle. 'T is not wise for one of your years and sour disposition.

(*The children all go out, and the song dies away.*)

(*Peter lowers the stool.*)

DOOLITTLE. You shall suffer for this, all of you! I 'll have the law against you, I will— (*He aims*


1. To the May - pole let us on, The
time is swift and will be gone! Then go lass - es
to the green Where their beau-ties may be seen.
2. There all day, on the first of May,
Lads and lass - es dance and play. To the May-pole
let us on, The time is swift and will be gone!

a vicious kick at the egg-basket. Peter catches it up in time and sets it out of harm's way; puts the stool over it and sits down.)

PETER. I know not much of the law, but I think it does not allow a man to smash a poor old widow woman's eggs. (*He leans over, puts a finger under the cover of the basket, peers in at the contents and examines a gold-piece.*) But sure they are the strangest eggs that ever I saw!

(*Anne comes running in.*)

ANNE. I forgot the eggs, and I had promised to watch them so faithfully! Peter, are they safe?

PETER. Ay, they are safe. But he 's not to be trusted alone with them, even as Granny Green said. We know not what sort of a man he is.

DOOLITTLE. You shall learn shortly what manner of man I am. And you shall learn something more—what sort of a man my master is! Yes, you may well start back; you did not know that he had come and will deal with this defiance of yours and this bold trespassing, himself. He is your landlord, remember, and yours, Peter Malkin. You may just think that over, you two, while I go to fetch him. (*He goes out at the right.*)

ANNE. Oh, Peter, Peter! what shall we do?

PETER. Why were you so sure that we had the right to pass?

ANNE. I read it in his law-book that, when common folk have the right of crossing a piece of land, there is no man who can close up the path unless it has fallen into disuse. But it was a musty old law of a hundred years ago; perhaps it is not binding now—I did not think of that. Oh, dear!

(*Granny Green comes in.*)

PETER. Had you any luck, Granny?

GRANNY. Alas, it was no use! no one could help me. Hiram Doolittle must keep my land. (*Wipes her eyes.*) If he had taken it in the winter-time, now—but oh, that it should be in May, with the primroses all in bloom! What do I hear? (*The May-pole song sounds, first in the distance, then louder, and the children come trooping in.*)

ANNE. We used the lane after all, Granny, and they are bringing in the May-pole.

GRANNY. Then the world is not all black, if the children are but happy. (*The whole procession marches in, singing. In a laughing group they surround Anne, set up the May-pole that they carry, at the back of the stage, and begin to arrange the streamers. Their song and laughter cease all in a moment, however, when Doolittle comes in at the right, accompanied by a tall stranger in a dark cloak.*)

DOOLITTLE. There you see them, sir, at their forbidden games, in utter defiance of my orders concerning your property! And there you see the old woman who claims to have ownership of this land.

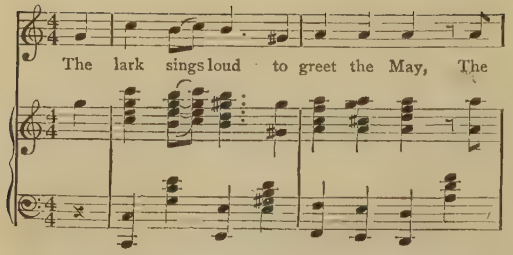
THE MASTER (*in a stern voice*). Tell me, who was it tempted you to this trespass? Who was your leader?

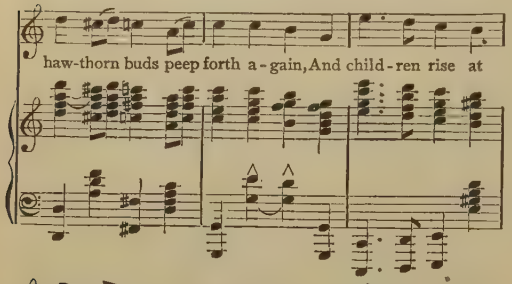
(*The group of children dissolves and leaves Anne standing alone.*)

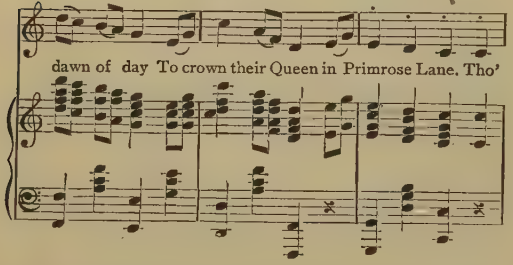
PETER. For shame, shame! I helped do it, sir.

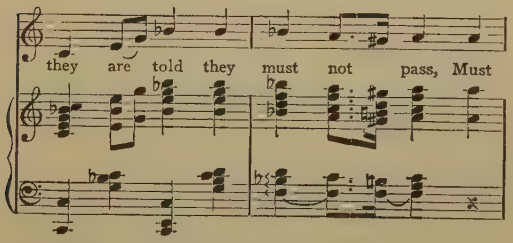
(*All the children run forward and stand at each side of Anne and Peter.*)

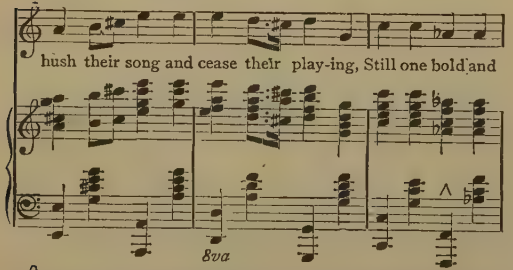
CHILDREN. We are with you! We will stand by brave Anne Venner!

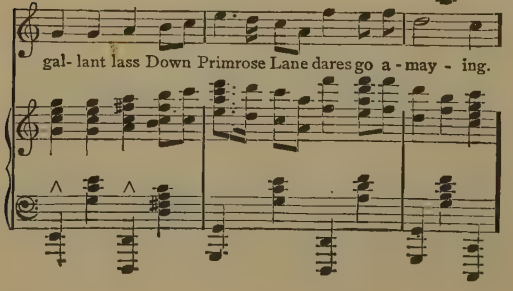


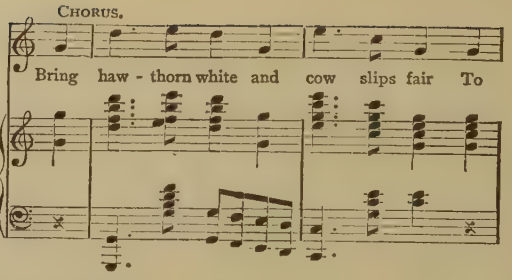


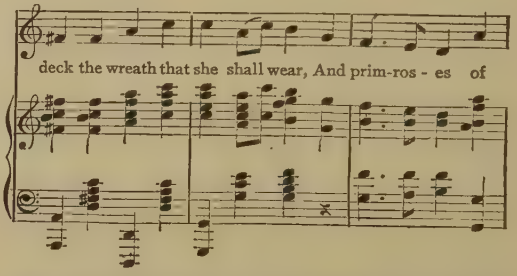


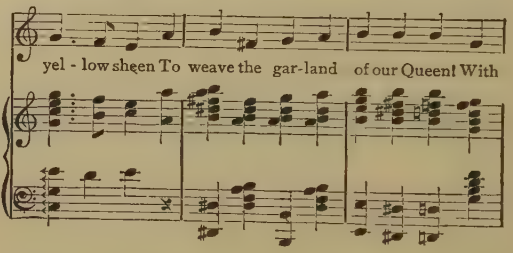


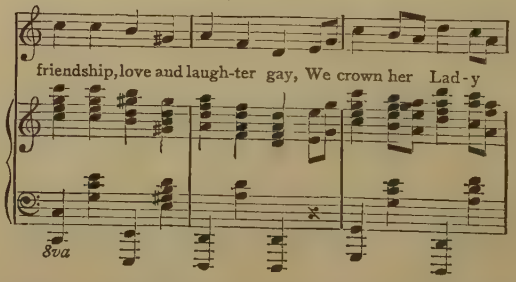


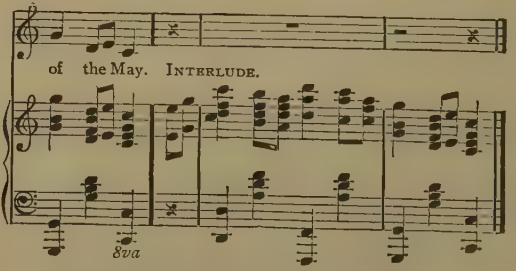












Then as the May-days come and go,
This path shall be the children's own,
While larks shall sing and flowers grow
And fair May blossoms be full-blown.

The right is theirs through ages long
To have and hold without gainsaying;
So with laughter and with song
Down Primrose Lane we go a-maying!

Chorus.

DOOLITTLE. There is no real need that more than these should come before the magistrate. (*He seizes Anne by the arm.*)

GRANNY. No, no! Let her go, let her go, good Master Doolittle! Take the last, least thing I have, take even these for yourself, your honorable self; but let her go. (*She thrusts the basket into his hand.*)

DOOLITTLE. Cease plaguing me, woman! What use is your chatter, or your basket of eggs, either. (*He thrusts back the basket so roughly that it nearly falls. Anne catches it, and she and Granny Green hold it between them.*)

GRANNY. Trouble has made my old arm feeble; the basket seems twice as heavy as it was. (*She and Anne raise the cover, and stand staring at each other in silent amazement. Granny bursts out into delighted laughter.*) Look, see what is in my basket! It is my cottage and my little field and Primrose Lane—all safe!

PETER. I thought they were the strangest eggs that ever I had seen. (*Anne turns slowly toward the stranger, who has dropped his cloak, removed his hat, and stands revealed as the Traveler.*)

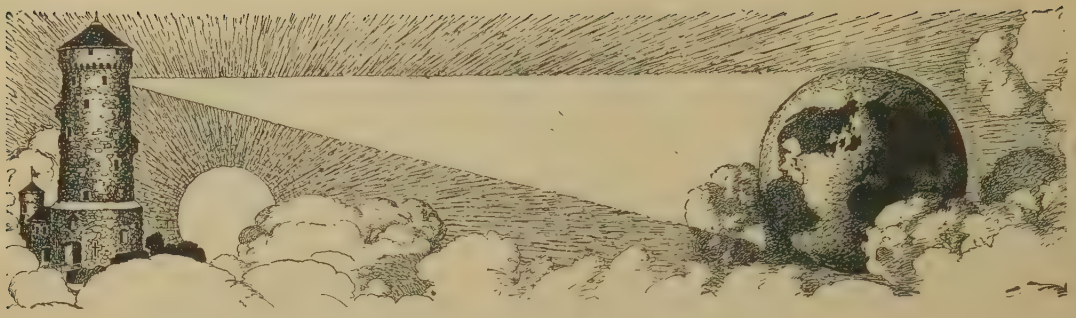
TRAVELER. Well, and was it a good adventure?

ANNE. But—you said—you said you were a poet, a wanderer, a song-maker?

TRAVELER. And can not such a man hold an estate as well as another? Come, do you not believe me, do you not trust me when I say that Granny Green's lands shall be assured to her for all her life, and that children shall have the right for all time to hold their May festival in Primrose Lane? Or do you not believe me when I claim to be a maker of songs? That, at least, I can prove, for I will make you one now, the Ballad of Primrose Lane.

(*The children set down their flower-filled baskets in a row across the front of the stage, then join hands and stand in a semi-circle back of Anne and the Traveler, with Granny Green at the extreme right and Doolittle at the left. The Traveler sings one verse of his ballad, "The lark sings loud to greet the May,"* and the chorus; the children join in and sing the chorus a second time. The smallest child, at the back of the stage, brings forward a wreath with which Anne is crowned May-queen while they are singing. As the Traveler sings the second verse, they all gather about the Maypole, take up the streamers, and, at the chorus, begin to sing and to dance. When the streamers are wound, they take up the Maypole and carry it out, still singing; the Traveler and Anne lead the way; Granny Green follows; Peter brings up the rear of the whole procession. Hiram Doolittle is left behind; he stumps out all alone. Very gradually the music dies away in the distance.*)

* Music by Marshall N. Fulton.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE MARCH RECORD

President Wilson went back to France, and resumed the fight for the League of Nations. The conference continued working on its plans for the rearrangement of boundaries and the settlement of territorial claims. A good many people, who must, of course, have had a great deal of confidence in their own ideas, criticized the peacemakers heartily. Some even offered, informally, plans which they "guaranteed" would settle all difficulties.

To some folks it seemed, however, that the Conference was handling its great task faithfully, and even with some intelligence. To some, also, it seemed a wonderful and wonderfully fine thing that an attempt was really being made to give every nation a square deal, and do all that could be done to remove the *causes* of war, or where they could not be destroyed, make it less easy for them to operate.

Germany continued unhappy. As long as she lives in the shadow of her own selfishness, she will continue to yearn for "a place in the sun." But the time has come when she can no longer cast that dark shadow over other countries.

Japan sent a large force into Siberia. Korea struggled for independence, and though Japan seemed outwardly to "have the situation well in hand," it was reported that, under the lid, the country was seething with revolt.

There were riots in Egypt, and serious disorders in South America. Bolshevik envoys were trying to stir up India to revolt.

Hungary threatened the Allies, and offered to form a partnership with the Russian Bolsheviki. The whole east of Europe was in confusion, and as the month ended it seemed more necessary than ever that the Peace Conference should hasten to adopt its final plan of action, and begin to enforce the will of the peaceful nations upon those whose continued upheaval threatened to plunge the world into a new war.

OUR NEW SHIPS

Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, reported after a trip abroad that "merchant shipping is now a matter of universal interest." He said, "America has come back upon the ocean—to stay." We hear a good deal of talk about British competition, but in England Mr. Hurley "heard a great deal more about American competition."

When the war began, we had, of ships of more than 500 tons, 624 steamships totaling 1,758,465 gross tons, and 870 sailing vessels, which brought the grand total to something less than three million tons. At the end of the war we had a grand total of more than 2000 ships aggregating more than five and a half million tons; not counting eighty-eight alien-owned ships which the Government seized. During the war we built and put into the merchant marine 875 ships of nearly three million aggregate tonnage.

Great Britain's losses were greater than her new construction, but her ship-yards are now working fast, and her new building in 1919 will go far toward replacing the lost vessels.

France asks for German and Austrian vessels to make up her losses in the war. She wants also to buy British and American built ships. Italy's losses were large, and she is planning much new construction. Japan, Sweden, Norway, and other coast countries have adopted extensive shipbuilding programs.

Busy days ahead for the sailor-men!

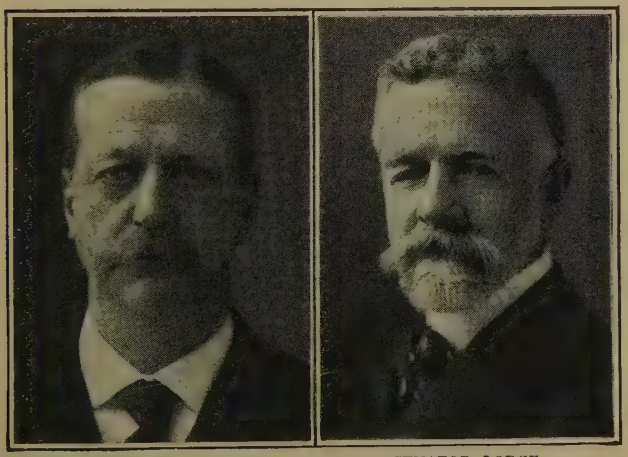
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

MARCH brought the American people to a clearer understanding of the nature, objects, and probable effect of the proposed League of Nations. On the first day of the month Senator Knox made a speech against the covenant. Senator Lodge and President Lowell of Harvard held a public debate, at Boston, which seemed (more or less!) like a revival of the days before the Civil War, when Lincoln and Douglas debated on slavery and secession. And everybody "talked League."

The two senators, and others who made public addresses against the League, took the stand that it robbed America of her sovereignty and her freedom. Senator Lodge, referring to the Monroe Doctrine, said: "I never have been able to understand how you could preserve a fence by tearing it down."

Of course, the argument on the other side was that the object of a League of Nations was to prevent the aggression that makes fences necessary as a measure for protection. The system of alliances between individual Powers, and of secret treaties, could not be continued without certainty of future wars.

It came to be pretty well understood that the League was necessary, and, for America's part in it, that she must not sacrifice her independence and place her resources in men and materials at the disposal of some combination of Powers that might put them to harmful use. The idea that slowly took form in the public consciousness was that a League, or Association, of Nations *could* be formed which would, without interfering with any member-nation's control of its own affairs, compel every nation in the League, before going to war, to submit its case to an umpire; and which would, by its united power, be able to discourage any non-member Government from attacking any other nation.



PRESIDENT LOWELL SENATOR LODGE

In a word, the feeling had become established, in America, that the Conference had been working for something which practical men might carry to a successful issue. But at the end of March there was something uncomfortably like a deadlock at Paris, and President Wilson was talking about "pitiless publicity" as a last resort if the delegates continued to talk without results in action.

GETTING READY FOR COLLEGE

MANY boys and girls who are now in the last year of high school will enter college next fall. What are they going to study?

There has been of late a strong opposition to the study of Latin and Greek. Before America went into the war, this opposition was extremely active; and now that the war is over, it is again very much in evidence. Many people believe that time spent in the study of "dead" languages is wasted. They say that "practical" education is what we need, and that time is too precious to be spent in learning to read, in the original, books that can be studied in English translations.

Some of the colleges which have stood stoutly for Latin and Greek as requirements for admission to the academic department, leading to the degree of *Artium Baccalaureus*, Bachelor of Arts, have yielded at last to the pressure, and have decided to admit students who have not had preparation in the classics. A good many "old fogys" will shake their heads and think the country is going to the dogs.

We are not prophets of gloom. We think the country may solve its problems, even without Greek. But we are sorry to learn that the good old classics are less esteemed than in the bad old days of our youth.

This is not an essay on education, nor a sermon. It is just a word to urge the boys and girls who will be going to college next fall to give a place in their plans to consideration of that part of a college education whose value cannot be measured in dollars and cents, but which, more than any other sort of study, becomes incorporated in the man's or the woman's own personality. The old-fashioned classical culture became part not only of what the student had, but of what he was.

Unless some of the students of to-day master the languages and literatures of old Greece and Rome, there will be no one to-morrow to teach them to the youngsters who will make the America of day after to-morrow: and America will have lost one of the most dependable of all defenses against the materialism that led the German Empire to destruction.

CHOSEN

ALTHOUGH the name Korea was officially abolished in 1910, and the name Chosen put in its place, it is difficult to speak of Korea as anything but Korea. Chosen means The Land of the Morning Calm; but Chosen is not calm these days. The Koreans want independence.

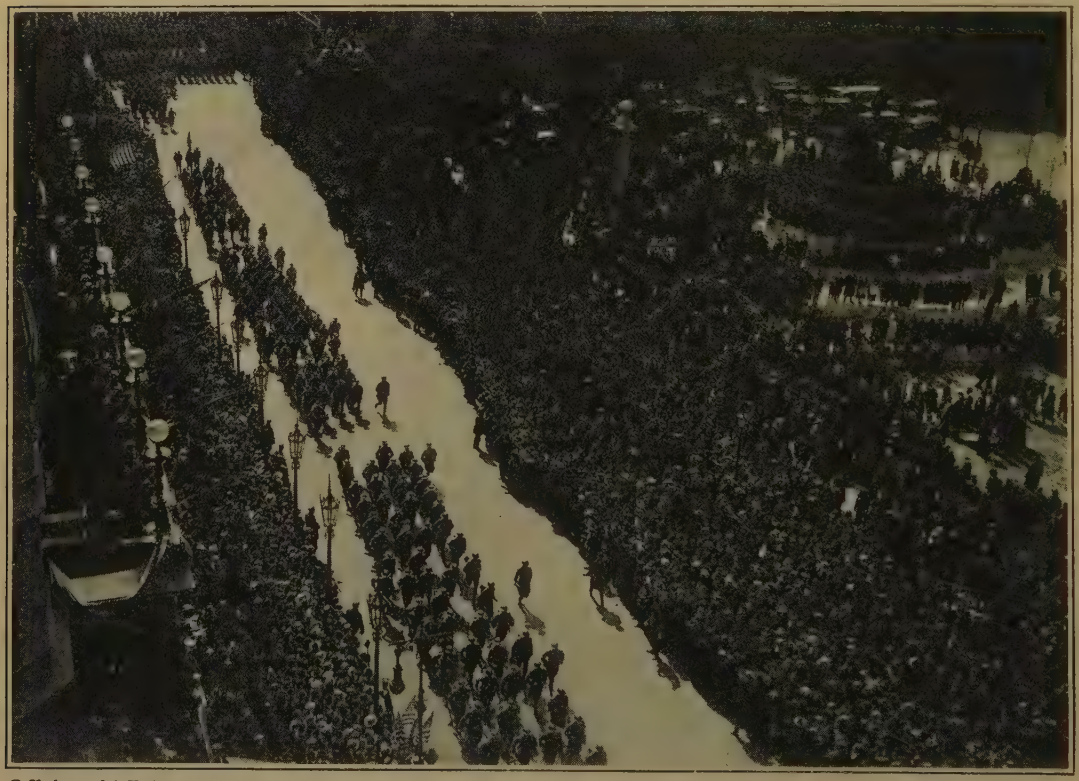
The Treaty of Shimonoseki, after the war between China and Japan, in 1894-95, confirmed the Korean king's declaration of independence. After the war between Japan and Russia, the ruler of Korea, now calling himself Emperor, made an agreement whereby, in return for Japan's guaranteeing their "independence," the Koreans agreed to follow Japan's "advice" in reforming their government. Japan simply took over the entire administrative system, and Korean independence existed only on paper. In 1910 Japan formally annexed the country.

Japan desires to hold such a place in the Far East as we hold in the Western Hemisphere. She needs lands to place colonists on. The Koreans are a "backward" people, and perhaps Japanese rule is good for them. It is difficult to imagine, among the Koreans, a popular uprising such as happens in European countries; and it is not easy to say whether the movement for independence represents real leadership or is merely the work of agitators. The charge has been made in Japan that the disturbances were increased by the influence of Americans in Korea.

But the effect of the Great War will reach every part of the world, and Chosen must feel the impulse of reform.

OUR HOME-COMING HEROES

NEVER was there such a welcome home as New York gave its boys of the Twenty-seventh on the twenty-fifth of March. Accustomed to crowds though it is, the great city found its accommodations strained to the utmost.



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THE CROWD OF WELCOME AT FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET

Photograph by Brown Brothers

RETURNED SOLDIERS OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DIVISION PASSING UNDER THE VICTORY ARCH AT TWENTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

People laughed or cried, cheered or stood silent, as the boys passed by; and the veterans must have marched with their hearts in their throats! For them, and in memory of their "buddies" who sleep the long sleep in France, America can never do enough! These were *our* boys, coming home from freedom's war. They had fought as Americans fought in '76 and '61. They had dropped their work at home and taken up the soldier's work. They had gone through camp and march and field, they had passed through the hell of battle, and won their way to victory. And they had left so many of their "buddies" over there, the brave lads who fell in the fight!

These fine boys of ours are not soldiers by choice; the American people prefer the ways of peace. But they tackled the big job, and they "put it over." We are bound to greet them as heroes—whether they regard themselves as heroes or not. But it must not stop there! Now and for months to come we must do, every one of us, all we can to make things right for the boys who wore the khaki.

CHINA AND JAPAN

In 1915, China and Japan entered into a treaty which China declared, in February, deprived her of certain commercial rights and gave the Japanese control of the approaches to Pekin and Tientsin. This treaty, she declared before the Paris Conference, had been concluded by her "under duress."

China also took objection to the Ishii-Lansing "agreement," by which our State Department recognized Japan's "special interest" in China. China, it was reported, expected this agreement to be nullified by act of the Conference, or of the League when formed, canceling treaties and "understandings" made in the war years.

Japan was reported willing to have her treaties laid before the Supreme Council at Paris, but not willing to submit to revision of them. It is extremely difficult to perceive, at this distance and without expert knowledge of the affairs and purposes of the two countries, the exact merit of the argument between these

two great eastern nations. But it is certain that the Executive Council of the League of Nations, if there is to be one, will have to pay considerable attention to the Far East.

Japan deserves credit for her intention to give Kiao-Chau back to China.

OVER HERE

WHILE their President was working in France, Americans were pretty busy at home. The boys were being brought back as fast as ships could be provided to carry them. It was a big problem to find employment for the discharged soldiers. Business had not become normal again, after the strain of war conditions, and the process of readjustment was necessarily slow. While many individuals suffered, we all had to wait as patiently as might be for the huge task of reconstruction to be disposed of. It is harder to go through than the work of war, for the excitement of war time keeps people keyed up.

For many months, it became apparent, America would be undergoing the severest test of her courage, strength, and wisdom; and civilians would have an opportunity, not less than did the soldiers in France, though in a different way, to show what sort of stuff Americans are made of.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

DURING the war years astronomers continued their study of the star that Longfellow called "the red planet Mars," and some of them believe their observations give further proof that Mars is inhabited by beings like ourselves. It seems to have been established that conditions on Mars are such as would permit of life; the question is, Does it support "intelligent life"?

The late Professor Percival Lowell devoted years to the study of Mars, and believed the planet to be inhabited by a race of beings more powerful and more intelligent than we terrestrians. This superiority is supposed to be proved by the fact—if it is a fact—that their engineers have been able so to change the face of their planet, and the conditions of life upon it, as to save their race from threatened extinction by freezing.

In March, Professor William H. Pickering, head of an observatory in the West Indies, reported that studies made last year, and compared with those of 1914 and 1916, reinforced the conclusions reached by Professor Lowell. It was Professor Pickering who worked out a plan for flashing signals to Mars by means of an elaborate system of powerful reflectors. The experiment has never been tried, because of the very great expense it would involve and the very decided uncertainty of result.

Communication with Mars may be effected, some years from now, by some of the boys and girls who are reading the WATCH TOWER this year. When you *do* get in touch with the Martians, you may find that all their troubles began with an attack of Bolshevism!

ON the last Sunday in March, when the clocks were changed again, some of the people who love to figure discovered that, by moving the hands an hour, a difference of 2,400,000 years is made in the amount of time at the disposal of the American people between the last Sunday in March and the last in October. While the mathematicians are having their fun, other folks are satisfied to see in the arrangement simply an ingenious device for making daily schedules all through the year fit better with the sun's program. Is n't it interesting to recall what a hullaballoo there was over the first change—only a year ago?

AUSTRALIA will give her home-coming soldiers, the Anzacs, employment on public works. Money has already been appropriated for these enterprises.

WHEN the Conference at Paris decided to award Danzig to Poland, it was a promise to give the Poles the water outlet for their trade which they desired. Poland once possessed all that part of the Baltic coast.

DID you pay close attention to the remarks of Marshal Foch, in which he said that science would not win victories unless it were supported by faith? "The most brilliant qualities," he said, "are nothing without the will to victory." Where was it—in Vergil?—that we found it all in four words: *"Possunt quia posse videntur"*—"They can because they *think* they can."

MEMORIAL DAY—how close it comes to our hearts this year! Every memorial that any community gives to the men who died in France ought to be something not only beautiful, but useful as well.

EASTER LILIES ON THE DESERT

After living for a year or two on the Colorado Desert, I was thoroughly rid of my old notion that the desert has no lovely flowers with

THE DESERT LILY GROWING IN THE SAND

which to deck itself in honor of spring. I had seen the marvel of the verbena fields, where a hundred acres of gray sand changed suddenly into a closely woven mat of rosy blossom; the magic of the great white evening-primrose, turning the dull wastes of grit and gravel into a stage for fairy night revels; the skeleton-like palo verde bursting into cascades of starry gold; the smokebush, even more hopeless looking than the palo verde, breaking into living ultramarine more deep and vivid than the glowing desert sky.

But I was not prepared for a surprise that awaited me one Easter. Whatever other flowers might unexpectedly appear, I should have said it was impossible that the desert could produce lilies, those pure, shining blossoms that have always been felt to be a symbol of things angelic, calm, and holy, fit messengers of the Resurrection in their glorious upspringing into light from the cold and darkness of the earth.

Walking out in the hot, still morning to see what flowers might be left now that spring was past (for spring ends early in the desert), I came upon a tall, straight stem rising from a few long, ribbony leaves and carrying a cluster of large white lily-blossoms. I had heard of the flower before, the Desert Lily, *Hesperocallis undulatus,* but I stood and gazed

A BOUQUET OF DESERT LILIES

in wonder to see it growing there in the harsh, dreary sand. Nothing else of beauty or tenderness was in sight, only scorching sand, baking rock, and a few bits of dry, brittle

brush. The lily seemed a miracle, a true type of the mystery of the triumph over death.

When I found another of the plants that was past blooming, I dug in the sand with my hands to see how far down the bulb might be. It was no easy task. I scraped and scraped, following the shriveled stem, until I was nearly two feet deep. There the sand was cool and fine, and there lay the little round bulb, keeping safe its secret spark of life. It might be years before its chance came again to climb to the light and fulfil its destiny, for often the winter rains are not sufficient to moisten the soil as far down as the bulb must hide in order to escape the heat of the summer sun. But when the time came, nothing would keep it down, I knew, so I carefully covered it over and smoothed the sand; and as I stood for a moment looking at the place, I half fancied there came from it a whispered word, that splendid Latin word *"Resurgam,"* which means, "I shall rise again."

J. SMEATON CHASE.

GROWING POTATOES IN STRAW

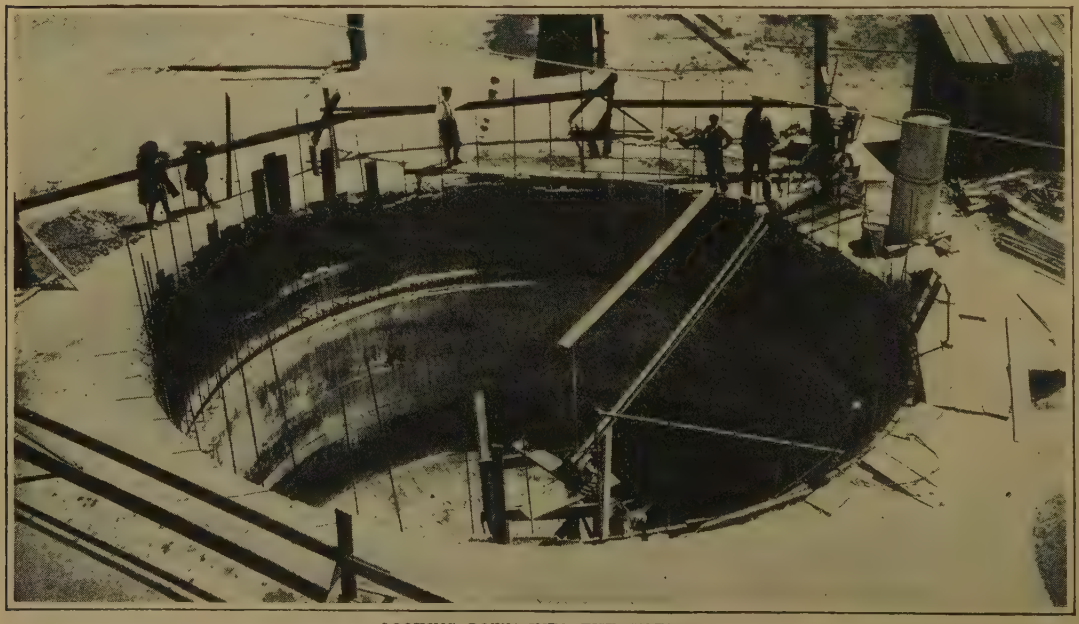
THE new way of growing potatoes in straw is especially interesting where early crops are desired. The plan may be carried out in frames during the late winter months or in the open in the spring. In any event, the gathering of the crop is almost a month ahead of the normal. The idea is extremely simple. The surface of the ground is broken up and the "seed" is just placed on the top, there being no need to bury it. Then a foot-deep layer of straw or other litter is spread over the whole of the ground. The potatoes grow with astonishing rapidity, sending their main roots down into the ground. Meanwhile, the tuber production goes on chiefly in the straw. Potatoes grown in this way can be easily gathered. That is, the largest tubers can be taken away with the hand, and the plant, as a whole, left in its position. Some experiments that have been carried out show that a large increase in the crop can be obtained in this way. Directly the largest tubers are removed, the small ones start to swell, and in due time grow into sizable potatoes.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

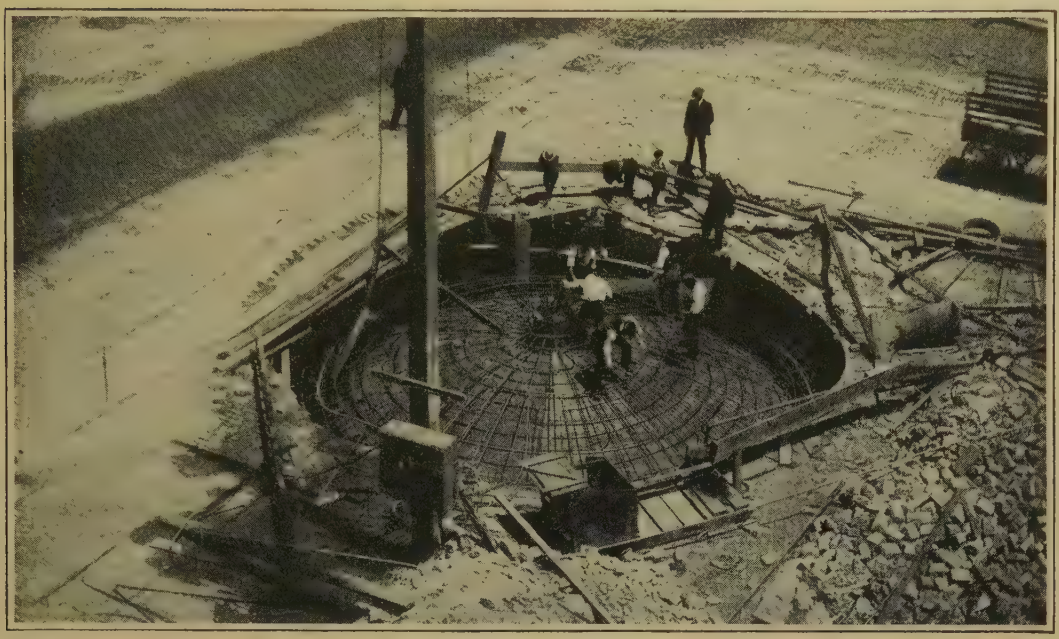
REINFORCED-CONCRETE CISTERNS FOR FIRE-FIGHTING

IN San Francisco there are 141 underground reinforced-concrete cisterns, from which water can be pumped by fire-engines for fighting fires in case the high-pressure mains are ever disabled. Numerous brick cisterns existed at the time of the 1906 fire, that followed the great earthquake, but they had not been maintained and their location was unknown to the fire department. Had they been in condition and full of water, the fire could have been confined to a very much smaller area.

These new cisterns are built beneath the



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE CISTERN



THE CISTERN ROOFED OVER

surface at street crossings, and their position is indicated by a distinctive type of pavement around their perimeter. The top and bottom are diverging domes. The average diameter is thirty feet, and the average capacity is 75,000 gallons. All are very heavily reinforced and are designed to withstand vibration. For this reason, the pipes for filling or emptying are not rigidly connected with the cisterns, as they might exert a disrupting force. The cisterns are kept filled by hose lines run from hydrants, and the contents are kept from getting stale by the fire department, which pumps out of them during practice drill.

All records of underground structures were destroyed in 1906. It was therefore necessary, before locating a cistern on any corner, to make a complete underground survey of the immediate locality. This was done by digging exploration trenches and plotting the information obtained.

That the cisterns can stand vibration without injury was conclusively shown when, during the construction of one of them, a heavy rain-storm occurred and floated it, lifting it about six feet above its foundation. After the storm the water was drained away and the structure settled back on its foundations. A careful investigation failed to reveal the slightest injury, and when the cistern was filled with water no leakage could be detected.

C. W. GEIGER.

WHAT ONE BOY DID WITH MELONS

EVERYBODY loves melons! Maybe it was Johnny's own great liking for this delicious fruit that brought him to this conclusion, maybe it was an intuitive recognition of the fact that ninety-nine folks out of a hundred are extraordinarily fond of ripe, juicy watermelons and muskmelons. Whatever may have been the source of Johnny's original insight into this weakness of mankind in general, it is of greater consequence that he put his knowledge to good use, bringing to himself a considerable sum of money and to his fellow-men wholesome food and pleasure.

In brief, Johnny raised and sold from a small patch of land three hundred and sixty-two watermelons and five hundred and forty muskmelons, realizing a profit of $72.15 above his expenses.

That, you will agree, was not a bad summer's work for a lad fourteen years old! And it should be stated that he paid his grandfather a rental of four dollars for the land upon which he raised his crop.

The reader will suspect that Johnny's grandfather had some hand in turning the lad's attention toward melons. And such a suspicion in all likelihood would be correct, for it was through his suggestion that Johnny saw their financial possibilities. It was his grandfather's careful directions, too, that made it possible

for the yield to be so large, and the quality so superior.

Maybe some reader of this account, of Johnny's age, or even older, will desire to follow his example. For the benefit of such the best methods of raising and marketing melons are given in detail.

The tract of land that Grandfather rented Johnny was 100 feet long and 80 feet wide. It was a vacant lot in a new addition to the city, and was as yet well beyond the outskirts of the town. The distance, however, was not too great for Johnny to make it with his wheelbarrow, a circumstance that will be particularly referred to later.

Grandfather advised Johnny to fertilize his soil abundantly with rich manure. Accordingly four loads were purchased, the expenditure amounting to $2.00. The same teamster charged $1.50 for plowing and harrowing the little field. This was done during the latter part of April, after which the ground was allowed to lie fallow until planting time a month later.

"Your soil will settle and ripen if it is allowed to stand awhile after breaking," Grandfather told him. "The old saying 'Plant in May—delay; plant in June—come soon' I have found timely advice in growing melons," he further cautioned.

Accordingly, Johnny had to stem his impatience and wait until the soil was warm and all danger of frosts had passed.

Johnny remembered from his previous summer's observations that Kleckly Sweets was his favorite watermelon; he likewise recalled the fact that the Fordhook muskmelon had appealed to him particularly. Accordingly he decided to plant these two varieties. He purchased three five-cent packets of each seed, which proved to be an abundance.

At the time of planting the seed Johnny's investment figured as follows: manure, 4 loads, $2.00; plowing and harrowing, $1.50; seed, $.30; hoe, $1.00; total, $4.80.

When the middle of May came, Johnny was impatient to begin planting, but Grandfather still advised delay, sagely remarking that the soil was yet cold, too cold. This period of waiting was spent in hoeing and otherwise pulverizing the surface of the soil. This work, of course, had to be done out of school-hours for Grandfather had made a stipulation that no school time should be sacrificed. Finally, to Johnny's great pleasure Grandfather announced that it was now time to plant. This was on the twentieth of May.

One half of his land Johnny devoted to watermelons, and one half to muskmelons. In large fields, he learned, it was the practice to plant watermelons eight feet apart, but owing to the fact that his field was small, Grandfather advised six feet. The muskmelons, he suggested, should be four feet apart each way. These directions Johnny followed very carefully. He found when he counted the number of hills that he had 110 hills of watermelons, and 250 hills of muskmelons. He planted five seeds in each hill.

Before the first of June every hill showed some plants up. When the plants were well started Johnny thinned them, as Grandfather directed, to three plants in each hill. He also hoed and hoed and *hoed!* Not a weed was allowed to survive or the ground to remain crusty long after rains. As a result, the ground was completely covered with vines by the latter part of June. There was some difficulty in overcoming a striped bug that seemed very fond of the muskmelon vines but Grandfather showed him how to drive them away with insect-powder.

By the middle of August, melons were ready to sell. Johnny kept a careful account of what he sold. Here is the record:

200	Watermelons	@ 20c each	$40.00
25	Watermelons	@ 25c each	6.25
57	Watermelons	@ 10c each	5.70
40	Muskmelons	@ 10c each	4.00
500	Muskmelons	@ 5c each	25.00
	Total from sales		$80.95

When the expenses of $4.80 and $4.00 for rent are deducted, Johnny had $72.15 clear for his labor.

Mention has previously been made of the wheelbarrow method of delivery. Johnny found it not at all difficult to wheel two or three watermelons and a half-dozen muskmelons from the field to his customers. It required a good many trips, but, as each one meant money, he did not mind making them.

Detecting ripe watermelons gave Johnny some trouble at first. After he learned, however, that a ripe melon thumped very much like a shoe, he seldom failed to detect those that were ready for picking.

Johnny plans to raise melons again next season. He says it 's a good way to make money. Maybe some reader of this account will like to do the same. There 's no danger of injurying Johnny's business with your competition, for the world is very big and a great many folks will be hungry for melons.

E. V. Laughlin.

1. PLANTED IN 6 INCHES OF SOIL. 2. IN 11 INCHES. 3. IN 12 INCHES. 4. IN 15 INCHES

TESTING THE ENERGY OF A TULIP BULB

We must always think of a bulb as a storehouse of the plant. Underneath the brown skin, there is packed away the flower and foliage, together with a quantity of food material. The growing energy of the average bulb is extraordinary, as may be gathered at a glance from the accompanying pictures. A bulb was planted at varying depths in the soil and the results carefully watched. When the bulb, which was a tulip, was covered with about six inches of soil a good display of bloom and leaves was made in the spring. The depth of soil was nearly doubled and, even then, the bulb managed to get a flower and a fair quantity of leaves up to the light and air. These were nothing like so fine as they should have been, however. Another inch in the depth of soil was added, and, strangely enough, this was nearly fatal to the bulb, for, although a few poor leaves managed to reach the surface, the flower never got up to the light at all. When, after a time, the bulb was dug up, it was found that the bloom had shriveled up. Finally, when the depth of soil was increased to fifteen inches, the shoot of the bulb quite failed to reach the surface at all. In this case the bulb was found to be utterly exhausted by its vain effort, and there was little left of it save the outer skin.

S. Leonard Bastin.

A TREADMILL THREAD-MILL

More than a century ago, a thrifty Scot, David Hutton by name, saw a pet mouse driving the wheel in its cage round and round. Of course, except for the fun the mouse got out of it, nothing resulted from its effort. "And why should it?" most people would say. But not so did the canny David reason—something was being wasted, a half-ounce of power; and if you multiplied that by the number of mice in the United Kingdom, the sum total of the energy that thus ran to waste every day was truly appalling.

So Mr. Hutton decided to try to harness this wasted power and make it do something useful. But what? By experiments he found that a mouse would run about ten and a half miles a day; and a half-penny worth of oatmeal would feed the little animal for thirty-five days, during which he would run 362 miles. He hit on the idea that, as the mouse turned the wheel, it should twist and reel sewing-cotton, and he set about constructing a tiny thread-mill. Sure enough, every day the mouse twisted and reeled from 100 to 120 threads, each twenty-five inches long, all the time believing that it was simply keeping itself fit by taking a proper amount of exercise. It was not only earning its own living, however, but making ninepence for its master every six weeks, leaving a yearly profit of over six shillings for the ingenious Scotchman.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

Verses by Mattie Lee Hausgen. Illustrations by Decie Merwin

When we are going up the hill,
If pony wants to rest,
We do not mind if he stops still—
The reason you have guessed;
For when at last we reach the top,
We play awhile, and then
Back in the little cart we hop
And drive down hill again!

A BRIGHT IDEA

Wee Prue would plant some pop-corn
In neat and ordered rows,
And so she asked the gardener:
"Dear sir, don't you suppose
If, just before our corn we dropped,
We popped it, it would come up popped?"

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

A lady lives across the way,
The best I ever knew,
She lets me come to spend the day
And asks my puppy, too!

PLAYTHINGS

It 's funny how I tire of toys
(They say it is the way with boys!)—
My bat and ball, velocipede,
Are soon like flowers gone to seed.
My marbles, engine, puzzle map
Grow old,—with clown's suit and tall cap,—
But, every morning, bounding true
To me, my pup is always new!

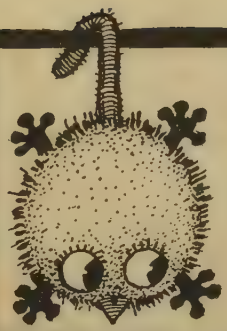
FOR SALE

"For Sale"—the sign reads plain, alas!
In the front yard for all who pass;

And clustered thick around that sign
They 're gathered close—all yours and mine.
But then—oh, dear! Oh, me! Oh, my!
Now who would *dandelions* buy?

THE DOLLY'S TEA

When cloth is spread for dolly's tea
She does not get excited,
But sits as calm as calm can be,
Though Teddy Bear's invited!
When folks have table manners rough,
She knows there will be food enough;
For even sugar has no end
When everything is just pretend!



A QUEER CRITTER

A queer little Critter lived up in a Tree,
On an Island that grew in the midst of the sea;
And his habits were funny as funny can be.

He held to the tree by his tail and his toes,
And down to the ground always pointed his nose;
Now why did he want to do that, do you spose ??

His tail it was green, and his toes they were red,
And he hadn't much *hair* on the top of his head,
But only some queer little prickles, instead.

If he wanted to travel from bottom to top
Of the tree, by his queer little tail he would hop,
And he went up so fast that he hardly could stop.

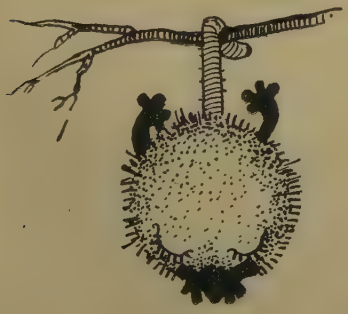
And one of his habits that *I* think was queer —
And I know you'll agree when you hear it, my dear,
Was the way that he ate only three times a year.

He had breakfast at Christmas — nobody knows why,
And luncheon at Easter (a big pumpkin pie)
And his supper he ate on the Fourth o' July !

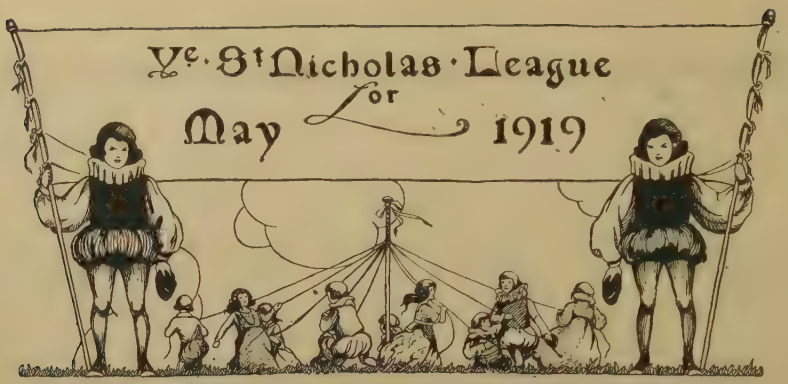
The rest of the time he was dozing, it seems,
And dreaming all kinds of delectable dreams
That were all about gumdrops & peppermint-creams.

A peaceable life, on the whole, had he,
The queer little Critter that lived in a tree —
And he must be there still — for

where
else
could
he
be ?



EDITH — BALLINGER — PRICE



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY MARY M. WATTS, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

We are indebted to one of our clever young prose-writers, this month, for a contribution that makes as fitting and eloquent an Introduction for the League pages as could be desired. Here it is:

A WONDERFUL TIME

BY GERTRUDE HERRICK (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

I think almost every one will agree with me that this is one of the most wonderful times in the world's history. The "wrong has failed, the right prevailed," and the duty which now faces us is to make the world over. Countries have been made over many times, but never the world.

It is our privilege to be living in a time like this. It is our privilege to have a share in the rebuilding of the world. Not a very large share, perhaps, but many small shares make a large one. It is a wonderful thing that the boys and girls of to-day can have a part in the great task which lies before the world. When we are old, it will be a happy memory to us to realize that our lives counted to make this earth a better place, and to remember that we lived in one of the most wonderful times in history.

A correspondent asks: "Which is higher in grade —the list (No. 1) of those 'whose work would have been used had space permitted', or that (No. 2) of those 'whose contributions were deserving of high praise'?" The "Special Mention" list (No. 1) outranks the "Roll of Honor" (No. 2). This will be more fully explained next month.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 231

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Ruth Nicoud** (age 17), Wisconsin; **Howard Wilson** (age 17), Illinois. Silver badges, **Miriam Mackay** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Dorothy Burnet** (age 13), New York; **Margaret H. Eckerson** (age 10), New Jersey; **Gertrude Herrick** (age 13), Illinois; **Louise Kelso** (age 15), Kansas.
VERSE. Gold badges, **Rietza Dine** (age 14), Ohio; **Katherine Smith** (age 14), Pa.; **Willie F. Linn** (age 15), Pa. Silver badges, **Mary H. White** (age 12), Pa.; **Rosamond Eddy** (age 16), Calif.
DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Edith H. Tarbell** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Vincent Jenkins** (age 14), Ohio. Silver badges, **Angela B. Brown** (age 16), W. Virginia; **Edward E. Murphy** (age 11), Indiana; **F. W. Bradley** (age 14), California; **Christine Fredericksen** (age 10), Minnesota.
PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Florence E. Finley** (age 16), Calif.; **Eleanor U. Hesseltine** (age 16), Mass. Silver badges, **Margaret M. Thatcher** (age 15), N. J.; **Helen M. Bachman** (age 13), Ill.; **Magda Merck** (age 13), N. J.; **Rufus Brown** (age 13), Pa.; **Thelma Myers** (age 11), Calif.; **James C. Perkins, Jr.,** (age 13), N. Y.; **Alexander Gmelin** (age 12), N. J.
PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Margaret C. Scoggin** (age 13), Missouri; **Nanette Kutner** (age 13), New York; **Hortense A. R. Doyle** (age 11), Missouri; **John Roedelheim** (age 10), Pennsylvania.
PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Joel J. Berrall,** (age 13), District of Columbia.

BY ELEANOR U. HESSELTINE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON AUGUST, 1918.)

BY ALEXANDER GMELIN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A WELCOME SIGHT"

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

THE distant purple landscape melts
Into a purple sky,
And bleak and bare the trees stand out,
Like shadows black and high.

The velvet dusk enfolds the world,
The tinted sunset fades,
The weary peasant homeward goes,
Among the evening shades.

He sees the lights gleam brightly out
From the darkness of the night,
His quickening footsteps now approach
The shining village light.

Where now is he—the peasant old?
Upon the battle-field—
Aye! He has drawn with steady hand
The sword that will not yield!

* * *

Again the peasant homeward turns
From fighting France's foes,
And by his side an empty sleeve
In the gentle night-wind blows.

He seeks the village all in vain,
No home-light meets his glance—
The *Boches* with rain of lead put out
The lights of home in France.

"A WELCOME SIGHT."
BY MAGDA MERCK, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

A WONDERFUL TIME

BY MIRIAM MACKAY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

IT was a beautiful day for walking, with cloudless sky and clear air. We started gaily up the winding path to Cedar Peak. The first part was bordered by shrubs, covered with sparkling dew. Soon we came to the denser forest. The ground was carpeted with pine-needles and the air was sweet and spicy. All the spring mountain flowers were in bloom, and we stopped often to pick them.

About noon we reached the summit. We gazed in awed silence at the grandeur of the view. After lunch I left the party and swung down an overgrown path, with a brook of clear, icy water running beside it. Dead logs covered with velvety green moss lay across it in some places. Sometimes it would tumble over a ledge of rock, gurgling and sparkling in the half shadow, half light, of the forest. Again it would be lost altogether, and all I could hear would be the soft murmur of it ahead, and then it would bubble out again into daylight. Hidden beside the stream were the ginger-blossoms, so weird, yet so beautiful. Each nook, each turn — everything was different, and yet, to the first glance, the same.

"A WELCOME SIGHT."
BY ANN SILVER, AGE 14.

I stopped in the pathway to rest. The wondrous change of twilight, felt so keenly in the mountains, was approaching. The cañon slowly turned purple as the sun set. A few downy clouds made a rosy bed for the setting sun. Far down the mountain the hermit-thrush called. Its wild, sweet note echoed and reëchoed through the stillness, and was answered from above by its mate. Then all was still. Not even a tree swayed. Just that wonderful stillness remained. Then—the day was ended, and night came with all its dark mystery.

A WONDERFUL TIME

BY LOUISE KELSO (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE sky was a clear blue, flecked with tiny white fleecy clouds. The crowds on Michigan Avenue gazed upward; and as a purring noise grew louder, a hush of expectancy enveloped the avenue. Some pigeons, which had been peacefully resting on the Art Institute, scattered before a huge man-made bird, which suddenly swooped down on them from out of the sky. At last, we beheld that for which we had all been patiently waiting; and as the skilled French aviator looped the loop and made spinning nose-dives, his 'plane reminded me of a small boat being tossed about on a sea of blue, while he was forever trying to right it. Finally, after a thrilling dive in which he almost touched the lamp-posts, this man of

"A WELCOME SIGHT." BY SEWALL EMERSON, AGE 14.

the air flew up and up to what seemed to be the very top of the heavens. And as I watched the fast disappearing spot in the sky, the pigeons, chattering about this queer bird, once more perched on the Art Institute, the masses on Michigan Avenue started on their never ending journey, and, as I lowered my head, I heard some one near me say, "He must have a wonderful time!"

"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY MARY LA VANCHA RUSSELL, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

BY KATHERINE SMITH (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October,* 1918)

So many lights are burning
In that far-off home of mine!
They sparkle, glitter, glisten, too,
And very brightly shine.

But those will burn for any one,
No matter who he be;
While these of which we now will speak
Are bright alone for me.

Sometimes with love and happiness
The dear lights seem to shine;
Again, they sparkle merrily,
Like diamonds so fine.

More often they are clear and blue;
Their depths seem fathomless.
At times they smile upon the earth
As though all men to bless.

And oh, alas! far, far, too oft,
The lights to me so dear
Are saddened, moistened, blurred, and dimmed
By many a gentle tear.

Of all the lights, o'er all the world,
Wherever I may roam,
The loveliest are Mother's eyes,—
Those true-blue lights of home!

A WONDERFUL TIME

BY HOWARD WILSON (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September,* 1918)

Supper was rather neglected that night—and no wonder, for Jack was home. For eighteen months he had been one of Uncle Sam's over-sea fighters.

When Jack finished eating,—the others paid very little attention to their food,—they all left the dining-table and sat down around the wide, open fireplace in the living-room. One by one their friends and neighbors came in and joined the circle, people who had known Jack since boyhood.

Jack was reticent at first. But gradually, in response to a multitude of questions, he began to tell of his experiences.

"After five months training on this side," he said, "I crossed the sea on the *Leviathan,* with eleven thousand other dough-boys.

"Our training in France was quickly completed, and our regiment was of those which stopped the German drive at Château-Thierry. I was wounded there—merely a piece of shrapnel in my arm which kept me in the hospital ten days."

On and on he talked of rest billets in French villages centuries old, and of the great kindness of the French people toward their American allies.

He told of battles, of attacks and counter-attacks, of thrilling duels in the air, of scouting in No Man's Land, and of heroic deeds of heroic men.

Blushingly, he explained why he himself wore the *Croix de Guerre,* and lived again the moment when the distinguished French general had pinned it to his coat.

Late that night, when all the others had gone, he and his mother sat before the embers of the great open fire. And as she, too, rose to go, she said, "You have had a wonderful time, my son."

"Yes," he answered, "it has all been wonderful; but the most wonderful bit of it all is getting back home again."

"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY CHRISTINE FREDERIKSEN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A WONDERFUL TIME

(*A True Story*)

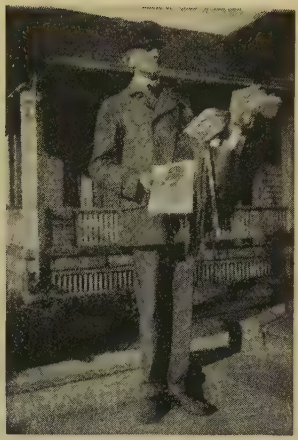
BY DOROTHY VIRGINIA KING (AGE 10)

First I will say that we live in the country on a ranch. Behind our house is a creek, which comes from the mountains. It is quite wide, but it never has much water in it.

BY THELMA MYERS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

BY ELIZABETH M. GEORGE, AGE 14.

BY MARGARET KELSEY, AGE 14.



BY HELEN M. BACHMAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

BY RUFUS BROWN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

BY FLORENCE E. FINLEY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1919.)

"A WELCOME SIGHT"

On the day of which I am speaking my friends and myself were building a dam across this creek. We were so absorbed in our work that we did not hear a large animal glide up behind us. All of a sudden my brother Tommy cried, "Look!" We turned our heads, and before us was a large animal of a tawny yellow color. Greatly frightened, we ran up to our house.

That night at about eight o'clock the dogs began to bark very queerly. There was also a howl which we had never heard before. We were almost sure that this was the animal we had seen in the morning. After a while the howling ceased.

The next morning one of the neighbors said that he had shot a mountain-lion in the creek. Greatly excited, we ran over to see the animal. As we had expected, it was the same we had seen only the day before.

Was n't that a wonderful time?

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

BY RIETZA DINE (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April,* 1918)

The old salt said with a shake of his head:
"I have sailed the ocean long,
I 've roamed the sea from Sicily
To the wharves of old Hong-Kong.
There 's been many a fight where I 've used my good right!
Aye! 'Gainst pirate and Boxer and 'Mex.'
I have stood by my sail through a seven-day gale,
And never left the decks.

"The streets of Japan and of 'Old San Fran,'
I knew, as the hunter his trail;
I could keep a log in the thickest fog,
And my course by the pole-star's tail.
The tossin' sea is the place for me,
I love the wild sea foam;
But the greatest thrill comes when, 'Yonder Bill,
Are the lights in the port of home!'"

A WONDERFUL TIME

BY HELEN EVANS (AGE 12)

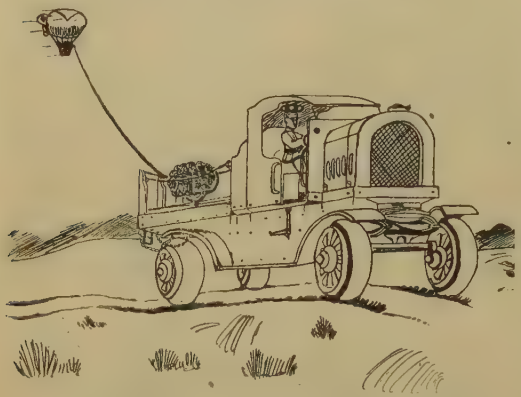
On November 12, the day after the signing of the Armistice, some of my friends and I went up to London, to a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's.

We could not get in; there were far too many people; some had been waiting for hours. There was a great crowd, but we stayed. After some time the lord mayor came in his carriage, and went into the cathedral. Then the king came, and everybody cheered. He went into the cathedral, too.

After three-quarters of an hour, he came out again

and drove right in front of us! The queen and Princess Mary were with him. In the afternoon we walked down the Mall, and saw German guns which had been captured.

When I got home that night I thought that it was the most wonderful time I had ever had.



"PULL." BY EDWARD E. MURPHY, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

A WONDERFUL TIME

BY MARGARET ECKERSON (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

JEANNETTE was a little French girl. She lived with her grandmother and grandfather, as her mother had died when she was a baby and her father was a soldier of France.

One morning early she got out of bed to feed the cow. After she had fed the cow she started home to help her grandmother get the dishes washed. After she had walked half-way home she saw a pigeon with a broken wing. She picked the pigeon up, and

"A WELCOME SIGHT." BY CORLIES EARNSHAW, AGE 13.

"A WELCOME SIGHT." BY LOUISE FREIBERG, AGE 14.

saw it had a note tied to its foot. She took off the note and tried to read it. It was not written in French and it was not written in English, she saw. (She could read a little English.) "It must be written in German," she said. "I will ask Grandpère if I can take it to the American camp."

When she asked Grandpère he said, "Of course, my little Jeannette, take it to the American camp."

Jeannette started. It was a long walk, but she kept on bravely.

At last, after five miles of walking, Jeannette reached the camp. Then— "Halt! Who goes there?"

Jeannette was startled, but answered: "I found this pigeon with a broken wing, and it has a note on its foot, written in German. See," and she gave the pigeon to the sentry.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the soldier, after he had read the note, "I 'm glad I took German in school"; then, to Jeannette, "It is a description of the camp, and it tells the Germans to bomb General H——'s headquarters."

"Can I take the pigeon home with me?" asked Jeannette.

"Yes," answered the American, "and come back Saturday. General H—— will want to see you."

It was a wonderful time for Jeannette when she was decorated by an American general.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

BY ROSAMOND EDDY (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE lights of home! How bright they shine!
I see them glowing—yours and mine!
Short months ago, how far they seemed!
Dim rays of love, that scarcely gleamed;
But now, to-day,—the armistice signed,—
They 're brighter, clearer, well defined.
Short months ago the lights of home
In letters came, across the foam;
And in the weary weeks between,
In maddened war, and horror's scene,
The lights would fade,—they were so far,—
And misery's shade their rays would bar.

But now the lights are shining out,
With splendid glowing, all about!
For in a week, across the sea,
A ship will fast be bearing me,
Right onward toward those shining lights,
Through weary days and endless nights,
Until at last I reach the shore,
The land I left so long before!
Blest be the ship that carries me!
Blest be the shining lights I 'll see!
In foreign lands no more I 'll roam—
I 'll see the lights, the lights of home!

A WONDERFUL TIME

BY RUTH NICOUD (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April,* 1919)

JACQUES was one of the million French patriots who, in 1914, left his home and loved ones, at the call of his country. But unlike so many of his companions, he had been very fortunate, and after four years of warfare, although he had been wounded several times, he was still able to fight in the trenches. His life had been spared, but sorrow had come into it. When he went away on that August afternoon, he left his wife and two dear little children, Jules and Marie, behind in Rheims. His wife had been killed during the bombardment, and for many months Jacques was torn with anguish over the possible fate of his children.

He received his last wound at the Second Battle of the Marne, and while in a large base hospital in Paris, he learned that little Jules and Marie were safe, under protection of the American Red Cross.

When he had recovered, he went back to the front, happy with the thought that, if he did not return again, his dear children would be taken care of.

"A WELCOME SIGHT." BY MARGARET MORGAN THATCHER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

The eleventh of November, 1918, found Jacques in the front-line trenches. The command was given to cease firing at eleven o'clock. Just as the captain shouted, "Cease firing!" Jacques fired his last shot and stepped down from the firing-step. The war was ended. The Allied armies had triumphed and France had her revenge!

Words cannot picture the joyful reunion of Jacques and his children at the Red Cross Refugee House in Paris. Surely that was a wonderful time!

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

BY MARY HARRIET WHITE (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

The sun is sinking in the West,
The sea is touched with gold,
The sea-gulls wing their way to rest,
And shadows all the sea enfold.

But still a ship comes sailing on,
A ship that brings our boys,
All crowded on the deck to be
The first to see home and its joys.

The sea is dark, but there they stand,
And many times they cheer,
For there, upon our big, free land,
The lights of home appear!

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

BY WILLIE FAY LINN (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May,* 1918)

When the twilight shadows fall,
And the birdlings go to rest,
When the sunbeams, one and all,
Fade into the rosy west,
When in brightness ends the day,
Then the travelers cease to roam,
And they haste along the way,
Guided by the lights of home.

Oh, what joys are waiting there,
Just inside the open door!—
Smiling faces, bright and fair,
Eyes with laughter brimming o'er,
Voices gentle, soft, and clear
Greet the wanderers when they come;
Every heart is filled with cheer
By those friendly lights of home.

Grief and sorrow now are gone,
Vanishes each care and pain,
For love rules, and love alone
Here forever will remain.
All may wander far and wide,
Through the whole long day may roam,
Yet they turn at eventide
Toward the welcome lights of home.

A WONDERFUL TIME—TOLD IN 1980

BY DOROTHY R. BURNETT (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

"Grandma," said Eunice, "please tell us about the most wonderful time you ever had."

"Yes, Grandma, *do!*" begged the twins.

"The most wonderful time of my life?" began Grandma, settling herself more comfortably in her easy-chair by the open fire. "Well, it was my thirteenth birthday, a date you all know very well, November 11, 1918. That had been a momentous year, and an anxious one besides for many. At that time my small brother Paul and I were living with our grandmother.

"To come back to the wonderful day—about four o'clock in the morning we were awakened by whistles, shrieking the glad tidings. Grandmother would not allow us to go on the streets until half-past seven, but when we got out, we made the most

"PULL." BY EDITH H. TARBELL, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1918.)

of our chance. Paul had his old drum, and I one of his tin horns, and we paraded around making as much noise as possible. Every one was doing likewise. Tin cans were fastened on behind automobiles, whose occupants blew horns, rang bells, beat pails, kettles, wash-tubs, or anything that would produce noise. Impromptu parades were formed all the time, led by any one with a large flag or especially vociferous horn. But now comes the most exciting part. Paul said to me, "My, but they 're making an awful fuss over your birthday, Sis!"

"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY VINCENT JENKINS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON SEPT., 1918.)

"A man heard him and inquired if this was really my birthday. I admitted it was; whereupon he immediately loudly proclaimed the fact. Two men carried me on their shoulders through the streets at the head of a new parade. My, but was n't I proud?" she concluded.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

BY JANET HASTINGS EASTWOOD (AGE 14)

When sitting in the dugout,
So cold and dark and small,
These glorious sons of England,
Who 'll fight until they fall,
Each one forgets his hardships,
As his thoughts begin to roam,
And through the cheerless darkness
He sees the lights of home.

When foremost in the battle,
Amid the toil and strife,
Though willing to be wounded
And e'en to lose his life—
His heart is ever yearning,
As in the fiery dome
And through the blinding gun-smoke
He sees the lights of home.

When going back to "Blighty,"
That country ever dear,
His heart is all rejoicing
As, coming still more near,
He sees the shores of England,
And o'er the dashing foam
He sees them really, really,—
The twinkling lights of home!

"A WELCOME SIGHT." BY JAMES C. PERKINS, JR. AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

BY MARTHEDITH FURNAS (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

The khaki ranks marched off to war;
The threatening clouds above
Hung dark; but bravely shone behind
The little lights of love.

The dauntless ones at home took up
The many things to do,
And set a candle in their hearts—
And in their windows, too.

And through the ever passing days
And many a starless night,
Their cheery flame was sun and stars,
Undimmed and clear and bright.

And now from every casement shines
The love that glows inside,
And to each home-returning son,
The door swings open wide!

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

VERSE

Esther H. Stocks
Eleanor Slater
Catherine Parmenter
Lydia Parker
Janet Scott
Lily Simon
Dorothy E. Reynolds
M. Guiterman
Jack Steiss

PROSE

Janet M. Symonds
Lavina Skeer
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Marie L. Hornsky
Dorothy Van A. Fuller
Evelyn L. Everitt
Duane Squires
Helen R. Henshaw
Rachel L. Carson
Mark W. Eckels
Emily Loree
Alice E. Lichtenstein
Dorothy Hatcher
Marian Elder
Francis Grubbs
Isabelle Moniz
Dorothy Applegate
Isabel McKay
Evelyn Voge

DRAWINGS

Fannie I. Helmuth
Helen Dukes
Margaret M. Mitchell
Marjorie Peterson
Eunice Jackson
Mary C. Johnson, Jr.
Japhia Pitcher
Rose Milstein
Doris Engel
F. Bosley Crowther, Jr.
Rosamond Lane
Eleanore M. Chamberlain

PHOTOGRAPHS

Helen Hamlin
Cecilia Machado
Natalie Gurggraf
Ruth M. Buell
Lolita Stubblefield
Sylvia Farrar
Mary G. Kahler
Eloise White
Violet Boynton
Ann Stratton
Katherine B. Hyde
Richard C. Zeilinger
Ruth E. Saunders
Katharine E. Field
Katherine Everett
Esther C. Bliss
McMillan Lewis
Margaret Miracle
Anita C. Peck
Eleanor Tilton
James Coykendall

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Sinclair Harrison
Margaret Peck
Florence Brewer
Lily Goodman
Hugh L. Willson
Audrey Legg
Benjamin B. Eastman
Jane B. Bradley
Ruth H. Thorp
Meyer Lisbanoff
Fannie A. Sanger
Daphine F. Rooke

Hazel Laurence
Eleanor L. Winslow
Elizabeth Bettman
Alice C. Strawser
Clifford J. Rentley, Jr.
Sarah Shiras
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Jean Eckels
Jess Bridgwater
Corinna Laxton
Mary A. Hurd
Dorothy N. Ellis
Charles Bartlett
Genevieve Richardson
Marian McLaren
Clara B. McKee
Miriam B. Greene
Lillian Roth
Vera Shapro
Opal Jackson
Naomi D. Furnas
Lorene Shields
Helen Ranney
Jean F. Grant
Mary L. Sailer, Jr.
Rebecca T. Farnham
Mary J. Brown

Idella Purnell
Evelyn Heidenrich

DRAWINGS

John A. Ennis
Alice Sniffen

Vera Wilson
Virginia I. Tilson
Arthur W. Baker
Anna H. Nichols
Winifred Matthews
Sarah L. Meigs

"PULL." BY ANGELA B. BROWN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Evelyn H. Bulmer
R. Beatrice Richardson

Lincoln F. Robinson
Gwynne Dresser
Marie Schulderman
J. Asher
Mary E. Crouch
Barbara Schieffelin
Virginia L. Bennett
Alan Pickens
Grace M. Kolby
Boyd Lewis
Duffield Smith

"PULL." BY CHAUNCEY D. STILLMAN, AGE 11.

"PULL." BY KATE E. HARBECK, AGE 14.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Nannie B. Crow
Merritt H. Judd
Sylvia L. Dow
Lyman S. Hayes
Helen B. Kent
Mildred Donaldson
Leonore W. Gidding
Beulah Phillips
Elizabeth D. Bunting

VERSE

Kathryn A. Lyon
Margaret Harvey
Marian L. Hopkins
Dorothy L. Eckard
Elizabeth E. Warner
Charlotte M. Reynolds
Dorothy W. Brackett
Anne R. Wright
Clara W. Ham
Katherine Winship
Gladys A. Danker
Kathleen Morehouse
A. H. Caldwell, Jr.
Jane E. Hopkins
Constance Poinier
Elizabeth Drayton
Grace E. Diffendeiffer
Mary S. Benson
John H. Roberts, Jr.
Elizabeth Muir
Mildred Preuitt
Marian E. Guptill
Elizabeth R. Beach
Marion Blatchford
Eva Curtis
Ruth Aileman
Janice Thompson
Betty Upham
Gwendolyn Roberts

Elizabeth Southard
Elizabeth C. Homberger
David Heimlich
Alex Nesbitt
Claire Richardson

"PULL." BY F. W. BRADLEY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Dorothy P. Deahy
Isabel Stuart
Marjorie L. Coombs

Phyllis A. Whitney
Helen Berolzheimer

Martha S. Long
Hugo Stix
Alice Newman
Mary Adden
Elizabeth Babtiste
Muriel B. Prichard
John Young
Francis M. Palmer
Ellen Hallowell
Theodora Machado
Dora E. Chambers

Elinor Miracle
Laura Frazier
Angela Machado
Lowell Quinn
Ralph M. Wilby
Adrienne Mann
Margaret Olmsted
Betty Swett
Margaret Reed

PUZZLES

Helen deG. McLellan
Jean Godwin

Louis Kronenberger, Jr.
Elizabeth Masterson
Mona Morgan
Dorothy Wells
Bessie H. Simpson
Anne C. Terwilliger
William Smith
Catherine Sweeney
Marion Gilday
Louise P. Blodget

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 235

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Competition No. 235 will close **May 24.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **September.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Drifting."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "What I Do with My Bicycle" or "A Good Time with a Bicycle."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "In the Sunshine."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Seen in a Walk," or "A Heading for **September.**"

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing — that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

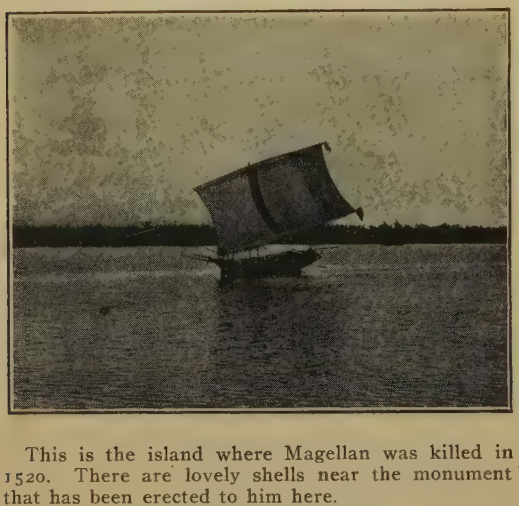
Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

MACTAN ISLAND, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You don't know how much we enjoy your magazine, especially the stories of "The Adventures of Piang, the Moro Jungle Boy." We do not live very far from the Island of Mindanao.

My father knows the real Dato Piang. We think the dato may come to this island some day. If he does, I will try and get a picture of him and send it to you. I am sending you a photograph of a Moro sail-boat which often passes our house.



This is the island where Magellan was killed in 1520. There are lovely shells near the monument that has been erected to him here.

There are very few Americans here, but I never get lonesome when I am reading you.

We live near the cocoanut-oil factory. It turns out one hundred tons of oil a day. The native houses are made of nipa-palm leaves and bamboo. They look like big baskets with long, nipa hair.

Your loving reader,

MARY LUITA SHERMAN (age 10).

STRASBURG, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Imagine my surprise the other day when, looking over some old ST. NICHOLASES, I found in the September, 1918, number a story which I had overlooked called, "The Tiger at the Ford." I started at once to read it, and before long came across the familiar phrase, "the people from Sandy Hook." This is the name by which the people from across the river are known to the people of Strasburg.

I was anxious to see if anything else familiar would appear. My hopes were soon rewarded by the sentence, "the boys in the swimming-hole two hundred yards above"; this made the story stranger still, as the "old swimming-hole" of Strasburg is just about that distance above the iron bridge that spans the old ford! Then, too, the "deep water back of Harris's," might easily be the "Blue Hole," just three miles above the bridge.

Then, farther on, lo and behold! I read, "The next morning the Shenandoah, loved of all lovers of clear streams, came down as thick and yellow as some land-locked pond." The Shenandoah! It is the very river where we go skating in the winter and bathing in the summer! I jumped up and took my ST. NICHOLAS to Daddy, who said that it *did* look rather suspicious and suggested that I look and see whom it was written by. Why had n't I thought of that before! I looked and found that it was William Hervey Woods, a friend of my father's, who visits Strasburg every summer so that *he* may enjoy the fishing in the "old Shenandoah."

It is true also about the fish jumping or leaping into a boat, as I had that experience last summer when we happened to brush against the reeds on the bank as we passed. Several of the fish were small, but there was one large one that got into our boat by mistake. As we were not out fishing, we put the fish back into the water to enjoy the solitude of the reeds once more.

Wishing ST. NICHOLAS many, many years of success, and as many admiring readers.

Your *most* loving and interested reader,

ELLEN CLARKE CRAWFORD (age 14)

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that other subscribers of ST. NICHOLAS might be interested in hearing about the life of the Arizona hooded oriole. This is all from my own observation.

The Arizona hooded oriole is the prettiest and most common of the Western orioles. It builds its nest entirely of the fiber of the palm. To protect it from rain, the bird attaches it to the underside of a palm-leaf by weaving the palm fiber through the leaf, thus sewing it on. When building the nest they leave a long tail of fibers hanging down, but when the baby-birds are hatched, they weave in this fiber so the nest cannot be seen.

When the young birds leave the nest they are not able to feed themselves. You can see large baby-birds, bigger than their parents, sitting in a tree calling for their mother to feed them.

These birds feed principally on insects.

Sincerely yours,

WM. D. COX.

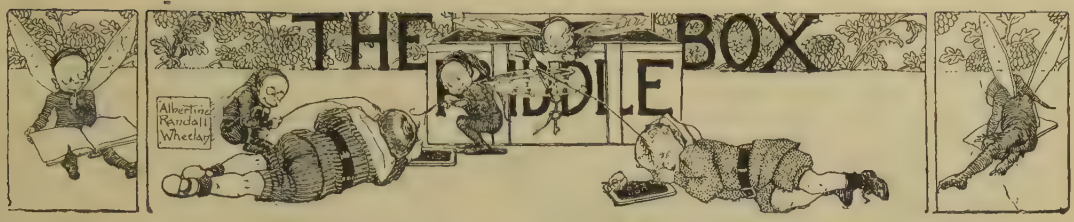
WE gladly give place in our LETTER-BOX to these clever verses written by a youthful poet, Katharine Strong, in aid of the Victory Loan:

THEY did n't go for fun—
They were "bound to get the Hun!"
And they went to do their best
For Uncle Sam.

And when they were in the fight
We thought of them, all right,
For we knew they 'd do their best
For Uncle Sam.

While his losses have been great,
We must still not hesitate
To lend a helping hand
To Uncle Sam.

For our boys who won the war
We must work as ne'er before—
And buy all the bonds there are
For Uncle Sam!



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Upas. 2. Port. 3. Army. 4. Styx.

A LITERARY PUZZLE. Cross-words: 1. Oregon. 2. Lively. 3. Dublin. 4. Inhive. 5. Ratter. 6. Orders. 7. Naught. 8. Salmon. 9. Ideals. 10. Dreams. 11. Emblem. 12. Schism. Initials, "Old Ironsides;" fifth row, Oliver Holmes. From 1 to 9, Cambridge; 10 to 15, "My Aunt;" 16 to 26, "Elsie Venner;" 27 to 33, Harvard; 34 to 42, Dartmouth; 43 to 49, Emerson.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Veni, vidi, vici. (Julius Cæsar.) Cross-words: 1. Vacant. 2. Eighty. 3. Nettle. 4. Invoke. 5. Velvet. 6. Impart. 7. Dollar. 8. Ignite. 9. Violin. 10. Intend. 11. Carrot. 12. Invent.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." King Henry IV., Part II., Act 3, Scene 1.

DIAGONAL. Nell Trent. Cross-words: 1. Animation. 2. Surpassed. 3. Curtailed. 4. Dwindling. 5. Foretells. 6. Haircloth. 7. Frescoing. 8. Insinuate. 9. Tradition.

TRIANGLE. 1. Pages. 2. Aged. 3. Get. 4. Ed. 5. S.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Yarn, darn, dark, lark, lack, lock, sock. 2. Sofa, soft, loft, lost, lust, dust, dusk, desk. 3. Bush, mush, must, mist, mint, mine, vine. 4. Wild, wold, told, toll, tall, tale, tame. 5. Arm, aim, dim, dig, pig, peg, leg.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Initials, Wallace; third row, "Lurline." Cross-words: 1. Walk. 2. Abut. 3. Lord. 4. Loll. 5. Acid. 6. Cane. 7. Ever. H. Initials, armadillo; finals, y. Cross-words: 1. Allay. 2. Ready. 3. Molly. 4. Abbey. 5. Daisy. 6. Inlay. 7. Lobby. 8. Leafy. 9. Oddly.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. N. 2. Cab. 3. Nabob. 4. Bog. 5. B. II. 1. B. 2. Era. 3. Bruce. 4. Act. 5. E.

MILITARY KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Foch, 6—11—5—12. Pershing, 17—18—23—22—16—10—4—3. Haig, 9—2—8—1. Diaz, 7—13—14—19. Joffre, 25—26—27—20—15—21. Allenby, 28—35—29—24—30—36—41. Bullard, 40—47—42—48—53—54—60. Liggett, 59—52—46—39—34—33—38. Byng, 32—31—37—43. Rawlinson, 50—57—58—51—45—44—49—56—55.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddlebox, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were duly received from Joe Berrall—Barbara Beardsley—Helen H. McIver—"Allil and Adi."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were duly received from Finette Kelty, 9—Edith Haldenstein, 9—Florence S. Carter, 9—Dorothy Bothwell Kohlmetz, 9—Peter T. Byrne, 9—John M. Pope, 9—Alice Poulin, 8—Helen A. Moulton, 7—Gwenfread Allen, 7—Mary Ball Copeland, 7—Grace Gladwin, 6—Elizabeth Kirkwood, 4—Kenneth H. McIsaac, 4—S. Anna's Girls, 3—Miriam J. Stewart, 3—Elizabeth Holman, 2—Julian Phelps, 2—K. McGunnigle, 2. One answer, M. Osborne—M. S. Chalfant—F. E. Duncan—E. Cadle—M. Pitty—P. Babcock—R. Willison—H. Howard—M. E. Johnson—B. Meteler—F. Marx—D. Borncamp—J. Davis—R. Rosenbaum—A. Barnard—D. C. Van Buskirk—S. Sayre—T. Rew—C. B. Hussey—M. G. Grier—C. Brenner—A. M. Todd—S. Shuas—L. Wessel—J. F. Nelson, 3d—A. Leutert—N. Alling. Delayed January answers: W. D. Frazier, 10—Molly Simpson, 10—Lillian M. Hillis, 7—Dorothy L. Newman, 1—Betty Hutchinson, 1.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My fifth is in Wisconsin, but not in California;
My fourth is in California, but not in New Mexico;
My third is in New Mexico, but not in Minnesota;
My second is in Minnesota, but not in South Carolina;
My first is in South Carolina, but not in Wisconsin.
My whole is one of the United States.

HELEN ARDREY (age 13), *League Member.*

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

(*Silver Badge,* ST. NICHOLAS League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and triply curtail an ancient engine of war, and leave to strike gently. *Answer:* Ca-tap-ult.

1. Doubly behead and triply curtail a representative, and leave a part of the body.

2. Doubly behead and triply curtail any little flower, and leave to be obliged to pay.

3. Doubly behead and triply curtail not according to system, and leave a conjunction.

4. Doubly behead and triply curtail attractive, and leave to stop the mouth of.

5. Doubly behead and triply curtail exact, and leave part of a fish.

6. Doubly behead and triply curtail a machine used to convey persons or things from one floor to another, and leave a feminine name.

7. Doubly behead and triply curtail putting off, and leave to arrange with regularity.

8. Doubly behead and triply curtail alone, and leave kindled.

9. Doubly behead and triply curtail scowling, and leave to possess.

10. Doubly behead and triply curtail requited, and leave conflict.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initials of the ten little three-letter words remaining will spell the surname of a famous American.

MARGARET C. SCOGGIN (Age 13).

DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge,* ST. NICHOLAS League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the surname of a man well known in the country which cherishes the memory of the famous man named by the diagonal from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Place. 2. The act of proving faithless or treacherous. 3. A pretty blue flower. 4. Not public or general. 5. To punish by hauling under the keel of a ship. 6. The act of creating. 7. Pathetic. 8. Whinnying.

JOHN ROEDELHEIM (age 10).

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG

ALL of the ten pictured objects may be described by words of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter) will spell the name of a place captured by Americans, in May, 1775.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS League Competition)

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a fine story, and the fourth row of letters will spell the name of its author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Attempts to find or obtain. 2. Pertaining to a bear. 3. To come forth from concealment. 4. A country of Europe. 5. To flog. 6. A kind of type. 7. The drink of the gods. 8. Duplicity. 9. One who lends money at a high rate of interest. 10. A dried grape. 11. Destroys utterly. 12. Away from one's country. 13. A baby's toy. 14. Pertaining to the teeth.

NANETTE KUTNER (age 13).

CHARADE

My *first*, a low and soothing sound;
My *last* will rouse to action;
The dullness of my *whole* may cause
Dissatisfaction.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the eighth word will make the first two letters of the first word. The eight words which form the answer contain from five to nine letters each.

1. A fruit. 2. An enemy nation. 3. A beast. 4. A great king. 5. One who prepares matter for publication. 6. One distinguished for eloquence. 7. Part of a theatre. 8. A cutting instrument.

DANIEL L. MORRIS (age 10), *League Member*.

TRANSPOSITIONS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Transpose govern, and make entice. Answer, rule, lure.

1. Transpose the young of certain animals, and make a circular plate. 2. Transpose an Alaskan cape, and make an augury. 3. Transpose an affected smile, and make a circle. 4. Transpose to fly aloft, and make certain things necessary to rowboats. 5. Transpose to eat according to rule, and make fastened. 6. Transpose network, and make the edges of handkerchiefs. 7. Transpose words meaning assent, and make words meaning assent. 8. Transpose a contest, and make anxiety. 9. Transpose to speak wildly, and make to assert. 10. Transpose a rough branch, and make small horses. 11. Transpose without hearing, and make to lose color. 12. Transpose falsehoods, and make a poetic word for island. 13. Transpose afternoon gatherings, and make consumes. 14. Transpose genuine, and make a king made famous by Shakespeare. 15. Transpose to peruse, and make beloved.

When these words have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initials of the new words formed will spell the name of a writer of to-day.

HORTENSE A. R. DOYLE (Age 11).

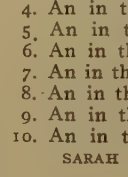
SOME STRANGE "INNS"

EXAMPLE: An "in" that provokes. Answer: Incense.

1. An in that cuts.
2. An in that is decrepit.
3. An in that is to overflow.
4. An in that is a preface.
5. An in that will expand with air.
6. An in that is a yearly allowance.
7. An in that is a young child.
8. An in that is needy.
9. An in that urges on.
10. An in that is sensible.

SARAH FERGUSON (age 12), *League Member*.

OBLIQUE PUZZLE

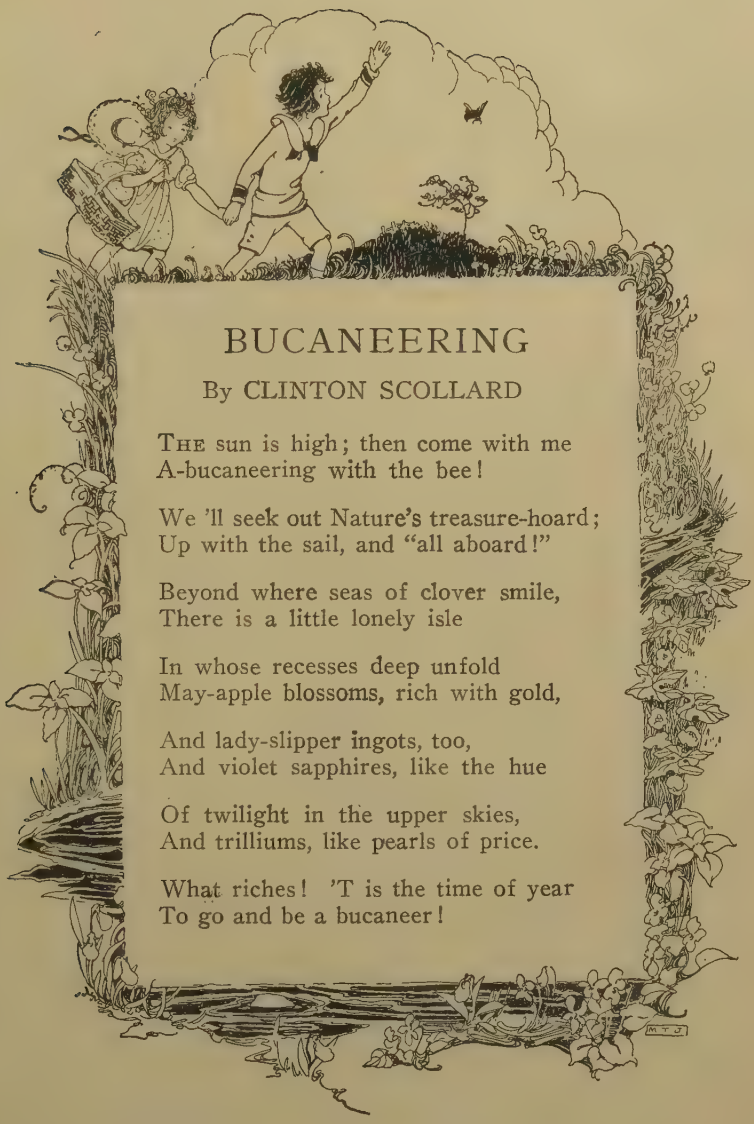


IN solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle has fifteen cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In imperishable. 2. A month. 3. The person to whom money is to be paid. 4. An ingredient of bread. 5. A short composition. 6. The astragalus. 7. The plant known as the Spanish Bayonet. 8. To frown. 9. To be ready for. 10. A lovely spring blossom. 11. A pig-like animal. 12. The juice of a common fruit. 13. Royal. 14. To knock. 15. In imperishable.

GWENFREAD ALLEN (age 14), *Honor Member*.

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK



BUCANEERING

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

The sun is high; then come with me
A-bucaneering with the bee!

We 'll seek out Nature's treasure-hoard;
Up with the sail, and "all aboard!"

Beyond where seas of clover smile,
There is a little lonely isle

In whose recesses deep unfold
May-apple blossoms, rich with gold,

And lady-slipper ingots, too,
And violet sapphires, like the hue

Of twilight in the upper skies,
And trilliums, like pearls of price.

What riches! 'T is the time of year
To go and be a bucaneer!

"YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE 'O-O-OHS!' OF AWE AND ADMIRATION!" (SEE PAGE 679.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI JUNE, 1919 No. 8

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YVETTE of the KIND HEART

By VIOLET MAXWELL.

YVETTE was a little girl who lived in a village in Normandy. She was not very beautiful to look at—her figure was long and gangling, and she had a round, freckled face, with a turned-up nose and two little twinkling green eyes and a wide mouth that was always grinning. But "Beauty is as Beauty does," and everybody loved Yvette, for she had a kind heart.

Yvette attended the village school, but alas! though she had never missed a day's attendance since she was six, and she was now thirteen going on fourteen, she had never got further in her tables than $4 \times 7 = 28$! The schoolmaster was in despair. Although he, too, loved Yvette for her kind heart, he realized that he would never make a scholar of her; so after much pondering, he went to Yvette's parents and laid the matter before them.

Yvette was clearly not cut out for book-learning! But even though not destined to be a scholar, there were several other careers which she might follow: she might become a dairymaid, and earn fame and fortune by the superiority of her cheeses; she might become a cook, and invent a new sauce; and again, she might become a farmer's wife, with round-faced children, and raise chickens and turkeys. All these careers were open to her, but one thing was clear—it was waste of time for Yvette to remain at school.

Yvette's good parents saw the truth of the schoolmaster's argument, and decided to apprentice their little daughter to a farmer.

Now, by far the wealthiest farmer in that part of the country was one "Farmer Fernagui," who owned the biggest cider-farm in all Normandy. He employed many lads and lasses in his dairies, in the kitchen, in the stables, and in the fields. Also, he made life easy for his farm-hands, gave them plenty of jollity and good things to eat, nor did he work them too hard.

To him came Yvette's parents, and asked him to employ their little daughter and see what he could make of her; and Farmer Fernagui, meeting the twinkle in her gray-green eyes, took her by the hand and introduced her to the dairy. Yvette was to become a dairy-maid. But alas! nothing fared well with her. I hate to write it of such a nice little girl, but, though terribly well-meaning, Yvette was both stupid and awkward. She 'd throw away the cream, pour in the skim-milk for butter; she 'd upset the milk-pan set out to cool; and many other awkward things she did, until the dairy-maids all clamored, "Nothing will prosper in the dairy until we get rid of Yvette!"

So Farmer Fernagui put her in the kitchen, and she became the scullery-maid. But Yvette fared no better in the kitchen than she had in the dairy. The dishes that she broke! and the mistakes she made—putting salt in the strawberry whip, and sugar in the soup! Small wonder that the cook threatened to leave unless she got a new scullery-maid.

Farmer Fernagui scratched his head. He hated to send Yvette back to her parents—it would be too unkind; but she 'd have to learn to do something well, and not waste her own and everybody else's time. And then he remembered something he had noticed, and that was—how all the animals about the farm loved the little girl with the round, good-humored face. She only had to call, and the hens would come running as if for food, the cows would turn around and moo in answer, the cat on the hearth-rug would begin to purr, and the dog would bark merrily and prance around. "The very thing!" cried Farmer Fernagui, "Yvette shall be my cowherd!"

"TO FARMER FERNAGUI CAME YVETTE'S PARENTS"

And a cowherd Yvette became.

Oh, that is a pleasant occupation in the long spring days, when the sun is warm and the fields are yellow with buttercups and little red strawberries hide in the long grass and the cows wander around and hunt for clover while the calves jump and gambol! Yvette loved it. She liked to lie on her back and look up at the clouds floating over her head, and think all sorts of lovely thoughts that she could never quite get hold of — perhaps because she was not bright at book-learning. Then she liked to pet the little calf that had broken its leg; and though it had been set and healed, it was stiff, and the little calf could not jump and run as well as the others could. That was Yvette all over; she loved every creature that was weak or silly or not very beautiful—and that was how she came to love the apple-tree so much.

The pasture lay on the south side of the orchard, and the branches of the apple-trees nearest the wall leaned over and made a cool shade for Yvette. But there was one little apple-tree that grew in the farthest corner of the orchard by the wall, and it was the most puny and miserable little apple-tree that you can imagine. It seemed amazing to find such a tree in Farmer Fernagui's beautiful orchard! And now, with all the other trees laden with rosy blossoms, this little apple-tree had only three! That was a scandal.

Well, Yvette, of course, conceived a great pity for the little no-'count tree; she felt it must be very unhappy—to have only three blossoms!—for an apple-tree it must be the most awful disgrace. So by way of giving the little tree a good opinion of itself, what does Yvette do but change her seat to the bit of wall near the stunted tree, where she was shaded from the hot sun only by the few straggly leaves that grew around the three apple-blossoms! But at least the little tree could imagine what beautiful shade it was giving, otherwise why should a human want to sit under its boughs?

Now I have fully explained to you what a lovely, happy place Fernagui Farm was. Everybody was happy there, and sang about their work and danced about their play—but

"SMALL WONDER THAT THE COOK THREATENED TO LEAVE"

no! Not everybody, for that brings me to the farmer's son.

Years ago, so the farm-hands said, he had been such a jolly, rollicking boy, always singing or whistling, so as to set all the birds about the place going in competition! Then one day he had set out for Paris—no farmer's life for him!—to earn fame and fortune. And after one short year he had come back; but he had left his laughter and his song behind him; with stony eyes he went about his business, and never spoke to any one. Oh, but it was sad to watch the farmer's son, and Yvette's heart ached for him, as her eyes fol-

lowed his bent young figure and his young, unhappy face. Perhaps the farmer's son felt the kindness of her heart and her loving thoughts for him, for, though he never spoke to her, he used often to come and lean against the wall of the orchard and look down at her sitting under the pitiful shade of the little

Well, the year Yvette came to the farm, the day of the apple harvest dawned clear and blue from a rosy horizon, as the boys and girls wended their way to the orchard.

"Allons!" cried Farmer Fernagui, in his hearty voice, "Choose your trees, *mes enfants.* Yvette shall have first choice!"

"SHE LOVED EVERY CREATURE THAT WAS WEAK OR SILLY"

apple-tree. Though he never smiled, his eyes looked a little less frozen when she started talking funny-talk to the calves, or romping with the kitten, who had left his warm place by the kitchen fire, where tid-bits were always coming to him, to play with Yvette in the sunshine.

One of the nice things about Fernagui Farm was the way they made a festival of everything connected with the farm work—such as the sowing of the wheat, the last day of the haying, the cheese-making, the harvesting of the grain, and, nicest of all, the apple harvest.

When the time came to pick the apples off the trees, early in the morning, after the cows had been milked, all the farm-hands would assemble in the orchard armed with baskets. Then each would choose a tree, amid much laughter and chaffing from the bluff farmer, for much hung on the choice, as the first basket of apples from the tree one chose became one's very own. After the long day was over, refreshments were brought into the orchard, and the girls and boys would eat under the trees, and later there would be dancing in the moonlight.

And all eyes turned to Yvette.

Now she had for long had her mind on a particularly beautiful tree, of which the branches, laden down with their burden of juicy red apples, touched the ground on every side; but just as she was going to point it out, her eyes fell on the stunted apple-tree, looking so forlorn and lonely, as if knowing that no one would choose her! Yvette stopped short, and then turned back and ran to the little tree.

"This is my choice!" she cried, with a broad grin. Oh, how the farm-hands laughed, and loudest of all laughed Farmer Fernagui.

"All right, my girl!" said he, "that is your tree. And not only shall you have the first basket off the tree, but you shall eat every apple off it!"

And they all laughed again.

Now some people like green apples, others don't; and Yvette was one of those who don't. However, at the last moment it would be too bad to hurt the apple-tree's feelings, so she broke off one of the hard green apples and took a big bite out of it. She turned away a minute, so the others should not see the wry

face she could not help making, then she turned back and laughed, so that every one should know how delicious it tasted. And then—

Well, you should have heard the "O-o-ohs!" of awe and admiration that echoed through the orchard!

For Yvette—in just that little minute when her face was turned away—had changed! She was the same, yet not the same. Tall and slender she stood before them; her gray-green eyes sparkled and shone like the sunlight playing on the ocean; her hair, loosened from the little knot at the back of her head, rippled down her shoulders, brown dappled with gold; her face was pink and white, like the apple-blossoms in spring; and her smile—that was the most wonderful thing about her! Yvette had become beautiful!

The farm-hands realized now that it was a fairy tree, and loud they cried in their excitement, "Eat the next one, Yvette—eat, eat!"

And Yvette took the second apple and bit into it. And something that had always been a little queer and hazy in her mind blew away, and she saw things so clear—so clear! And first of all she found she knew the multiplication table that always troubled her after $4 \times 7 = 28$; and she called out loud and plain, "Four times eight is thirty-two; four times nine is thirty-six, and right on, clear up to $19 \times 19 = 361$—a thing that very few people can do right out of their heads! Then she began to talk; and so clever were the things she said, that even Farmer Fernagui could not understand them all. Yvette had become wise.

"Eat the third one, Yvette—eat the third one!" shouted the farm-hands, thronging around her. "Eat the third one, and it will bring you what you want most."

And Yvette broke off the third apple, and was just going to bite into it, when her glance fell on the farmer's son, standing so solitary, so lonely, beside the gate of the orchard. And suddenly Yvette ran to him, and thrust the apple into his hand.

"Eat it," she said, "I want you to eat it!"

And the farmer's son was so surprised that before he knew what he was doing he had taken a large bite out of the apple, and—

But you should have seen the frozen look melt, and heard the loud, rollicking laugh he gave,—like a great boy tumbling out of school on the last day of the term! He seized hold of Yvette, and swung her into his arms.

"This is what I want most!" he cried, and kissed her before them all.

Then nobody could contain themselves any longer—they formed a large ring round the two, and shouted and sang at the top of their voices, so that the calves and cows stuck their solemn heads over the fence to see what in the world could be the matter.

"Long live Yvette! Long live the farmer's son! May they be happy for ever and ever after!"

And this is the end of the story. Yes, Yvette married the farmer's son, and lived happily for ever after, in the beautiful farm-house and in the flowery orchard, with calves and kittens and puppies and baby pigs and baby humans tumbling around her all day long.

It is true, some used to say under their breath, that had Yvette eaten the third apple, a king's son would have come for her, riding on a white charger, and he would have taken her to live in a palace for the rest of her days. But that would have meant leaving the dear land of France, for there are no kings or queens in France, as everybody knows—nor could she have had her baby pigs or her kittens or her calves or her lambs or her puppies, for these do not belong in palaces, and even baby humans are shut away in nurseries.

No—I think, and you will think, that Yvette chose just right!

THE BICYCLE THAT WON OUT

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater, "Crofton Chums," etc.

THE Parkville Bicycle Club came into being between four and five o'clock one early June afternoon, partly around the horseblock in front of Ernest Paskert's house and partly in the loft of Tod Manley's stable. The adjournment to the stable was made in order that the election of officers might take place without the assistance of Ernest's sister Helen, aged seven years. Helen was unable to climb the back fence, and the proceedings of the club were conducted to the accompaniment of the young lady's howls of grief and protest.

Tod, who was sixteen and the oldest,—being Ernest's senior by two months and nine days,—was made captain. This was only fair, since the idea had been his. Besides, he owned the finest bicycle of any, a Purple Comet. Ernest became secretary and treasurer, and Joe Sterry and Sumner Story were honored with lieutenancies. These youths, with Len Osterhaut, Jerry Myers, Jack Fallon, and Barry Norris, comprised the membership. It was decided to restrict the number to eight, for the time being. Barry Norris, to be exact, was not elected to full membership, because he did not have a wheel, and it was the concensus of opinion that every member of a bicycle club should possess a wheel. But as every one liked Barry, he was allowed to put his name down, with the understanding that he was to acquire a bicycle before becoming a member in good standing.

When the meeting had adjourned, Barry and Joe Sterry walked across town together. Barry was fourteen, a rather solidly built boy, with copper-colored hair and very blue eyes. Joe was fifteen, tall and slim and dark. On the way they discussed Barry's chances of buying, begging, or borrowing a bicycle. Joe said he guessed the other could get one somewhere, and Barry agreed cheerfully. Being cheerful was Barry's long suit. Boys with red hair and blue eyes always are cheerful. Nevertheless, when Joe had turned aside into Maple Street, Barry confessed to himself that the prospect of becoming an active member of the Parkville Bicycle Club was n't very bright. He had never owned a bicycle, although he had long since learned to ride those of his friends, and he knew very well that his father was n't in a position to buy him one, even a second-hand one. He had a matter of three dollars of his own, but three dollars would n't go far in the purchase of a bicycle. And yet he did want to belong to the club. He pushed his cap to the back of his head and perplexedly ran a hand through his coppery hair. But for once that aid to reflection failed of results, and he was very silent and absent-minded during supper and put the sugar on his cold meat instead of into his cocoa.

This was on Tuesday. Four days later Barry awoke, dressed, and slipped downstairs in the early morning, avoiding the two squeaky steps and letting himself out the back door with the stealth of an Indian on a scalping expedition. Outdoors, he kept to the edge of the grass, lest his shoes should crunch too loudly on the gravel and awake his parents. The pale rays of early sunlight did marvelous things with the varnished leaves of the old Beurre Bosc pear-tree at the corner of the woodshed, while somewhere amidst the shining foliage a song-sparrow fluted joyously.

"Guess he knows it 's Saturday, too," thought Barry as he pushed open the shed door.

It was cool inside and fragrant with the odor of sawdust and newly split kindling. There was a scarred and littered work-bench along one side. One could have found almost anything on that bench had he searched long enough: boxes of nails and screws and bolts and rivets, cans of half-dried paint and varnish, pieces of machinery, iron rods and springs, a discarded clock, a broken coffee-mill, a partly completed bird-box, bits of wood, shavings, iron filings and dust, and, crowning all, the rusted frame of a bicycle and one wheel.

A few minutes later the song-sparrow gave up trying to make himself heard above the din that came through the open door and flew along the side-yard to the big elm in front of the little white house. The June sun climbed higher, and the jewels that sparkled on the grass disappeared. Inside the shed a hack-saw rasped or a hammer tapped on metals. And so two hours fled, and a voice called from the kitchen doorway.

"Barry! Come to breakfast, dear!" And, several minutes later: "Barry! *Barry!* Come to breakfast at once! Your father's down, and—"

"Yes 'm, just as soon as I get this—"

"Not another minute! Now mind!"

"Oh, gee!" But Barry obeyed, for his

father did n't like to be kept waiting, and there were reasons why Barry preferred not to displease him just now!

"How long have you been up, son?" asked Mr. Norris, as Barry, furtively finishing the drying of his hands on his trousers, took his place at table.

"Half-past five, sir."

"Makes a difference what day it is, does n't it?" said his father, dryly. "Yesterday your mother had to pull you out of bed."

Barry smiled sheepishly and applied himself to his cereal.

"Don't eat so fast, dear," said his mother. "That bicycle won't run away."

"No 'm, it can't," mumbled the boy. "It 's only got one wheel."

He observed his father speculatively, but the hint went unnoticed. Instead, "And don't talk with your mouth full," said his father, sternly.

"I know where I can get a front wheel, Ma," Barry observed, when it was safe to speak. "Mr. Perkins has one, and he says I can have it for a dollar and a quarter. It 's a twenty-four inch, and the one I 've got is twenty-six, but I guess it would do."

"That 's very nice, dear. Are you ready for more coffee, John?"

"No more, thanks. I must be going. Got a full day ahead at the factory." Mr. Norris pushed back his chair and arose, and Barry sighed. Grown-ups are sometimes horribly dense!

When his father had gone, Barry gulped the last of his coffee, slipped a buttered muffin into his pocket against future needs, and hurriedly folded his napkin. Then:

"May I be excused, Ma?" he asked.

"When you have folded your napkin properly, Barry."

"AROUND TOWN BARRY'S WHEEL PERFORMED VERY CREDITABLY" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

He sighed as he shook the obnoxious thing out again and tried to make edges and creases agree.

"I want you to bring up some coal," said his mother. "And see that the wood-box is filled, too, dear. Have you sifted the ashes lately?"

"No 'm; but please can't I do it this evening? I 've just *got* to get that bicycle together. First thing I know, the summer 'll be all gone!"

"I should n't worry about that just yet," replied Mrs. Norris, smiling. "But don't forget the ashes again, dear."

A quarter of an hour later the sound of metal tapping on metal guided Joe Sterry to the woodshed. "Hello, Barry!" he greeted. "How 's The Junk-pile getting along?"

"Pretty well," answered Barry, pausing to wipe the perspiration from his brow. "Guess I 'll have it 'most done to-night."

Joe observed it dubiously. "Seems to me you need a lot of things yet," he said. "Jerry Myers says he knows a fellow over in Loganport who 's got a wheel he 'll sell cheap."

"What does he call cheap?" asked Barry.

"Maybe fifteen dollars."

"Huh! Well, I have n't got any fifteen dollars. Besides, if it was any good, he would n't sell it for that."

"You can't tell," responded Joe, clearing a space on the edge of the bench and seating himself. "And he might take less. Why don't you go over there this morning and see the fellow? How much money have you got, Barry? You said you had some, did n't you?"

"I have n't got fifteen dollars, anyway," replied Barry, evasively. "Nor ten. And I guess he would n't sell for less than ten."

"No, I guess not." After a minute, during which Barry's hack-saw sent shivers up and down the visitor's spine, Joe remarked: "Archie Loomis wants to join the club."

"How can he? Thought there was only going to be eight of us."

"Well, Tod seems to think you are n't coming in, Barry."

"I 'm in already! You tell Tod so, Joe. If Archie joins, some other fellow will have to get out. I 'm not going to. When are they going to have the first run?"

"A week from to-day. Do you really think you can make that thing go, Barry?"

"Like a streak! You wait and see. I can get a front wheel at Perkins's, where I got this. He gave me the frame, you know, and I paid him for the back wheel. And he said he guessed he might find me some other parts, like a chain and sprocket-wheel. He 's got a raft of old truck in that upstairs room of his. You know he used to be in the bicycle business before he started the garage. And I guess he 'll help me out if I get stuck putting it together. Say, hold this steady a minute, will you, while I get this bolt through? That 's the ticket! How 's that? Begins to look pretty good already, does n't it? When I get a coat of enamel on it you won't know it from a new one! Now I 'm going over to Perkins's and see about that wheel and sprocket. Want to come along?"

By the following Saturday Barry's three dollars had disappeared, but he had a bicycle. At least, that is what he called it, although Joe still referred to it as The Junk-pile, and the other fellows variously dubbed it The Noiseless Norris, The Pumpkin, and The Yellow Peril. The color allusions were due to the fact that Barry's funds had given out before the enameling stage had been reached, and he had been forced to fall back on some pumpkin-yellow paint saved from the time when Mr. Norris had done the kitchen walls over. (Mrs. Norris had never been really happy in her kitchen since.) But what the others called his bicycle did n't bother Barry a bit. He considered it a perfectly good machine. To be sure, the front wheel was smaller than the rear, giving the impression that the rider was in the act of taking a header over the handlebars, the pedals did n't match any better, the mud-guards were home-made, of roofer's tin, one grip was rosewood and the other electric tape, and something—Barry thought it was probably a broken ball-bearing—made a weird sort of grinding sound. And, of course, it lacked a coaster brake, to say nothing of a tool-bag, and the tires were not only mismated, but antique. But it would *go*, and that was enough for its proud owner. Barry's name for it was E Pluribus Unum, but he called it Plury for short. To scoffers he pointed out that some good automobiles were "assembled," and asked why an "assembled" bicycle should n't be just as satisfactory. Secretly, the scoffers thought him very clever, and Sumner Story tentatively considered trading his own Crimson Rambler for E Pluribus Unum.

Around town, that Saturday morning, Barry's wheel performed very creditably. It was n't awfully speedy, nor exactly smooth-running, and it was a trifle noisy, but at a little distance it was quite gorgeous and impressive. Not until the club had gone some four or five miles into the country along the Sandy River road did Plury show a weakness. Then the chain, a gift from Mr. Perkins,

broke, and the captain called a halt while repairs were made. After that Plury pedaled a little harder than ever; and when Long Tom Hill was surmounted, poor Barry was purple of face and devoid of breath. It took him ten minutes beside the road to recover. Joe stayed with him. They did not overtake the rest of the club that afternoon, and at five o'clock were toiling through mud and a violent thunderstorm two miles short of home. Getting wet always affected Joe's temper, and he said so many unkind things about Barry's bicycle that Barry very nearly became angry. The last mile, from the mill bridge to town, was done in silence,—or what would have been silence if the thunder had n't crashed and the rain hissed,—and the friends parted without much regret on either side.

Barry managed to buy a new chain the next week, and he paid fifteen cents, besides, to a tinsmith to have the front mud-guard resoldered. The latter repair made Plury a lot quieter, but brought to Barry the rueful conclusion that bicycling was a most expensive sport.

A week later the second run was held on a warm Saturday morning. They went out on the boulevard as far as the tool factory, and then turned northward on the Plympton road, reaching Spectacle Pond at noon. There, having brought food along, they built a fire on the big flat rock by the ice-house and had fried steak and underdone potatoes and charred toast, washing down the viands with ginger ale which was allowed to cool in the pond, but had n't—much. Afterward they explored, or sat under the willows and waited for the afternoon to cool before going on. Some of them went in swimming, and Len scraped most of the skin off one leg on a sunken log, and every one had a dandy time. Barry, who had propelled E Pluribus Unum fourteen miles, spent most of the time on his back, wondering what it would be like to ride such a bicycle as Tod's Purple Comet and ruefully reflecting that the return journey, by

"TREES AND FENCES AND ROCKS FLEW PAST LIKE THINGS IN A DREAM"
(SEE PAGE 685)

way of Plympton and Loganport, would be a good twenty-two miles long. Now and then he felt inquiringly of his back or kneaded the muscles of his legs.

Still, by the time they were ready to go on, Barry was feeling heaps better, and he rolled E Pluribus Unum into the road quite proudly and mounted with only a very subdued groan. At Plympton a pause was made for refreshment at a drug-store. Barry, perhaps unwisely, selected a luscious-looking concoction of ice-cream, crushed strawberries, and chopped walnuts. A mile later he wished he had n't, for his stomach was now almost as unhappy as his legs and back. He pedaled on in the rear of the procession, which was his accustomed place, and hid his sufferings from the occasional backward glances of Joe. But when they were half-way up the long, though gentle, ascent of Locust Ridge, endurance failed. The yellow bicycle, which had been going slower and slower, wobbled erratically for an instant and subsided in a clump of bushes. Needless to say, Barry subsided also.

When, after a moment of delicious languor, he thrust the branches aside and looked out, the rest of the Parkville Bicycle Club had disappeared over the brow of the hill, and only a faint haze of dust remained. Philosophically, Barry settled himself comfortably to the task of recuperating. Gradually the crampy feeling inside him passed, and after a quarter of an hour or so he brushed a grasshopper from his neck and sat up. As he did so, a hum that grew rapidly into a throbbing fell on his ear. Up the long hill a blue-gray automobile was charging. Barry knew that car, just as every other boy in Parkville knew it. It was Mr. Stanwood's 90-horse-power Rainsford, a marvelous roadster, with a high hood, two bucket seats, steel wheels, and a long, sloping stern. When Barry dreamed dreams he saw himself at the wheel of that car. It was not, of course, old Mr. Stanwood who owned it, but Mr. George Warren Stanwood, the junior partner of the Stanwood Tool Company, in whose office Barry's father was employed, and it was Mr. George Warren Stanwood who, lolling nonchalantly back in the car, quite alone, presently flashed past Barry's admiring eyes. There was a roar, a bluish streak, and a cloud of dust, and Barry was alone again.

"Gee!" he muttered with awe. "He must have been going fifty miles an hour! And right uphill, too!" He listened. A faint throbbing came to him and then ceased abruptly. "Guess he 's home now!" Barry chuckled.

With a sigh at the thought, he picked himself up and, rescuing Plury, pushed it to the brow of the hill. From there, bearing to the right until lost to view, the hard, firm road descended in a long slope that promised three miles or more of easy journey. Barry mounted and set off. With a good brake, he might have coasted all the way to the edge of Loganport; but as it was, he had to keep his feet on the pedals and not let the pumpkin-yellow contrivance get away from him. He whistled gaily as he began the descent and was still whistling when, half a mile below, his wandering gaze fell on the blue-gray car. Then the whistling stopped in the middle of a note, Barry's heart turned over sickeningly, and he nearly fell from his wheel. A hundred yards away, beside the road, the gorgeous car lay upside down! Straight through the frail fence it had plunged and down the steep bank until a great maple-tree had stopped it. The road was torn and gashed, and splintered wood and broken glass were all about.

Barry never remembered how he reached the overturned car. Nor will he ever forget the awful feeling he had when he caught sight of two brown-trousered legs protruding from beneath it! For a moment he was too dazed and panic-stricken to think, and in that moment a voice came from beneath the car.

"Hello!" it said quite calmly. "Any one there?"

"Y-yes!" stammered Barry, in vast relief. "Are you killed?"

"Don't think so, thanks; but I 'm pinned down under here pretty effectively. One of my rear tires burst, and—" There was a groan, and then, "No use," said Mr. Stanwood. "I 'm fast. I say, are you alone?"

"Yes, sir. Do you think that if I pulled—"

"Not a chance. Something 's sitting across my back. Would you mind going on to Loganport and sending some one out here to lift this thing off me? Better go to Browning's Garage, I guess. They 'll have jacks there. Who are you, by the way? Are you in a car?

"I 'm Barry Norris, Mr. Stanwood, and I 'm on a bicycle."

"Oh, John Norris's boy? Well, you might get busy with that bicycle, if you don't mind. I fancy I 'm all right so far, barring a rib or two, but I have a hunch that this pesky thing is settling. You might ask them to hustle along, eh?"

"I 'll go as fast as I can, sir! Is n't there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks. I 'm fairly comfortable—considering where I am! Loganport's about three miles, Norris. You might—er—see what sort of a record you can make!"

Barry scrambled back to the road, mounted, and was off. How he wished then for Tod's Purple Comet! But there was no thought now strove not to think of the speed of his flight. He was frightened; there was no question about that; but with the fear, there was a fine sense of exhilaration. His hands ached from clutching the grips, and his heart hammered like mad, and yet he would not have been anywhere else could he have had his choice!

"BETWEEN THEM WAS A BRILLIANT, GLITTERING 'PURPLE COMET' BICYCLE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

of holding Plury back. He pedaled hard for a minute and then swung his feet clear. The grade did the rest. Barry silently prayed that the bicycle would hold together and that the old worn tires would stand the test. Faster and faster sped the wheel. Trees and fences and rocks flew past like things in a dream. The brown road rushed to meet him and vanished behind. He was around the curve now, and some two miles below, Loganport nestled in the valley—houses and factories, green trees and tall chimneys, seen dimly through watering eyes. The wind whistled past, and Barry E Pluribus Unum was running away and knew it and seemed to glory in it. Bouncing, grinding, tearing, the yellow wheel fairly shot down the long hill, the pedals revolving so fast that they could n't be seen, and Barry wondered if they had not flown off like his cap!

Suddenly a new sound entered into the medley, a harsh, grating sound, and Barry's heart sank. One of the tires had gone! But there was no help for it. He could n't have stopped had he tried, save by dashing the bicycle into the bank. The rim would stand for awhile, and he was almost at the end of

the slope. Some two hundred yards ahead was the railroad crossing, and beyond that the outskirts of the town lay. Eastward, a trail of white smoke told of an approaching train, and for an instant a new anxiety assailed him; but in the next moment he knew he had margin enough. He was bumping across the tracks before the crossing-tender was well out of his hut. The speed of the bicycle diminished, for the road lay level at last. A dog tried conclusions with Plury, but was beaten to a standstill. A block farther along, Barry was able to get his feet back in the pedals although momentum was still carrying him fast. Then came a turn to the left,—fortunately he knew the town almost as well as his own,—and the sign of Browning's Garage beckoned. Grinding and squeaking as though in the utmost agony, E Pluribus Unum covered the last block, and then, like a spent charger, collapsed!

Barry picked himself up dizzily and ran the last few yards. A man met him at the open doorway and to him Barry breathlessly poured out his story. Then he was sitting in a chair in the little office, alone, dazed. There was shouting around him, and the deafening roar of an engine exhaust. Hazily he saw the big wrecking-car leap through the entrance and race away. Then there was a great quiet, for Barry had fainted.

Just a week later Barry and Joe were in the woodshed again. About them was a litter of crating and paper and excelsior. Between them was a brilliant, glittering Purple Comet bicycle. Barry gazed at it worshipingly and ran a caressing hand along the smooth enamel. "Gee!" he whispered. "Is n't it a peach, Joe?"

"Looks more like a plum," said Joe, but no less admiringly. "Did he know you wanted a Comet, Barry?"

Barry nodded and flicked a wisp of excelsior from the tool-box. "He asked Dad, and Dad had heard me say I wished I had a wheel like Tod's, and told him. Is n't it a wonder? Coaster brake, horn, luggage-carrier—"

"Handle-bars just like a real motor-cycle, too! Mr. Stanwood is certainly a dandy! Wish *I 'd* saved his life!"

"I guess I did n't do exactly that," disclaimed Barry, modestly.

"Guess you did then! They say that if the men from the garage had got there just a few minutes later his spine would have been broken. As it is, all he got was a couple of busted ribs. Guess he has a right to be grateful to you, Barry!"

"Well—Anyway, he 's done more than enough. He 's raised Dad's pay and given me this, and I guess— Say, what time is it?"

"Must be most twelve. Why?"

"The run starts at two. I 've got to clean this mess up and eat my dinner and put some graphite on the chain and—"

"What 'll you call the new one, Barry?"

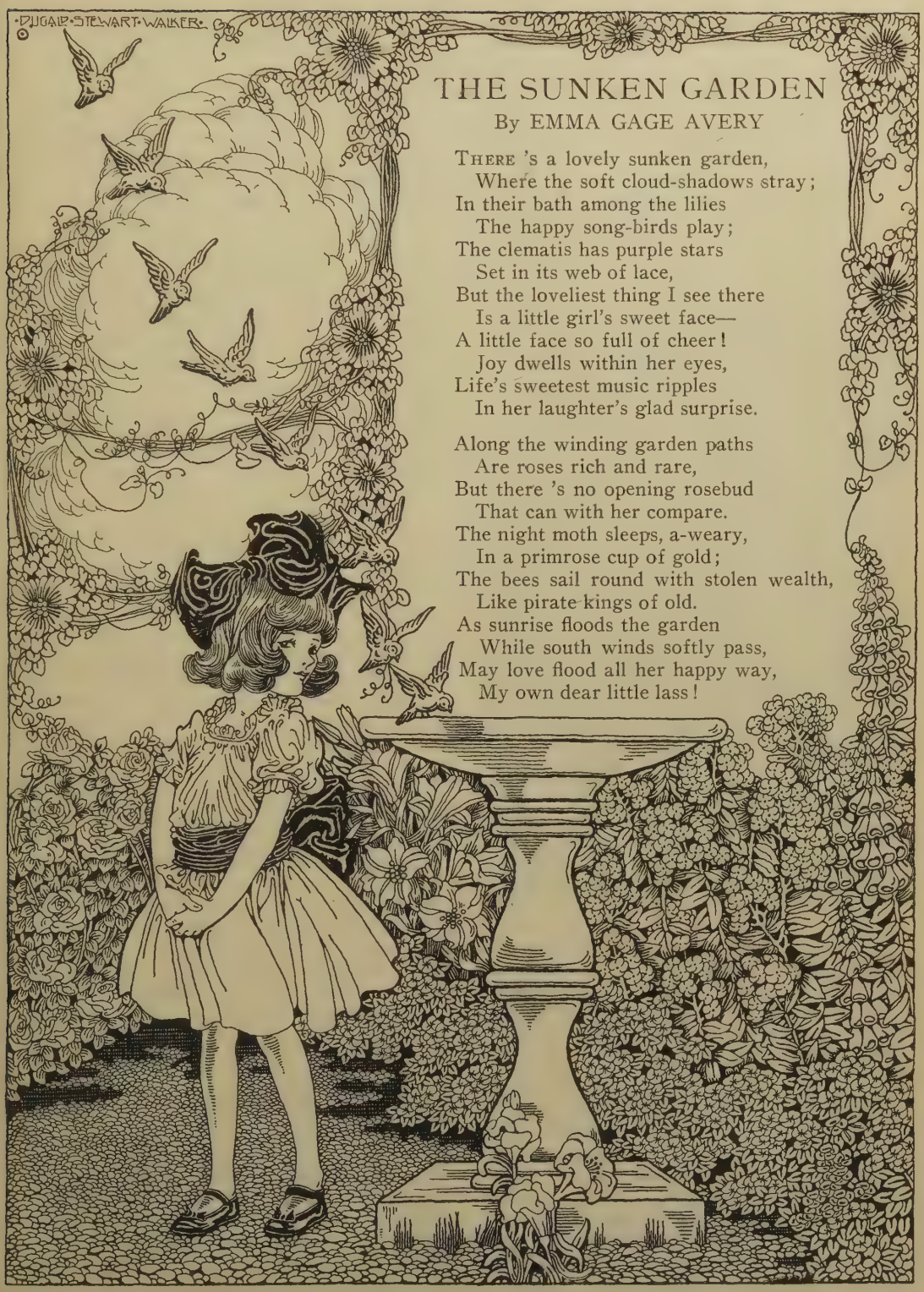
Barry observed the Purple Comet for a moment with frowning concentration. Then, "Plury Second," he said.

JUNE'S CHOICE

"Which flower of all do you choose?"
Said the Year to her favorite daughter.
"The rose, I suppose, though all the world knows
The lily that lives on the water;
And then there are daisy and tall buttercup,
And clover, and pansy, called Johnny-jump-up,
And others all hues—pinks, yellows, and blues—
Which flower of all do you choose?"

"Which one do I choose? They 're *all* mine,"
Laughed June, the sweet Dolly Varden;
"I 've room for each bloom, for sunshine or gloom,
The whole of the world is my garden.
So, clover and daisy and buttercup tall,
And gay dandelion and pansy and all—
The rosebud so fine, the lily a-shine,
Which one do I choose? They 're all *mine!*"

—*Alice E. Allen.*



THE SUNKEN GARDEN

By EMMA GAGE AVERY

THERE 's a lovely sunken garden,
Where the soft cloud-shadows stray;
In their bath among the lilies
The happy song-birds play;
The clematis has purple stars
Set in its web of lace,
But the loveliest thing I see there
Is a little girl's sweet face—
A little face so full of cheer!
Joy dwells within her eyes,
Life's sweetest music ripples
In her laughter's glad surprise.

Along the winding garden paths
Are roses rich and rare,
But there 's no opening rosebud
That can with her compare.
The night moth sleeps, a-weary,
In a primrose cup of gold;
The bees sail round with stolen wealth,
Like pirate kings of old.
As sunrise floods the garden
While south winds softly pass,
May love flood all her happy way,
My own dear little lass!

THE WONDERLAND OF ARCADY

By ARTHUR B. COOKE

Of all the wonderlands in the world, that of the ancient Greeks was—— But before we get so far away from home, I want to say a few things about wonderlands in general, and yours and mine in particular. For of course you have a wonderland of your own. Else what would you do when lessons are over and chores are done and the vacation hour comes?

A wonderland—if you would believe Robert Louis Stevenson, who knew more about them than any one else in the world—is a delectable place where

"All the playthings come alive."

At any rate, it is a place where rule and rote are cast to the winds, and things just happen so.

Alice had a wonderland, you remember. And you mind what adventures she came on there: how the *Queen of Hearts* jumped out of the pack and began to order people's heads off, and the rabbit talked back, and the Cheshire cat faded away to a mere grin, and the caterpillar discoursed on the art of living. The beauty of wonderland is that there is no limit to its surprises. Anything in the world—or out of it, for that matter—can happen there.

Another curious thing about wonderland is that you don't come by it as you do other kinds of land. You can't buy it, nor borrow it, nor inherit it. It is a sort of un-real estate, which, if you ever own, you have to go out, Columbus-like, and discover for yourself.

There are various ways of discovering wonderland—which is encouraging. *Alice* found hers in a dream. A certain boy I knew found his in "Robinson Crusoe"; and his sister discovered hers by following "The Little Colonel." As for me, I came on mine by way of getting a geography lesson—which is a whole story in itself.

Now, those ancient Greeks, about whom we started to talk, knew better than most people the value of youth. One of their favorite proverbs was: "Those whom the gods love die young," which I am sure was only another way of saying that heaven-favored folks never grow old.

At any rate, they proved the proverb that way in their own case. For though they were soldiers and statesmen and philosophers and other things that we associate with age, they had a marvelous capacity for keeping young. They were a race of "incurable children"—to borrow a fine phrase from our poet Lowell.

And they accomplished it just as we have to accomplish it to-day—by virtue of a wonderland. They were the first people in the world, as far as I know, to have one.

And the curious thing is where they discovered it. Not in dreamland. Not in books. Not in some far-off country. They found it right at home: much as if you should come on yours in the back bedroom upstairs. They located it in the very heart of their beautiful country, and christened it Arcady. I wish I could give you a picture of Arcady—Arcady as I came on it one glorious day in June.

But that is impossible. Some of these days, as you grow younger, you will learn just how useful and how useless words are, and will not try to make them do impossible things.

I saw a little child, once, trying to pick up in his dimpled hands a spot of sunshine from the floor of his mother's room. But every time he opened his hands for his mother to see, the glory had faded away. Now, that is just what would happen if I should try to bring you a picture of Arcady caught in a mesh of words—the glory would have vanished.

You will have to imagine it. Imagine a broad, sun-kissed valley, set deep in the heart of the hills. Imagine it rimmed about with serrate mountains, that are transformed under the touch of the sun to walls of lapis lazuli and amethyst. Imagine the mountains melting down into hills of evergreen, where flocks disport themselves at pasture; and beyond the hills, rolling fields flecked with the gold of ripening grain and the blush of crimson poppies; pleasant groves where oranges hang thick among the emerald foliage, like golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides; and murmuring streams that glide under floral bowers. Imagine, arched over all this, a sky of softest blue. That, so far as words of mine can make you see it, is Arcady.

Now, I think you will have to agree with me that in Arcady the ancient Greeks discovered a most beautiful wonderland.

And what they found in it was as strange as the vale was beautiful. The land—if you would believe those folk of the elder age—was peopled with fauns and naiads and satyrs and dryads, and creatures that folks without wonderlands of their own can never know.

The fauns and satyrs were a sort of composite creature, half man and half goat. The upper part of the body was that of a person, only the ears were pointed, and sprouting horns grew upon the forehead; but the lower part of the body was that of a goat, and the feet were cloven-hoofed.

They dwelt in the woods, and passed their time sporting or dancing with the wood-nymphs among the flowery dells.

Curious creatures were the fauns and satyrs of ancient Arcady—a kind of intermediate state between the human and the non-human, savoring of both at once.

As for the dryads, they were entirely different from the fauns—a whole world of beings in themselves, the spirits of the trees.

It was a beautiful thing about the old Greeks that for them everything in the world was full of life—as indeed it is for every one who has open eyes. They believed that every tree was possessed of a peculiar spirit. And they were not far wrong in the matter, either. Trees are just as individual as you and I are—in a way. If you have not found that out, then you have missed a whole book of most charming stories. There are all sorts of trees, just as there are all sorts of folks: the soldier trees, and the strong-man trees, and the lady trees, and the hero trees, to say nothing of the lover trees and the robber trees and the rest.

Surely you must have seen soldier trees if you have ever been abroad in the wild—the straight young trees of the forest, strong and confident, with heads erect and arms at attention and shoulder touching shoulder, for all the world like soldiers in battle array.

And the strong-man trees—they are the oaks and beeches and hickories, that give strength to the world and furnish the sinews for its toil.

Then there are the lady trees—I always think of the acacias and magnolias and tulip-trees as gracious women, filling the world with gentleness and sweet refinement. Retiring by nature, as becomes fair women, they nevertheless bedeck themselves in season with ornaments of silver and gold and await their wooers.

Next to come are the modest servant trees. I came on a group of them only yesterday as I was roaming over the hills in that same ancient land of the Greeks—a group of gnarled olive-trees, all knotted and bent with age. They stood in a sheltered cove leaning toward one another, for all the world like a group of ancient retainers from some great house who had gathered here in the quiet nook for a bit of gossip. How many years the old trees had been serving there. No fine lady trees they, to grace lawn or drive with their presence; but only plain servants standing at their humble tasks, often neglected and sometimes even abused. Yet they had served faithfully through wind and weather, oh so long! gathering in rich harvests of fruit and oil for the stores of the great house.

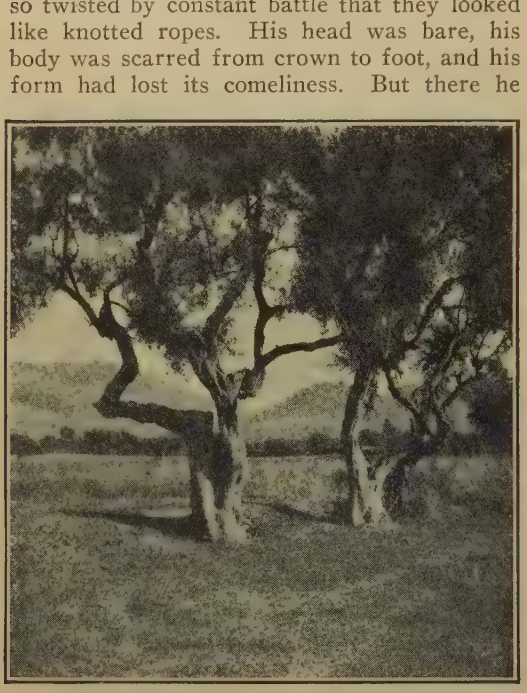
Have you ever heard how the olive-tree came to be? The story is worth your while,

"SOLDIER-TREES—THE STRAIGHT YOUNG TREES OF THE FOREST"

for it is not only concerned with great personages; but it shows that the olive-tree, for all its humble estate, is of royal lineage. It all happened many thousands of years ago. A great city, which was destined to be the most famous in the world, had just been founded; and there was rivalry among the gods as to who should have the honor of naming it. Jupiter, king of the gods, said that whoever should give the most useful gift to man should name the city. Thereupon old Neptune stepped up confidently from the sea, and, striking his trident upon the shore, caused a splendid horse to leap forth. Then Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom, stepped out, and, planting a tiny seed in the earth, waved her magic wand

over the spot: when instantly an olive-tree sprang up. And Jupiter, looking upon the two gifts, awarded the prize to Athene.

And last, but best, are the hero trees. I shall always remember one particular hero tree I met. It was on the summit of a mountain, and when I had climbed many thousand feet, that I came upon him. A lonely pine, aged and weather-beaten, the muscles of his limbs so twisted by constant battle that they looked like knotted ropes. His head was bare, his body was scarred from crown to foot, and his form had lost its comeliness. But there he



"OLIVE-TREES—THE MODEST SERVANT TREES"

stood, erect and dauntless, the very embodiment of a valiant spirit—my hero tree.

Of all the denizens of the wild, I love trees the best. Not the poor maimed things that eke out an existence in our city streets; but the trees of forest and field as the Master of the Trees intended them to be.

Yes, the Greeks were right when they gave spirits to the trees in their wonderland and made them come alive—the dryads of the groves.

The naiads, on the other hand, were spirits of the streams, laughing maiden spirits, that loved to murmur together in quiet places or to dance in the mellow sun.

And once more the Greeks were right. Steal down to some streamlet, when next you are afield, and see for yourself. If you go with open ears, I promise you will hear the murmuring of many voices and the rippling of low laughter welling up from secret sources, for all the world like the far-off voices of a bevy of girls agog. And if you steal up to where the water slips over pebbly, sunlit shallows, you will catch a glimpse of golden tresses, afloat in the light-kissed rivulet, that will put you in mind of the cascade tumbling about some sweetheart shoulders. A wonderful heritage the ancient Greeks bequeathed to the world when they discovered the nymphs of the waters! For all down the long ages from Aphrodite "Born-of-the-sea-foam," to *Minnehaha,* "Laughing-water," the stories of the nymphs have gladdened the hearts of men.

Such, then, were the creatures that dwelt in the Arcadian wonderland.

And over them all presided a deity after their own fashion—the goat-god Pan, king of the satyrs.

Prettiest of tales spun about him, perhaps, is that of his love for the wood-nymph Syrinx. She was fairest of the nymphs, and many were the wooers that sought her hand. But she denied them all. An ardent lover of the chase, she devoted herself with singleness of purpose to the art of Diana. Any day she might have been seen—if you would believe the story—speeding through the wildwood in quest of quarry, garbed in a hunting-dress and carrying a graceful bow in her hand. You might almost have mistaken her for Diana herself, goddess of the chase, so comely she was, only that her bow was of horn, while Diana's was of shining silver.

Now it happened that Pan spied her one day as she was hunting in the deepwood, and, falling in love with her on the spot, began to woo her. But Syrinx took fright at his protestations and fled. Pan gave pursuit and overtook her at the river's edge. In her distress, Syrinx invoked the aid of her sisters, the water-nymphs. And when Pan would have grasped the flying figure he found that he held in his hands only a tuft of river reeds.

Seeing himself thus defeated, he gave vent to a deep sigh of disappointment, which was caught among the trembling reeds and turned into a plaintive melody. So pleased was the god with the sweet music, that he vowed to dedicate it to the vanished nymph. So, breaking the reeds into uneven lengths, he made with them an instrument, and called it a syrinx in memory of his love. It is said that those who have ears may hear Pan, even to this day, piping upon his syrinx, or Pan's pipes, when the wind is astir along the reedy riverbank.

And speaking of wooing in Arcady, there is another story—that of Apollo and Daphne.

THE STRONG-MAN TREES—THE OAKS

AND BEECHES

Apollo, as you must know, was the sun-god, and Daphne was a water-nymph, who dwelt with her sisters in the streams and along the bosky river banks. But she loved to roam afield in search of flowers, when the dew was upon the meadows. One day, while Daphne was thus wandering, the young god Apollo passed that way on the hunt. His eye fell upon Daphne as she bent among the flowers, and he loved on the instant, springing from his car to lay his heart at her feet. But Daphne was a modest maiden, and fled before the stranger. Apollo eagerly followed and overtook her as she was about to descend into her native element. Daphne called upon the river-god, Nereus, to help her. Now, Nereus had no

power to stay the sun-god. So, to save the nymph from the importunate wooer, he transformed her into a bay-tree on the river's brink.

There she stands, even to this day; and if you visit Arcady, you may see her bending over the flowing stream, the blush of her maiden cheek changed into the rosy petals of the daphne flower.

I cannot resist telling you here the story of Persephone, too; for no story of Arcady would be complete without it. Though I am afraid that, what with so many tales of wooing, you will think nothing went on in the Arcadian wonderland except love-making. But, as a matter of fact, much else did go on in Arcady—of which we have n't space here to tell.

As for the story of Persephone,—you must pronounce the beautiful name correctly; it is Per-seph-o-ne,—she was the daughter of Demeter, or Ceres, the bountiful goddess of harvests; a rustic maiden, she lived with her mother in the fields and spent her time gathering poppies and daffodils.

One day, as she was gathering flowers with her comrades, she spied one of special beauty on the farther side of a chasm, and went across to pluck it. At that moment, while she was separated from her companions, Pluto, king of the under-world, passed by in his dark chariot, and, seizing the maiden, plunged down with her through the chasm to the realms of night.

Ceres soon missed the child, and sought news of other maidens; but they could only say that she had crossed the chasm in search of flowers—nothing more.

The mother then sought her daughter far and wide through the fields, asking news of every creature she met. She made inquiry of Aurora at dawn, and of Hesperus at evening. But no one had seen aught of Persephone.

Then Ceres grew wild with sorrow, and began to roam weeping through the earth. In her distress she forgot to water the fields or to look after the harvests. The ground grew parched with thirst, and the flowers withered away. Famine fell upon the land.

Now, Apollo the sun-god, looking down from his course in the sky, had witnessed the fate of Persephone—he alone knew the secret of her taking-off. And moved at the desolation that had fallen upon the earth through the sorrow of Ceres, he sent word to her of the fate of her daughter.

No sooner had Ceres heard the message than she besought Zeus, king of the heavens, to restore her child. He was loath, at first, to meddle with the affairs of his rival of the under-world. But at length the importunities of the mother prevailed. He agreed to restore Persephone; but only on condition that she should have eaten nothing during her stay in the realm of Pluto.

Forthwith the royal messenger, swift-footed Mercury, was despatched to the kingdom of night. Who, returning, brought back news that Persephone was really there, but that she had eaten the pulp from some pomegranate seeds. She had therefore laid herself under tribute to the under-world. But since her offense was not mortal, a compromise was at length agreed upon, according to which, Persephone was to spend half her time in the dark under-world and half of it with her mother in the realm of light.

Every year she pays a visit to Ceres. When you see the flowers beginning to burst up from the sod with the coming of spring, that is Persephone coming back to the kingdom of light.

But did all these things actually happen there in Arcady? I hear some one query.

Now, that depends on what you mean by "happen." I know a man who insists that the earth is flat, because it looks so to his eye. And moreover, he says, if it were round, folks on the other side would fall off.

There are lots of people in the world like this man. They refuse to believe anything that they cannot see with their eyes and measure with a yardstick—poor, purblind folks, who never know the delights of a wonderland!

I have no doubt there were many such persons in the olden time—people who maintain that no such doings as we have been talking about ever took place in Arcady. And they would boldly have offered their testimony as eye-witnesses. They would have declared that the Pandean pipes were nothing more than the wind blowing through common rushes; that the murmur of the naiads was only the rippling of water as it slipped over stones; and as for Daphne, she never was anything more than a shrub of wild oleander growing on the river-bank. Poor people, like *Peter Bell:*

> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

Some folks wonder how it was the Greeks lost their glory and power in history. To me it is plain enough. While they kept their wonderland, they flourished. But when they could see nothing but reeds shaken by the wind, and water slipping over stones, and flowers by the river's brim, their genius ebbed out.

A nation of *Peter Bells* has never been good

for much since the world began. They may do fairly well, perhaps, to handle a yardstick or a gun or a paint-pot. But before they can become merchant princes or victorious soldiers or consummate artists—or anything else greatly worth while—they must first have a wonderland.

So I want to repeat here at the end what I said in the beginning. Once you have found your wonderland, you must hold to it with might and main.

Of course there are folks who will laugh at you for dreamers and foolish persons.

But stop—they are the foolish ones themselves! Wonderland is not made up wholly of dreams. Far from it! In fact, when you come to think, the most practical things in the world have come out of dreamland.

Time was, and not so long ago, when bringing things to pass by touching a lamp belonged entirely to the realm of wonderland. And yet, this very night your city will be instantly flooded with light by the pressure of some finger upon a little button far away beyond the city streets.

Time was when putting "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes" was the wild thought of a fool in dreamland. But to-day the commonest one of us, if he has the price of a cable message, can put a girdle about the old earth in much less than forty minutes.

Time was when traveling on a magic blanket was a feat that could be performed only in wonderland. But yesterday a bird-man spread his wings in France; and before you could travel to dreamland and back again, he had come alight far off in Egypt, under the shadow of the wondering pyramids. More marvelous still—yes, far more marvelous—it may even come to pass that, by the time you read this, some of the dauntless bird-men of to-day will have flown across the Atlantic Ocean itself.

Time was when only in wonderland could you whisper across the world. But a little while ago, when a great ship was in distress upon the ocean, she sent out upon the wandering wind a whisper-prayer for help, which was caught up instantly by half a hundred ships scattered far and wide on the waste of waters; and they whispered back to her, through the realms of space, to be of good cheer—they were coming to her rescue.

Yes, we must hold fast to our wonderlands. For the things that are best worth having, the beautiful and the useful ones as well, come to us out of the land of dreams.

"A HERO TREE—AGED AND WEATHERBEATEN, ERECT AND DAUNTLESS"

OFF TO THE RESCUE, USING THE RACING DIVE

ARE YOU A LIFE SAVER?

By ANNA WORTHINGTON COALE

One day in the summer of 1917, a girl of seventeen was sitting on a cottage porch on the coast of Maine watching the bathers down at the shore. Few swimmers were out at that hour, but by and by three girls in stylish bathing-suits came dancing out from a near-by cottage and ventured forth into the surf.

The girl on the porch watched them with great interest, for she herself was a camp girl, and at that moment wore on her sweater a big gold letter that told of honors won in water sports. So, as she sat there waiting for a friend, her eyes followed the girl swimmers till they were well out beyond the breakers.

Then something peculiar happened. One of the girls disappeared, and the others went after her. Soon they were beyond their depth and became frightened. One gave a cry for help. Instantly two men appeared, and put off from the shore toward the spot where the girls were now struggling. And while one went on in search of the missing girl, the other came rapidly back, towing the other two, and brought them safely to shore. But the other man—the camp girl stood up to watch. What was the matter out there? Something was wrong. All of a sudden she saw him throw up his hands in a signal of distress. The man on shore returned quickly to his rescue. The camp girl saw them start back, and then something made her heart come up into her throat. The rescuer was lagging. He was plainly becoming exhausted, and the first man was unconscious.

Now this young swimmer, who had won the laurels of her camp, lost no time in deciding what to do. In an instant she had reached the shore, cast off skirt and shoes, and with a few long, skilful strokes, alternated with easy breathing, reached the scene of peril. Then transferring the heavy, unconscious subject to her own grasp, she began, by a method practised many times at swimming-hour and demonstrated before the camp, to tow him back to shore, leaving the exhausted man free to struggle back to safety.

The missing girl was never found, but the drowning man was saved. One life-saver had made good. A camp girl had proved that she knew what to do, that she could keep her head, and that she could be counted on in an emergency. Could you have done as much?

When this girl came back to camp for the closing week, there was a big surprise for her at the end. Amid the toasts and songs at the final banquet, a loving-cup was brought in, inscribed with the facts and date of the rescue, and presented to her as a token of recognition from all the girls.

Perhaps that was one reason for the action of the girls of that camp in starting a life-saving club. They wanted to reach out beyond

the mere working for their own records on a chart in swimming and life-saving. Then, too, they recognized that, in learning to safeguard human life, they might be able to render service to their country in time of war as valuable as that of the Red Cross and the Land Army. It could well be called a war activity, but nevertheless it was organized on a permanent basis, so that the girls of this summer and the next and the next may belong to it, though the war is over. Perhaps you would like to hear about it.

In the first place, the more advanced swimmers of the camp, including the girls of the "life-guard,"—those girls who had a whole string of crosses opposite their names on a chart that hung on the wall just inside the door of the bungalow, extending over into the columns of the section marked "Advanced Class," showing a formidable amount of work for improved form on crawl and other strokes, diving, life-saving, and ornamental swimming, —came together near the end of the season and drew up the constitution, which was modeled somewhat after that of the life-saving clubs of the colleges. The club was to be managed by the girls themselves, with their own officers, and every girl in camp would be eligible for membership, provided she could pass the tests. Those who qualified in 1918 would be charter members.

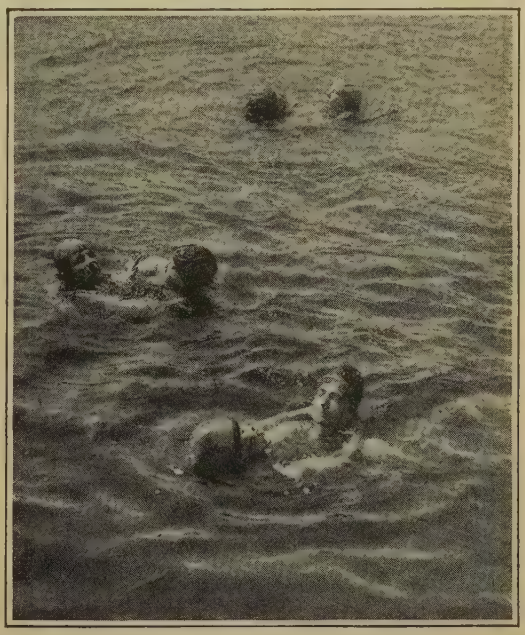
Now constitutions usually deal, first of all, with the objects of the organization, and this one had five. The first was, *to safeguard life in the waters in the vicinity of the camp by developing sentiment and facilities toward this end.*

Perhaps this sounds very ambitious for a group of girls in their 'teens, but had it not been proved already what a girl can do if only she is ready? Of course, for the campers themselves there was no special need of safeguarding. Not only does the camp take care that the swimmers are at all times surrounded with safeguards, but in the best camps each girl, as she learns to swim, is taught to take care of herself and then of others, in the water. The result is very gratifying, for in all the history of girls' camps, covering a period of nearly twenty years, there has never been reported a drowning accident.

But in the vicinity of that camp, there are several lakes and a wide river, which afford fishing-grounds for the countryside. Men go fishing in big flat-bottomed boats, and few of them know how to swim. The country girl is afraid of the water, having no opportunity to learn how to swim, and seldom knows how to handle a boat. So every now and then a drowning accident occurs, usually in the current of the river. Would it not be a fine thing for a camp to help to overcome these conditions in their own countryside?

The second object was *to prevent drowning* by the following methods:

A. By teaching precautions that should be observed in swimming and boat-handling. In camps where water sports are well developed, the girls are taught to right an overturned canoe; to go out into deep water, jump overboard and get in again; to tow in to shore an overturned canoe; to empty one after capsizing, within a given time. The highest record for the latter is said to belong to the camp in Maine which is the home of the Camp Fire Girls' movement.



MAKING CONTACTS WITH THE SUBJECTS

B. By holding swimming and life-saving exhibitions—an excellent way to stimulate interest.

C. Promoting swimming and life-saving competitions.

D. By giving instruction in the various methods of performing artificial respiration. The method most approved by the camps is the Schaeffer method, which requires only one person to apply it. But it is well to know others also.

The third object was *to rescue those in peril of drowning.*

THE TIRED-SWIMMER'S CARRY

Last summer, near a summer camp, an accident occurred which might have been avoided had any member of such a club as this been near at hand. A man was allowed to drown in the river, a few miles away, only because there was no one at hand who knew how to swim. The neighbors tried to get into communication with the camp, but it was more than an hour before any one could reach the spot. Had an onlooker had the knowledge of swimming of a fifteen-year-old camp girl, the man might have been saved.

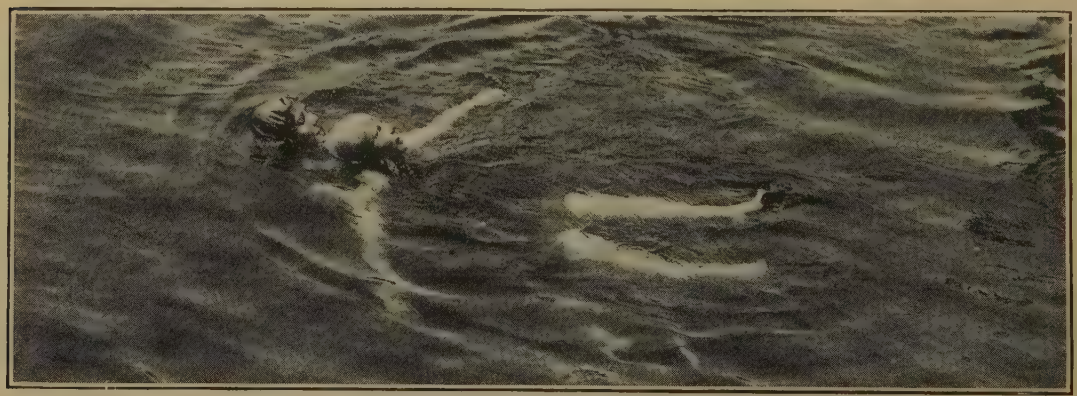
The fourth object was *to resuscitate persons apparently drowned.*

This camp was asked a few years ago to join with a near-by hotel in the purchase of a pulmotor to have on hand in case of an accident. But the swimming master, while not discouraging the project for the hotel, felt that, as far as the camp girls were concerned, they would be far better equipped in case of emergency if they could use the Schaeffer method of resuscitation which was taught them.

The fifth and last object was *to study and conduct research work on the most modern and scientific strokes and methods of rescue, in an endeavor to lift swimming to its very highest standard of efficiency and enjoyment.*

You will agree with me that these are no mean standards for a club, and if they sound a trifle ambitious for camp girls, then they are so much more worth while striving for. The girls who belong to this club are not satisfied with medals that can be won too easily because the standards are adapted to the greatest number. And if these standards are too easy to require effort, then they are willing to make more difficult ones of their own.

So much for the objects of the club. The next thing in the constitution is membership. As we said above, any camper who can pass the tests is eligible for membership. What are the tests? Well, here they are, though we submit them with the explanation that they were made up by a committee and are subject to revision.



THE DOUBLE ARM CARRY

There are three sets of tests for three distinct classes of members. The first class are called Junior Life-savers, and any girl, after the majority vote of approval of the club members, may become a Junior Life-saver by passing the following:

A. Swim 200 yards without becoming exhausted, i.e., 100 yards on back, using legs only, and 100 yards using single over-arm, double over-arm, or crawl stroke, with correct breathing.

Now I can hear some one say, "That 's easy.

BREAKING THE STRANGLE-HOLD

BREAKING THE WRIST-HOLD

I can do all those strokes." No doubt. You can do the back strokes and the crawl. But what about the breathing? Can you execute the crawl stroke, inhaling and exhaling at the proper intervals and with relaxed muscles? For that is the test in this life-saving club.

B. Plunge or dive from landing and swim ten yards well under water—eyes open.

C. Surface dive in six feet of water, bringing up human subject in first position of carry —that is, in a good position to be towed ashore, which the life-saver has already been taught.

D. Swim fifty yards in camp costume, undress in deep water, and swim fifty yards.

E. Use the following carries—or methods of towing a drowning person—each twenty-five yards (the life-saver has been taught all this as part of her swimming instruction):

(1) Tired-swimmer's carry.
(2) Side-stroke carry, without submerging the subject's head.
(3) Struggling-person's carry.

F. Execute the following releases — this means methods of breaking away from the grasp of a struggling person whom you are trying to rescue:

(1) Wrist-hold.
(2) Front strangle-hold.
(3) Back strangle-hold.

G. Resuscitation. Execute the Schaeffer method effectively for at least five minutes.

These are the tests for a Junior Life-saver. But when a girl has met all these requirements successfully, the club does not then pronounce her a life-saver. She is merely a junior, which means that she is learning to be a life-saver, and that she has climbed a few rounds of the ladder and is ready to go on. The next thing is to become a Senior Life-saver, and the next clause in the constitution says that a Junior Life-saver is qualified to become a Senior Life-saver by passing the following:

A. Swim 440 yards, using single over-arm, double over-arm, or crawl, with correct breathing.

B. Carry a person seventy-five yards, using three typical carries, each twenty-five yards.

C. Releases. Execute three typical breaks,— as, for example, the wrist- and strangle-holds of a drowning person mentioned above,—three times in rapid succession on some one superior to you in weight and strength.

D. Give written answers to five questions on after-treatment of resuscitated persons and on any other phase of life-saving; passing mark, 75%.

Perhaps you would be interested to have

some typical questions which might be asked. Take this one, for example:

"What directions would you give to two inexperienced persons, who happened to be the only ones on shore, when you had just effected a successful rescue of one unconscious subject, and needed to return in haste to the other subject, who was clinging to an upturned boat far out from shore?"

Another one: "Give procedure after natural respiration has been restored."

Or this: "Explain in detail how one would approach and seize a person struggling in the water."

Now there is just one more round of the ladder. After a girl has demonstrated these points in swimming and rescuing and has been admitted to the rank of a Senior Life-saver, she is supposed to be capable of meeting any sort of emergency in the water and proving herself valuable in case of need. But one thing remains, and that is to do it. And that is the one and only qualification for the next class of membership. This is what the constitution says:

"Any member of Camp ——— Life-saving Club is entitled to become a Master Life-saver after saving some one in peril of drowning."

You may be sure that this club, organized by the girls of one camp, is proud to have one member who has qualified as a Master Life-saver. And as the girls grow older and pass out into the world, who knows when an emergency may add another?

STRUGGLING-PERSON'S CARRY

In place of a president the club has a captain for the presiding officer. It has also a secretary-treasurer and a sub-captain, each elected in midsummer for a term of one year. The captain, an experienced girl, besides presiding at meetings and supervising the work of the club, is authorized to pass on candidates' tests, in the absence of a more experienced life-saver or swimming instructor, and it is her duty to organize and train the members of the club for active duty.

The uniform adopted by the charter members consists of a one-piece bathing-suit in the standard colors of the camp, with a special club emblem.

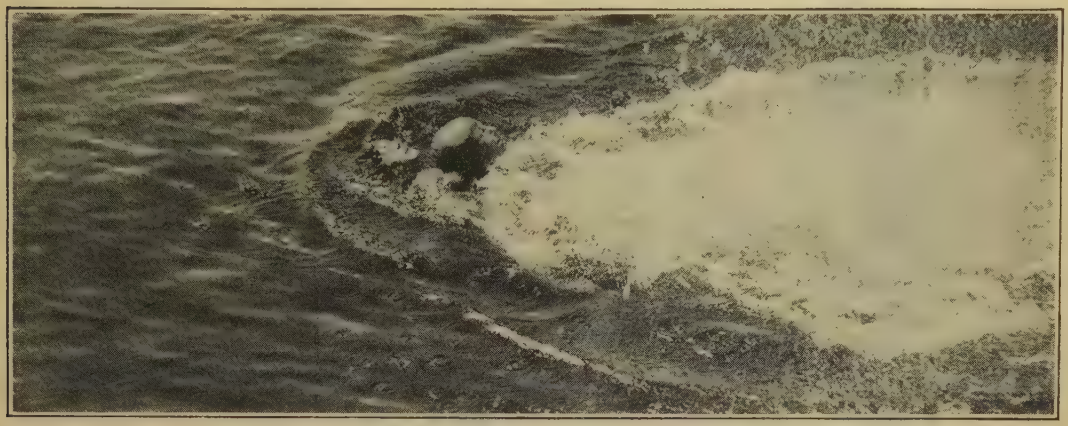
During the summer a daily drill, in breaks and other forms, is to be conducted by the captain for all the members. As one of the club's activities, a morning was spent in experimenting with all the known methods of towing and carrying a person in the water, each member choosing, among the approved methods, those that were best adapted to her and to a given set of circumstances. This proved valuable in requiring a girl to think for herself and to understand thoroughly the reason for each thing she did.

This is the record of the work of only a single camp. To-day, hundreds of camps are doing splendid work in teaching boys and girls to swim, to keep their heads, and to feel at home in the water. A great many also are conducting drills in life-saving, and a great many more will in the future. There are big opportunities for the boys and girls of the camps for usefulness in a land where only too few know how to swim.

Although life-saving means serious business, there is a good story told in this camp about one girl who took the thing perhaps too seriously. She was a rather timid girl, and she had been dreaming about life-saving. One morning she was awakened about dawn by a low, steady cry which seemed to come from the lake. She lay rigid for a moment, and then heard it again. It was a man's voice. Jumping up, she flew to the tent of the camp leader, who was still sleeping. "Miss Wood!" she gasped, "wake up, a man is drowning in the lake and calling for help!" Just then another cry broke the stillness. "Listen!" she urged; "he 's getting desperate now!" Miss Wood sprang up and listened. What she heard was "*Co-o-o-o* boss, *co-o-o-o* boss, *co-o-o-o* boss!" and it came from the opposite shore, where a farmer was calling his cow.

Not long ago, on the page devoted to sports

in the "New York Times," an announcement was made that a committee was being formed to work out a plan for uniting the forces of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the Intercollegiate Athletic Association for a nation-wide movement for the universal teaching of swimming and life-saving. It was said to be a campaign to encourage mass instruction in swimming and life-saving. This mass instruction has proved so successful among the sailors that it may be adopted in schools also.



METHOD OF TOWING A STRUGGLING SUBJECT

During the past few years the Swimming Committee of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association has made great strides toward standardizing swimming in the colleges. It has produced a "Swimming Guide," and has gone a long way toward eliminating from the water-sports competitions of the colleges feats or "stunts" that contain an element of danger, and therefore not to be recognized by good sportsmen, as, for example, diving from high towers, or executing dives that are dangerous to the ear-drum, as the side or corkscrew dives.

It is said to be the plan of this committee to do further standardization—to adopt new rules to govern swimming and life-saving contests in the schools. By combining the forces of these three strong organizations, we may hope for great results in stimulating the whole country to the need and importance of having all children learn to swim. The war has stimulated many good things, and this is not the least.

In the colleges great interest has been manifest for some time. They have their water-polo and their life-saving clubs. The Y. M. C. A., too, with its fine pools, has made a great feature of swimming. All pulling together, much can be done. And let them not forget the campers.

THE KANGAROO

A Nonsense Verse.

By GEORGE C. CASSARD

I ONCE became acquainted with a cultured kangaroo,
Who had a voice melodious and strong;
I asked him to instruct me in the ballads that he knew,
And in reply he sang this little song:

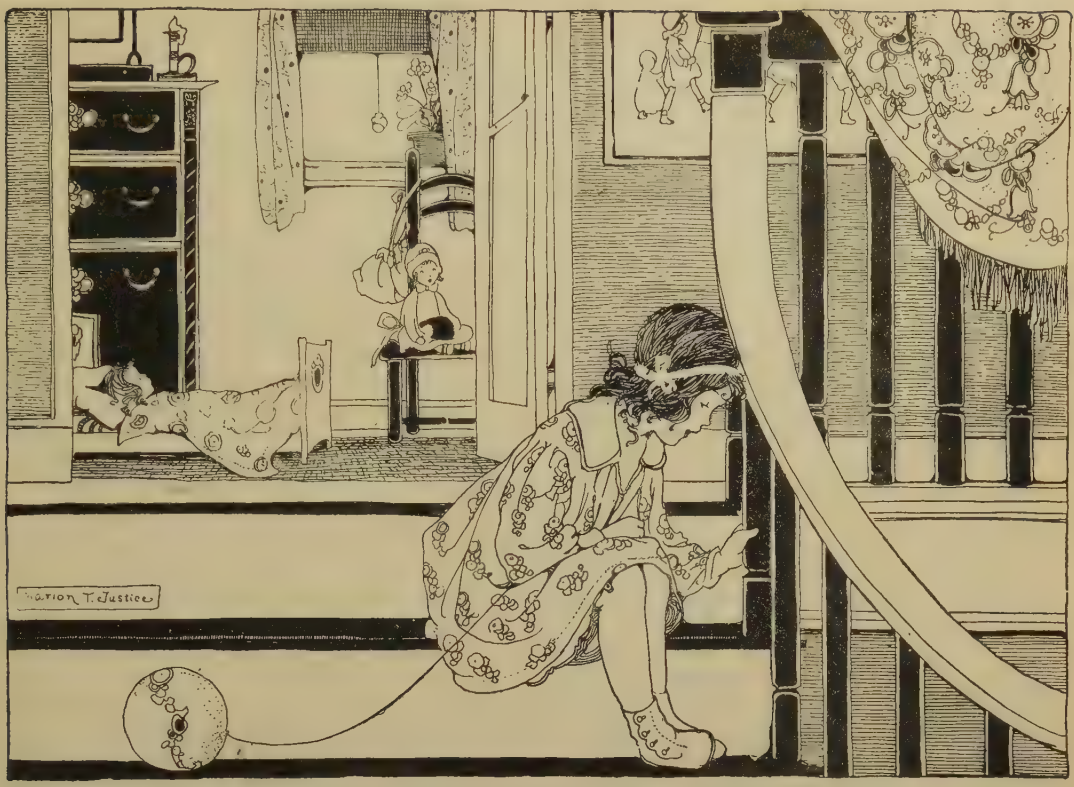
"In the winter when there 's snow and sleet,
And radiators bang and sizz,
I stay at home on Summer Street
In Boston, where my lodging is.

"But when the summer-time comes 'round,
I live on Winter Street, you see;
And this arrangement, I have found,
Amuses and refreshes me."

THE BIRTHDAY CHILD

By MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN

"I HAVE a rose," said dainty May,
"Because I 'm six years old to-day.
You cannot reach it, I suppose,
But I will stand on tippy-toes,
And you can bend way over
To smell it, for it is so sweet—
A precious and delicious treat
From Daddy—my dear lover!"



THE CALLERS

By ALIX THORN

When tinkle, tinkle, goes our bell,
I leave my doll asleep,
And over the big banister
I always like to peep.

When through the glass I see a hat,
A lovely veil and all,
I know a lady's at the door,
And Mother has a call.

But when the bell rings *very* loud,
And no one I can see,
I know it is some little friend,
Who 's come to visit me.

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII

Les Blessés

It was not many days before I had made a place for myself in the organization of the American hospital. I did become of service in this community of maimed and stricken men, and I was very glad: nevertheless, there seemed something lacking. About me was so great an activity that I felt a little outside of it all. I longed to make some sacrifice. I saw the doctors and nurses working to the very limit of their endurance, at hand, night and day, to do all within their power for the poor helpless ones who looked to them for relief. They took no thought of themselves, they snatched hurried meals, begrudging their time away from their tasks of mercy. Week in and week out they toiled, uttering no complaint, asking no reward. Oh, but they were splendid, these American nurses and doctors!

So, in comparison, my small duties seemed of little worth; but one day I spoke to the chaplain and he reassured me somewhat.

"You and I, Jeannette," he told me, "are not so useless as you think. I too have sometimes wanted a more active rôle to play when I saw the doctors and the nurses doing miracles for the pains of the body. But we, my child, help to ease the pains of the heart. Our *poilus* suffer in spirit, remember that. If we can brighten their lives even a little, be sure it is a good service. Do not fret. Every laugh you bring to one of our wounded soldiers is so much medicine to his soul."

After a time I came to see that this was true, and grew more content. When the *poilus* learned to know me better, they talked of their homes or their children. I did not need to say very much. Just a word now and then, or a question, would set them going, and their faces would grow gentle with thoughts of those they loved.

Of course they were all different, and some whose wounds kept them with us for a long time came to be like old friends.

For instance there was Pégoulade, a mature man from the Midi, with a childish taste for peppermint drops, a passion which I had some trouble to satisfy.

"Some have their smokes, Mademoiselle," he explained, "and I, too, like a puff; but when I was in the trenches with water up to my knees, when I was caked from top to toe with mud, when I never knew when I should get food, do you know what I was thinking of? You could n't guess. Peppermint drops! Ah, it is to laugh. But I tell you, in truth, I dreamed of them. My pals would talk champagne or *poulet,* but I—it was always peppermint drops I wanted. I would have gone across No Man's Land for a sou's worth."

Then there was Pascalon. His talk was of a young son whose education much concerned him. He wanted the boy to be an *avocat,* and was greatly worried for fear the war would interfere with his plans.

"Mademoiselle," he would say pathetically, "I have a sadness about all this. His mother and I argued it this way and that, not always in accord, as to what the boy should be; but at last she saw it as I did, and we were rejoiced to have the matter settled. Then—bang! Along comes this beastly war to upset things. I cry *'Vive la France'* from my heart, but all the same it is a disappointment, as you will admit."

"Of course," I agreed, "but how old is your son, Monsieur Pascalon?"

"He will be one year of age in the spring, Mademoiselle," the man answered with a proud smile; "and he is such a boy! There has never been one like him; and tall—he is so—*tiens!*"

He stopped suddenly with a wrench of pain from his wounded arm, which he had forgotten and moved to show me how big a boy was his baby.

Pascalon had endless stories of his baby, some of which he may have made up during those long nights and days spent in the trenches; but, whether they were invented or not, he believed them firmly.

It was in the convalescent wards that I found myself of most use. But it was not I who made these maimed and broken men laugh. It was they, who, thinking that I did not know, planned while I was absent all sorts of funny jokes and stories in order to make me laugh. They liked to hear me. They said so quite frankly. And there were times when the pathos of it nearly brought tears instead of smiles.

Often and often, on my way home at the end of the afternoon, I wondered if anywhere else there were men who had the courage of these soldiers of France. Of course there were, but I had never met them, and when day after day I saw men laugh while their faces were twisted with the pain they tried to hide, it was not to be marveled at that I made heroes of them all —they all *were* heroes.

Meanwhile, Christmas came and went. The good chaplain found plenty of help in his plans, for there were always nurses or doctors or orderlies willing to give up their periods of rest to make the wards gay with holly and mistletoe. And how can I describe the watching eyes from the beds as the green boughs brought recollections of past holidays. We all worked hard, and oh, how well we were repaid for our labor! The gladness on the faces of our brave *blessés* was enough to warm our hearts for months to come.

At the pension our days passed with little to break their monotony. Letters from our dear ones at the front came with fair regularity, and their arrival brought our greatest pleasure. They were cheerful messages, hopeful, uncomplaining; and we answered in the same spirit. Papa wrote stories of his men, never tiring of praising their valor. Grandpère was enthusiastic over his work, and insisted that he was growing younger every day. It was difficult to remember that he was really an old man.

The new year brought with it the hope that, by its close, we should see the end of such suffering, for we were confident that, with the spring, our armies would be on the move again and the *Boches* would be driven out.

But our work never stopped. Though there were no big battles, new wounded were always arriving, and the demands upon the Red Cross never ceased. We were busy from early in the morning till late in the evening, and, to keep up our strength, we went to bed very shortly after dinner.

I could tell tale after tale of the happenings at the hospital that touched the very depths of sadness. Of men who died with a smile upon their lips, thinking of their absent little ones. Of wives summoned hastily, only to arrive too late. Of old mothers, come to say a last adieu to their dear sons, who left the little chapel dry-eyed, with a murmur of *"Vive la France"* upon their parched lips. Yet in spite of this tragedy upon tragedy, we were never wholly without recompense at the passing of one we had learned to love. There were many hopeless cases who never faltered, who spoke in gentle jest of their chances, who failed a little day by day, but who never complained. It seemed at times, so gallantly were these silent battles fought, that to mourn when they lost the fight was to belittle the beautiful souls of those who had given up their lives for the country we all loved.

For me, my days in the hospital brought strength to bear my own hardest trial. I cannot say that the blow was unexpected. It could not be to any of us, living through those bitter days, who had a father or a brother at the front. We hoped they might be spared. We prayed for their safety, but always there was the ache of anxiety in our hearts. And at length, one day, when I had returned from the hospital I found a good curé awaiting me. It was his sad duty to break the news.

In my diary I have the entry thus:

"To-day I learned that my dear papa has died for France."

I remember sitting with my pen in my hand, trying to write something of what was in my heart. I wanted to shape a sentence to be read in years to come—to put down a brief record of my love and of my sorrow. But there were no words to tell of it. He was gone, and I should never see him again. All our little plans for the future had been wiped out. Everything was blank before me.

In the days that followed I thought that my fortitude must fail. To hold a smiling face seemed more than I could bear, and I could find the strength to meet my task only by praying for the courage to do so.

And I found it. Thereafter I shared the grief of those who came to the hospital to say farewell to their beloved. Now I could feel with them, and, as they went away, whisper softly in their ears: "I, too, understand. My papa died for France!"

A day or two later came a letter from the war office. It was a notice that my dear father had won *le Croix de Guerre*, and since he had died, the decoration was to be bestowed upon me in his honor. I was ordered to present myself, at an appointed time, at the Hôtel des Invalides, where the ceremony would be performed.

Madame Barton went with me, and in the courtyard I was placed with the wounded soldiers of France whose particular acts of bravery were to be rewarded. We were a sad company to look upon. Here was a man who had lost a leg and hobbled about on crutches. Another, with bandaged eyes, had to be led. Close to me, in a wheeled chair, was one who would never walk again. Several groups of men stood proudly upright, bearing the torn

and tattered flags of their regiments, which were to be honored—and I think those shattered banners were the saddest sight in the courtyard. They stood for those doubly brave men who had died to save the rent symbols of their regiments and of their country; but I am sure their spirits hovered near the flags they loved. I thought I felt them near me.

The soldiers looked at me with understanding eyes. One or two nodded with a smile of encouragement, knowing what was in my heart. Another saluted me ceremoniously, as he might have saluted a general. None of them, of course, had I ever seen before, and yet they were not strangers. What was the bond between us? What was the intimate feeling that held us for that brief time? Soon we were to part, never, in all probability to see or hear of each other again, and yet for the instant we were as members of the same household. But no, not for the instant—for all time! We were French—that made us of one family. There had always been the bond. Only now that little group of maimed and stricken people realized it as they never had before.

At a word we were drawn up in line, not very many of us after all, and in a moment the officers came marching in, with General Joffre at their head to confer the honors.

The ceremony began at once at the other end of the line from me. An officer read in a low tone an account of the acts of bravery which had won the candidate the cross, then the general would pin it upon his breast, kiss him upon both cheeks, salute, and pass on to the next man.

When the general came to a tattered flag he stopped and looked up at it, as if his thoughts dwelt, as did mine, upon those who had died for it. The men who carried the flag lowered it, and the general attached the *Medaille Militaire* to the standard. Then, when it was raised again, he saluted the banner gravely and silently, standing for a long time with his hand to his cap. It seemed to me his lips moved—as if he said a prayer.

At last he came to me, and I stood straight, trying to listen to the words that told of how Papa had saved the life of one of his soldiers and lost his own. But I scarcely heard. My eyes were upon General Joffre, who looked back at me with an expression of profound sympathy. It was as if his great soul shared the suffering of all his countrymen. Then I ceased to hear the voice of the officer who was reading. I could no longer hold back my tears.

I cannot remember how the cross came to be pinned upon my breast. I only recall the general as he kissed me, his hands upon my shoulders giving a gentle pressure of reassurance. Then he spoke to me in a low tone.

"My dear," he said, "the women of France do not weep for those brave ones who are gone. It is true that your father is dead; but he is only one. Remember how many I have lost. Think you they call me 'Papa Joffre' and I do not know them for my sons? Ah, my children have died by thousands, and yet I do not weep. Be brave, *ma petite*. Do not mourn for thy father, who died a hero for France. If thou hast a tear to shed, let it fall for Papa Joffre, who is still alive."

That was the end. I ran back to Madame Barton, trembling, and never, so long as I live, shall I forget that hour I spent in the Hôtel des Invalides.

CHAPTER XXIV

A VISITOR FROM *Là Bas*

FROM the Hôtel des Invalides I went to the cathedral, and from there straight to my *poilus* at the hospital.

I first visited the convalescents sitting in the sun-room. They were expecting me, and a smile lit up their faces at my entrance. Then they saw the medal hanging at my breast.

They did not become solemn and pour out words of sympathy. Into their eyes came a look of understanding.

"Was it your father, Mademoiselle?" one asked, gently.

"Yes," I answered, "but we must not talk of my troubles." I was near to tears again.

"There is no sorrow, Mademoiselle, when a brave man dies," he told me, while the others nodded. "For you it is hard, that goes without saying; but I am reminded of one girl who lost her husband. You remember Mariette?" he asked, turning to another *poilu*.

"Surely," was the answer, "we saw her at Meaux among the ruins."

"Yes, that 's the one," the first went on. "Well, Mademoiselle, she had nothing left in all the world. Her father had been taken to Belgium by the Germans. Her husband had died in the swamps of the Petit Morin. She was alone, you understand, but she had a brave heart. 'Who am I that I should weep?' she said to us. 'I, too, would die to help save France.'

"And that was true, she would have done so. Perhaps she will yet. She begged our captain to give her a rifle, saying that she could shoot as well as any man and wanted to go to the front. Ah, la, la, the women! Mademoiselle,"

CANNOT REMEMBER HOW THE CROSS CAME TO BE PINNED UPON MY BREAST."

he went on more earnestly, holding up a finger as if to emphasize his words, "we talk of fighting for France, but we think of our mothers."

"It is all one," said another, solemnly. "France is our mother!"

"You heard that from *la vielle* Pichon," a younger man cut in. "She was hobbling about Senlis, Mademoiselle, looking for a brass kettle the *Boches* had taken. Mind you, the town was a ruin—hardly one stone left upon another. 'Have you seen it?' she asked every man, woman, or child she met. Ah, she was funny, the old granny Pichon, but no simpleton. 'Fight!' she said to us. 'That 's all you great big boys are fit for. Leave the rest to your mothers.'

"'But I have no mother, dame,' one of us cried, to tease her.

"'France is your mother!' she retorted quick as a flash. 'See to it that you fight well for her.'"

"And that reminds me," another began; and so the afternoon went before I knew it. My good *poilus* had taken it upon themselves to play my usual part. I forgot myself, as they had meant I should, their kind hearts showing them the best way to ease my pain. To think of others is the quickest way to dry one's tears, as has been said a hundred thousand times; and my brave *poilus* saw to it that I should have no leisure, whilst I was with them, to dwell upon my own misfortunes.

The good chaplain, Mademoiselle Peters, Monsieur Reed, and all my many friends in the hospital found the best words to comfort me. They had grown wise in the ways of helping those who suffered as I did.

Grandpère wrote to me, saying that he and I were the only ones left of the family, but there ran through his letter a note of pride in his dead son. "The older we grow, my dear," he said, "the more do we love France." It was a kind and loving message, and the tears I shed over it helped me to bear my burden.

So in this way, finding bravery and courage on every hand, I managed to go on with my life as theretofore.

Two weeks later, on my return home, one morning, from the Red Cross station, I found a mud-stained and rather dilapidated *poilu* waiting for me.

He rose to his feet as I entered and came toward me half timidly.

"Is it Mademoiselle de Martigny?" he asked in a low tone. "But, of course, it can be no other. I am André Cupin. The one who was saved by your father, Mademoiselle."

"But you also saved his life," I answered, holding out my hand to him.

He took it eagerly and kissed it as if I had been a great lady.

"Ah, that was nothing, Mademoiselle!" he insisted earnestly. "Every *poilu* in his company would gladly have done as much. All loved him, Mademoiselle. We, his men, have talked it over and decided that one of us should go to you. And who better than I, though I cannot talk by the book, Mademoiselle."

"But how did you get away?" I asked, for I had a certain dread of what his story might be. It would open an old wound I was trying so hard to heal.

"Oh, that was easily arranged," he explained. "I had leave to go home for a few days, and—and so I came here."

"But you would have seen your family otherwise," I protested, knowing well what a treasured time his short periods of leave were to the *poilu*, whose thoughts were ever upon his wife and children.

"Oh, la, la!" he laughed, with a fine show of indifference; "I have had a letter from home, and they are all well. That was my only anxiety. As to seeing them—*zut!* It is nothing. It would make the work harder for the mother, who has all she can do to make both ends meet already."

It was plain enough that he had given up his holiday to visit me, and wished to make light of the sacrifice.

"Thank you," I said, giving him my hand again. "You are very good."

We sat down, and after a word or two more he began.

"You had the account of what happened, when the cross was given you?" he asked, and I nodded. "That was not the story, but only a report, Mademoiselle. It was not the same. It could not have been. It said nothing of how we loved our captain, who cared for his children in the company as if he had been their mother and their father, too. In the morning, first thing, he looked us over himself. He was not one to leave such duties to the sergeants. No, indeed, Mademoiselle! He would see all things with his own eyes and oh, la, la! how he would scold if we were careless about ourselves! 'You silly fellow,' he would say to Finaud; who would forget this or that any day. 'What shall I do with you to keep you from being killed? If you put your head above the parapet, it will be blown off just as certainly as to-morrow will be Tuesday! And, to save you, I shall do thus and so.'

"And he would, Mademoiselle, for Finaud's own good. Nor was he one to be careless with, when he gave an order. No, no, no! He was

a father to us, strict and kind and—. Ah, I cannot tell you what we felt for him, here," and André put his huge hand to his heart. "In a word, Mademoiselle, we loved him! That tells you all—and now he is gone. We are desolate, and every man of us would give his life to have him back. As for me—to save my clumsy carcass he was lost. It seems a heavy sacrifice just for André Cupin; but it was like him, and there is no one to take his place. Nay, Mademoiselle, do not weep. I did not come here for that; but to tell you the story of how he died, that you may be proud of him. Forget that it was I, if you can, and forgive me that I am alive."

There was such a depth of sorrow in his tone that I was forced at once to reassure him.

"He told me all about you," I said. "He asked me to say a prayer for you. I have nothing to forgive if my papa saved the life of a brave man. He himself told me you were that."

"Did he so?" André murmured. "He would have said it of every man he commanded, and it would have been the truth, Mademoiselle. How could one not be brave with such a captain? But to my story. We were to make an attack. We all knew when and how. It was our captain who told us. He believed that we should understand what was ahead of us, and he saw to it that we were informed. Well, we lay in our trench, in the front line, you comprehend, and waited for dawn. All night the shells crashed over our heads and the *Boches* replied, shot for shot. We slept, Mademoiselle, though no doubt it seems strange that we could; but one gets used to it. The shells—the bullets—ah, it becomes an old story! Well then, we waited, knowing that all these shots, going out into the blackness, were in preparation for an attack on the morrow; and just before the sun came up, the sergeants woke us and we took our positions ready for the charge.

"It seemed a long wait, those next ten minutes, longer than all the night through. We were not afraid, though we knew that death was near to us. I cannot tell why, but we did not fear. It was, if I may say so, a habit we had formed. And, Mademoiselle, if one's turn comes—well, it comes! So why worry? But I did think of my wife Marie and the babies, and—well, I told myself that, if I died, she would take care of them. Also they would not have to suffer as I have suffered; for this, Mademoiselle, is to be the end of all wars. On that we are determined. But I stray again from my tale with talking of myself, when it is of your father that I should be talking.

"At dawn, then, the heavy firing ceased for a moment, only to renew itself a thousand times more vigorously. It was as if the earth would be rent in two—and then we went out of the trench.

"We do not hurry at first, Mademoiselle. We take it easy, keeping together, so that at the last, when we hurl ourselves at the *Boches*, we shall not be scattered. Across that space we call No Man's Land we went at a fast walk; and above all the clamor of the bursting shells we could hear your father's voice, and it put heart into us, you may be sure. 'Steady, my children!' he called, and it braced us—no doubt of that. I tell you, Mademoiselle, it is not so easy to walk as if on parade, with the bullets whizzing past you and the shells bursting over your head, or digging huge graves in front of you. Out of the corner of your eye you see a comrade fall here and there along the thin line, and you are glad to hear your captain's voice. So on we went until we neared the *Boche* trench. Then came the order to charge on the run! With a shout we went at it, and in a little it was ours. We made a few prisoners, and it came time to go after the next line. This, too, we captured; and then there was a third one to be taken.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, I have no words bad enough to tell you what we think of the *sales Boches*. Our company went toward the next trench, but, as we approached, up jumped a squad of Germans with their hands raised above their heads, shouting *'Camarade! Camarade!* Do not shoot! Do not shoot!' They were surrendering, you understand, and we had a pity for them, not having learned all their vileness. Your father gave us the order not to kill, and we went on, all unprepared, lowering our rifles, thinking nothing of those few men upon the parapet. But then came their treachery! One cannot trust the word of a German—not now or ever, Mademoiselle. When they had us at their mercy, those who had been asking pity dropped back into their trench and opened fire upon us with their mitrailleuses. There were scores of others, hidden in shell-holes behind us, who had crept up while our attention was centered upon those who pretended to surrender.

"We were brave, and there was our good captain. All was not lost; but we must cut our way back to the second trench. We fought, Mademoiselle. Your father was everywhere, rallying his men, and we were almost through. It happened that I was near to him at the time. I felt safer with him, you understand. He and I could fight together. Then he bumped into

me. 'Ho, André! We 'll clear them yet!' And he turned to see how his men were falling back.

"At that moment, Mademoiselle, a shell knocked me senseless. No hurt, but for an instant, bang! I was on my back, and the captain noted my fall.

"I came to my senses in his arms; but in that little time which he had lost in picking me up, he had dropped behind the others, and a dozen *Boches* were upon us. It was hand to hand, and I was something of a load for a fighting man. 'Let me down, *mon capitaine,*' I shouted, wriggling, and he dropped me on my feet.

"'Go back,' he ordered, while he faced the beasts that followed us.

"But orders or no orders, Mademoiselle, I would not stir from his side. We fought together. Then some of our company, discovering what was going on, came out again to our aid. Ah, la, la! it was a fight. More *Boches* ran up, more of our men took a hand in it. We struggled here and there, as if we were alone in the world.

"And now comes the part that is hardest to tell. The captain gave us the order to retreat to the trench, and at that, thinking, of course, that he would return with us, I faced about, as did the others. But whether your father was wounded and could not accompany us, I do not know. Looking back on the instant I jumped to safety, I saw him fall, with a crowd of the *Boches* around him. At the same moment a machine-gun opened fire upon us from another angle, and it would have been suicide to leave the trench.

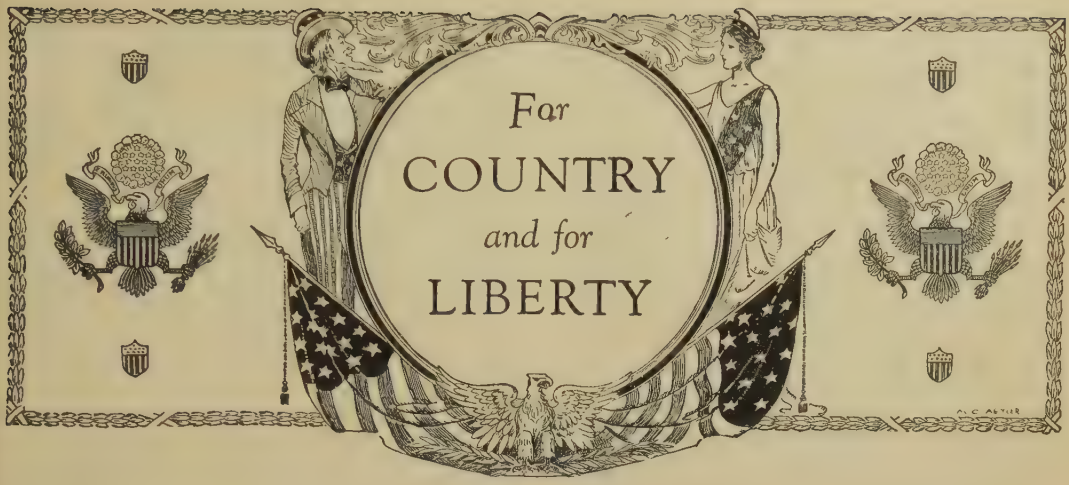
"That is the story, Mademoiselle. Our captain saved my life. If it had not been for that moment when he stopped for me, he would have been with us to-day. But he *did* stop, Mademoiselle He was our father as well as our captain. He could not see one of his sons fall and not hold out a hand to help him up again To save me, he died, Mademoiselle. We thought it only right that you should know it as it happened. It is not the same as an official report, which is without understanding.

"Also the whole company sends to you their deep sympathy. We are rough *poilus,* but your father was as a father to us. We should be very proud, Mademoiselle, if you could bring yourself, sometimes, to think of us as—as your brothers."

(To be continued)

EXAMINATION DAY AT CONGO FREE SCHOOL

PRINCIPAL (TO TRUSTEES): SINCE MISCHIEVOUS ELI HAS BEEN PLACED IN THE FRONT ROW, THE IMPROVEMENT IN THE MENTAL ARITHMETIC RECITATION HAS BEEN VERY GRATIFYING



CHER AMI—THE SOLDIER BIRD

By DON C. SEITZ

THE airmen, with their wonderful exploits in the sky, who added new chapters to the tales of war in the great world conflict, will have a brother in the Hall of Fame who belongs to the really and truly feathered tribe—a blue-gray and white carrier-pigeon, named, lovingly, *"Cher Ami"*—"dear friend"—by his comrades of the earth. This little messenger came safely to New York, April 16, 1919, on the transport *Ohioan,* under the tender care of Captain John L. Carney, of Pigeon Company No. 1. Out of the one thousand pigeons who were members of his command, Cher Ami is the most famous, and he, alone of all, is to wear the Distinguished Service Cross. General E. E. Russell, Chief Signal Officer of the American Expeditionary Force, has so recommended, and General John J. Pershing, the commander-in-chief, has indorsed the recommendation. By General Pershing's orders, Cher Ami voyaged from France with all the honors due him for his great services; and these were great indeed, for it was this undersized pigeon that saved the famous "Lost Battalion," surrounded and starving for days in the Argonne Forest, its whereabouts completely unknown. The signal sergeant in the battalion commanded by Major —now Lieutenant-Colonel—Charles W. Whittlesey, carried with him on the advance Cher Ami, who had been carefully trained by Captain Carney, an old soldier with a liking for homing-pigeons, which he cultivated at Pittsburg between wars, having served in Cuba and the Philippines and China. He took over this important messenger-service in France, where, after a little time spent in studying geography, Cher Ami went on active duty. In the Argonne this was lively enough. The rough, wooded territory afforded many hiding-places for German sharp-shooters, always on the lookout for carrier-pigeons. So when the beleaguered battalion found itself cut off and without food, a message was tied to the bird's left leg, close up

CHER AMI IN THE HANDS OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, CAPTAIN JOHN L. CARNEY, A. E. F.

under the feathers, and he was tossed into the air. Small as he is, Cher Ami could not escape the keen eyes of the sharp-shooters. He was often fired at. One bullet burned the plumage from his breast, where there is a wide scar over which the feathers still refuse to grow. Another cut off his left leg above the middle joint. But the valiant "homer" came in, the message dangling from the wounded joint, telling the peril of his comrades. This enabled the airmen to drop food and cartridges to Major Whittlesey's men, so that they fought their way out and made another record in the long list of deeds credited to American valor.

By General Pershing's orders, Cher Ami was billeted to come back a first-class passenger on the *Ohioan* in Captain Carney's stateroom! But he pined for his companions in the pigeon-coop, and was returned to their society. He had for fellow-voyagers one hundred captured German birds, who are to be given the benefit of free institutions. Cher Ami is to spend the rest of his days in comfort as a member of the Signal Service in Washington, where he is to have the best of everything and be an example to the squabs as they grow up. What tales he will be able to tell them—in pigeon-English, perhaps!

OUR WONDERFUL "BOY SCOUTS"

A NATIONAL Citizens' Committee, under the chairmanship of the Hon. William G. McAdoo, former secretary of the treasury, has been formed for the purpose of expressing the nation's appreciation of what the Boy Scouts of America did for the country during the war.

This expression of gratitude will take the form of a nation-wide "Boy Scout Week," beginning June 8th and continuing to the 14th. It will aim to focus the attention of the public upon what the movement really stands for, the immense part it played in the war, and what it is expected to do in the future.

All American young folk remember with pride how, when the nation called, the Boy Scouts of America, then 300,000 strong, rose and responded, because they "were prepared"; how, as "gleaners after the reapers," they amazed Washington by their sales of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps.

Yet these are but a few of the accomplishments of the Scout organization. Below is a more detailed list of results attained—a truly marvelous record:

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Originally incorporated in this country February 8, 1910. Granted federal charter by Congress June 15, 1916.

Present membership:

Scouts	378,069
Scoutmasters	14,939
Assistant Scoutmasters	17,285
Troop Committeemen	50,808
Local Council members and officials	15,156
	476,257

(It is interesting to note that, notwithstanding this tremendous organization, only two hundred and fifty of the leaders are paid—the rest are volunteers.) A few of the things they did during the war are stated below:

In the four Liberty Loans they sold 1,967,047 subscriptions, amounting to $276,744,650.

"WISH I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO BE A BOY SCOUT!"

War Savings Stamps sold to April 10th, $50,000,000 in 2,176,625 sales.

Standing walnut located, 20,758,660 board feet (5200 car-loads).

Fruit-pits collected for gas-masks, over 100 car-loads.

War gardens and war farms conducted by scouts through the country, 12,000.

Distributed over 50,000,000 pieces of government literature.

Rendered invaluable services for the Red Cross, the United War Work Committee, and other national organizations serving the Government. Confidential service for Third Naval District. Coöperated in A. L. A. drive for better books. Served well in Food and Fuel Conservation. Performed countless individual acts of service to the Government, not recorded under any special classification.

Presented a united front of patriotic zeal in every community, which in itself was of incalculable value to the nation.

Nearly 100,000 scouts earned the Treasury Department Medal in the Liberty Loan drives. Almost half that number qualified for bars in addition; 16,026 achievement buttons have been awarded for War Savings Stamps sales, 8221 ace medals, 18,886 bronze palms, 1726 silver palms, 212 gold palms.

And they have adopted the "Peace Cry"—THE WAR IS OVER, BUT OUR WORK IS NOT.

WHAT DOES THE RED CIRCLE MEAN?

By MARTHA CANDLER

"Oh, it means all sorts of good times!" hundreds of boys and girls exclaim. "It means games and swimming and movies for everybody, and it means shows that we can take part in ourselves!"

"Dances, socials, mass sings, and big, downtown suppers, where we may meet the new people who come to town, and give them a chance to know us," says big sister or brother.

"Better moral and industrial conditions, and a better social life; more adequate community expression," Father and Mother tell us.

And that is the wonder of the Red Circle of permanent Community Service. It brings us all the particular things we are most interested in for our playtime or leisure hours. It is exactly as if the towns that have it had suddenly made up their minds that no boy or girl and no grown-up need ever exclaim, as you and I often have: "Oh, how I wish I could get out of this dead old place! I want to be where there is *something doing!*"

Community Service is perfectly simple, so simple that we wonder why we have not always had it to fill an old, old need. But the fact of the matter is, had it not been for the war, nobody might, for some time to come, have set to work to prove to everybody else how fine a town the old home town is to live in. It happened this way:

When our soldiers were being trained in the camps, all of us wanted to do something patriotic for our country. Secretly, we wanted to do big, brave deeds, with flags flying and bands playing; to be among those going over to fight in the front-line trenches or minister to wounded men under fire. But Uncle Sam told us that the best way many of us could serve our country was by continuing to be just plain home-folks, boys and girls and grown people, and all working together to make our town the friendliest and jolliest place soldiers could possibly wish to go a-visiting in after the monotony of camp life.

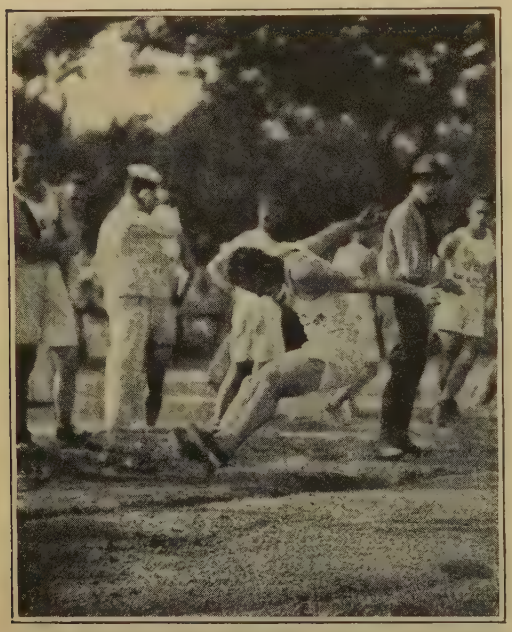
And was n't it strange that the Government had to send in experts to show us how to be friendly and pleasant all together? But it did. Of course, the Boy Scouts already knew how to extend the hospitality of the Boy Scouts, and the Girl Scouts of the Girl Scouts, and the Camp Fire Girls theirs, and mothers' and fathers' clubs theirs, and the churches theirs But all of these had never worked together to extend the community's hospitality before.

Then War Camp Community Service came into all the camp towns, and when the people everywhere suddenly began asking what *they* could do to make the soldiers happy, it told them about the Red Circle and asked them to come in. The Red Circle is a symbol. It stands for an endless good fellowship in which everybody joins hands. Societies and clubs that had never been very friendly with each other suddenly began taking the money out of their treasuries and putting it all together to make soldiers' and sailors' clubs possible. Swimming-pools, gymnasiums, and libraries were put at the disposal of soldier visitors, and the most exclusive clubs, as well as church social rooms, were thrown open to them.

I know of many places where the Boy Scouts, wearing W.C.C.S. arm-bands, went around and gathered up magazines, and then went through troop-trains and handed them out to the soldiers, while their mothers and sisters were working with the Red Circle or the Red Cross, serving coffee and sandwiches. And sometimes the Girls' Friendly and the Girl Scouts worked "behind the lines" making the sandwiches and coffee. I know of other

places where Girls' Patriotic Leaguers adopted whole companies of soldiers. To write to and to visit in camp? My, no! To knit for, and to supply with phonograph records, and occasional boxes of "eats," for often they never even saw their own soldiers.

"We 'd do anything for home folks like these! Why, we 'd never have known how fine all Americans are if the war had n't scrambled us up so and spread us all over the country!" I heard a big soldier from the West say to the New York hostess who was



"OUR RETURNED SOLDIERS WILL TEACH US STUNTS"

entertaining him in her home not long ago; and she looked ashamed and did not say anything. I know, though, that she had, like lots of us, made up her mind that she would never go back to the old narrow, selfish way of living. While working all together to make our town a pleasant place for soldiers and sailors, we have learned to make it an excellent place for everybody who lives in it.

And so, many of the six hundred towns organized under W.C.C.S. have already begun work to keep the Red Circle and make it stand for permanent Community Service. The individuals of many communities have pledged themselves to kindliness and service to everybody, instead of the old intolerance for all that did not conform to their limited ideas—but they still want trained leaders from outside. The Community Service will take up where W.C.C.S. leaves off, making use of its force of 2700 trained workers, and its 60,000 volunteers of all sorts, including song-leaders, leaders of girls' clubs, and active workers in many committees.

Many other towns, not near camps and never organized under W.C.C.S., are now organizing under the Red Circle. Community Houses and Community Clubs are being built as homes for all sorts of get-togethers and good times. Big dances and big sings that bring whole towns together, and such as were unheard of before the war, are being held everywhere. And so are track-meets and tennis tournaments.

In Washington, the Government has asked Community Service to furnish recreation for its permanent employees, many of whom are young girls. One of the most interesting things they have done so far is to plan a week of community opera, to be held in one of the largest theatres. Such productions as "Carmen," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Pagliacci" have already been given most successfully in near-by military hospitals and camps. Amateur talent is used almost exclusively, and large numbers of girls have great fun in training for the choruses.

In Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the play-centers and volley-ball courts in the streets are popular with the boys and girls. Before Community Service came to Bethlehem there was no place at all for outdoor recreation. There were no parks and no vacant lots available for play purposes. But through its Recreation Committee, Community Service at once arranged to take over a large acreage just outside of the city, so that it has now sixty acres of park, with admirable facilities for swimming, camping, picnicking, boating and skating.

Nearly 1500 persons are organized into Girls' Community Service Clubs. There is spirited, but friendly, rivalry among them. Their programs of activities include coöperation with community-welfare agencies; the development of a big girls' community chorus, a girls' band, and numbers of glee clubs, rallies, pageants, and dramatics; hikes, swimming contests, and military drill; study of personal and social hygiene; and a wide range of educational classes.

In Chester, Pennsylvania, one of the interesting things Community Service has started —according to the boys' and girls' way of thinking—is a training-class for play leaders. Nearly a hundred men and women, white and colored, have been meeting once a week all winter. Mr. Carlton B. Sanford, chief scout executive of the Boy Scouts, with nearly a

A PARTY WHERE EVERYBODY DOES HIS PART TO ADD TO THE FUN

dozen assistants, has volunteered his services to train enough leaders to promote games on all the vacant lots and in all the parks every afternoon and evening.

There are seventeen nationalities represented in Chester's population, and Chester's Community Service program is big enough to furnish recreation and social life for all of them, old and young. Family gatherings and classes in Americanization are held in school centers and in the community clubs every week, with occasional big celebrations in which the native dances and characteristic entertainments of the different peoples are featured.

Uncle Sam discovered that the happier soldiers are, and the more pleasantly they spend their leisure time, the more efficient they are for the task of soldiering. And we have discovered, while aiding Uncle Sam, that this is also true of mental and manual workers, and of boys and girls in school. And so the Red Circle stands for national efficiency and happiness.

A COMMUNITY-HOUSE CHRISTMAS PARTY AT LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

FLYING WILD ON A STORMY NIGHT

(Extract from an actual letter)

THERE was one course I missed by being made an instructor. That was night-flying; but I learned that by myself last night. I was taking a passenger for a ride, when our engine failed and we had to come down. Mechanics were sent to us from the field, but it took till after eight o'clock in the evening for them to get our engine working. As I was the pilot, of course I was to fly the ship back, so the other fellow returned in the auto with the mechanics. There was a thick, ugly haze hovering around, but a few stars were dimly visible straight overhead. A strong north wind was blowing, and the air was much too rough for comfort or safety on such a dark night.

Though I did not know it until later, two night-fliers, in a properly equipped ship, had just been thrown into a tail-spin, in the treacherous air, and dashed to the ground, killing one and badly injuring the other. They had the lights of the field to guide them; but the weather had become too bad to contend with, so flying was stopped and the lights taken from the field.

Two other fliers had fallen in the storm while it was still daylight, killing one and slightly injuring the other.

Several other aviators were lost in the fog before dark, and had to make landings wherever they could find smooth ground. Out of seven ships from one section of the field, only three got back, the other pilots having lost their way or damaged their machines.

I did not know any of this, and, never having flown at night, did not realize the seriousness of undertaking to pilot the ship I had back to the camp in such a rough night. It only took a minute to realize it, though, when I had got up into the air, but it was too late then. There was no chance to land in the darkness, and my only hope was to get back to the home field and land by the lights. I was no sooner up in the air than a cloud hid the only star I was depending on for guidance, and in almost no time the few lights around the place I had left were lost in the fog. I was thrown about by the rough air in the black sky, nothing below but blackness—no lights, no compass, no way to tell how far from the ground I was, nor whether I was over woods, creeks, fences, or what, and no means of finding my way to the home field nor the place I had left. I knew where the field was before I started; but when the stars were hidden by the clouds, there was no way to hold my course. Fire was shooting out of the exhaust on both sides of my engine, blinding what little sight I might have had. When the men on the ground watching me saw, from the fire shooting out, that I had lost the course on account of the clouds, they thought there was little hope of my getting down alive.

For an hour and twenty minutes I was flying up there in the storm, trying to find the field, which I might have made in half an hour had there been any way to keep the direction. My gasolene was about to give out, and to plunge into total darkness for a landing did not present a very pleasant outlook. Finally, by remembering which way the wind was and observing as nearly as possible the direction of the drift, at such rare intervals as I could find, far below, some dim light to fly over, I managed to get to the flying-field, only to find the lights had been taken off on account of flying being stopped by the storm. By the lights in the buildings I could tell where the field was, and made a perfect landing by "stalling" the machine down till it struck.

It was so dark, and my eyes so blinded by the glare of the exhaust in front of me, that I could not even see the ground after I had landed on it, and did not know where it was until I got down on it. Neither the aëroplane nor I had suffered any damage whatever, and I put it away and started for my quarters. On the way I saw an ambulance coming in one direction, the wrecking-crew with the remains of a badly demolished ship in another, and, in still another, a hearse.

Later I learned of the death of two lieutenants, the various other smash-ups, men lost, and found my own name among the list of those missing, probably killed. They did not think that I could get back that kind of a night, but I fooled them by appearing on the scene. It was after eleven o'clock when I got to bed, which is pretty late for this place, but I was out for another ride bright and early the next morning, feeling none the worse for my experience.

ANTHONY VANTUYL.

FORTUNES OF WAR

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island"

CHAPTER XV.

IN TOW

LIEUTENANT BENTLEY, less than half a mile away now, was watching the conflict through night-glasses when the explosion occurred. At the sound of it his lip twitched, for he knew many of his men must have been aboard the enemy craft. As the smoke cleared away, however, he saw that the U-boat was still afloat, and realized that what damage she had sustained must be in her interior. The battle had been ended by the German, who, realizing that the capture of the boat was imminent, caused the explosion below deck.

The *Farley's* engines were stopped when she came within some two hundred yards of the place, and her boats were quickly lowered. Speedily they reached the scene, where, under the white glare of searchlights, friend and foe were alike struggling in the water. As the first boat passed, many of the men reached for the gunwale and clung there, among them several of the Germans. But the *Farley's* petty officer in the stern sheets paid no attention to these, leaving to the second boat the work of rescuing them. Straight to the submarine he steered. She was now well down by the bow, and it was evident that the explosion had done its work well. On the canting deck but four figures remained, and of these only two showed signs of life.

"Grimes!" called the man in charge of the first boat. "Are you there?"

"Yes, I 'm all right." One of the forms raised himself on an elbow and waved. "But the swine have blown her bow off, I think."

The boat ran alongside, and two seamen leaped aboard the submarine. The ensign was helped to his feet, and swayed dizzily for a moment. Then:

"Have a look at the others, Cutler," he ordered. "One of 'em 's only wounded, I guess. Don't mind me. I 'll make it alone."

The wounded man, one of the *Farley's* crew, was lifted into the boat, the ensign followed, and the submarine, sinking fast, was left to her fate.

The second boat, having picked up those in the water, was already heading back to the destroyer.

"Thought you had been blown up to the sky, sir," said the petty officer to the ensign, as the latter sank to the seat beside him.

"Shaken up a bit, that 's all. One of 'em got below and tapped the firing-pin of a torpedo, I guess. Anyway, he 's put that 'fish' on the blink. And himself, too. Well, he had nerve! Better slide back to the luff and report, I guess. There 's nothing more to do. Pity, though, we could n't have towed that 'sub' into port, is n't it?"

"Are you much hurt, sir?" asked the other, as the men dipped their oars.

"Just a scratch," replied the ensign, beginning to recover somewhat from the shock of the explosion. Fortunately for him, he had been astern of the conning-tower when it had occurred, and so, although flung to the deck by the concussion, and somewhat shaken, he had escaped injury.

The gray dawn had barely turned to daylight by the time Ensign Grimes stood on the deck of the destroyer, receiving the congratulations of the luff. The expedition had succeeded, and with astonishingly light casualties. There was no loss of life among the Americans, although eight men had been wounded, four seriously, in addition to the ensign and Dexter. The Germans had fared far worse. Fourteen of their number had already been conveyed to the *Farley*. One, who spoke English fluently, stated that several of them must have perished below in the explosion.

The lieutenant turned his attention to the group of U-boat men who were standing meekly on the pier, evidently ready to surrender as soon as they could be taken on board the destroyer.

"I can count twelve or thirteen of them," he said, lowering his binoculars. "We 'll bring them off now, I guess. You had better place yourself in the doctor's hands, Grimes."

The waiting Germans readily submitted to capture, seeming rather pleased than otherwise at their sudden change of fortune; and as soon as they had surrendered, Ben called from the top of the cliff, and Dexter was carried down to the water's edge and placed in a boat.

Five out of the party of Germans who had landed on the island, including the captain of the submarine, still remained unaccounted for. Fortunately, the task of rounding them up did not prove very troublesome. Jerry and Ben,

from their position on the cliff top, had seen the fugitives move off along the northern shore, and in less than an hour the U-boat skipper and the remainder of his crew were run to earth.

The submarine captain surrendered his revolver and marched back to the waiting boat. He inquired about the fate of those who had remained on the submarine, and showed little concern when informed that several had been below at the moment of the explosion.

The three survivors of the *Endeavor* had already returned to the destroyer, where, on learning that the *Farley* was to sail for Ponta Delgada on the island of San Miguel, they received permission to travel on board to that port. Ben was standing near the rail when the German captain came over the side, and the mutual recognition was instantaneous.

"Was—was it not you I told not to go near that island?" asked the German.

Ben nodded, but did not speak. Jerry's eyes flashed—this was the man who had fired a shot into his schooner!

The German shrugged his shoulders.

"Ach!" he said. "Now you understand why!"

A seaman bustled up with the information that Lieutenant Bentley desired to see Jerry and Ben immediately. The luff received them on the bridge, with a quiet smile.

"It seems to me," he began, "that we are getting all the fun and glory out of this. I have been having a talk with Ensign Grimes. He thinks we rather owe something to you chaps, and so do I. Now, how about that schooner of yours? Mr. Grimes thinks she 'd float if pulled off. Do you?"

"Why, yes, sir, she 'll float, but she won't sail."

"Once off," was the reply, "she won't have to. As long as she will stay afloat, we 'll do the rest."

Jerry's eyes glistened.

"It is high water in a little over an hour from now," continued the commander. "We'll run around there and see what we can do. Towing lumber schooners is n't exactly according to orders, but in the circumstances I 'll take a chance. I guess you could sell her where she lies, but she 'll be worth a lot more at Ponta Delgada, and, everything considered, it would be a shame not to make a shot at getting her there."

Jerry was too delighted to find words with which to express the gratitude he felt, but Ben came to the rescue.

"It 's certainly awfully good of you, sir, and we appreciate it," he declared a trifle breathlessly.

"There 's one other thing," said the luff pleasantly, as the destroyer turned her sharp nose around the end of the island. "I did n't mention it before, as I did not know how this affair was likely to turn out."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Jerry, puzzled.

"Well, you must understand that I speak unofficially, but when we were last in Ponta Delgada I heard that some sort of a reward had been offered for information leading to the discovery of the naval base which the Germans were known to have in these waters."

"A reward!" Jerry repeated. "I never thought of that. Who is offering it, sir?"

"I ought not to say much about it," replied the luff, "because I 'm not sure of my facts. But, as I understand it, some of the shippers of the island of San Miguel and also of the towns of Angra and Horpa, in the Azores, got tired of losing cargoes right and left and clubbed together and offered this reward. Their idea, I suppose, was that some one must know where the Huns had this base of theirs, and that if the purse was big enough, he 'd 'squeal.' And that 's all I know about it. Don't expect too much. The idea may have fallen through, or the reward may be quite trifling. It would n't be likely to amount to much, anyway. The people around here don't throw their money away."

"It would be very nice if the reward came to us," said Jerry. "Would n't it, Ben? You see, it might make up for the loss we are likely to stand through having the schooner come to grief."

"That is what I thought," remarked Lieutenant Bentley. "Anyway, the reward ought to go to you if any one gets it. You may depend on my help in the matter."

"Thank you ever so much, sir," said the boy, gratefully.

In a few minutes the destroyer was abreast of the *Endeavor,* and Ensign Grimes and four seamen put off to examine the condition of the stranded vessel. The ensign reported that she should come off easily enough at high water, and so, presently, two long steel hawsers were made fast to her, and then, as the tide reached its highest point, the *Farley's* stacks spouted smoke, the hawsers tightened, and Ben and Jerry, watching from the destroyer, held their breath. A long minute of suspense followed. At the *Farley's* stern the water was churned into a smother of foam. Suddenly Ben gripped Jerry's arm, and:

"By Jove! Look! She's moving!" he cried.

The ship had settled down into the shingle a little way, and she came out of her bed reluctantly. But inch by inch the *Farley* conquered, until, at last, the schooner's keel was clear and she floated clumsily after the destroyer!

She lay deep in the water, almost awash amidships, but the fact that she was again afloat filled the boys with joy. The destroyer towed her, stern first, until she was a safe distance from the shore, and then, one hawser being let go, the other was made fast to the foremast, a turn being taken round the bitts. When that was done, the *Farley's* men rowed back, and Ben, Jerry, and Todd got ready to board the tow. Lieutenant Bentley waved to them from the *Farley's* bridge as they went over the side.

"Good luck!" he called. "I can spare you one or two men if you want them."

"We sha' n't need them, thanks," replied Ben.

A few minutes later the three members of the *Endeavor's* crew were on her deck once more, Todd at the wheel. The "telegraph" in the *Farley's* engine-room clanged, propellers bit the water, and the long wire cable between her and the *Endeavor* arose dripping from the water. Then, with her nose pointing toward San Miguel, the destroyer led the way.

"Some trip!" Ben remarked with a grin as they gathered way.

"*Some trip!*" agreed Jerry, laughing.

The *Farley* had tuned her engines to a speed which, while slow for that greyhound, was good going for a schooner with her deck nearly awash and a good portion of the Atlantic Ocean gurgling about inside her, and life aboard the *Endeavor* was an uncomfortable thing forward of midships by reason of the occasional seas that rolled over her low bow. But the ocean remained calm and the skies fair until a midday meal had been made of what scanty stores Dragon and his cronies had left aboard. Then, shortly after two bells, Todd pointed meaningly to the north, where dark clouds were gathering above the rim of the sea.

"WITHOUT FURTHER WARNING, THE STORM BURST UPON THEM"

"Looks like a storm," he said grimly to Ben, and Ben agreed with him.

An hour passed before the ominous threat of the clouds was fulfilled, during which time the *Farley* plunged ahead at a steady, untroubled gait, churning the green water into foam and tugging her wallowing charge every minute nearer to port. There was little uneasiness aboard the *Endeavor,* however, for, while the hawser held, the schooner, with her bare poles and scant free-board, could stand a lot of gale. The wind struck at last in a sudden, angry gust, and a few rain-drops splashed heavily on the deck. Then a streak

of lightning split the sky and a mighty peal of thunder rolled from horizon to horizon.

Without further warning, the storm burst upon them. A howling, screaming wind tore through the rigging, and a torrent of rain deluged the deck. Lightning flash followed lightning flash, until the whole heavens seemed ablaze, and the thunder became a continuous roar. The downfall of rain shut the destroyer from sight.

The sea was a welter of racing, white-topped waves, which pounded over the port bow of the schooner and poured aft in seething torrents. There was no buoyancy now in the *Endeavor*. Like a dead thing, she floundered on, going through the seas instead of rising to them, as had been her wont, and the united strength of Ben and Todd was needed to keep her from slewing.

Jerry, sheltering in the companionway near, peered anxiously into the driving spume and rain and watched the ever-growing seas that rushed down on them. There were moments when it seemed to him that the schooner would never get her head up again. The hawser between the two ships stood out almost horizontal under the tremendous strain. It was there that Todd's eyes were fixed each time a wave struck the *Endeavor*. Suddenly a report like that of a three-inch gun came downwind, and Todd's voice sounded above the din of sea and storm.

"The hawser 's parted!" he shouted.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE *Endeavor* MAKES PORT

THE distance between the two ships increased rapidly; but even before the destroyer had disappeared into the gloom, Todd beckoned to Jerry to man the wheel. With Ben at his heels, he made his way through a torrent of water that surged between the piles of deck lumber, and seized the foresail halyards. The schooner, in response to the helm, came up into the wind, and the canvas cracked and flapped madly as it rose. Ben and Todd strained every muscle, for the lives of all three now depended on their being able to make the *Endeavor* lay to. Up came the heavy sail, slowly, but surely, just as the dark outline of the destroyer loomed up once more. In that tumult it was useless even to think of getting another hawser fast, but she had come to stand by, like an anxious hen mothering a solitary chick. Her commander, seeing the reefed foresail up, knew that the schooner was at least under control.

For hours the overburdened schooner held on, her timbers groaning and creaking under the strain, but early in the afternoon, nature paused in her onslaught, as though tired of the game. There came a lull in the fury of the gale, and a shaft of sunlight struggled down through a break in the clouds. Mountainous seas were now running, but the worst danger was over. Some one on the bridge of the destroyer was holding up a megaphone.

"Stand by to catch a line!" came the voice.

Ben waved his hand in response, and the war-ship ran as near to the schooner as the luff dared take her in such a sea. A coil shot out over her rail and fell short. At the second attempt the end was grasped by Ben, and a new hawser was made fast. Soon the *Farley* was again lunging on, with the *Endeavor* trailing along in her wake. It was rough work, and slow, for the water-logged schooner offered tremendous resistance in the trough of each wave. Darkness came while they were still plugging at it; but a couple of hours later, lights were seen faintly in the distance ahead.

"San Miguel!" Todd declared.

It was ten o'clock by the second mate's watch when the *Farley's* powerful engines slowed down under the shelter of Ponta Delgada's immense natural breakwater, and the schooner came to anchor in fifteen fathoms. Within a few minutes a boat from the destroyer ran alongside.

"Lieutenant Bentley's compliments, sir," sang out the petty officer in charge, "and he says maybe you three would like to come on board and have a square meal."

"Jerry," said Ben, "make a noise like an ambassador or something. We 're going to dine with dear old Uncle Sam! I 've left my evening dress-suit on the piano. Go easy, son! Don't fall into the sea in your hurry. One would think you 'd never been fed aboard the schooner. Hand Bumps down to me now. He 's surely invited too."

After supper Ensign Grimes, with his head and hand bandaged, but looking supremely happy, insisted on the trio remaining on the destroyer all night.

"We shall be lying here till to-morrow," he said, "and that schooner of yours is n't fit to sleep on. We 'll make you comfortable for to-night, anyhow."

"That 's tremendously kind of you," said Jerry.

"Not a bit," replied Grimes. "To tell the truth, I don't feel we can do enough for you. The luff is tickled to death with what 's happened, and I 'm not surprised. A message

came by wireless to-night from the admiral that—well, lots of fellows would have given their ears to receive it. And the luff says I 'm certain to get promotion. So you see how I feel toward you."

"I 'm glad about it all for your sake," said Jerry, earnestly.

Next morning the *Farley* put to sea again, but, before his guests returned to their own vessel, Lieutenant Bentley obtained from them a sworn statement concerning the conduct of Dragon and the rest of his gang.

"What are you going to do with them, sir?" Jerry asked.

"To-night they 'll be transferred to a vessel which is leaving for New York," replied the luff. "Uncle Sam will take care of them after that for a while."

The commander shook hands cordially.

"We may not put in to Delgada again for a week or so," he said, "and if you are still here when we come back, mind you pay us a visit. By the way, I have been making inquiries about that reward, and I think you will find it all right. I have reported the destruction of the Germans' base to the local authorities, and I expect you will have the mayor of Delgada calling on you."

"Things are n't panning out so badly, after all," Ben declared, as they returned to the schooner. "Considering that we had Dragon to contend with, and then a submarine, to say nothing of some perfectly awful weather, we might be a great deal worse off!"

"For instance, we might never have got here at all," replied Jerry. "Now who 's this coming?" he added, turning to a fussy little launch that was chugging in their direction. A bewhiskered individual with a genial face stood up in the craft as it ran alongside.

"Who is captain here?" the man asked.

"What 's the trouble?" Ben asked, leaning over the side.

"My name is Manuel Mattos," said the bewhiskered individual. "I am what you call contractor here. I got a message this morning, from my frien' Lieutenant Bentley, telling me you have lumber to sell."

"Step right on board, Mr. Mattos," said Ben. "I 'll sell you the whole shooting-match if you like."

The contractor's eyes fell on the deck cargo as he stepped over the side, and his smile became expansive.

"Ah! It was the angels that bring you to me!" he cried joyously. "Wood! Pouf! It is more scarce than diamonds in the Azores. Ah, but this is good. I take it all."

"That 's very nice of you, Mr. Mattos," said Ben, "but what about the price?"

The contractor waved his arm expressively, as though to indicate that no haggling would be necessary. He inquired as to the exact quantity of lumber on board, and, after making a few calculations, named a figure which astonished the boys. Ben, taking careful stock of the man, had come to the conclusion that Manuel Mattos was genuine enough.

"That seems fair," he said. "But if you would n't mind, I 'd like to have a couple of hours in which to decide. You see, we only arrived last night—"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Mattos, without hesitation. "But you will find that is the market price of lumber in Ponta Delgada to-day. See, here is my card. You come to my office in two hours, and I pay you the money."

"I guess we 'll be there," said Ben. "Much obliged. All the same, we 'll have a look round first."

The launch fussed off, and Jerry and Ben rowed ashore, where they hunted up the American consul, who listened attentively to their story.

"Manuel Mattos is as square as they make 'em, and the figure he 's offering is about right," said the consul. "Take my advice and call it a deal. You must be the fellows who found the U-boat base, are n't you?"

Jerry looked at the consul, surprised.

"Why, how did you hear about it?" he asked.

"How?" laughed the consul. "Why, it 's all over the town. "The shippers held a meeting this morning, and I understand that the *Administrador do Concelho* is going to make a little presentation to you to-day."

"The Administrador do *what?"* Jerry asked, perplexed. "What is an Administrador thingumbob?"

"That 's what they call the mayor here."

"Come along, Jerry," Ben urged. "Let us pick up our money for the cargo, and if there 's going to be a fuss, we 'd better make ourselves look respectable. I feel like a hobo, and you don't look much better."

Mr. Mattos had the money ready, and ten minutes later Ben left the bank with an American draft for the amount in his pocket.

"Why, that 's more than we should have got for the lumber in Bordeaux, is n't it?" asked Jerry.

"It 's probably a shade better—in fact, two shades better," replied Ben, contentedly.

Turning a corner, they almost bumped into Manuel Mattos, who was hurrying to find them.

"The *Administrador do Concelho,* he is in

my office!" said the contractor. "He beg that you will do the honor of seeing him."

Somewhat nervously, for they both dreaded the ordeal, Jerry and Ben reentered Mr. Mattos's office, where four of the leading citizens of Delgada were waiting. One, evidently the mayor, extended an embarrassing welcome to the boys, making an enthusiastic speech in Portuguese. When he had finished, Mr. Mattos briefly interpreted.

"The *Administrador* says he begs you to accept a reward of one thousand escudos, and he regrets that it is not more."

"Thank you very much indeed," said Ben. "I don't know what escudos amount to, but a thousand of them sounds quite a lot."

Mr. Mattos smiled.

"It is one million reis," he explained.

"A *million*—" Jerry began in amazement.

"Keep cool, Jerry," Ben said, unruffled. "Say, Mr. Mattos, what is it in American?"

"Oh, I forget," said Mr. Mattos, "you will not understand our money. A thousand escudos is about a thousand American dollars."

"Please tell the *Administrador,*" Ben replied, "that we did n't even know there was a reward offered when we happened to find the U-boat base, but that we 're awfully obliged."

This, Mr. Mattos translated. The *Administrador* bowed, every one else following suit, whereupon the ordeal came to an end, and for the second time that morning Portuguese money was converted into an American draft.

Later in the day the *Endeavor* was berthed, and a gang of men began to remove her cargo. Meanwhile, Jerry, Ben, and Todd put up at the Hotel Acoriano, where the question of returning to America was discussed.

"Say, I wonder if we could get the old schooner fixed, and sail back in her," Ben observed thoughtfully.

"I 've been wondering that, myself," replied Jerry. "I did n't think such a thing possible when she was lying stranded, but it 's different now. Nothing in the world would please me so much as to run back in her."

"Well, after all, there are only two holes in her, as far as we know," Ben declared. "We really can't tell what damage is done until the cargo is out. If repairing would mean a big job, we 'll sell her as she stands and travel home on a freighter."

For two days they reveled in a complete rest and comparative luxury, which was appreciated to the full after recent hardships. When the last of the lumber was being removed from the *Endeavor's* hold, however, Ben consulted Manuel Mattos on the subject of repairs.

"She can repair," said Mr. Mattos, with a characteristic wave of the arm, "but I buy her from you."

"We don't want to sell her if we can help it, thanks," replied Ben. "Who in Ponta Delgada could fix her for us."

"My brother Henrico," replied the contractor, with a shrug. "Come, I take you to him."

Henrico Mattos, ship-builder of the port, examined the schooner and declared that in a week he could make her as sound as ever. Moreover, he promised to provide a skipper and two reliable deck-hands for the trip.

On returning to the hotel, Jerry wrote a cable to his sister, which, after numerous alterations, read:—

> Successful. Back last of May.
> Inform uncle. Love. Jerry.

During the next week Jerry, Ben, and Todd had nothing to do but amuse themselves. They made trips to various parts of the island, and found in Manuel Mattos a real friend, who went out of his way to provide them with amusement.

The day came at last when the schooner was pronounced seaworthy; and as a favorable wind was blowing, Ben hastened preparations for the voyage back. Water tanks were filled, stores taken on board, and the promised captain and deck-hands engaged. The *Farley* had not put in to Ponta Delgada again, somewhat to Jerry's disappointment.

Manuel Mattos came down at sailing time to see them off, and appeared quite affected by the parting. "We of Ponta Delgada do not forget," he assured them. "Always we shall remember the so brave *Americanos* with gratitude." He wrung their hands many times, but at last tore himself away, and, foresail and jib flapping, the *Endeavor's* moorings were cast off.

It was an ideal day for sailing. Every stitch of canvas the schooner's sticks could carry was spread to the breeze, and the distance between the brave little vessel and the land rapidly increased.

Jerry, standing on the poop, and shading his eyes, touched Ben on the shoulder as they rounded the bend of the island.

"That 's a war-ship straight ahead," he said. "Coming this way, too. She looks familiar."

"She 's an American destroyer," replied Ben. "They 're all very much alike, though. By Jove, she 's signaling! It 's—yes, it 's the *Farley,* all right, and tearing along like an express-train! Pity none of us can read the message."

The destroyer slowed down as she approached, and the *Endeavor*, heading in to the wind to take the way off her, slipped past at little more than a man's walking pace. The vessels were so close together that a biscuit could have been thrown from one to the other. On the bridge Jerry recognized Lieutenant Bentley and Grimes.

"Good luck!" the luff sang out cheerfully.

"Thanks. Same to you!" Jerry and Ben replied in unison.

"Don't forget to look us up next trip!" shouted Grimes.

"Aye, aye!"

The destroyer's propellers churned the blue water again and the slim gray hull moved on, gaining speed rapidly, until presently, as the boys watched, she merged into sea and sky and became lost to vision.

"That 's not such a bad idea, either," Ben said thoughtfully. Jerry looked a question, and his companion went on. "I was thinking of what Mr. Grimes said," he explained. "About looking him up the next trip, you know. Come to think of it, Jerry, why should n't there be a next trip? We 've done mighty well on this one; a good deal better than we had figured on doing; and—"

"Yes, but we can't count on stumbling into a German submarine base and winning a million what-you-call-'ems on every trip we make," laughed Jerry.

"No, and we can't count on getting as good a price for our cargo another time. Still, if what Mr. Mattos says is really so, and the United States is going to build a naval base somewhere in these islands, it looks as if we 'd be fairly certain of a pretty good market, does n't it?"

"Yes. And, anyhow, Ben, we 'd be doing a little something toward winning the war, should n't we? I—I 'd make the trip if I knew we were n't going to clear a cent on it, if it would help lick Germany!"

"'YOU 'RE GAME FOR IT THEN?' 'SURE!'"

"That 's the stuff! You 're game for it, then?"

"Sure!"

"Shake on it! Only remember, Jerry, that another time a 'sub' may take better aim. Even the Germans may learn to shoot if the war lasts long enough! In that case—" He waved a hand expressively.

"Let 'em!" growled Jerry. "Who 's afraid of a bunch of Squareheads! We fooled them this time, and I guess we can do it again. And if we don't—" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I think it will be something to have tried, don't you?"

Bumps, stretched beside Todd at the wheel, barked as though in applause of the sentiment, and the *Endeavor,* lifting her blunt nose over the waves, quivered joyously as though she, too, felt that to go down in the service of one's country was glory enough and that no self-respecting Yankee schooner could ask more than the Fortunes of War.

THE END

A TWO-BASE HIT!

THE CAMERONS OF HIGHBORO

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter."

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT

ELLIOTT CAMERON, a petted American girl, has come to Highboro while her father goes to Europe for a year on war business for the Government. But she has gone reluctantly, and means to leave as soon as the quarantine is lifted from her Uncle James's house, where her cousin Quincy has come down with scarlet fever. Stannard, Quincy's brother, has preceded her to Highboro. Elliott, motherless from babyhood, has always had her own way, and she inwardly rebels at visiting these Cameron relatives whom she has never met. Yet she cannot help liking Uncle Bob and Aunt Jessica and all the Highboro cousins, from Laura, eighteen, to Priscilla, aged eight, including an unexplained boy called Bruce Fearing. But for all that she was homesick, quite desperately homesick, and would certainly have cried herself to sleep that first night if Laura and Gertrude and Aunt Jessica had n't come in to sit on the bed and talk.

CHAPTER III

CAMERON FARM

HOURS later, Elliott opened her eyes to bright sunshine. For a minute she could n't think where she was.

"Oh," said a small, eager voice, "do you think you 're going to stay waked up now? It is n't nice to peek, I know, but I 'm going to get your breakfast, and how could I tell when to start it unless I watched to see when you waked up?"

"*You* are going to get my breakfast? All alone?"

"Oh, yes," said Priscilla. "Mother and Laura are making jelly, and shelling peas in between,—to put up, you know,—and Trudy is pitching hay, so they can't. Will you have one egg or two? And do you like 'em hard-boiled or soft, or would you rather have 'em dropped on toast? And how long does it take you to dress?"

"One—soft-boiled, please. I 'll be down in half an hour."

"Half an hour will give me lots of time." The small face disappeared and the door closed softly.

Elliott rose breathlessly and looked at her watch. She must hurry. Priscilla would expect her. And hereafter, of course, she must get up to breakfast. She wondered how Priscilla's breakfast would taste. Heavens, how these people worked!

As a matter of fact, Priscilla's breakfast tasted delicious. The toast was done to a turn; the egg was of just the right softness; a saucer of fresh raspberries waited beside a pot of cream, and the whole was served on a little table in a corner of the veranda.

"Laura said you 'd like it out here," Priscilla announced anxiously. "Do you?"

"Very much indeed."

"That 's all right then. I 'm going to have some berries and milk right opposite you. I always get hungry about this time in the forenoon."

"When do you have breakfast—regular breakfast, I mean?"

"At six o'clock in summer, when there's so much to do."

Six o'clock! Elliott turned her gasp of astonishment into a cough.

"*I* sometimes choke," said Priscilla, "when I 'm awfully hungry."

"Does Stannard eat breakfast at six?"

"Oh, yes."

"What is he doing now?"

Priscilla wrinkled her small brow. "Father and Bruce and Henry are haying, and Tom's hoeing carrots. I *think* Stan's hoeing carrots too. One day last week he hoed up two whole rows of beets; he thought they were weeds. Oh!" A small hand was clapped over the round red mouth. "I did n't mean to tell you that. Mother said I must n't ever speak of it, 'cause he 'd feel bad. Don't you think you could forget it quick?"

"I 've forgotten it now."

"That 's all right then. After breakfast I 'm going to show you my chickens and my calf. Did you know I 've a whole calf all to myself?—a black-and-whitey one. There are some cunning pigs, too. Maybe you 'd like to see them. And then I 'spect you 'll want to go out to the hay-field, or maybe make jelly."

Priscilla's enthusiasm was contagious, or, to be more exact, it was so big and warm and generous that it covered any deficiency of enthusiasm in another. Elliott found herself trailing Priscilla through the barns, and even out to see the pigs, meeting Ferdinand Foch, the very new colt, and Kitchener of Khartoum, who had been a new colt three years before, and almost holding hands with the "black-and-

whitey" calf, which Priscilla had very nearly decided to call General Pershing.

Arriving at last at the summer kitchen, "We 've seen all the creatures," Priscilla announced jubilantly, "and she loves 'em. Oh, the jelly 's done, is n't it? Mumsie, may we scrape the kettle?"

Aunt Jessica laughed. "Elliott may not care to scrape kettles."

Priscilla opened her eyes wide at the absurdity of the suggestion. "You do, don't you? You must! Everybody does."

"I don't think I quite know how to do it," said Elliott.

The next minute a teaspoon was thrust into her hand. "Did n't you *ever?*" Priscilla's voice was both aghast and pitying. "It wastes a lot, not scraping kettles. Here, you begin." She pushed a preserving kettle forward hospitably.

Elliott hesitated.

"*I 'll* show you." The small hand shot in, scraped vigorously for a minute, and withdrew the spoon heaped with ruddy jelly. "There! Mother did n't leave as much as usual, but there 's always something you can scrape up."

"It is delicious," said Elliott, graciously, "and what a lovely color!"

Priscilla beamed. "You may have two scrapes to my one, because you have so much time to make up."

"You generous little soul! I could n't think of doing that. We will take our 'scrapes' together."

Priscilla teetered a little on her toes. "I like you," she said. "I like you a whole lot. I 'd hug you if my hands were n't sticky. Scraping kettles makes you awful sticky. You make me think of a princess, too. You 're so bee-yeautiful to look at. Maybe that is n't polite to say. Mother says it is n't always nice to speak right out all you think."

The dimples twinkled in Elliott's cheeks. "When you think things like that, it is polite enough."

In the direct rays of Priscilla's shining admiration Elliott began to feel like her normal, petted self once more. Complacently she followed the little girl into the main kitchen, a long, low, sunny room with windows at each end, through which the morning breeze pushed coolly. At a gleaming white sink Aunt Jessica was busying herself with many pans. At an immaculately scoured table Laura was pouring peas into glass jars. On the walls was a blue-and-white paper; even the woodwork was white.

"I did n't know a kitchen," Elliott spoke impulsively, "could be so pretty."

"This is our work-room," said her aunt. "We think the place where we work ought to be the prettiest room in the house. Would you like to help dry these pans? You will find towels on that line behind the stove."

Elliott brought the dish-towels, and proceeded to forget her own surprise at the request in the interest of Aunt Jessica's talk. Mrs. Cameron had a lovely voice, and she used it with a cultured ease that suddenly reminded Elliott of an almost forgotten remark once made in her hearing by Stannard's mother. "It is a sin and shame," Aunt Helen had said, "to bury a woman like Jessica Cameron on a farm." That had been a good deal for Aunt Helen to say.

Then Aunt Jessica said something that really did surprise her young guest.

"Perhaps you would like this for your own special part of the work," she said pleasantly. "We each have our little chores, you know. I could n't let every girl attempt the milk things, but you are so careful and thorough that I have n't the least hesitation about giving them to you. Now I am going to wash the separator. Watch me, and then you will know just what to do."

The words left Elliott gasping. Wash the separator, all by herself, every day—or was it twice a day—for as long as she stayed here? And pans—all these pans? What was a separator, anyway? She wished flatly to refuse, but the words stuck in her throat. There was something about Aunt Jessica that you could n't say no to. Aunt Jessica so palpably expected you to be delighted. And she had recognized at once that Elliott was not an ordinary girl. But—but—

It was all so disconcerting that self-possessed Elliott stammered. But what she stammered was in answer to Aunt Jessica's tone and extracted from her by the force of Aunt Jessica's personality. The words came out in spite of herself.

"Oh—oh, thank you," she said, a bit blankly. Then she blushed with confusion. How awkward she had been. Ought n't Aunt Jessica to have thanked *her?*

If Aunt Jessica noticed either the confusion or the blankness, she gave no sign.

"That will be fine!" she said heartily. "I saw by the way you handled those pans that I could depend on you."

Insensibly Elliott's chin lifted. She regarded the pans with new interest. "Of course," she assented, "one has to be particular."

"Very particular," said Aunt Jessica, and her dark eyes smiled on the girl.

The words, as she spoke them, sounded like a compliment. It might not be so bad, Elliott reflected, to wash milk-pans every morning. And in Rome you do as the Romans do. She watched closely while Aunt Jessica washed the separator. She could quite easily do that, she was sure. It did not seem to require any unusual skill or strength or brain-power.

"It is not hard work," said Aunt Jessica, pleasantly. "But so many girls are n't dependable. I could n't count on them to make everything clean. Sometimes I think just plain dependableness is the most delightful trait in the world. It 's so rare, you know."

Elliott opened her eyes wide. She had been accustomed to hear charm and wit and vivacity spoken of in those terms; but dependableness! It had always seemed such a homely, commonplace thing, not worth mentioning. And here was Aunt Jessica talking of it as of a crown jewel! Right down in her heart at that minute Elliott vowed that the separator should always be clean.

And then Laura looked up from her jars and said the oddest thing yet in all this morning of odd sayings: "Oh, Mother, can't we take our dinner out? It is such a perfectly beautiful day."

But Aunt Jessica, without the least surprise in her voice, responded promptly: "Why, yes. We have three hours free now, and, as you say, it seems a crime to stay in the house."

What in the world did they mean?

Priscilla seemed to have no difficulty in understanding. She jumped up and down and cried: "Oh, goody! goody! We 're going to take our dinner out! We 're going to take our dinner out! Is n't it *jolly?*"

She was standing in front of Elliott as she spoke, and the girl felt that some reply was expected of her. "Why, can we? Where do we go?" she asked, exactly as though she expected to see a hotel spring up out of the ground before her eyes.

"Lots of days we do," said Priscilla. "We 'll find a nice place. Oh, I 'm glad it takes peas three whole hours to can themselves. I think they 're kind of slow, though, don't you?"

Laura noticed the bewilderment on Elliott's face. "Priscilla means that we are going to eat our dinner out of doors while the peas cook in the hot-water bath," she explained. "You will find cookies in that stone crock on the first shelf in the pantry—right behind the door. There 's a pasteboard box in there, too, that will do to put them in."

"How many shall I put up?" questioned Elliott.

"Oh, as many as you think we 'll eat. And I warn you we have good appetites."

Those were the vaguest directions, Elliott thought, that she had ever heard; but she found the box and the stone pot of cookies and stood a minute, counting the people who were to eat them. Would two dozen cookies be enough for ten people? She put her head into the kitchen to ask, but there was no one in sight, so she had to decide the point by herself. After nibbling a crumb she thought not, and added another dozen.

By the time she had finished her calculations with the cookies, the little car was at the kitchen door with a hamper and two pails of water in it, and on the back seat a long, queer-looking box that Laura told Elliott was a fireless cooker.

"Home-made," said Laura, "but it works just as well. It 's the grandest thing, especially when we want to eat out of doors. Saves lots of trouble."

Elliott gasped. "You mean you carry it along to cook the dinner?"

"Why, the dinner is cooking in it now! Hop on, everybody. Mother, you take the wheel. Elliott and I will ride on the steps."

Away they sped, bumpity-bump, to the hay-field, picking up the carrot hoers as they went. From the hay-field they nosed their way into a little dell, all ferns and cool white birches, and above, a far canopy of leaf-traceried blue sky. Every one seemed to know exactly what to do. The pails of water were swung to one side; the fireless cooker took up its position on a flat gray rock. The hamper yielded loaves of bread,—light and dark, that you cut for yourself on a smooth white board,—and a basket stocked with plates and cups and knives and forks and spoons. Potted meat and potatoes and two kinds of vegetables, as you wanted them, came from the fireless cooker, all deliciously tender and piping hot.

And every one laughed and joked and had a good time. Even Elliott had a fairly good time, though she thought it was thoroughly queer. You see, it had never occurred to her that people could pick up their dinner and run out of doors into any lovely spot that they came to, to eat it. She was n't at all sure she cared for that way of doing things. But she liked the beauty of the little dell, the ferny smell of it, and the sunshine and cheerfulness. The occasional darning-needles, and small green worms, and black or other colored bugs, she enjoyed less. But nobody else seemed to

mind. If a bug appeared, they threw him away and went on eating as though nothing had happened.

And of course it was rather clever of them, the girl reflected, to take a picnic when they could get it. If they had n't, she did n't quite see, judging by the portion of a day she had so far observed, how they could have got any picnics at all. It was a rather arresting discovery, to find out that people could divert themselves without giving up their whole time to it. But, after all, it was n't a method for her. It seemed the least little bit common, too, such whole-hearted absorption as the Camerons showed in pursuits that were just plain work.

"ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR GONE WRONG WITH THE UNIVERSE?"

"Stan," she demanded late that afternoon, "is there any tennis here?"

"Not so you 'd notice it. What are you thinking of, in war time, Elliott? Uncle Samuel expects every farmer to do his duty."

"Parties?"

Stannard threw up his hands. "Never heard of 'em."

"Canoeing?"

"No water big enough."

"I suppose nobody here thinks of motoring for pleasure."

"Never. Too busy."

"Or gets an invitation for a spin?"

"You 're behind the times. Harry told me that this summer is extra strenuous," Stan explained; "but they 've always rather gone in for the useful, I take it. They 're a good sort, an awfully good sort. But, ginger, how a fellow 'd have to hump to keep up with 'em! I do a little, and then sit back and call it done."

If Elliott had n't been so miserable, she would have laughed. Stannard had hit himself off very well, she thought. He had his good points, too. Not once had he reminded her that she had n't intended to spend her summer on a farm. But she was too unhappy to tease him, as she might have done at another time. Imagine her, Elliott Cameron, pitching hay! Not that any one had asked her to. But how could a person live for six weeks with these people and not do what they did? Such was Elliott's code. And there was

something so messy about dish-washing—ordinary dish-washing; milk-pans were different.

Then suddenly Elliott Cameron did a strange thing. By this time she had shaken off Stannard and had betaken herself and her disgust to the edge of the woods. Alone, as she thought, with only moss underfoot and high green boughs overhead, Elliott lifted her foot and deliberately and with vehemence stamped it. "I don't like things!" she whispered, a little shocked at her own words. "I don't *like* things!"

Then she looked up and met the amused eyes of Bruce Fearing.

For a minute the hot color flooded the girl's face. But she seized the bull by the horns. "I am cross," she said, "frightfully cross!" And she looked so engagingly pretty as she said it that Bruce thought he had never seen so attractive a girl.

"Anything in particular gone wrong with the universe?"

"Everything—with my part of it." What possessed her, she wondered afterward, to say what she said next? "I never wanted to come here."

"That so? We 've been thinking it rather nice."

"What makes me so mad," explained Elliott, "is n't altogether the fact that I did n't want to come up here. It 's that I had n't any choice. I *had* to come."

The boy's eyes twinkled.

"So that 's what 's bothering you, is it? Cheer up! You had the choice of *how* you 'd come, did n't you?"

"How?"

"Yes. Sometimes I think that 's all the choice they give us. It 's all I 've had, anyway—*how* I 'd do a thing."

"You mean, gracefully or—"

"I mean—"

"Hello!" said Stannard's lazy voice; "what are you two chinning about before the cows come home?"

CHAPTER IV

IN UNTRODDEN FIELDS

"You don't want to have much to do with that fellow," said Stannard, when Bruce Fearing had gone on about whatever business he had in hand.

"Why not?" Elliott's tone was short. She had wanted to hear what Bruce had been going to say.

"Oh, he is all right enough, I guess, but he and that Pete brother of his are no relations of ours, or of Aunt Jessica's, either."

"How does he happen to be living here, then?"

"Search me. Some kind of a pick-up, I gathered."

Stannard's words made Elliott very uncomfortable. It was only another point in her indictment of life on the Cameron farm; you could n't tell whom you were knowing. But she determined to sound Laura, which would be easy enough, and Stannard's charge might prove unfounded.

"Who is this 'Pete' you 're always talking about?" Elliott asked.

"Bruce's older brother—I almost said ours." The two girls were stemming currants, Laura with the swift skill of accustomed fingers, Elliott more slowly. "He is perfectly fine. I wish you could know him."

"I gathered he was Bruce's brother."

"He 's not a bit like Bruce. Pete is short and dark and as quick as a flash. There was a letter in the 'Upton News' last night from an Upton doctor who is over there, attached now to our boys' camp—did you see it? He says Bob and Pete are 'the acknowledged aces' of their squadron. That shows we must have missed some of their letters. The last one from Bob was written just after he had finished his training."

"This—Pete went from here?"

"He and Bob were in Tech together—juniors. They enlisted in Boston and had their training over here in the same camps. In France, Pete got into spirals first—'by a fluke' as he put it; Bob was unlucky with his landings. But Bob seems to have beaten him to the actual fighting. Now they 're in it together." And Laura smiled and then sighed, and the nimble fingers stopped work for a minute, only to speed faster than ever.

"I have n't read you any of their letters, have I? Or Sid's either? Sidney is my twin, you know. He 's at Devens. Sometimes you would n't think there was anything to flying but a huge lark, by the way they write. But there was one letter of Pete's,—it was to Mother,—written after one of the boys' best friends had been killed. Pete was evidently feeling sober, but oh, so different from the way any one would have felt about such a thing before the war began. Toward the end, Pete told about this Jim Stone's death, and he said: 'It has made us all pretty serious, but nobody's blue. Jim was a splendid fellow, and a chap can't think he has stopped as quick as all that. Mother Jess, do you remember my

talking to you one Sunday after church, freshman vacation, about the things I did n't believe in? Why did n't you tell me I was a fool? You knew it then, and I know it now.' That 's Pete all over. It made Mother and me very happy."

Elliott felt rather ashamed to continue her probing. "Have they always lived with you," she asked, "these Fearings?"

"Oh, yes, ever since I can remember. Is n't Bruce splendid? I don't know how we could have got on at all this summer without Bruce."

Then Elliott gave up. If a mystery existed, either Laura did n't know of it, or she had forgotten it, or else she considered it too negligible to mention.

Would Bruce himself prove communicative? The thing would require manœuvering. You could n't talk to Bruce Fearing, or to any one else up here, whenever you felt like it; he was far too busy. But on the hill at sunset Elliott found her chance.

"I think Aunt Jessica," she remarked, "is the most wonderful woman I ever saw."

A glow lit up Bruce's quiet gray eyes. "Mother Jess," he said, "is a miracle."

"She is so terrifically busy, and yet she never seems to hurry; and she always has time to talk to you and she never acts tired."

"She is, though."

"I suppose she must be sometimes. I like that name for her, 'Mother Jess.' Your—aunt, is she?"

"Oh, no," said Bruce, simply. "I 've no Cameron or Fordyce blood in me, or any other pedigreed variety. She and Father Bob just took Pete and me in when I was a baby and Pete was a mere toddler. Our people died and the authorities were going to put us in a home. Do you wonder Pete and I swear by the Camerons?"

"No," said Elliott. "Indeed I don't." She had what she had been angling for, but she rather wished she had n't got it, after all. Every one who was any one usually had a family; but Bruce did not look common; his gray eyes and his broad forehead and his keen, thin face were almost distinguished, and his manners were above criticism. But you never could tell. And had n't he been brought up by Camerons? The very openness with which he had told his story had something fine about it. He, like Laura, seemed to see nothing in it to conceal.

Well, was there? Looking at Bruce Fearing, one of the pillars of Elliott's familiar world began to totter. Perhaps the Cameron Farm atmosphere was already beginning to work.

Elliott turned the conversation. "I wish you would tell me what you were going to say when we were interrupted yesterday—about a person's having no choice except how he will do things—*you* having had only that kind of choice."

"I remember," said Bruce. "Well, for one thing, I suppose I could get grouchy, if I chose, over having to be adopted. But see here, I 'm going to tell you something I have n't told a soul. I 'm crazy to go to the war. Sometimes it seems as though I could n't stay home. When Pete's letters come I have to go away somewhere quick and chop wood! Anything to get busy for a while."

"Are n't you too young? Would they take you?"

"Take me? You bet they 'd take me. I 'm eighteen. Don't I look twenty?"

The girl's eye ran critically over the strong young body, with its long, supple, sinewy lines. "Yes," she nodded. "I think you do."

"They 'd take me in a minute in aviation or anything else."

"Then why don't you do it?"

"Who 'd help Father Bob with the farm stunts, now that Bob's gone, and Pete and Sidney. Henry 's a fine lad, but a boy still. Tom 's nothing but a boy, though he does his bit. Father Bob can't hire help—it 's not to be had. And that 's why Mother Jess and the girls are going in so for farm work. They never did it before this year, except in sport. We have more land under cultivation this summer than ever before, and fewer hands to harvest it with. But Mother and the girls sha'n't have to work harder than they 're doing now, if I can help it. Could I go off and leave them, after all they 've done for me? But that 's not it, either—gratitude. They 're mine, Father Bob and Mother Jess are, and the rest—they 're my folks. You 're not exactly grateful to your own folks, you know. They belong to you. And you don't leave what belongs to you in the lurch."

"No," said Elliott. She was watching this boy with awakened eyes. No boy had ever talked of such things to her before. "So you 're not going?"

"Not of my own will. Of course, if the war lasts and I 'm drafted, or the help problem lightens up, it will be different. Pete 's gone. It was Pete's right to go. He 's the older."

"But you *are* choosing," Elliott cried earnestly. "You 're choosing to stay at home and—" words came swiftly into her memory—"'fight it out on these lines all summer.'"

Bruce's smile showed that he recognized her

quotation, but he shook his head. "Choosing? I have n't any choice—except being decent about it. Don't *you* see I can't go? I can only try to keep from thinking about not going."

"You being you," said the girl, and she spoke as simply and soberly as Bruce himself, though her own warmth surprised her, "I see you can't go. But was that all you meant by a person's having a choice only of how he will do a thing? There 's nothing to that but making the best of things!"

Bruce Fearing threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"You 're the funniest girl I ever saw."

But she was not ready yet to do anything so inherently distasteful as make the best of what she did n't like, especially when nobody but herself and two boys would know it.

"It 's a shame," said Laura after dinner the next day, "that this is just our busy season; but you know you have to make hay while the sun shines. Father thinks we can finish the lower meadows to-day. Then to-morrow we begin cutting on the hill. It 's really fun to ride the hay-rake. I mostly drive the rake, though now and then I pitch for variety."

The hay-makers tramped away down the road, their laughter floating cheerfully back

"SHE FLATTENED HER SLENDER FORM AGAINST THE GRAY BOARDS" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Then you can't have seen many. But *is* there?"

"Perhaps not. Stupid, isn't it?"

"Yes," she nodded, "I 'm afraid it is. And frightfully old. I was hoping you were going to tell me something new and exciting."

The boy chuckled again. "Nothing so good as that. Besides, I 've a hunch the exciting things are n't very new, after all."

Elliott went to sleep that night, if not any happier, at least more interested. She had looked deep into the heart of a boy, different, it appeared, from any boy that she had ever known, and something loyal and sturdy and tender she had seen there had stirred her.

over their shoulders, and Elliott sat on the big shady veranda and read her book.

She read on in lonely peace through the afternoon. At a most exciting point the telephone rang. Four, that was the Cameron call. Elliott went into the house and took down the receiver.

"Mr. Robert Cameron's," she said pleasantly.

"S-say!" stuttered a high, sharp voice, "my little b-b-boys have let your c-c-cows out o' the p-p-pasture. I 'll g-give 'em a t-t-trouncin', but 't won't git your c-c-cows back. They let let 'em out the G-G-Garrett Road, and your medder gate 's open. Jim B-B-Blake saw it

this mornin'! Why the man did n't shut it, I d-d-dunno. You 'll have to hurry to save your medder."

"But," gasped Elliott, "I don't understand! You say the cows—"

"Are comin' down G-Garrett Road," snapped the stuttering voice, "the whole kit an' b-b-bilin' of em. They 'll be inter your upper m-medder in five m-m-minutes."

Over the wire came the click of a receiver snapping back on its hook. Elliott hung up and started toward the door. The cows had been let out. Just why this incident was so disastrous she did not quite comprehend, but she must go tell her uncle. Before her feet touched the veranda, however, she stopped. Five minutes? Why, there would n't be time to go to the lower meadows, to say nothing of any one's getting back again to do anything about the situation.

And then, with breath-taking suddenness, the thing burst on her. She was alone in the house. The situation, whatever it was, was up to her.

For a minute the girl leaned weakly against the wall. Cows—there were thirty in the herd —and she loathed cows! She was afraid of cows. She knew nothing about cows. For a minute she stood irresolute. Then something stirred in the girl, something self-reliant and strong. Never in her life had Elliott Cameron had to do alone anything that she did n't already know how to do. Now for the first time she faced an emergency on none but her own resources, an emergency quite out of her line.

Her brain worked swiftly as her feet moved to the door. In reality, she had only wavered a second. When Tom went for the cows did n't he take old Prince? There was just a chance that Prince was n't in the hay-field. She ran down the steps calling, "Prince! Prince!" The old dog rose deliberately from his place on the shady side of the barn and trotted toward her, wagging his tail. "Come, Prince!" cried Elliott, and ran out of the yard.

Luckily, berrying had that very morning taken her by a short cut to the vicinity of the upper meadow. She knew the way. But what was likely to happen? Town-bred girl that she was, she had no idea. A recollection of the smooth, upstanding expanse of the upper meadow gave her a clue. If the cows got into that— She began to run, Prince bounding beside her, his brown tail a waving plume.

She could see the meadow now, a smooth green sea ruffled by nothing heavier than the light feet of the summer breeze. She could see the great gate invitingly open to the road. And oh,—her heart stopped beating, then pounded on at a suffocating pace,—she could see the cows! There they came down the hill, quite filling the narrow roadway with their horrid bulk, making it look like a moving river of broad backs and tossing heads. What could she do, thought the girl; what could she do against so many? She tried to run faster. Somehow she must reach the gate first. There was nothing even then, so far as she knew, to prevent their trampling her down and rushing over her into the waving greenness unless she could slam the gate in their faces. You can see that she really did not know much about cows.

But Prince knew them, Prince understood now why his master's guest had summoned him to this hot run in the sunshine. The prospect did not daunt Prince. He ran barking to the meadow side of the road. The foremost cow which, grazing the dusty grass, had strayed toward the gate, turned back into the ruts again. Elliott pulled the gate shut, in her haste leaving herself outside. There, too spent to climb over, she flattened her slender form against the gray boards, while, herded by Prince, with horns tossing, tails switching, flanks heaving, the cattle thudded past.

And there, three minutes later, Bruce, dashing over the hill in response to a message relayed by telephone and boy to the lower meadow, found her.

"The cows have gone down," Elliott told him. "Prince has them. He will take them home, won't he?"

"Prince? Good enough! He 'll get the cows home all right. But what are you doing in this mix-up?"

"A woman telephoned the house," said Elliott. "I was afraid I could n't reach any of you in time, so I came over myself."

"You like cows?" The question shot at her like a bullet.

The piquant nose wrinkled entrancingly. "Scared to death of 'em."

"I guessed as much." The boy nodded. "Gee whiz, but you 've got good stuff in you!"

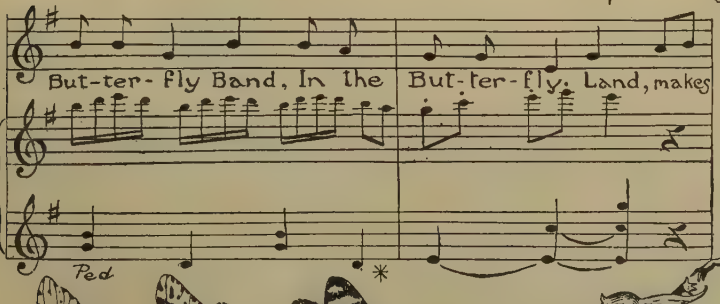
And though her shoes were dusty and her hair awry, and though her knees had n't quite stopped shaking even yet, Elliott Cameron felt a sudden sense of satisfaction and pride. She turned and looked over the fence at the meadow. In its unmarred beauty it seemed to belong to her.

(To be continued)

The Butterfly Band

Words & Music by Mary Pinney

Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan



mus - ic in the air, On the

flow'r grand stand, which the band-mas-ter plan'd, Solo but-ter-flies will all be

there. How the Vi-o-lin sings from the tiny Yel-low wings, Hear the

Ped *

Lento

Swal-low-Tail blow the trom-bone; But who will play the cello with its

Ped Ped

Rit

colors rich & mel-low, Only Lu-na Moth could waft us such a

Ritard

Ped * Ped *

Tempo primo
tone. The friend-ly Bu-sy Bee pounds the big bass-drum, By spec-ial in-vi-ta-tion he will
f
pp 8 basso
come. The Mus-ic is soft, but oh, so fair-y sweet! On-ly
8va
love can hear the con-cert up in But-ter-fly Street.
Ritard
Alberta Randall Wheelan

THE BOY VIGILANTES OF BELGIUM

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

CHAPTER XVI

PASSING THE ENEMY'S LINES

Bob and Egmont walked slowly forward, holding their hands above their heads, but there was neither fear nor doubt in their minds. At a sharp command they halted within ten feet of the aviators, one of whom kept his eyes constantly on the ruined dugout, while the other began interrogating them.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he queried.

"I 'm Robert Lane, an American," replied Bob, speaking eagerly, "and this is my cousin, Egmont d'Anethan. We 're the grandsons of Count d'Anethan of Brussels. You may have heard of him."

"Can't say that I have. Don't know the Belgian nobility. Never had the pleasure of meeting any of them. But what are you doing here, and why 'd you try to hold us up?"

"We are trying to escape through the German lines to carry an important message to King Albert," was the prompt reply.

"What sort of message is it?" queried the pilot of the big airship.

"I 'll tell you, though it 's a long story," replied Bob; and he began a rapid history of the Boy Vigilantes, the men listening closely, as if to detect any flaw in the recital. When he came to Lieutenant Transquet's message they pricked up their ears.

"Eh! What 's that? Repeat it!" one of them interrupted.

Bob obediently complied. The military information seemed to affect the aviators more than it had Bob or Egmont. They showed unusual interest, and became quite excited. Finally, the one who had first spoken frowned, and asked sharply:

"Who helped you to make that up?"

Bob flushed angrily. "It is n't made up," he retorted. "I repeated it to you exactly as Lieutenant Transquet told us."

The boy's evidently honest resentment seemed to be taken in good part, for the man smiled.

"Of course! Of course!" he murmured. "But we don't know Lieutenant Transquet. He may be a fraud. We never heard of him. That may not be his real name."

"You can easily prove that," Bob answered, somewhat mollified. "Carry the message to King Albert. He 'll know who Lieutenant Transquet is."

The aviators looked at each other and nodded their heads.

"It 's worth trying," said one.

The other turned to Bob. "Ever had a chance to fly?" he asked. "If not, you 're going to have it now. You 're going along with us."

"You mean we 're going to cross the lines in that?" stammered Bob, pointing at the 'plane

"Yes," nodded the aviator, "we 're going to take you to Belgian Headquarters, where you can repeat your story. Then, if they think you 're not telling the truth, they 'll shoot you, but if you are—well, they won't shoot you."

Bob and Egmont gasped. The idea of flying across the German lines and No Man's Land fairly took their breath away.

"Climb in," continued the aviator. "Lucky we did n't bring our photographer and bomber along, or there would n't be any room for you. Better hurry and get aboard before some of the *Boches* spot us. They must have seen us drop down, and they 'll be investigating soon. Fritz is a very inquisitive person."

Neither of them had ever been in an airship before, and as they climbed aboard they betrayed their ignorance in every act and look. The pilot and observer took their seats in front and indicated the two back seats for the boys.

"Now strap yourselves in and hold your breath," one of them said, smiling. "We may have to play some tricks in the air to escape the guns of the *Boches*."

A few minutes later the engines were started and their roar and clatter were deafening. The mammoth birdlike machine ran smoothly across the open space for a few hundred feet, and then, leaving the earth, began to rise swiftly into the air. Bob and Egmont clutched each other's hands.

Two hundred—three hundred feet the machine mounted, and then, taking a wide sweep, it pointed its nose upward and began climbing rapidly. It seemed to the boys as if they would be tipped out. A thousand feet, two, three, five, they mounted. The relief-map of Belgium seemed spread below them. Rivers became mere ribbons of silver; towns and cities were blurred, irregular spots.

Still they climbed upward, until the pano-

rama below faded more and more into a strange puzzle, in which nothing could be distinguished.

The exhilaration of the flight at first kept the boys quiet; but when they saw how swiftly and safely they swept along, their tongues became loosened.

"It 's great, is n't it?" exclaimed Bob.

"I wonder how high up we are," said Egmont. "We must be miles and miles."

"Where are the German lines? They must be off there."

They talked on and on, exclamations of wonder and delight escaping their lips, but it never dawned upon either for some time that his conversation was a monologue, and that neither could hear the other above the clattering roar of the engines and propellers. When he realized this, Bob smiled a little sheepishly at his cousin and lapsed into silence.

Then a puff of smoke suddenly broke loose below, and a few moments later there was an explosion in the air near them that made the huge machine rock and sway. Another and another followed, until the air seemed filled with mighty concussions. The German anti-aircraft guns were saluting them as they attempted to cross the lines.

The only response the pilot made was to climb a little higher. Fragments of shells fell around them, and one pierced the upper right-hand plane.

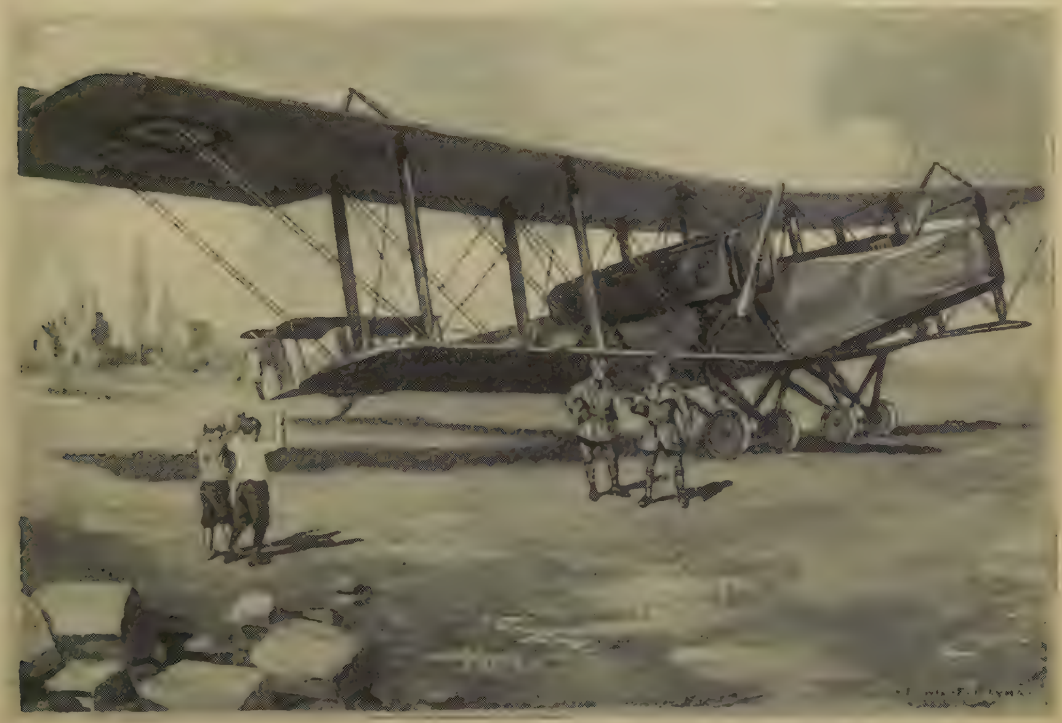
For a moment they were in the very vortex of the storm of bursting shells. The enemy gunners had got the range. The pilot coolly directed his machine upward, climbing at such a sharp angle that only the tail of it was presented as a target to those below.

In a few more minutes they would be beyond the reach of the shells. It was a fragment from the last one to explode near them that caught Bob on the left arm. He felt a sharp blow and a peculiar, stinging pain. He glanced around to see if his cousin had touched him to attract his attention; but Egmont was staring straight ahead.

A little surprised, he glanced down at his arm and saw that he had been wounded.

"A bullet must have grazed it," he reasoned, "and made a little flesh-wound. I won't say anything until we land."

Faster and faster they swept along. They were no longer climbing, and the exploding shells had been left far in the rear. The pain in his arm increased, but Bob said to himself: "We 'll soon land. I 'll not bother them."



"BOB AND EGMONT WALKED SLOWLY FORWARD, HOLDING THEIR HANDS ABOVE THEIR HEADS"

So he pressed his lips together and remained quiet. A strange, dizzy sensation crept over him. He fought it back manfully and gritted his teeth the harder. He had a dreamy sensation that they were falling. Certainly the earth was coming nearer; he could make out houses and trees now, and some soldiers below, marching.

There was a light shock, a series of jolts, and then a peculiar swaying and swinging of the machine. They came to a stop, and Bob was aroused by the voice of the pilot.

"Well, we 're here! Jump out now, boys!"

Egmont quickly disengaged himself and climbed to the ground, but Bob felt the sudden loss of all power of action. He sat there without moving.

"I say, can't you get out?" called the pilot, a little impatiently.

Bob nodded, but made no other movement. Suddenly the aviator caught sight of the pale face and his blood-stained sleeve.

"What 's the matter?" he asked. "I say, now, you were n't hit by one of those shells, were you? Why did n't you say so before? Well, you 're a plucky lad! Here!" he shouted to one of the soldiers coming up; "get a stretcher. I 've got a wounded boy aboard."

Bob did not entirely lose consciousness, for he knew in a vague way all that happened. But it was all so much like a dream! He was lifted from the seat and carried to a stretcher. Then two soldiers picked him up and took him into a big tent. A kindly face bent over him, and while the owner of it smiled at him, the hands skilfully removed his sleeve. A few moments later the stranger nodded, and said:

"Nothing serious—just a slight shell-wound. But he 's lost a lot of blood."

After that Bob slept. Whether it was from weakness and exhaustion, or as the result of a white pill the surgeon made him swallow, he could not say. When he opened his eyes again, Egmont was standing by his cot.

"How do you feel, Bob?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, I 'm all right. Have I been asleep?"

"I should say so—for hours! I did n't think you 'd ever wake up. Does your arm hurt you?"

"My arm? Oh, I was wounded! Yes, I 'd forgotten that. It does n't hurt now."

Nevertheless, when he attempted to move it, he winced and made a wry face. But he forced a smile, and asked: "Where are we, Egmont? We got across, did n't we?"

"Yes," replied his cousin. "We 're with the Belgian army behind the allied lines. I 've delivered our message to King Albert. He saw me at once. I could n't wait for you, Bob. I thought it was too important to keep. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, of course not. That 's what we came for—to deliver the message at once. I 'm glad you could do it," he said quickly, then he sighed and turned wearily upon his couch.

"Of course, I told him all about you," Egmont added, "and how you had organized the Boy Vigilantes. He was so interested that he 's coming to see you. He 'll be here soon."

"Who? King Albert?"

"Yes," nodded Egmont, smiling; "don't you want to see him?"

"Why, not here—not like this! I—I—why did n't you tell him to wait until I was well, and—and——"

"You can't tell a king to wait, Bob," was the smiling reply. "He comes when he wants to. Listen! I believe he 's here now. Yes, he 's coming. You must get ready to receive him."

Egmont's excited voice betrayed his own agitation, and while he began hastily arranging the blanket and sheet of the cot, to make the patient more presentable to His Majesty, Bob drew himself up in bed, squared his shoulders, and said:

"All right! I 'm ready to receive the king. Show him in!"

CHAPTER XVII

THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD

THE king was a tall, fine, soldierly looking man, dressed in simple military uniform, which showed the effect of hard service and wear, and holding in one hand the cap that he had removed upon entering. Bob had never seen His Majesty, but his many pictures exhibited in Brussels before the war had made his features familiar to him. But the original was different now from any of his photographs. The face was finer and nobler, the features showed lines of anxiety and suffering, and the eyes were gentle and sad, with an expression of infinite pathos and sympathy shining in them.

Accompanying the king were several of his aides and staff-officers. When he stepped into the tent and saw the young patient watching him with wondering eyes, a smile of incredible gentleness illumined his whole face. His right hand went to his head in a military salute.

"Vigilante, I salute you in the name of Belgium!" he said gravely.

Bob responded with an awkward attempt to imitate the salute. "Thank Your Majesty!" he said faintly.

The officers of the staff also saluted and stood at attention, while the king advanced to Bob's side and laid a hand gently on his head.

"My boy," he said earnestly, "I have heard all about your Vigilantes."

"There are lots of them in Belgium," Bob answered eagerly. "I think in time we 'll have every boy enrolled. They 're all patriots, Your Majesty, and ready to do anything for their country."

"Yes, I know it," replied the king, a little moisture in his eyes. "No king was ever blessed by such a noble people, and now their children are following in their footsteps. Belgium is greater and finer to-day in her sorrow than in her days of peace."

Bob nodded, not at all abashed by the presence of the king whose heart had been so cruelly wrung by the desolation that had swept over his country. To him, the king was a noble leader, but one whose simple ways were like those of any other man.

"For your patriotic services in organizing the Boy Vigilantes, my young hero," began the king, after a pause, "I decorate you with the Order of Leopold, although, when your cousin, the grandson of Count d'Anethan, delivered Lieutenant Transquet's message, a message of great military importance, I felt how utterly inadequate was any decoration I could bestow. My brave people and soldiers have made any honors I can give seem hollow and empty. They have risen to the supreme test of sacrifice."

Bob watched the king's face and eyes, both so full of expression, that he scarcely noticed the ribboned cross that he held in his hand. Then a smile flashed out on the king's face. He leaned forward and said:

"I wanted the honor of pinning this to your coat before you left the hospital. It is the badge of merit for the hero."

Bob caught a glimpse of the piece of ribbon in the Belgian colors, and the cross of white and gold, wreathed in green, dangling from it. The king was decorating him with the Order of Leopold, one of the highest honors conferred upon the brave and worthy. Many others in the army and out of it had received the decoration during the war, but never before had it been bestowed upon an American youth.

For the first time Bob felt a little awed in the presence of the brave king, whom a whole nation loved and worshiped in his exile more than when he had ruled in prosperity in his own capital. A little overcome by the simple, but impressive, ceremony, he submitted in silence. His coat was ragged and worn and stained with the mud of the fields; his shirt showing underneath was not much better; but the splendid decoration could not have had a better setting to show off its beauty. It was the badge of courage which clothes could not dim.

The king rose and shook Bob's hand. Then he turned slowly and looked at Egmont. The same winning smile parted his lips and showed his white teeth.

"My only regret is that Count d'Anethan is n't here to-day to see his grandsons decorated," he added. "The American blood in one has n't eclipsed the Belgian blood in the other. Egmont d'Anethan, step forward!"

Egmont mechanically obeyed, exhibiting an agitation that Bob secretly enjoyed. When the king pinned a similar decoration on his cousin's coat, he with difficulty restrained a shout of happiness. Egmont took the hand that His Majesty extended, trembling from head to foot as he did so. Before he could recover his presence of mind, the king said a few words of farewell to both of them, and departed.

Left alone in the tent, the two boys were quiet for a moment. Then Bob sat up and grinned.

"Say, cousin, that was great, was n't it?" he exclaimed. "Decorated by the king! Back in America the people would open their eyes and say I was lucky. I guess I am, too—lucky to get out of the clutches of the *Boches*. We might have been in Germany by this time, working in one of their mines."

Egmont nodded his head, shuddering a little at the thought of what they had escaped. Even the decoration on his coat could not entirely make him forget the fear that had been his.

"I wish Grandfather were here, Bob," he murmured. "How proud he would be!"

"Yes, so do I—and—and—Mother. I wonder where she is. I have n't heard from her for so long that—that I 'm worried about her. Do you think anything 's happened to her?"

"Why, no!" replied Egmont. "Her last letter was from America, was n't it? And the *Boches* have n't got there yet!"

"I should say not!" snorted Bob. "And they never will get there except as prisoners of war. They 'll have their hands full defending their own country when the American soldiers get over here in force."

"They are here in force, Bob—over a million of them," said Egmont, proudly. "I 've seen some of them—and their flag!"

"What! They 're here with the Belgians!

The Stars and Stripes waving here in Belgium! Then I must get well! I can't lie here! I must get up and salute the dear old flag. Hurrah for Old Glory!"

Egmont smiled at Bob's enthusiasm, which even his wound could not quench. "They 're not exactly here," his cousin explained; "that is, not the army. I saw some of their officers with King Albert. The soldiers are brigaded with the English and Belgians a few miles away. When you get well you can go and see them."

"I 'll be all right in a day or two. It will seem like getting back home when I see our own flag flying in the breeze."

"THE KING PINNED A SIMILAR DECORATION ON EGMONT'S COAT"

But his wish was not to be gratified quite so expeditiously as he expected. His wound, while not dangerous, was painful, and by night he was in a high fever. For twenty-four hours he was unconscious of all that was going on around him, in his delirium talking ramblingly of many things, while Egmont watched by his side, anxious and restless. The Belgian surgeon shook his head as he listened, and said: "He 's English. I do not understand all his talk. He should have an English surgeon."

"No, he 's an American," Egmont explained. Then a happy thought came to him. Bob was anxious to see the American uniform and his dearly beloved flag. Could it not be arranged so that, when he opened his eyes again, he would gaze upon them?

"Is there no American doctor here?" Egmont asked.

"American doctor? Let me see. Oh, yes, there is one, a great doctor from America. He 's at the head of the American hospital at Furnes. I shall speak to him."

When the American doctor came, in response to the Belgian surgeon's request, Egmont explained the circumstances of his cousin's nationality and the adventures he had been through. He pointed to the decoration King Albert had pinned on his breast, and added, wistfully:

"It would be such a pleasant surprise to him when he comes to himself to see the American flag and uniform before his eyes. I think it would do him more good than medicine."

"Yes, that and a good nurse would soon pull him through—an American nurse at that, one who can talk to him about home. By the way, what did you say his name was?"

"Robert Lane."

"Lane! Lane! That 's curious," murmured the American doctor. "The nurse I was thinking of sending to him from the hospital is named Lane—a Mrs. Lane."

"From America?" asked Egmont, in surprise.

"Yes, all of the nurses in the American hospital are from the United States."

"You don't think it can be—be Bob's mother, do you?" stammered Egmont.

"Why—er—I don't know. I hardly believe it can be. Lane is a common name in America. Still—well, I 'll send for her."

For six hours Egmont waited in feverish impatience for the nurse that was to bring a little touch of America to the hospital tent where Bob still lay in delirious fever. When the motor-car stopped in front of the tent, Egmont peered through the flap, and then, in an ecstasy of joy, ran out into the arms of the nurse.

"Oh, it 's you, Aunt Mary!" he shouted. "I knew it was! It could n't be anybody else! The moment the doctor said his nurse had your name, I knew it was you. What a surprise it will be for Bob."

"How is my dear boy, Egmont?" asked Mrs. Lane, in a trembling voice. "I could n't get here quick enough when the doctor said his name was Robert. Oh, I 'm longing to take him in my arms. It 's been so long since I 've seen him!"

Egmont pulled her into the tent. She tiptoed very softly toward the couch and gently kissed the forehead of the restless patient. The kiss seemed to quiet him, for he lay still for a few moments. Then, as her cool hand brushed his forehead, it seemed to quiet the throbbing of his temples, for he gave a long sigh, his incoherent muttering gradually ceased, and he fell into a natural sleep. A tear of gratitude rolled slowly down her cheek.

Two hours later Bob opened his eyes wearily, the fever gone. "Egmont," he murmured.

Then he looked into a face, bending close to his, that sent a thrill through his whole body. He opened his eyes wider, and stretched forth a hand.

"Mother, is that you, or am I dreaming?" he murmured.

"No, you 're not dreaming, dear," was the gentle reply. "I 've come all the way from America, and I 'm here to nurse you."

"How did you know I needed you! How did you get here so soon! Have I been sick long? It seems only yesterday——"

"Never mind, dear. Don't ask questions until you 're stronger. I 'm here, and that 's enough."

"Yes, that 's enough," was the contented reply. The eyes closed, a sigh of relief escaped the lips, and both hands clutched one of his mother's as if they would never let it go again.

Through the toil and tumult of the war Bob had come safely, to find the one he loved the most waiting for him at the end of his journey.

And all his dreams were pleasant dreams, full of visions of the future in which there were no wars nor rumors of war, but universal peace and content. America had certainly responded to the call of Belgium, the mothers as well as the sons, and during his waking moments Bob felt sure that the days of misery and suffering for the enslaved people would soon be over—for America fought only in a righteous cause, and once she had drawn the sword it would never be sheathed again until the wrongs of the brave little nation had been righted.

THE END.

MY NEST

Some nights, when I lie down to rest,
I think about the bluebird's nest
That just outside my window-pane
Is tossing in the wind and rain.

And then I cuddle snug and warm
To shut away the night and storm,
And make believe I 'm in a nest
Against the mother bluebird's breast.

And presently, beneath her wing,
Into the dark I seem to swing
Far to and fro, until it seems
I swing into the land of dreams.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE JUDGMENT OF HELEN

By LESLIE GRAY

"BREAD and milk, for supper, Mama; and he goes to bed every night at seven o'clock." Helen viciously slit her banana skin into tiny pieces.

"You have finished eating your banana, Helen, and there is no possible use in cutting up the skin." Then, returning to her subject, Mrs. MacDonald continued: "It seems to me that Arthur is a very nice little boy, dear. His mother and I are great friends, and he has been very good to you. Don't you remember how he took you on his Junior League picnic?" (Helen glared into space. A Junior League picnic was not her ideal of bliss.) "And I should like you to ask him to go to the circus with you and your other little friends," went on the voice of Fate,—"Papa can take you all on Saturday night."

The ominous silence which followed this remark was broken by Mr. MacDonald, who, not having heard a word of the argument, called cheerfully from the depths of his morning paper: "I see your hero is in the 'Courier,' Pudge. To think of making history like this! 'Robert Sylvester and others paint blue mustache on Jefferson's bust.' The young rascals! They must have done it along about midnight of Hallowe'en."

Helen caught her breath with a reminiscent thrill. To think it had reached the paper! and that the deed had been done at the weird hour of midnight, an hour when she was always sound asleep. Arthur, too—Arthur, most certainly! No vision of a blue Thomas Jefferson disturbed *his* dreams of Junior League picnics, after his supper of bread and milk.

"There once was a Robert Sylvester,
A marvelous Jefferson jester,"

her father was improvising poetically.

"It 's no wonder the magazines send your poetry back if it 's all as bad as that," said Helen, stung to impertinence by this mocking reference to her hero.

"That was the first bell," Mr. MacDonald changed the subject hastily. "Better hurry or you 'll be late, Pudge, and it would n't do for a monitor of the room to be late." And with a chuckle, he disappeared again behind his paper.

Helen left the house slowly, swinging her books by the tail of the strap and carrying in her other hand a kneaded rubber, which contained possibilities of countless molded cats. But just now her mind was above cats. She was making a story in which she, of course, was the princess, and Rob the fairy prince. Arthur could live in the castle as valet, if he chose. She was very hazy on the nature of a valet, but whatever it was, Rob might need it when he became a great hero.

She reflected, with a sigh, that she had come to a point where she actually could not realize an existence of such perfect happiness that Arthur could be kept out of it. They had been classed together for so long that her mind positively could not rise above it. When she was monitor of the pencils, on her side, and broke half the wedge-shaped points, he was monitor on his side—but *he* never dropped the pencils, oh no! And when, as monitor of ink-wells, she struggled with the liquid blackness, there he was, on his side, filling the boys' ink-wells with spotless precision. When she posed as *Jill* for the drawing class, there he was beside her on the same desk, scheduled to pose as *Jack*. It was certainly vexatious, especially when the boy she did not like was the son of her mother's friend.

Such reflections had brought her to the school. Still in a revery, she climbed the long flights of wooden stairs to Room 56. Once here, she smiled good-morning to the other girls, and apparently failed to see Arthur, who was there early, as usual. He never clattered in late like the other boys, interrupting the exercises and winning the gratitude of the rest of the class by postponing lessons for five minutes while Miss Rhodes delivered a lecture on tardiness. It was really thrilling to see the way in which Rob came in late.

He did not disappoint her this morning. "As the door turneth upon its hinges, so doth the sluggard upon his bed," read the teacher reverently; when just at that moment the door turned on its hinges, and the sluggard entered. "Robert," reproved Miss Rhodes, with a patience bred from experience, "you are tardy, as usual. All the seats on your own side are taken. You will have to sit here in this vacant seat on the right, just in front of Helen MacDonald."

Robert Sylvester fell placidly into the place indicated. He was a cheerful-looking boy, two sizes too big for the rest of the class, with a round black head and heavy black eyebrows, and, save in Helen's idealizing eyes, rather an

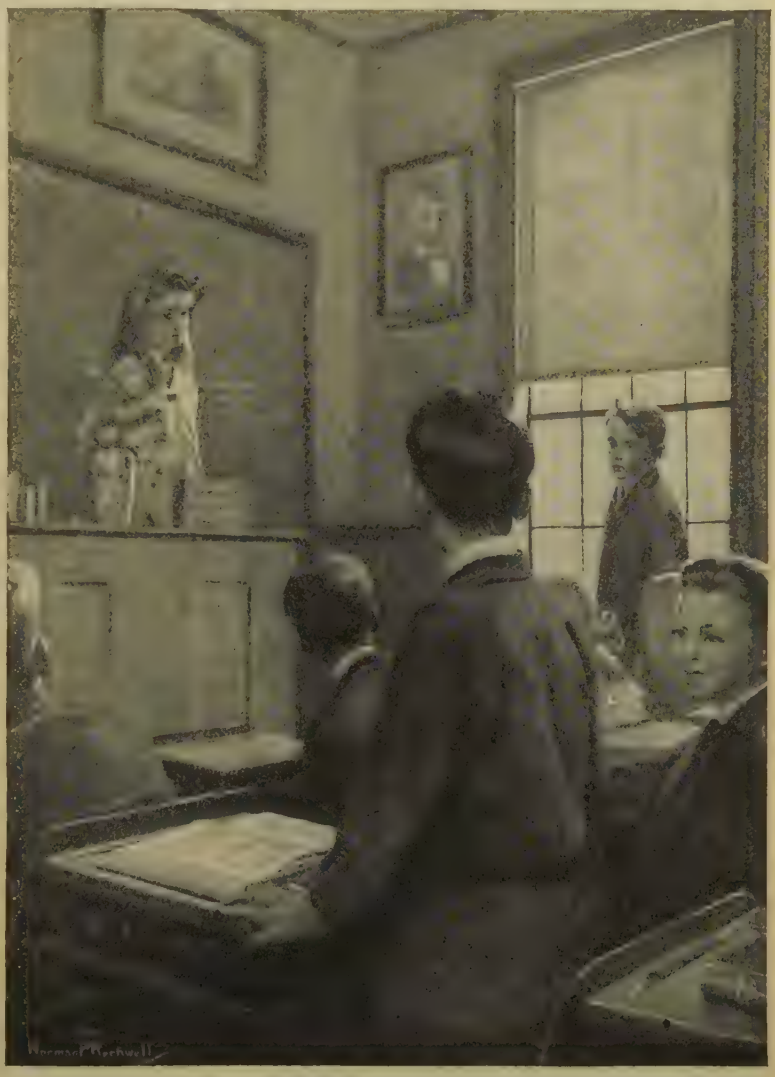
untidy youth. His hands were always horribly rough and scratched—like an animal-trainer's, Helen thought with a thrill of admiration, and wondered what made them so.

She found out this morning. Rob, the hero whose indifference to girls had always been one of his chief attractions in her eyes, now for the first time conversed with her. He related in whispers his adventures in hunting lost golf-balls. "Those thickets tear up your hands something fierce," he confided. "Just see mine!" Helen looked respectfully at the unlovely paws, although the explanation was not so exciting as her own fancy of the animal-trainer. In the pauses of the conversation she modeled rubber cats. She was very happy, and life quite worth living. Suddenly Miss Rhodes's voice fell on her ear.

"Monitor of the room, come forward!" Helen set the cats around her side of the ink-well and then rose slowly.

Miss Rhodes put her arm around the child. "Helen, dear, I 'm going to leave the room in your charge for five minutes," she said. "Take the names of all who are disorderly." Then, with a swish of the skirts, she was gone.

Helen sat down at the desk, feeling and looking very small indeed. At once, as if at a given signal, various articles made their appearance: rubber balls, with water in them, were squirted merrily; bright lights from pocket-mirrors made a tour of the room, always stopping to rest on the monitor's eyes; hat-pins rattled against desk covers, and paper wads flew from boy to boy. With a glance at the room, Helen rose to her feet and to the occasion, her voice vibrating with indignation. 'If you 're bad, I shall report you!" she said, with all the authority she could command. "And I know much better than Miss Rhodes could who 's got what," she added as an afterthought. Having waited for this to sink in, she continued: "And if you 're reported, you 'll be kept after school."



"A VOICE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM STOPPED HIM." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

This put a different face on the matter. Slowly the paper balls grew fewer in number, till they looked less like a snow-storm, the mirrors and rubber balls went back into their owners' pockets, the noise subsided. Only the hero of the blue Jefferson continued his demonstrations.

Finally he stopped and leaned back lazily,

looking at Helen. "I guess you won't report me," he drawled.

Helen hesitated for a moment, and the room grew very quiet, listening. Then, "I will, too," she replied, pale, but with surprising dignity.

Rob jumped to his feet. "If you do—" he began energetically.

But a voice from the other side of the room stopped him—a quiet voice which said concisely: "Rob Sylvester, get back to your seat, and stop your noise."

Helen looked up in astonishment. It was Arthur! She stared at him, then at Robert. Her whole plan of things whirled around. Here was the valet of the story acting like the hero, and the hero behaving worse than any valet would think of doing.

Rob stood slouched forward, his eyebrows

"FOR A BLOCK THEY TALKED POSTAGE-STAMPS"

bent rather sullenly over his black eyes. Arthur, head erect, and hair, which was parted in the middle at his mother's command, slightly tumbled, looked as if he would enjoy a fight, even if it "mussed up" the immaculate white blouse. Rob saw the look, and, sad to say, the hero of the blue Jefferson slumped back into his place, just as Miss Rhodes returned.

Helen made her report and returned to her desk in a sort of daze. She did not hear Rob's whisper: "If you had n't peached on me, Helen MacDonald, I 'd be out on the links this afternoon. See what you 've done!" She was thinking hard. Perhaps it was just as heroic to eat bread and milk for supper as to paint a statue blue; but it all seemed so queer! By noon she had made up her mind. She left the room without one glance at Robert, who ambled off to his dinner as carelessly as though he had not destroyed a fair maiden's ideal.

As Helen was half-way down the first block, Arthur joined her. "May I walk with you?" he asked, but did not meekly wait for permission, as usual. Helen smiled. When with Arthur, she had always been afflicted with a chronic lack of subjects for conversation, but to-day she was glad to have him walk with her, anyhow. For a block they talked postage-stamps, always a safe subject, then conversation lagged. Finally, with a sort of desperation, Arthur fished into his pocket and drew out a resplendent new calendar.

"You can have this, Helen," he said. His blue eyes looked at her steadily, gravely, while she turned over the leaves. On the April page, a damsel with a quantity of red hair was the most conspicuous feature. "That one looks like you," said Arthur. Helen scanned it critically, her eyes going from the highly colored draperies to her own simple dress. "My mother would n't let me wear such clothes," she said at last.

"I did n't mean the dress so much as the hair," Arthur hastened to explain.

There were points of difference here, too, but since he had meant it for a compliment, Helen smiled. After some thought she began searching through the pages of her reader, and brought out triumphantly a cardboard cat. She straightened the bent ear, which had come outside the book, and gave it to him with the air of a princess rewarding a knight. She could not return in kind the compliment he had paid her, for he did not look at all like the cat, and would not have liked to be told so if he had.

Having reached her home she said good-by and left him, without having said anything about his noble deed of the morning, but she knew that he knew that she knew, which was all-sufficient. Arrived at the house, she found her parents in much the same position at the table as when she had left them, only now they were assembled for the midday meal.

"And Robert Sylvester, the marvelous—" began her father.

"I don't like him any more, and I do like Arthur. I have changed my mind," said Helen, promptly and decidedly. "Arthur is n't so exciting, but he 's nicer."

"My child," said Mr. MacDonald solemnly, "at your tender age you have learned a lesson which half of humanity never knows."

Helen scarcely heeded the interruption, but continued eagerly, "And you 'll take him to the circus with us, won't you?"

THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

DECIDING THE FATE OF NATIONS AT PARIS

Our serial story of the Peace Conference suffers, in its April instalment, from no lack of material. At the beginning of the month, President Wilson warned against delay. Affairs in Russia and the danger of Bolshevist outbreaks in the nearer lands of Hungary and Austria made it necessary to effect, as quickly as possible, the organization of western Europe for peace.

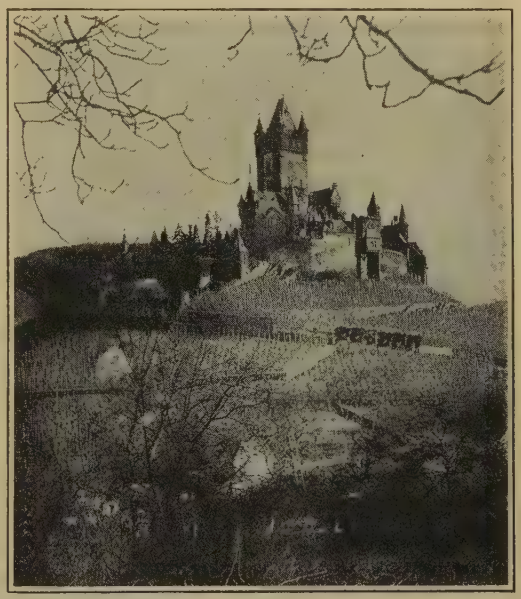
France was eager to have military control of the Rhine given her. Japan was struggling to obtain recognition of her right to racial equality. Italy was contending for territory on the Adriatic. America insisted that the Monroe Doctrine must be guaranteed. In England, Lloyd George was defending himself against bitter attacks.

The Japanese claim failed. France had to give up her idea of an armed frontier beyond the Rhine, but received assurances of support from England and America, and was promised control of the coal regions of the Saar Valley for a number of years. The Monroe Doctrine was made a part of the international agreement.

It was decided that Germany would have to pay forty-five billion dollars, in thirty years. The German hope for delay, during which Germany might profit by disagreement among the Allies, was dashed by the decision to require her to send envoys with power to sign the treaty. She had planned to send messengers to get the treaty and take it back to Berlin, to be discussed there.

But in the closing days of the month progress was checked, and disaster threatened, by Italy's insistence that she must have the city and port of Fiume, although this city was not promised to her by France and England when they were trying to persuade her to enter the war. President Wilson had from the start opposed recognition of such secret treaties made in war time. He insisted that the new Jugo-Slav state must have an outlet to the sea. The Italian Government made everything else secondary to its desire for this territory. Conditions in Italy were bad.

In addition to all this, there was rioting and



U. S. Official Photograph
CASTLE AT COCHEM, GERMANY, NOW THE HEADQUARTERS OF AN AMERICAN ARMY CORPS

rebellion in India. In Egypt, too, there were scenes of violence.

This is only an outline sketch of the situation. What does it all mean? It means that the world is at one of the greatest crises in

all its history. It means that human life is entering upon a new age and a new stage. The war grew out of German materialism, out of the readiness of a great and powerful people to increase its power at the cost of all ideals of honor and justice; and the wounded world had to decide whether it would go the German way, into a new Dark Age, or would win its way into a new, bright era of peace and righteous dealing.

And—here is the point—the outcome of it all cannot be decided by the men who are striving at Paris. It rests, in some proportion, with every single human being. Every American man and woman, every American boy and girl, can use his or her bit of influence on one side or the other: the side of reconstruction and advance, or the side of discontent and danger.

ITALY

ONCE a member, with Germany and Austria, of the Triple Alliance, Italy was slow about deciding to enter the war. She finally went in on the side of the Allies, after England and France had made a secret treaty with her by which she was to have possession of most of the eastern shore of the Adriatic.

The Allies whipped the Germans, Austro-Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Turks. Italy gained the South Tyrol and the Trentino. The treaty with England and France—Russia was also a party to it—would have given to Italy also Dalmatia and the islands along the coast. In addition to this, Italy demanded Fiume, an important commercial center with a harbor—of which there are not many on the Adriatic.

The new state of Jugo-Slavia, lying back of the Adriatic, to the east, claimed Dalmatia, but was willing to have its possession determined by a plebiscite, or vote of the people. President Wilson wanted to have the city of Fiume internationalized, so that trade of all the countries could pass through it. He took the position that secret agreements made in war time should be disregarded.

When the Italian representatives at Paris threatened to withdraw, President Wilson issued a statement, in which he said:

That since Italy made her secret treaty with some of the Allies, "the whole face of circumstances had been altered." Other nations had entered the war with no knowledge of that "private understanding."

That peace had been proposed to Germany "on certain clearly defined principles which set up a new order of right and justice," and that the same principles must apply to the peace with Austria and in the settlement of the smaller states into which the Austro-Hungarian Empire has been broken up.

That, applying those principles, "Fiume must serve as the outlet of the commerce of Hungary, Bohemia, Rumania, and the states of the new Jugo-Slav group." This seemed to have been the intention, in fact, when the secret treaty was made, for by it the port was assigned to Croatia.

That Italy need not be alarmed for the safety of her people settled upon the islands, since the Austrian fortifications are to be destroyed and the League of Nations will safeguard the interests of "all racial or national minorities" against aggression.

Press Illus. Service
VITTORIO ORLANDO, ITALIAN PREMIER

He said: "Italy's ancient unity is restored. It is within her choice to be surrounded by friends, to exhibit to the newly liberated peoples across the Adriatic . . . the preference of justice over interest." And he ended with a plea, in behalf of America, for observance of the principles for which America fought.

In the last days of April the Italians withdrew from the conference, and there was some show of unfriendly feeling toward America.

Let statesmen discuss and solve the problem, the man in THE WATCH TOWER said to himself while these things were going on; one thing, at least, is clear to those who are not trained in "statecraft," and that is: it is a great day in the world's history when such ideas and ideals are even recognized as possibilities at an international conference!

THE AMERICAN LEGION

MORE than two and one half million American soldiers went overseas. By the end of April about three quarters of a million of them had returned, and thousands more were landing at the home ports every week.

At the end of the month, meetings were held for the selection of delegates to attend the national convention to be held in St. Louis the

following month for the organization of the American Legion. This association of veterans of the War in Defense of Civilization will be a new Grand Army of the Republic.

Men who have fought side by side in a great war are naturally bound together in good

Photograph by Paul Thompson

GENERAL PERSHING'S SON WARREN OFF TO FRANCE ON THE *LEVIATHAN* TO VISIT HIS FATHER

fellowship. They stand together, and to some extent they stand apart from the rest of the nation. The very honor in which the country holds them helps to unite them as a brotherhood.

An organization like the G. A. R. or the American Legion offers a great temptation to the politician, seeking votes. A candidate for state office who had the friendship of the veterans in his State would possess an advantage over an opponent not popular with them. A Presidential candidate who was a veteran and could carry the "soldier vote" would have greatly increased chances of success.

But the organizers of the Legion set out with the commendable purpose of keeping it out of politics. The call for the preliminary meeting in New York contained this paragraph:

"The American Legion wants the enlisted man at its preliminary caucuses, because the permanent organization is to be an enlisted man's organization. The Legion is non-political and non-partisan. Its only gospel is patriotism. It wants to keep alive the ideals for which the men of this nation fought. It wants to keep knotted the ties of friendship which men from far-flung States formed during the war."

A splendid platform! If the Legion can live up to it, the nation will be most fortunate.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE PHILIPPINES

WHEN the Philippine Islands were ceded to the United States in 1898, after the war with Spain, the area under the management of our good old Uncle Sam was increased by 114,958 square miles.

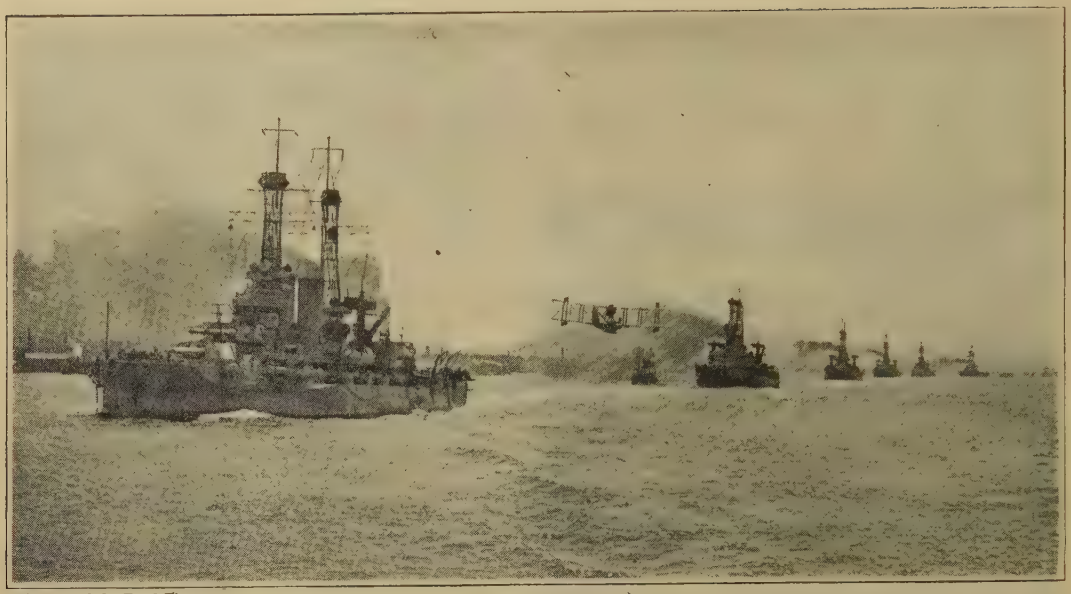
This is about equal to the area of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

This spring an effort was made by the people of the islands, and their friends in the States, to secure independence. The United States Government had promised the Filipinos that when they were ready for self-government they should have it. The question was whether that time had now arrived.

Press Illus. Service

MANUEL L. QUEZON, HEAD OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION

First under military rule, then under civil government, Americans have taught the people of the Philippines, long exploited by the Spaniards, how to manage public affairs for the good of the whole people. The work of government includes the protection of life and property; the care of health; education; the making and enforcement of laws. From the start, the United States Government has given the people of the islands every opportunity to learn to do these



Photograph by Paul Thompson

THE VICTORY FLEET, HEADED BY THE *MISSISSIPPI*, ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR

things for themselves, and they have gone steadily ahead.

The islands have prospered under our coaching. The commercial figures are interesting. In 1905, 1910, and 1917, imports from the United States—tools, manufactured articles and materials for manufacture—were $5,761,498, $10,775,301 and $27,516,556, out of total imports for the three years of $30,876,350, $37,067,630 and $51,983,278. Exports to this country were, in the same three years, $15,668,026, $18,741,771 and $43,125,393, out of total exports of $32,352,615, $39,864,169 and $71,715,375. These figures can easily be arranged in tables to show how imports have compared with exports, and how the total trade has increased. The principal exports of the Philippines are hemp, sugar, tobacco, and lumber.

When we acquired the Philippines, there was a good deal of talk about "imperialism." We do not seem to have suffered much in that way, however. Now some Americans say that without the help of our Federal Government the Filipinos would fall back into their old ways of living. It hardly seems possible that they could be so foolish.

If the right of a small nation to govern itself, so long as it proved itself fit for self-government, was really one of the things the United States fought for in the War in Defense of Civilization, the Filipino request for independence was based on a pretty firm foundation of logic.

WHAT THE BOLSHEVISTS WANT

WHEN any organization can do as much harm as the Bolsheviki have done, it is a good thing to know just what they are trying to do. In an interview reported in American newspapers, the leader of these people who want to destroy existing relations between the individual and the state clearly expressed some of their aims.

First, he said, a political party must show the majority of the people that its principles are right and its program worthy of their support. That, says Mr. Lenine, the Bolshevists have already done in Russia.

Then the party must gain political power. As the Bolsheviki stand for rule by the proletariat, the mass of people, they can get power only by taking it away from those who now have it. As power is held by those who have education and property, the Bolsheviki have made war on them. You cannot make war on all who have education and property without making war on education and property themselves; and so the Bolsheviki are hostile to the whole system by which people have tried to regulate private affairs in relation to public interests.

Lenine and his followers want to destroy the power of money. The necessaries of life, they say, should be paid for by work alone. They cannot have their kind of government in a world run by the other kind; therefore they wish to destroy the governments now in existence.

There is no mystery about the Bolsheviki and their purposes. Boys and girls can understand exactly why Lenine and his followers are dangerous. And boys and girls can do a great deal to prevent the spread of such ideas in America. Our pride in American institutions is justified every day by the way our hundred million citizens live together in peace.

A WEEK WITHOUT THE TELEPHONE

FROM seven o'clock in the morning of April 15 to seven o'clock in the morning of April 21 New England telephone wires were dead. Twenty thousand telephone workers were on strike, refusing to work until their demand for higher pay was granted.

This strike differed from most such affairs in that the workers are employed by the United States Government. The telephone system was placed, as a war measure, under control of the Post-office Department, just as the railroads were under the Federal operation.

All over New England, for six days, the 'phone bells were silent. If you took down the receiver, there was no one to say, "Number, please!" If you wanted to ask your friend about next day's lesson, you had to go to his or her house. If unexpected visitors dropped in and stayed to dinner, and extra provisions were needed—why, some one had to go to the store for them, just as people did twenty-five years ago. And there was a more serious side to it, for business dealings were checked, and even emergency calls, in case of fire or accident or illness, were impossible.

The people of New England must, surely, have gained a new appreciation of the value of "public service!"

THE American people went into the Fifth Liberty Loan, the Victory Loan, in a manner that made it look as if the other loan drives had been only "try-outs."

IT can't be possible, but it 's true—here we are again in the month of commencements! Every graduate, in grammar school or high, public school or private, has THE WATCH TOWER'S congratulations and best wishes. NOW you will begin to use what you have learned.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY CARTER GLASS, RAISING THE FIRST VICTORY LOAN FLAG OVER THE UNITED STATES TREASURY

AN INVADER IN THE GARDEN

He came from somewhere out in the field and invaded the garden. During the owner's first visit of the morning to see if any more tiny parsnips or carrots had come through over night during such cool damp weather, there was no sign of the invader. But an hour later he was there, and for some time he had been very busy. A carrot bed (6 feet by 13 feet) was not as it should have been. Instead of a smooth bed with the faint green lines of new carrots across it, it now was a relief-map of some new and undiscovered continent. There were ridges, with the earth broken and heaved up an inch or two; and these mountains in miniature ran crazily here and there through the bed from end to end. Dig-in-the-dark, the mole, was busy there—very busy!

There is only one way to catch a mole in the daytime, and that is to dig him out; as an offensive weapon, the potato-fork is unbeatable. There are two ways to locate his exact whereabouts. As he digs and tunnels and wriggles through the earth, he pursues a course so near the surface that the earth heaves momentarily and betrays him. Also, the earthworms in the locality, knowing that their chief foe is on their trails, wriggle out on the surface and go off as fast as their limited means of locomotion will allow. There is no mistaking their manœuvres—they are in a dreadful hurry.

So a mole stalk was in order. After a careful watching-spell, two or three worms glistened in the sun at the side of the bed, and in a moment the earth heaved. After a tiptoed progress to the spot, the fork was held ready, but nothing more happened there. Old Dig-in-the-dark had heard or felt those footfalls, and, not liking them at all, had retraced his steps—if such manner of progress can be so called—and taken up operations elsewhere. After a long wait the earth heaved on the farther side of the bed, and another stalk, ever so quiet, followed. The ground heaved again—and down came the fork; and in a twinkling Dig-in-the-dark was squirming out in the sunlight. How he wriggled and worked his stubby legs! He had but one instinct, one aim—to dig in, to bury himself. But his short tail made a convenient handle, and he was whisked away and out in a box of earth. Then his lines of excavation were measured and photographed. A little lime was dusted on the ridges in order to help the camera. It was found that this little digger in the space of an hour had tunneled forty-six feet!

THE RESULT OF AN HOUR'S WORK BY DIG-IN-THE-DARK, THE MOLE

In the box he showed something of his methods of excavating. He was a sort of living, self-propelling, underground projectile. His powerful fore legs, armed with huge, flat, spade feet, did most of the work. His hind feet seemed merely to urge the body forward, and were small and weak. His long, flexible snout was thrust ahead into every cranny, and his spades enlarged the opening. His body was compact and strong. He crawled forward through the earth; he was an earth auger. His fore limbs worked at a very rapid pace, and, as the feet were set at a strange, almost vertical angle, or on edge, he really swam forward, sliding on his chest and using a sort of short

breast-stroke. When placed upon the loamy earth, he could bury himself in a twinkling.

These strange, almost vertical, spade feet afforded a lesson in adaptation. The mole belongs to the Insectivora; he is a feeder on earthworms. To catch them, he must travel fast underground and yet near the surface. The top soil is looser than the lower soil; it is easier to push it sidewise than remove it from below, as the badger does. Through countless generations, moles have been doing this near-surface excavating in pursuit of earthworms and underground insects, and thus have acquired the breast-stroke in digging. The limbs have developed to meet the requirement. The more he became adapted to underground travel, the less he was fitted for locomotion upon the surface, hence his awkwardness.

"A SELF-PROPELLING UNDERGROUND PROJECTILE"

While in captivity, Dig-in-the-dark showed how he disposed of worms. Six of these wrigglers were presented to him and he gobbled them down one after the other, without taking a pause longer than the time it took to find the new victim. How he found them so quickly was a mystery at first. Without eyes to see them, and with ears so trivial as to suggest their uselessness, it was evidently up to his long, flexible snout to do the hunting. He seemed a combination of but two senses—scent and touch, both located in his nose, with immense digging dexterity and strength to back them up under the ground.

On the following morning Dig-in-the-dark had passed out; whether from starvation (he ate twenty-five worms the previous day), too much air, cramped quarters, or heartbreak, could not be determined.

HAMILTON M. LAING.

THE MACHINE-GUN CAMERA

ARMED with a machine-gun camera, which can take the place on a Lewis Machine-gun of the cartridge magazine, with operating conditions exactly the same as in shooting real bullets, an air pilot is more than a match for the most elusive game. This new weapon will doubtless "bring down" the prey, no matter how swift may be its flight or rapid its movements. The contrivance looks much more like a gun than a camera. It makes 100 exposures on one loading, that is, a number equivalent to 100 rounds of ammunition, and, like the machine-gun itself, fires in "bursts"; that is, continues firing automatically as long as the trigger is under pressure.

The Gun Camera, Mark 1, as it is officially called, weighs thirteen pounds all told and has a lens barrel only eight inches long and two and one-half inches in diameter. It is of metal construction throughout. Each gun camera is ordinarily provided with three magazines which may be loaded in daylight. If an embryo fighting aviator, therefore, takes up

SERIES OF SNAP-SHOTS OF AN ENEMY 'PLANE, TAKEN FROM AN AËROPLANE WITH A MACHINE-GUN CAMERA AT THE RATE OF SIX A SECOND

with him these three magazines loaded to capacity, he can "shoot" 300 times. The film in the magazine is ordinary motion-picture film, which travels from a spool in the small end of the magazine past a light-trap, where it is exposed, to a reel five inches in diameter in the larger end of the magazine.

The rapid-fire camera proves invaluable in training aërial gunners. One of the greatest difficulties faced by the air forces was to find men who would prove good shots aloft. Even when a pilot gained skill in handling his machine, he must still learn to make good shots. A man who qualified as a sharpshooter under ordinary conditions might fail to get his opponent in the air. An expert pilot makes a very illusive target. By employing loops and turns while flying at high speed he can readily confuse an ordinary gunner, who must himself fire from an aëroplane which is constantly shifting its position.

The machine-gun camera has made it possible for the gunner in a few hours' actual flying to gain most valuable experience in handling a gun in the air. The camera machine-gun may be swung up or down and from one side to the other with a touch of the finger. The gunner trains his machine on the enemy, sights it in the usual way, and "fires" by pulling the trigger and holding it. As long as he keeps his finger on the trigger the "gun" makes exposures at the rate of six to the second.

When the strips of photographs have been developed and printed in the usual way, they show the exact position of the enemy plane in regard to the aim of the gunner. If the enemy aëroplane does not show on the picture, the shot has gone very wide of the mark. Since the bullet has struck, theoretically, at the center of the picture, it can be seen at a glance if a shot has hit merely a section of the wing, where it would do no harm, or has gone home at some vital part of the aircraft. The two aëroplanes, the attacking machine and the enemy, move with such rapidity that the target cannot remain in range more than a fraction of a second; but the strip of pictures tells the exact truth about the encounter.

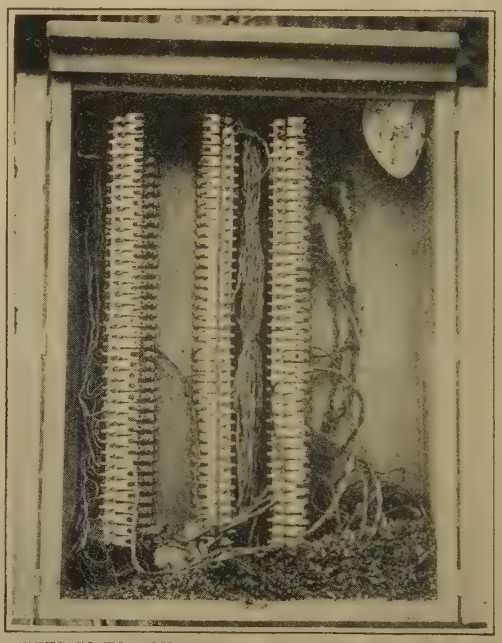
The camera also photographs the face of a watch, cleverly adjusted near the end of the barrel, so that the exact time at which the shots were made is also recorded. When the aërial gunner returns to earth he brings, therefore, an exact record of his work aloft, even to the time which has elapsed between his shots.

It is common to send aloft two aëroplanes, equipped with these machine-gun cameras, to "fire" at each other. The watch attachment makes it possible to determine, within one-fifth of a second, which aërial gunner has fired the "fatal" shot which may be said to have brought down his adversary. When his films show a sufficient number of bull's-eyes made aloft, the gunner is ready for actual service.

FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

"THE WIRE IS BUSY!"

USERS of the telephone in the town of Port Byron, New York, found the service mysteriously unsatisfactory, one day in early summer, and distress calls came pouring in at the main office. At last even Central was cut off. Inves-

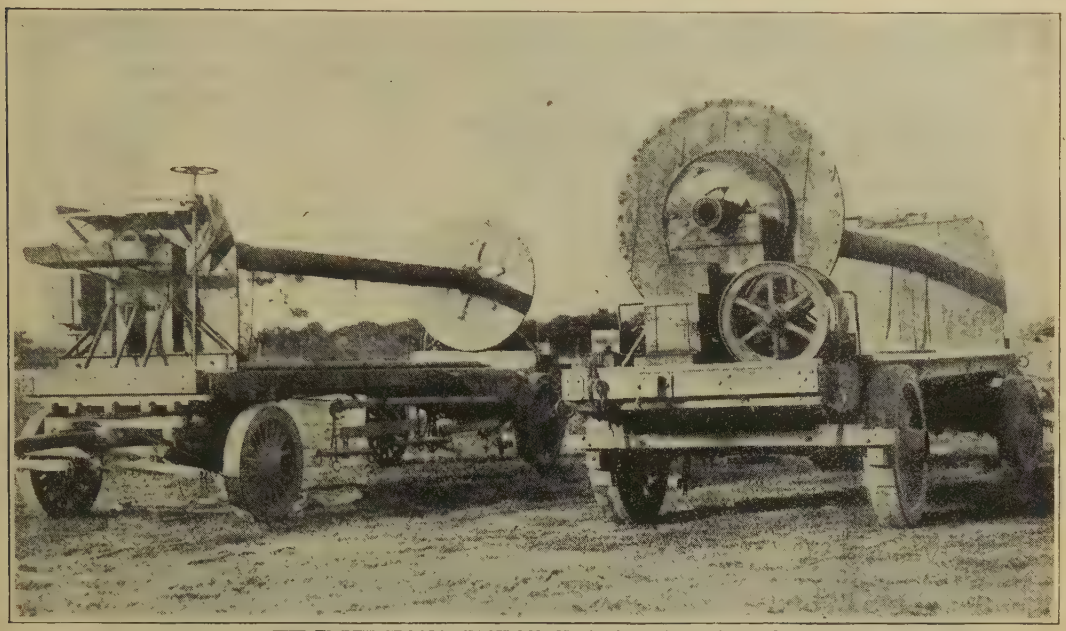


BEES GO TO HOUSEKEEPING IN A TELEPHONE-BOX

tigation brought to light the fact that a swarm of bees had taken possession of the terminal box, and were keeping up their reputation for activity by converting it into a hive in short order. Before any one suspected their designs, they had a honeycomb started, and fought for possession of their new abode. When an attempt was made to dislodge them, they finally had to be smoked out, as there seemed no other way to break up the bee household.

HUGE SPOOLS FOR CIRCUS TENTS

THE handling of the heavy canvas tents of the circus has always been one of the difficult problems of the business, taking a long time and many men to look after them. In the last year an invention has been perfected whereby the tents are wound on large spools by means of a gasolene engine, saving the



THE EMPTY SPOOLS, EACH MOUNTED ON ITS OWN WAGON

labor of a great many men, besides a needless, back-breaking experience. These huge spools are mounted on a wagon, which is transferred to the railroad train, and they are then ready to proceed on their journey.

The circus tents are made in sections of fifty feet. The spools are twenty-five feet long, so that the tents need only be folded once. A large number of these sections can be wound on the same spool, one after the other; in fact, seven tons of tents are loaded on a single spool.

A wringer is attached to the reel, which squeezes all the water out of the canvas should a rain drench the tents. This means that performances do not have to be called off after a rain, as was formerly so often the case on account of a dripping canvas. About two hours' time is saved by this invention.

L. M. EDHOLM.

SEVEN TONS OF TENTS CAN BE WOUND ON A SINGLE SPOOL

THE LITTLE LOVER

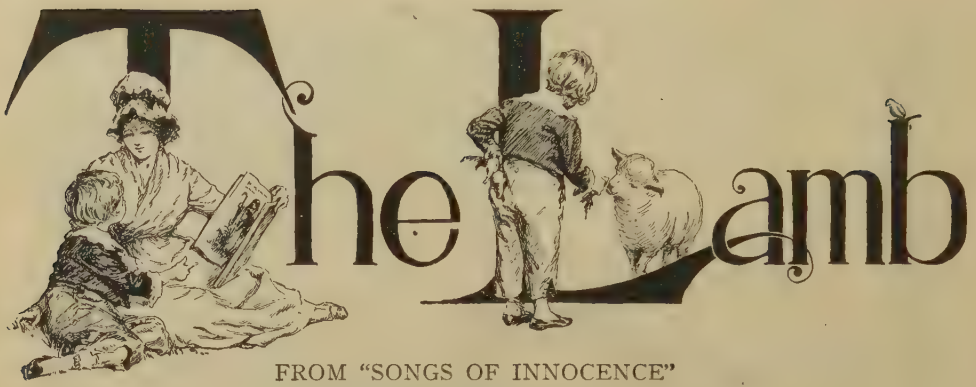
By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

He brings me lots of faded flowers,
And shows me things he 's found;
He comes and watches me for hours.
And follows me around.
He 's *much* too small to roller-skate;
He cannot climb a tree;
But I 'll be nice to him.—I 'm eight,
And he is only three.

MY SISTER

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

My sister 's very, very small;
She has n't any hair at all.
I don't see why they think she's "dear"—
I think she 's really very queer.
She can't run 'round, nor talk, nor play,
But just lies still and sleeps all day!
It 's very strange; they say that I
Was like that once; and by-and-by
That she will talk, and romp, and run,
And play with me, and have some fun.
But while I 'm waiting till she can,
I 'm 'fraid I 'll be a grown-up man!



The Lamb

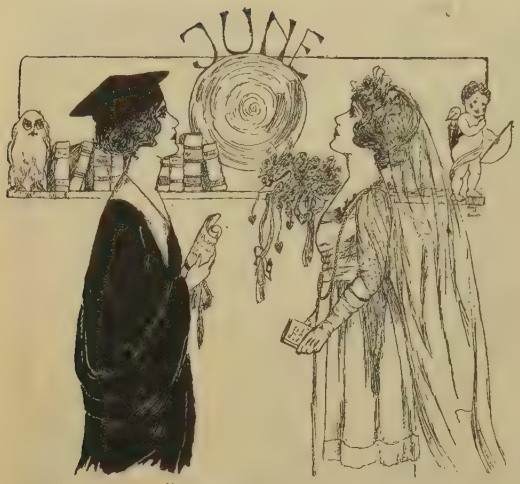
FROM "SONGS OF INNOCENCE"
BY WILLIAM BLAKE
FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1789

Illustrated by Helen Mason Grose

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is calléd by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are calléd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice . . .
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?



"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MARRY LA VANCHA RUSSELL, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

WHO could wish for a more appropriate heading for these June League pages than is supplied by one of our own clever young artists in this timely sketch? On one side is the "sweet girl graduate" in cap and gown, diploma in hand, against a background of the lore of learned volumes and the wisdom of Minerva's owl—and on the other, the "lovely lady garmented in white," with her insignia of the bride's bouquet and the smiling little Cupid with his bow and arrows. Truly a fitting introduction to the month of roses, and weddings, and glad (or tearful) farewells to school or college! All our young devotees of the brush and crayon have done remarkably well of late, and several of their drawings—like the one on the opposite page, for instance—are worthy of a place in the body of the magazine.

As for the prose offerings, the need and worth of "Courtesy" were set forth in so many varied forms and anecdotes that we simply had to add a page to the LEAGUE this month to make room for the best of them. Even with this, a score of deserving contributors were crowded into the "Special Mention" list.

And this brings to mind the explanation promised last month, as to this list and the "Roll of Honor." The "Special Mention" list outranks the Honor Roll, because it stands for contributions that, literally, *would* have been printed if we could have made room for them, *and thus are of practically equal merit with those appearing in the League pages.* In view of the flood of delightful little stories, verses, and pictures received and the constant large accessions to the ranks of our ardent young contributors, it becomes increasingly difficult, month by month, to select the few which can be printed within the limits of the LEAGUE department; it seems only fair to let those whose work *would* have appeared *if* space could have been made for them, be apprised of the fact, by grouping their names at the *head* of the Roll of Honor.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO 232

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Charlotte Dorothy Eddy** (age 14), Calif. Silver Badges, **Alice C. Strawser** (age 12), Vt.; **Elizabeth Hamburger** (age 12), Md.; **Constance O'Hara** (age 13), Pa.; **Mildred Augustine** (age 13), Iowa; **Helen Elmira Waite** (age 16), N. J.; **Fred Floyd, Jr.** (age 17), N. J.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Ida Purnell** (age 17), Calif. Silver Badges, **Louisa Butler** (age 12), Mich.; **Priscilla Fraker** (age 15), N. J.; **Peggy Pond** (age 15), N. M.; **Marion Blatchford** (age 15), Ill.

DRAWINGS. Silver Badges, **James G. Taylor, Jr.** (age 11), N. J.; **Elizabeth Judd** (age 15), Conn.; **Margaret Lindsay Sutherland** (age 17), D. C.; **Dorothy P. K. Deahy** (age 14), R. I.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Katherine Julia Russell** (age 14), New York. Silver Badges, **Mary Elizabeth Carty** (age 12), Maryland; **Margaret La Fètra** (age 12), District Columbia; **Margaret Palmer** (age 13), Illinois; **Henry Bealer, Jr.** (age 17), Pennsylvania; **Helen Barrett** (age 16), Wisconsin.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badge, **Signe Steen** (age 15), Louisiana.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold Badge, **Richard L. Purdy** (age 14), New York.

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY KATHERINE JULIA RUSSELL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1917.)

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY MARY ELIZABETH CARTY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN ORCHARDS BLOOM

BY JESSIE M. THOMPSON (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THERE is a little path I love
Goes winding through the trees—
The trees whose branches now are bare,
The strangest, softest, purple hue;
But when spring comes to them—ah, there
Are blossoms on the breeze!

And when spring to the orchard comes,
All song and sunny days,
There are the sweetest shades of pink,
The lightest rifts of clouded white—
The sweetest colors you can think
Of shady chrysoprase!

The gayest calls of birds among
The green and pink and white,
The feel of sun upon the cheek!
In all the lovely earth, there is
No greater pleasure you can seek
Than orchards' sheer delight!

A COURTESY

(A true story)

BY CHARLOTTE DOROTHY EDDY (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1918)

ABOUT forty-five years ago, there lived in San Francisco a man whose mind was deranged. He thought himself to be Emperor Napoleon, and came to be known by that name. His dress was like that of Napoleon, also. His appearance was that of a dejected, yet dignified, misunderstood man. He lived on the grudgingly given generosity of the tradespeople, and accepted everything as his due. Most people held him in scorn. He was subjected to their taunting remarks and to jeers from the boys.

One bright Sunday morning he was walking through one of the fashionable residential districts. In one hand he carried a beautiful red rose. His other hand he held in a dignified position at the back of his old, Napoleonic coat, and his eyes were cast meditatively on the sidewalk. As he passed one of the homes, a little girl about eight years old ran out.

"Good morning, Emperor Napoleon!" she said shyly, and made a low courtesy to him.

"Emperor Napoleon" smiled and made a low, courtly bow, presenting to her at the same time the rose he carried.

The little girl was delighted. Whenever she met him after that, she always greeted him with a little courtesy and a cheerful smile—which would have been an excellent example to the children who jeered at him when he passed!

WHEN ORCHARDS BLOOM

BY LOUISA BUTLER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

OH, 't is joy in the heart in June!
When orchards bloom,
There is no room for care or gloom—
When birds are trilling, and filling
The air with melodious music—in June!
God only could make the world so fair
When Springtime lingers and orchards bloom!
Spring is the season of conversation—
(School-girls chatter about vacation)
Hear the birds from their lofty station,
"Joy! joy! joy!
'Live to learn and learn to live,'
Seeking what life has to give.
Ours is the spirit of loving and giving,
Do you not hear it—the secret of living?
'T is joy! Joy in the heart! Joy!
Time and life are what you make them,
Time and life are as you take them—
That 's the secret birdies know,
Take life singing—so!
Oh! Spring in the heart! Joy in the spring! Sing!
There is no room for care or gloom
When orchards bloom!"

"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY M. MELICENT WATTS, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A COURTESY

BY ALICE C. STRAWSER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

JOHN MONTGOMERY was on his way home from school. "Hello, John," said Frank Payson, "what do you say to going skating on the mill-pond? The ice is as firm as a rock, and it 's a fine afternoon."

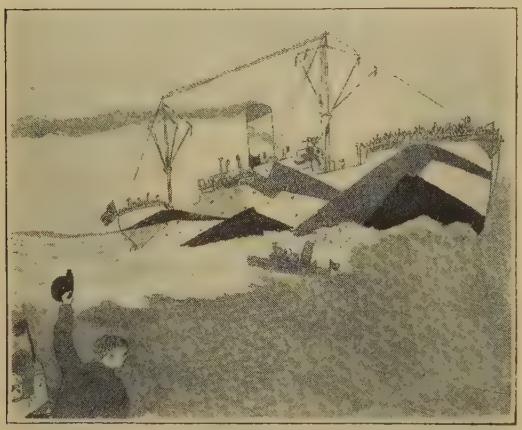
John's attention had been drawn to a hill on the top of which stood a large, white building that had just been finished. It had been built in honor of a leading citizen who had recently died. The dedication exercises were to take place that afternoon. The ground was very slippery, and many of the people had a difficult time in getting up the hill, especially those who were old and feeble.

John was about to reply, "Yes, I 'll go," when he thought of his mother's teaching: "Always be

courteous to older people." "No, Frank! I can't go to-day," he said, and walked home.

An hour later, after getting his father's consent, John led old Dobbin out of his stall and hitched him into a roomy sleigh. At the end of the exercises, when the people came out of the building, they saw a horse and sleigh, and a boy who said that he was going to take the older people to their homes. The young driver made several trips.

A few days later, John received a small box which contained a five-dollar bill and a dainty card on which was written: "Courtesy shown to older people will always be appreciated." And then followed the names of those whom he had taken home that day.



"WELCOME." BY JAMES G. TAYLOR, JR., AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN BOUGHS ARE BARE

(*A sonnet to the snow*)

BY PRISCILLA FRAKER (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

Ye feather flecks, to look upon so fair,
Bright emblems of wild winter's gaiety,
That hither, thither, fast and silently
Obscure the branches, leafless, dark, and bare!
Ye spotless gems, a-floating through the air,
Light as soft swan's-down, dancing merrily—
Ye come from out the heavens' immensity
To give this barren world a beauty rare!
Like to a blanket, soft and warm and white,
That snugly wraps the child in slumber deep,
And guards it carefully till morning's birth,
Do ye, O snowflakes, through the silent night,
Enfold the world, and bid all nature sleep
Until Spring comes again upon the earth!

A COURTESY

BY SILVIA WUNDERLICH (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

"Oh, bother it, anyway!" Jack called out, as he sat down at his desk with a scowling face.

"What 's the matter?" his mother inquired.

"Oh, I 've got to write a theme on 'Courtesy'! Did you ever hear of anything so silly? I 'm sure teacher simply wanted to give us something to do. But that is n't the worst of it. I could write reams on just 'Courtesy,' but we have to give an example of courtesy which really revealed the character of a great man."

"Yes, it was just a bow, yet it did reveal the character of the man," his Mother said, as if speaking her thoughts out loud.

"What 's that?" Jack inquired eagerly.

"It was Thomas Jefferson, Jack," his mother began. "Once when he was out riding with his grandson, an old negro, whom Jefferson knew, bowed to them. Jefferson's grandson paid no attention, but Jefferson himself bowed in return. When they had passed, he said to his grandson, 'Will you permit an old negro to be more of a gentleman than you?' Does n't that illustrate Jefferson's character, Jack? Does n't that show his spirit of true democracy, which was one of his great characteristics?"

"It certainly does, Mother. And now, as I know what I am going to write for my theme, may I go out and play a little while longer?"

"Yes, but only for a little while."

"*Thank you*, Mother," Jack called, as he left the room, with a twinkle in his eye.

WHEN BOUGHS ARE BARE

BY IDA PURNELL (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March*, 1919)

Bare boughs weave giant spider-webs across a starry sky,
And underneath we wander through the straight tree-corridors;
For little need for words have we, and, as the wind whips by,
We sigh a breath of pure content with all the out-of-doors.

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY ALICE WINDES, AGE 16

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY BARBARA CLINE, AGE 13

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY HELEN BARRETT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY DOROTHEA WILLIAMSON, AGE 12.

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY MARGARET LA FÈTRA, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

But when the boughs are full of leaves, they rustle
in the breeze,
They keep the moonlight from the lane we press
with flying feet!
They are a long, dark prison-place, these tall, fune-
real trees;
They keep the falling starshine from silvering
our street.

I like the time when boughs are bare across a
winter sky,
When snow is on the roadway, and a biting wind
blows high,
When clear the moon's sharp ray runs through the
darkness like a lance—
And I walk there with Brother Ralph, just come
back home from France!

A COURTESY

BY ELIZABETH HAMBURGER (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

It was a hot, sultry day in August, on a hot, badly-ventilated street-car.

The car stopped to let on a passenger. She was an old, old woman—so old that it seemed strange for her to be out alone. She carried a heavy suit-case, and she looked nervous and tired. She put down the bag and began fumbling for her money, but her poor old fingers were unsteady, and it was several minutes before she succeeded in unfastening her purse, and then she could not get the right coin. The conductor, who was in anything but a gracious mood, asked sarcastically, "Well, are you going to pay this year or next?" And then the precious coin dropped to the floor.

Not many people had witnessed this scene; but a little boy had seen it all; and he hastened to the old woman's rescue. He picked up the money, dropped it in the box, and then, taking the suitcase in one hand and slipping the other arm in hers, marched up the aisle and gave her the seat he had left when he hurried to her aid.

When she was seated she said over and over again, "Thank you! thank you!" Then she added, "I should n't have gone out, but I had to see my daughter, who is in the hospital, and—" so she continued to pour out her troubles to sympathetic ears.

A lady, who had been watching, said to her companion: "It was a small thing—only a courtesy; but after all, life would not be worth living were it not for small courtesies and kindnesses; and the spirit in which this was done made it anything but small. If every one were like that boy, the world would be a wonderful place!"

WHEN ORCHARDS BLOOM

BY EDITH VERNON M. SIMMONDS (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

Oh, orchards bloomed in Picardy
Four weary years ago!
Spring came and scattered laughingly
Her fragrant fall of snow.

But now for four long, ghastly years,
War has been raging there;
And spring came sorrowing, and wept
O'er fields all torn and bare.

O Picardy! Spring comes again
To mantle thy distress!
And orchards bloom above the graves
In greater loveliness!

A COURTESY

BY HELEN ELMIRA WAITE (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

"Come, daughter! 'Tis time you learned to courtesy."

"I don't want to courtesy!" said Martha, indifferently.

Mistress Hall looked shocked and distressed.

"Suppose General Washington should come this way?" she said at length. "It would pain me if

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT."
BY MARGUERITE CROSS, AGE 14.

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT."
BY CATHERINE S. CALHOUN, AGE 15.

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT."
BY ROSELLE M. MONTGOMERY, JR., AGE 13.

my Martha could not courtesy to His Excellency!"

Martha sprang up. "Mother!" she begged, "mother, teach me to courtesy!"

Mistress Hall smiled and gave Martha her first lesson. But Martha's courtesy was very stiff. "Never mind," said her mother; "you must practice."

So every day, before the glass in her mother's room, Martha made her courtesy.

At last she was rewarded! "Martha, daughter, that was very good!" said her mother, one afternoon.

After that Martha practiced harder than ever.

One day John Dane, a man of importance in the town, came to her home.

"Mistress Hall," he said, "General Washington intends to come here soon. Your Martha makes a pretty courtesy. May she welcome him?"

Martha was wild with joy!

She was carefully drilled in both her courtesy and her little speech of welcome.

So it happened, when the great man arrived, he was met by a child in a white dress, who made him a sweeping courtesy and said in a clear, musical voice, "Welcome, General, to our loyal town!"

And so pleased was he with the little maid that she rode into town with him. That afternoon, he said to her mother, "Madam, seldom have I seen such graceful manners in so young a child!"

"Oh," thought Martha, "if I had n't learned to courtesy!"

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY MARGARET PALMER, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN ORCHARDS BLOOM

BY PEGGY POND (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

THERE was a day in early spring
When all the air was sweet with flowers,
When rivers laughed and dashed in play
Over the rocks in rainbow spray,
Through sunshine hours.

A wood-nymph, crowned with apple-buds,
Played with a dainty water-sprite,
And pelted her, in merry glee,
With violets and ferns, while she
Laughed in delight.

The water-sprite, all dimpling, shook
Her long, wet locks in happy play,
Until the nymph, in sweet surprise,
Dashed the bright drops from hair and eyes
And fled away.

Twilight it was, in early spring;
The deep, clear pool was fringed with flowers,
And deep and cool the shadows gleamed.
The stream sang very low, it seemed,
Through shadowy hours.

A COURTESY

BY CONSTANCE O'HARA (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was the last half-hour of the school session, and Class 3-A were listening to Miss Jenkins, their teacher, who was giving them a politeness lesson.

"Children," said she, "never fail to be courteous, for practicing courtesy is really practicing kindness." Just then the bell for dismissal rang and a class of very joyous little girls ran out of school, not very much impressed by their lesson in courteousness.

Not so, however, with little Betty Smith. She walked all the way home deeply immersed in thought. And this is what she was thinking: "I heard Mamma say to Aunt Grace that Mrs. Reid across the street was an awful old gossip and her clothes were frightful; and I heard Aunt Grace say it would be courtesy to tell her so."

In about five minutes' time a small girl rang Mrs.

"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ELIZABETH JUDD, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Reid's bell and delivered her message. Needless to say what Mrs. Reid said to her, for Betty cried all the way home. And when she got there and told Mamma all about it, Mamma did something to Betty that little boys and girls don't like.

Poor little Betty went up to her bed ('t was nice and soft), and between tears and sobs she said: "Horrid old Miss Jenkins! I 'll ne-nev-never try to be courteous again as long as I live!"

WHEN BOUGHS ARE BARE

BY MARION BLATCHFORD (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

When boughs are bare, when birds their songs have ceased,
When the frozen ground is covered white with snow,
When the wind sighs through the bare tops of the trees,
I dream of you, dear heart,—and long ago.

I look back through the many happy years,
And see a tiny child upon my knee;
His curls are bright as golden buttercups,
His dear, blue eyes look up and laugh at me.

Again I see a sturdy lad at play,
With tumbled, tangled curls, and eyes aglow;
With ruddy cheeks, kissed by the wind and sun,
With merry smile—that smile—I loved it so!

And now a man, in strength of manhood's might,
Stands tall and strong beside my old arm-chair;
His fearless eyes gaze deep into mine own;
Honor and truth are both emblazoned there.

The call to arms rings o'er the countryside;
He leaves his home to join the marching men;
And 'neath the Stars and Stripes he takes his stand.
My fond old heart is torn 'twixt pride and pain.

When boughs are bare, when birds their songs have ceased,
I see a battle-field in France afar;
The winter sun gleams on a tiny cross,
And o'er his home there shines a golden star.

A COURTESY

BY FRED FLOYD, JR. (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

Little does the average youth know that on a simple act of courtesy his whole future may depend; for a courteous manner is the outward symbol of a well-bred and intelligent man.

Unfortunately, some boys have the mistaken impression that a courteous boy must needs be effeminate. William Lambert was one of these. He was utterly lacking in those little acts of courtesy that mark the gentleman; yet, had you said he was not a gentleman, he would have felt insulted. William always looked down, with disdainful contempt, upon his classmate, Jack Sayre, who had the reputation of being always obliging and courteous to every one.

Finally, graduation came, and Jack and William sallied forth with their classmates to make their way in the world.

The next day found them, in company with several other boys, seated in the office of a real-estate firm, whither they had come in response to an advertisement in the morning paper.

The manager was questioning one of them, when the door opened and an old woman came in, and a sudden gust of wind blew all over the floor the papers that she was carrying. William and the other boys made no move to assist her, so intent were they upon making a good impression on the manager; but Jack was already on his knees, recovering the scattered papers.

When he had finished, he handed them to the old woman and gave her his seat, while he remained standing.

The manager walked over to Jack. "Young man," he said, "we will employ you. Our business is one in which courtesy in all matters, large or small, is a necessary qualification. And from what I have seen of your actions here this morning, I feel assured that you will be satisfactory to us in every way."

"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MARGARET LINDSAY SUTHERLAND, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN ORCHARDS BLOOM

BY ELIZABETH H. HART (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

A fragrance sweet, fit incense for a king,
From shell-pink blossoms clust'ring everywhere;
Bees' droning wings that beat the honeyed air;
A sky that smiles, clear blue, on everything;
The call of birds that happy love-notes sing;
The sun-warmed earth arrayed in bride's-veil fair

Of fallen flow'rs; not yet the trees are bare:
It is the time when orchards bloom—the spring!
Half hid by blossoms white, like foaming seas
That flash and sparkle in the evening gloom,
All gnarled and roughened stand the apple-trees;
Across the grass, grotesque, their shadows loom.
What say these tokens? Seek ye more than these?
It is the Spring—the time when orchards bloom!

"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ELIZABETH E. CLARKE, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE COURTESY

BY MILDRED AUGUSTINE (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

MRS. GARDNER sat gazing out of the window. In her lap lay a letter. The door opened and her daughter Andrea entered the room. Mrs. Gardner, smiling faintly, said, "I have received a letter from Aunt Jane, who will arrive next week to spend the winter with us." For a moment Andrea was too surprised to speak. Then she burst into tears.

A week later Aunt Jane arrived, parrot, umbrella, baggage, and all. She was even worse than Andrea had imagined. She breakfasted in bed, grumbled at everything, was courteous to no one, and was, in short, as Andrea declared, "a perfect grouch."

As time passed, matters grew worse. The parrot screeched incessantly, and the house was in a constant uproar.

Several weeks after her arrival, Aunt Jane overheard a conversation that caused her much thought. Coming noiselessly past Andrea's room, she heard Andrea clearly say: "Aunt Jane thinks that we should do nothing but wait on her and show her every courtesy, while she just bosses and grumbles. For my part, I think that courtesy is as much her duty as ours. If only she were pleasant, it would be much easier for us to be courteous to her."

Aunt Jane silently entered her room.

Next morning the Gardners were surprised to find Aunt Jane down for breakfast. Later, she helped wash the dishes without even grumbling.

Weeks passed. Aunt Jane became so helpful and cheerful it was a pleasure to have her around.

When spring came, the Gardners wanted her to remain, but, declining, she announced her intention of traveling, providing Andrea would accompany her. Andrea—not from courtesy, but because she really liked Aunt Jane—accepted.

No one except Aunt Jane knew, and she never told, that it was Andrea who had first shown her the need for true courtesy.

WHEN BOUGHS ARE BARE

BY KATHERINE SMITH (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

WHEN winter winds their chill blasts blow,
And on the ground are ice and snow,
When all is still, and everywhere
The great trees wave their branches bare,
What gazer on this cheerless scene
Could picture the same forest *green?*
Could fancy birds among the trees,
And bright leaves nodding in the breeze?

O reader, when your heart is sad,
When nothing seems to make you glad,
When, "Everything goes wrong," you say,
And "Nothing seems worth while to-day,"
Just try to look ahead, and smile.
Be patient for a little while!

When your heart 's filled with grief and care,
Think of the trees whose boughs are bare.
Just as the winter months are brief,
So is the time of pain and grief!
And just as comes the budding spring
With joy and life for everything,
So to you will come happier days,
Sent by the One we love and praise!

A COURTESY

BY NORMAN MACY (AGE 12)

AN old woman somewhat bent with age stood by a turnstile in a subway station buying a ticket. She was carrying a great many bundles in her arms, and was obliged to set them down in order to find her pocketbook.

While the old woman was slowly gathering up her bundles, a middle-aged woman came hurrying down the long corridor toward her. A train was just pulling into the station. The younger woman dropped her ready fare into the box and started to go through, but on account of the old woman's bundles being in the way, she could not.

"Pardon me," she said to the old woman, "but I am in a great hurry to get that train; may I pass through?"

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY LYMAN BAKER, AGE 13.

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY ELIZABETH BURTNER, AGE 13.

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY NICHOLAS F. PALMER, 3RD, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY JOSEPH T. RESOR, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

The old woman turned on her crossly. "The train can wait for you until I get my bundles picked up," she said.

That night, when the old woman was going home, she met a small girl about eight or nine years of age. The child saw that the old woman was overloaded and asked her if she might help her carry her bundles.

The old woman did not like to refuse the child's kind offer, so she said, "Oh, thank you very much, but are n't you rather small?"

"No, no," said the child, "I can carry them"; and with this she grasped two of the largest bundles.

When they had reached their destination, the old woman offered the child a few pennies.

"No, thank you," said the child, "I would not think of such a thing as taking money."

The old woman smiled, looking rather thoughtful, and left the child. Walking away she said to herself, "That child has taught me a great lesson of courtesy!"

Then she recalled the occurrence at the ticket-office. "I might have let that woman pass me to-day," she said.

WHEN ORCHARDS BLOOM

BY CICELY C. BROWNE (AGE 12)

Have you ever seen an orchard when the peach-trees were in bloom?
If you have n't, you have missed a lovely sight;
For the trees are simply covered and the ground is covered, too,
With dainty petals painted pink and white.

They come floating down like snow-flakes, when you shake the tree or bough,
And I 'm sure they smell as sweet as any rose;
For even little kitty sniffed and hit them with her paw,
When I held some to her darling little nose.

You may gather them in bunches that your arms will not go 'round,
But no difference in their number will you see.
They say, "The more the better," so these surely must be best,
For there 're hundreds on one little baby tree.

You may think there can be nothing that 's as pretty as a rose,
And that merely fruit-buds can't as lovely be,
But they have a certain odor that is truly all their own,
And to really know you simply have to see!

WHEN THE ORCHARD BLOOMS

BY MARY WHITE (AGE 12)

The hyacinths bloom in the garden,
The birds carol happy and free,
And the tiny pink blossoms are bursting
On the peach- and the cherry-tree.

And the sun, shining warm and happy,
Melts the ice on the brooklet wee;
And the birds in the orchard are nesting
On the boughs of the apple-tree.

And all is fresh and lovely,
And all is gay and bright,
But prettiest is the orchard
Dressed gaily in pink and white.

And down among its blossoms
You 'll find a fairy ring,
Where the fairies hold their dances,
When the orchard blooms in spring.

MY FAVORITE SUBJECT: "WHEN FIDO SLEEPS, OTHERS EAT." BY HENRY BEALER, JR., AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

VERSE

Philip Barney
Juana Albraum
Pauline Scally
Catherine Parmenter
Dorotha S. Hill
Edith Clark
Travis Miliken
Dorothy Hetzel
Adrienne Mann
Amie H. Medary
Elizabeth M. Dukes
Marthedith Furnas
Eleanor Blum

PROSE

Virginia R. Wilde
Jennie Sottardi
Carol Crowe
Walter Watkins
Ruth Gardner
Winifred Gore
Helen G. Davie
Dorothy I. Dixon
Rachel L. Carson
Helen Manz
Ruth M. Thorp
Jean T. Fotheringham
Sarah Moss
Priscilla Davis
Olwen Leach
Katharine Mordock
P. A. Whitney

DRAWINGS

Marcia Van der Veer
Mary C. Dulaney
Marion C. Danforth
Pearl Ng
Mildred Lull
R. B. Richardson
Bernard Sheridan

PHOTOGRAPHS

Carita Ortiz
Theresa Clarkson
Alfreda Jones
William P. Elliott
Dorothy Goeb
June Breckenridge
Elizabeth F. Morris
Ellen Hallowell
Mildred Donaldson
Marian L. Akins
Mary E. Anderson
Mary Stuart
Frances Jay
Sylvia M. Fish
Helga M. Lundin
Janet Johnston
E. U. Hesseltine
S. Cecilia Machado

Lois R. Rule
Dorothy Burns
Jane S. Richardson
Alice B. Womble
Helen Johnston

Mary Patton
Elizabeth Bunting
Blanche L. Cunningham
Daphne F. Rooke
Wilbur I. Follett

"HEADING FOR JUNE."
BY DOROTHY P. K. DEAHY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Genevieve Forbes
Dorothy Stieff
Jean Douglas

Lura Burdick
Leonora J. Hanna
Molly Smith
Morton Cole
Miriam Bradley

Sarah M. Weyerhaeuser
Eloise F. Burt
Marion Ball
Eleanor Slater
Elizabeth Hale

"WELCOME."
BY OSBORNE HAND, AGE 14.

DRAWINGS

Marion L. Strawser
Marjorie Peterson
Elizabeth G. Thompson
Worthen Bradley
Ruth Niebrugge
Lucy Niebrugge
Helen Robinson
Jessie Adkins
Robert Diller
Vincent P. Jenkins
Winifred W. Matthews
Elizabeth Honness
Madeline Spafford
Japhia Pitcher
Elizabeth M. Sloan
Katharine Irving
Marian Rogers
F. Bosley Crowther, Jr.

Clifford J. Rentley, Jr.
Elizabeth Armstrong
Katharine Nash
Esther Monahan
Frances Zierer
Sally Tenney
Janet Scott
Josephine Bogert
George R. Karfiol
Grace Williams
Herbert Hinman
Ines Devlin
Ruth Shannahan
Margaret Cornbrook
Jean Moir
Josephine De Mott
Xenia Payne
Mary E. Veasey
Lillian Roth
Betty Sargent
Mary Zacharias
Robert W. Moree
Elizabeth Cleaveland

M. Elizabeth Taliaferro
Nathalie F. Peugnet
Virginie Karfiol
Natalie C. Hall

"WELCOME."
BY FLORENCE DAY, AGE 10.

VERSE

Margaret Harvey
Emma Palmer

Rae M. Verrill
Katharine H. Yost
Virginia Farrington
Lois D. Holmes
Mildred Maurer
Rosamond Eddy
Caroline Rankin
Lucile Wall
Mary Spargo
Ada Handler

Martha Burgess
Winifred J. Lisowski
Eleanor D. Noble
Selma Moskowitz
Frances Chandler
Adele Godchaux
Elsa Adolphsen
Louise Blaine
Jean McIntosh
Alex Nesbitt

PHOTOGRAPHS

Harriett L. Poore
Mary A. Talley
Elizabeth M. Somerville
Julia E. Sarles
Elizabeth Brown
Natalie Burggraf
Elizabeth Kirkwood
California C. Breuner
Helen Cornwell
Marjorie Dow
Dorothy Ducas

Eleanor M. Sprague
Alexander Gmelin
Eleanor Tilton
Dorothy Warren
Sarah E. Brown
Louise M. Howland
Dorothy Rich
Julia Polk
Alice Trumbull

PUZZLES

Florence H. Pierson

William Toth
Ruth Clarke
Lydia Cutler
L. T. Dickason
Katherine Kridel
Andrew B. Foster
Katharine West
Helen M. Fogg
Doris V. David
Elsie E. Murray
Clara Losh
Heloise Young
Virginia Shearin
James Dreicer
Frances E. Duncan

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 236

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Competition No. 236 will close **June 24.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Coming Day."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Thoughtless Word."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "In Summer-time."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Ready," or "A Heading for **October.**"

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

NORWOOD, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the last day of school we did n't have anything to do, so our teacher read a story to us out of ST. NICHOLAS. I am the only subscriber in the room, and I had my magazine at school. The story was so good that now I bring the magazine to school every month, and the teacher reads it to us. The boys and girls are always anxious for my magazine to come. Several girls are going to join the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE through my ST. NICHOLAS.

Each Norwood school has a large plot of land set aside for school gardens. Last year I had a garden and sold enough vegetables to buy one War Savings Stamp and three Thrift Stamps.

My father works in the Norwood post-office, and he says that only fifteen copies of ST. NICHOLAS come to Norwood regularly. I feel sorry for the other four thousand nine hundred and eighty-five children out of five thousand who don't have one in their home every month. I have been getting ST. NICHOLAS for one year and four months, but I don't understand how I ever got along without it.

I received my LEAGUE badge and membership certificate and was very glad to get them. I think the badge is very pretty, with its American Flag and golden eagle.

Yours sincerely,

IRENE CLER DODDS, (AGE 12).

VIZEN, PORTUGAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are a great source of amusement to me, and the only change I get from Portuguese newspapers. I read you so much that you are like one of my family, and I wait for you to come with anxiety.

The peasants here almost all go barefooted, and in very cold weather they wear clogs. The children, as well as the grown people, carry enormous baskets on their heads, and this causes them all to be as straight as sticks.

During the war, the food supply was wonderful, and things that you would pay ten and fifteen cents for, here only costs a vinten, which is one cent.

I have been all through the northern part of Portugal as far as Oporto, and have seen most of the sights of Lisbon.

There are many soldiers quartered here, and the streets are always full of them. The moving-picture places are overflowing with them. They wear gray cotton suits and small, black, round caps, with a band on them according to the color of the regiment.

I am very much interested in your LEAGUE and other competitions, but my magazine never comes in time to send anything in.

Hoping that this letter will be of interest to the other readers of your most interesting and best of magazines, I am,

Your most thankful reader,

ELIZABETH A. TOWER (AGE 13).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four years,—"we" meaning the whole family, for every one loves you,—and expect to have you for many years to come. I have already decided that I am going to give you to my grandchildren; but I 'm only eleven now, so you see I 'm looking 'way into the future for your prosperity.

I have a lovely new camera, with which I expect to take pictures which I will send to the LEAGUE if they are good enough.

I 'm always the last to devour you, because then nobody will ask me for you. Of course, I glance at you when the mailing cover is still on, just to be sure it 's you. But I get you at last, and first examine your front cover, then, from cover to cover, I read *every word*.

I like the last days of the month, for then I can say, "St. Nick will be here in a few days!" I am waiting eagerly for your next issue.

I am your loving reader,

ELINOR WHITE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister has taken you for a year now. We all enjoy you, from my brother, who is seventeen, to my little brother, who is eight years old. Even my father and mother worked on "The Military King's-move Puzzle" in the April number. I like the stories about *Betsy Lane*, and I loved "Blue Magic." I liked "Daddy Pat's Letters," too, and I am sorry that they have stopped. I enjoy reading THE LETTER BOX very much. Another thing I liked was "Marjorie's Bond," and I love the things for "Very Little Folk." My brother learns the poems and recites them in school. My sister got you for a birthday present. I think your poems are very cute. We live in Governor Russell's house, and we go to the Russell School, that was named after him.

We are going to see Longfellow's house some Saturday afternoon. My mother said that once a child got up and said a long piece written by Longfellow, and after it she said, "Longfellow." Then another child got up and said a very short piece, and after it *she* said, "Shortfellow."

We have not sent any ST. NICHOLASES to the soldiers and sailors, because we are going to have them bound. Your loving reader,

MARJORIE PATTEN (AGE 9).

GOSHEN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are one of my best friends. Though this is the first year my brother and I have taken you, my cousin always used to send old copies to us. I think "Vive la France" is lovely; "The Boy Vigilantes" is so exciting I can hardly wait for the next month to come, so I can see what happens next.

A few weeks ago, when the clock was set forward, our Sunday-school teacher did not come. Well, when I came out of the church early, at quarter of twelve, there our teacher was. So I said, "Why were you not here for Sunday-school?"

And she said, "Why, here I am; it is quarter of ten."

I said, "Why, it is quarter of twelve! You must have set *your* watch back instead of forward."

And so she had.

Your devoted reader,

THEODORA V. GOTT.

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading, "When Girls Go to Camp," in the April ST. NICHOLAS, and I can't help writing to tell you about the good times the story recalls.

I went to a summer camp and at first I was pretty

homesick; but I got over it, and the first few days after I got home I was homesick for camp.

A bugle woke us at seven o'clock. In a few minutes a patter of feet would be heard outside your tent, and on looking out, "Bill" would be seen runing down to the lake for a dip. Others, who preferred calisthenics, would be seen forming in lines in front of the bungalow.

Soon the breakfast bugle was heard, and there was a stampede for the bungalow. The dining-room is the bungalow piazza, which overlooks the lake. After breakfast, every one went to her tent, there to tidy up her part of it and make her bed.

Next came assembly, which was followed by craft hour. During craft hour one might hunt wild flowers with Miss D——, put the finishing touches on a reed basket, or perhaps learn to work with beads. There are many kinds of crafts to choose from.

At 11:30 a crowd of impatient girls, attired in bathing-suits, awaited the coming of the swimming instructor. At last he appears. "All in!" My, what a splash! Twenty minutes later a line of dripping girls may be seen, making its way up the hillside to the tents.

Then comes dinner. And what appetites!

Quiet hour is the time for writing letters or reading, and the afternoon is free for anything you wish to do.

After supper there is a game of baseball or basketball, or a tennis tournament. Perhaps there is a sing on the lake or dancing in the bungalow.

Then come crackers and milk. And as taps dies away, the camp is still.

Out of the eighty-five girls at the camp, only five or six failed to pass the canoe test.

I feel very sorry for a girl who has never been camping, for she misses lots of fun.

I think the friendships made at camp are the best part of camp life.

Always your friend,

BARBARA DENHOLM (AGE 13).

MONROE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You certainly are giving me pleasure to-day. I am in bed with a cold, and I did n't have anything to do. Suddenly I thought of you, and I had you brought to me. I began taking you in 1914, but when I went to a boarding-school in September, our house was closed, and our washwoman burned all my precious copies. My, what a fuss I made! She did n't recognize you, or I 'm sure she would not have destroyed you. I have every copy but one or two after that, and intend to have you bound.

Perhaps you would like to know a little of our town. It is nearly at the end of Lake Erie, about three miles from it. The town itself is on the Raisin River, more like a creek, except in the spring floods. It divides the town in half. There are about 10,000 people here. The town has quite a history. Frenchtown was one of the first settlements in Michigan, and Monroe and Frenchtown are the same now. It was here that General Custer lived, and we have a fine monument to him in the square.

I often take you up to school and my teacher reads you out loud. She reads the "Current Events" very often. I read *everything*. On February third I had everything in that number read.

Wishing you much future happiness, I am,

Your devoted and loving reader,

URSULA P. HUBBARD (AGE 12).

TERRITET, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, and I think you are the nicest magazine in the world. My mother took you, too, when she was a little girl, and loved you.

We came abroad five years ago. We have lived here for four winters, and altogether since the war began. We have a lovely time here in winter, coasting (or *luging*, as they call it here), skating and skiing. In summer we swim and row on the lake, and go for picnics in the woods. Last summer we went to Zermatt. It was beautiful there. We went on lots of excursions, to the Gorner Grat, and to the Black Lake at the foot of the Matterhorn; we went to the "Black Lake" on donkeys; it was *such* fun! There were lots of interned French and English prisoners here. I have two buttons, a Canadian and an English one.

I do not go to school here, but I have a French governess.

I have just started a stamp collection. I have only got 360 stamps.

I am very much interested in the "ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE," and, as I am fond of drawing, I would love to become a member, but I always get ST. NICHOLAS a month late now, and so it is impossible.

I am looking forward with impatience for the next number of ST. NICHOLAS to come.

Good-bye. With lots of love from your interested reader,

CATHERINE BOHLEN (AGE 12).

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for the silver badge. It is so nice to have one to wear, as it has a flag on it—a thing we all should wear now.

So many letters printed in your magazine tell you of interesting experiences of the writer. Unfortunately, I never had one, but I shall tell you of one my parents had in the City of Mexico a few years ago.

One morning, as my father and mother left their hotel to breakfast at the American Club, as usual, they noticed that only a crack of the great door was open. "Nice day," said the doorkeeper, who knew that the prison had been opened and all the inmates let loose over night.

Soon they were ordering breakfast, seated by a stained-glass window. A man came up and said: "Have you heard the news? The troops revolted in the night, and Felix Diaz is at their head!"

He had no sooner spoken than shots were fired right outside the window. Father and Mother jumped up and went upstairs, where Mother was put in the shelter of the fireplace, as the men thought the rebels were attacking the club. However, the battle was soon over and my parents went back to the hotel to pack.

All day long there were little fights, which my parents saw, as the hotel was half-way between the arsenal, which the rebels held, and the National Palace, where Madero was.

Late in the afternoon they decided to get to the station if possible; so they went about sixty miles an hour through the streets in an automobile.

After a long wait in the station, without a light, the train came in. They returned to the border safely, but the next train was dynamited.

Your loving reader,

LUCY HUNT (AGE 14).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Longfellow. 1. De-leg-ate. 2. Fl-owe-ret. 3. Ab-nor-mal. 4. En-gag-ing. 5. De-fin-ite. 6. El-Eva-tor. 7. De-lay-ing. 8. So-lit-ary. 9. Fr-own-ing. 10. Re-war-ded.

DIAGONAL. Diagonals, Pershing, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. Position. 2. Betrayal. 3. Larkspur. 4. Personal. 5. Keelhaul. 6. Creation. 7. Touching. 8. Weighing.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Crown Point. 1. Coon. 2. Crib. 3. Iron. 4. Crow. 5. Cone. 6. Apes. 7. Oxen. 8. Five. 9. Tent. 10. Slot.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Quentin Durward; fourth row, Sir Walter Scott. Cross-words: 1. Quests. 2. Ursine. 3. Emerge. 4. Norway. 5. Thrash. 6. Italic. 7. Nectar. 8. Deceit. 9. Usurer. 10. Raisin. 11. Wrecks. 12. Abroad. 13. Rattle. 14. Dental.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Texas.

CHARADE. Hum-drum.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Orange. 2. German. 3. Animal. 4. Alfred. 5. Editor. 6. Orator. 7. Orchestra. 8. Razor.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Dorothy Canfield. 1. Kids, disk. 2. Nome, omen. 3. Grin, ring. 4. Soar, oars. 5. Diet, tied. 6. Mesh, hems. 7. Ayes, yeas. 8. Race, care. 9. Rave, aver. 10. Snag, nags. 11. Deaf, fade. 12. Lies, isle. 13. Teas, eats. 14. Real, Lear. 15. Read, dear.

SOME STRANGE "INNS." 1. Incise. 2. Infirm. 3. Inundate. 4. Introduction. 5. Inflate. 6. Income. 7. Infant. 8. Indigent. 9. Incite. 10. Intelligent.

OBLIQUE PUZZLE. 1. P. 2. May. 3. Payee. 4. Yeast. 5. Essay. 6. Talus. 7. Yucca. 8. Scowl. 9. Await. 10. Lilac. 11. Tapir. 12. Cider. 13. Regal. 14. Rap. 15. L.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddlebox, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full,* following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were duly received from Richard L. Purdy—Florence S. Carter—"Three M's."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were duly received from Helen H. McIver, 9—Gwenfread E. Allen, 8—John M. Pope, 8—"Allil and Adi", 8—Katharine and Margaret, 7—Alice Poulin, 5—F. and R. Labenberg, 5—Miriam J. Stewart, 5—Henry H. Fleisher, Jr., 4—Marjorie E. Thomas, 4—Marian Foehl, 4—Elizabeth Kirkwood, 4—Florence W. Kennedy, 3—M. Sausser, 2—J. Phelps, 2—C. Stuntz, 2—D. Lincoln, 2—C. Wardwell, 2—E. M. Foster, 2—H. W. Bull, 2—A. H. Barnard, 2. One puzzle, I. L. Parkin—C. A. Ladd—L. Griffin—M. O. Read—J. Crissey—F. Lewin—E. Loewenstein—E. Litchfield—L. Eastman—M. Hilles—M. G. Pierson—M. Tilton—M. Wright—L. M. Ewoldt—A. Leubert—K. R. Menke—J. M. Hawkins—F. Simone—E. Hodges—H. Miller—D. White—E. D. Turner—R. Bechtel—H. Merriman—J. A. Forster—S. Adler—E. Bouscaren—V. H. Stearns—M. Sterns—M. Spafford—M. Martin—A. Moore—N. Alling—E. Courvoisier—E. K. Fisher—C. de Bernard—B. McAlister—F. Taylow—M. E. Hoefle—M. Wilcox—F. H. Pierson—D. Frink—M. Snow—J. Stuart—J. Herrman—J. Hay—D. Printz—S. Adler—B. Adams—M. G. Grier. Delayed February answers, S. Steen, 3—S. Merriam, 1.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE

EVERY second letter in the following quotation is omitted. What are the two lines? Every second letter of the author's name (third line) is given.

W . a . i . s . r . r . a . a . a . i . j . n . ?
T . e . i . e . e . c . m . p . r . e . t . a . s .
. a . e . r . s . e . l . o . e . l .

JUNIA BRIGHT (age 12), *League Member.*

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a peninsula and another row of letters will spell the name of a city in the peninsula.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Set apart to religious use. 2. A body of warriors. 3. Pertaining to the air. 4. Sounds of any kind. 5. Always on the dinner table. 6. To purpose. 7. Whinnies. 8. A country of Asia. 9. Foolish pride. 10. Expressions peculiar to a language. 11. A part of North America.

SIGNE STEEN (age 15).

ZIGZAG

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter, will spell the name of a man who should be long remembered by the people of a certain state.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of a President of the United States. 2. To hold an opposite opinion. 3. Trifling. 4. The surname of a President of the United States. 5. The highest point. 6. An American possession. 7. Useful in housecleaning. 8. To drive forward. 9. A President of the United States. 10. Part of the foot. 11. Illiberal.

MONA MORGAN (age 15), *Honor Member.*

DIAMOND ACROSTIC

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  . . . . * . . . .
    . . . * . . .
      . . * . .
        . * .
          2
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1. In bucket. 2. A number. 3. To sharpen by friction. 4. An eight-armed creature. 5. Childish. 6. A feminine name. 7. A color. 8. A unit. 9. In bucket. Centrals, from 1 to 2, the national ensign often displayed nowadays, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

PERSIS FOWLER (age 14), *League Member.*

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. A South American animal. 2. Nimble. 3. An elf. 4. A Greek epic. 5. Long grasses.

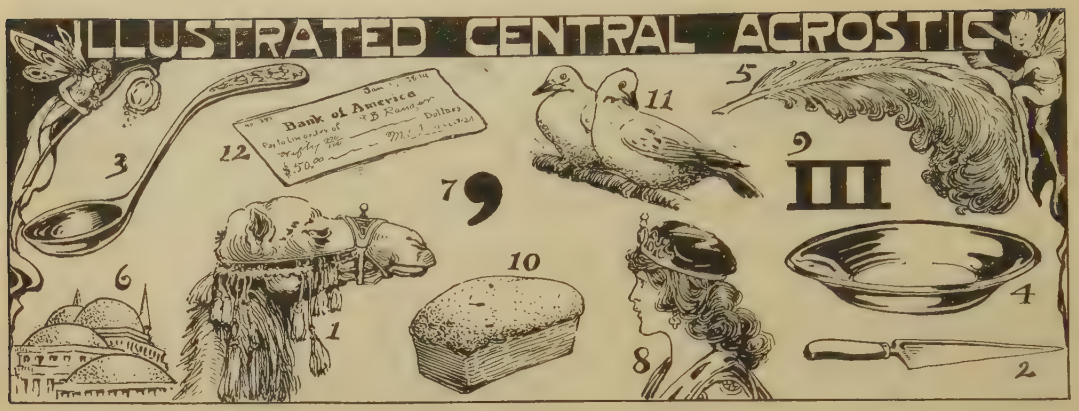
II. 1. A rough sketch. 2. One who rows. 3. Informed. 4. Feathery plants. 5. A lock of hair.

III. 1. To make suitable. 2. A dukedom. 3. A comedian. 4. A picture. 5. The country of which Innsbruck is the capital.

IV. 1. To go at an easy gait. 2. A large fruit. 3. Kindred. 4. Unrestrained. 5. Finished.

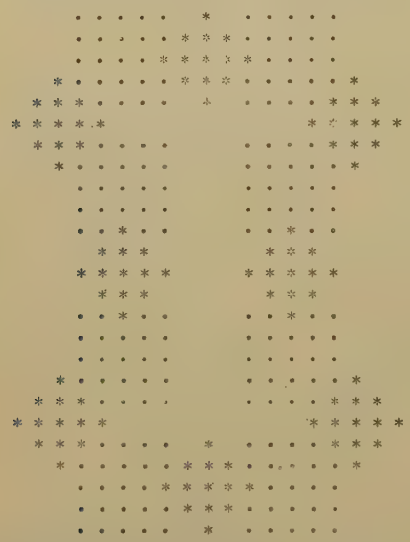
HELEN DE G. MC LELLAN (age 12), *League Member.*

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC



In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the twelve objects have been rightly guessed and the words written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of the latter part of a day that comes in June.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS



LEFT-HAND COLUMN:

I. Square: 1. Property. 2. To look at fixedly. 3. A native of modern Saxony. 4. To eat away. 5. Dogma.

II. Diamond: 1. In resplendent. 2. To allow. 3. Part of a flower. 4. A light blow. 5. In resplendent.

III. Square: 1. A carpenter's tool. 2. To vivify. 3. To turn aside. 4. Courage. 5. To penetrate.

IV. Diamond: 1. In resplendent. 2. To place. 3. A spring flower. 4. A metal. 5. In resplendent.

V. Square: 1. A quadruped. 2. Cognizant. 3. A heathen. 4. Angry. 5. To restore to freshness.

VI. Diamond: 1. In resplendent. 2. A tree. 3. Black and blue. 4. Part of an umbrella. 5. In resplendent.

VII. Square: 1. Hair on the chin. 2. Mistake. 3. To ascend. 4. June flowers. 5. Apparel.

RIGHT-HAND COLUMN:

VIII. Square: 1. Hurry. 2. To detest. 3. To glisten. 4. A stimulant. 5. Upright.

IX. Diamond: 1. In resplendent. 2. A sailor. 3. Part of a door. 4. A color. 5. In resplendent.

X. Square: 1. A common substance. 2. Apprised. 3. Part of a book. 4. To raise. 5. Reposes.

XI. Diamond: 1. In resplendent. 2. Part of the foot. 3. Free from flaw. 4. Conclusion. 5. In resplendent.

XII. Square: 1. A student in a military school. 2. To worship. 3. Pigeons. 4. To construct. 5. Trials.

XIII. Diamond: 1. In resplendent. 2. To utter. 3. Certain bodies of water. 4. An affirmative word. 5. In resplendent.

XIV. Square: 1. Detention. 2. To obliterate. 3. The capital of Tibet. 4. Beasts of burden. 5. Barm.

UPPER CONNECTING DIAMOND: 1. In resplendent. 2. Burning 3. Short letters. 4. A number. 5. In resplendent.

LOWER CONNECTING DIAMOND: 1. In resplendent. 2. A cutting tool. 3. To turn out. 4. A fish. 5. In resplendent.

ANKER WINTHER (age 13), *Honor Member.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in Paris, but not in France;
My *second*, in New York, but not in the United States:
My *third* is in Rome, but not in Italy;
My *fourth* is in Constantinople, but not in Turkey;
My *fifth* is in Athens, but not in Greece;
My *sixth* is in Rio de Janeiro, but not in Brazil;
My *seventh*, in Madrid, but not in Spain.
My *whole* is a large island.

LAVINA SKEER (age 15), *League Member.*

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the surname of a famous man born in June, one hundred years ago.

Cross-words: 1. One of the United States. 2. The capital of one of the United States. 3. A Cuban seaport. 4. The State of which the second cross-word is the capital. 5. The surname of one of the founders of the Plymouth Colony. 6. An American general in the Revolutionary War. 7. An American general who won a victory in 1777. 8. The place where this victory was won.

IDA CRAMER (age 13), *Honor Member.*

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

"IN THAT MOMENT HIS FORTUNE WAS MADE." (SEE PAGE 772.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI JULY, 1919 No. 9

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THE GREAT AMERICA MAKER

By EVA MADDEN

Author of "The Soldier of the Duke," "Two Royal Foes," etc.

THE dearest possession of every American, after a free land, is the English language.

It is the language in which the greatest of poets, William Shakespeare, wrote his plays. It is the language in which the Great Charter, the Bill of Rights, and our own famous Declaration of Independence have expressed for all mankind the undying principles of human liberty. It is the language, too, of a great and mighty freedom-bearing race, that, holding aloft the torch of liberty, has encircled the earth by colonization.

That this tongue of liberty, this language of freedom, is spoken by the people of the United States of America, we owe to the man who uttered the prophetic words, "America shall be English-speaking and free," great Sir Walter Raleigh. Three hundred years ago he lost his head in the Tower of London in the cause of an English-speaking America, and the scholars of England have asked us to pause in our joy of victory for the land that he made and loved, and honor him.

He was a Devonshire lad, with the salt of the sea in his nostrils from his birth. Hayes Barton, the old, decayed manor-house of his father, was near Sidmouth on the English Channel, and not too far from Plymouth for little Wat to know the sea well. It is easy to picture him and his half-brother, Humphrey

Gilbert, wandering down between the high hedges of the Devon lanes to the shores of Lyme Bay in the hope of coming upon some old tar in from a voyage.

One question little Wat had always ready for such a one, and his eyes would fire, his cheeks flush, in the hope that one day some sailor would answer, "Yes."

"Hast thou been to America?" was that question. He and Humphrey knew all about the sailor Columbus, who, about sixty years before Wat was born, had sailed into the west and found the New World. Both boys were wild about the sea, and were always planning to be sailors one day, and make famous voyages of discovery.

Devonshire is a lovely county, with its hedges and lanes, its flowers, and its lads and lasses with cream and roses for complexions. But it did not hold Walter Raleigh long. He wanted adventure—to see the world, to play his part in it. But while he was there, he learned all that he could of the sea, of ships, of sailors. That was always his way—to make every place he lived in teach him all that it knew.

His father sent him up to Oxford, but he was soon off from there, too. Those were fighting days, like our own. It was one of those periods in the world's history, again like our own, when the great principles of liberty engage in gigantic struggle with autocracy until one of them comes forth triumphant. In Walter Raleigh's day it was the principle of religious liberty that was making the fight. Oxford was a noble college, he knew, but over in France the Huguenots, or French Protestants, were waging war for the right to worship God as their stern consciences held was right. Like Victor Chapman or Alan Seeger, Walter Raleigh heard the cry of freedom for aid. At once he was away to take up sword for his brothers, and from that day he never ceased to war in some way for the rights of man.

From that moment, too, his life became one of romance, of adventure, of splendor, such as the world has never since seen. With his brother Gilbert he made a voyage to Newfoundland; he went against the Spanish at Cadiz; he was part of the military government of Ireland; he was governor of Jersey; he made three voyages to Guiana; and he came to be known as the handsomest man in England, the most splendid figure, after the queen, in London town.

The story of how he won the favor of Queen Elizabeth we all know, but it seems to me all the prettier, each time, for the telling.

She was walking one day, say the histories, in a London street. The day was wet and she came to an almost impassable puddle. Her clothes were always dear to her, and her shoes were jeweled even to their latchets What was she to do? Before she could answer her own question, a splendid velvet cape was tossed over the muddy water, and there was her road to dry ground. Turning to thank the owner, she gazed into the eyes of the handsomest young man she yet had beheld. "Tall, tawny, splendid," there he stood, with the bloom of Devon yet on his cheeks, the smile on his lips that was to win him many more things than her favor.

In that moment his fortune was made. Elizabeth took him into instant favor. She gave him permission to import broadcloths from the looms of the Netherlands; she knighted him; she gave him appointments; and, what is most of interest to us, she lent ear to his pet scheme of founding free states in America, where English should be spoken and liberty find a home.

To bring this about, she made him a grant of land, which, in honor of her, his Virgin Queen, he named Virginia. In all, he himself spent about two hundred thousand dollars, an immense sum in those days, in his effort to found permanent colonies. But the climate, the Indians, the lack of certain qualities in his settlers, were against him, and, at the moment, it seemed that all he got out of his efforts and money were the dried leaves of one Virginia plant and the dark root of another.

"Never mind," he said, and set about a new enterprise. In reward for his services in Ireland he had received a grant of many acres of the Desmond land. There he planted his dark root, and gave to the world what ever afterward has been called the Irish, and not the American, potato. The dried leaves of the other plant he put in a small silver bowl. Into this bowl he inserted a tube. Then he put the tube in his mouth, lit the leaves, and began to puff, so terrifying his servant that he ran from the house crying out that his master was "on fire and burning from inside!" Thus the world owes him also tobacco, as a pleasure.

He was in those days splendid to look on. His sea voyages had bronzed his cheeks. He wore his beard bushy, his mustaches round, and his faithful man Peter used to consume an hour each day rippling his curling hair. In the matter of dress he was always a great dandy. His bands and scarves must be always of the costliest stuffs, of the richest colors. He owned a cape and plume worth a

man's ransom, and from cap to shoe-latchet his whole attire blazed with pearls, emeralds, diamonds, rubies, his jacket being powdered with gems.

His home was famous Durham House, a mansion on the Strand, granted to him by the queen, with lovely gardens sloping down to the Thames. In a favorite room overlooking the lovely scene he used to receive all the great men of the great man's day. More than one silver-bowled pipe he passed to Shakespeare, to Sir Francis Bacon. Edmund Spenser, who has called him "the shepherd of the sea," was another great friend, as was "rare Ben Jonson." No wonder Sir Walter Raleigh loved the English language, when he had such masters of it to teach him its niceties.

If he tired of the state of Durham House, he had only to toss on cape and plumed cap and stroll over to the Mermaid Tavern. There he was sure to find famous talk, for it was he who had formed into a club, that met in its rooms, all the wits and geniuses of that day.

It was at the "Mermaid" that Sir Walter used to discuss his hopes for America; to maintain that it must be made up of free states, and that these states should be English speaking. To further a knowledge of America, he persuaded Hakluyt to bring out a revised edition of Peter Martyr's, "Of the New World." At the Mermaid, too, he set forth his theory of "imperial free trade," citing facts gathered on his travels in France and in the Netherlands, and expressed ideas as fresh to-day as they were three hundred years ago, some of which, in fact, have been discussed at the peace table in settling up this war of our day.

But it was not only politics that interested this wonderful man. Doctors came to him to learn secrets of medicine. He was a great orator. He could outdance all London. There was little that he did not know about shipbuilding. Frobisher and Hawkins, the great mariners and discoverers, declared him the

"AT THE MERMAID HE SET FORTH HIS THEORY OF 'IMPERIAL FREE TRADE'"

best seaman of that day. His English prose writings have seldom been surpassed; he was a poet, and one of the greatest historians the world has known.

Unfortunately, he rose too high. With the death of Queen Elizabeth his fortunes fell, for he had one unrelenting enemy. In those days Spain was the leading nation of the world. Like the German Empire in our day, she was extremely autocratic in her government and plans. She also had a dream of world empire. She desired all men to worship God only in her way, and she saw in democratic England, as did Germany, her great opponent.

"The sea shall not be free," she announced. "English seaman shall not sail between the British Isles and the New World. Spanish Isabella supplied money to Columbus to make his voyage, and the New World, the sea that he crossed, must be ruled by Spain."

Against such autocracy Sir Walter Raleigh set his teeth.

"The sea must be free for all nations!" he declared. "The New World is for all, not for one only. On its soil must spring up free states. In these free states must flourish religious and political liberty."

But Spain doubled up her fist at him, and never rested until King James, who feared her power, sent him a prisoner to the Tower of London. It was charged against him that he was engaged in a plot to dethrone King James and place his cousin, Lady Arabella Stuart, on the throne. There has never been proof that he had anything really to do with this plot, and it is known that Spain wanted him out of the way.

Raleigh was condemned to death, but the sentence was not carried out; instead, for twenty years he was a prisoner in the Tower, and his life there became as interesting as it had been in the outer world.

Months passed, years. No hope of pardon coming, Lady Raleigh and his little son Wat came to live in the Tower, to be near him. The longer the king kept him there, the more popular he grew. All the great men of the time thronged his rooms as visitors, and thousands of Londoners and sailors from the wharves would make excursions to the Tower merely to catch a glimpse of him.

In the Tower garden was an old hen-house. This Sir Walter fitted up for his laboratory and began his famous experiments. His first success was his "Balsam of Guiana," his second, a process of turning salt water into fresh, a secret lost to the world through the stupidity of his jailors, who destroyed all his papers when a royal order came that Lady Raleigh and her two little sons were to leave the Tower and Sir Walter be confined in a gloomy, damp, cold room.

It was in this hen-house that he compounded his celebrated "Raleigh's Cordial," in use to-day—a blend of pearl, musk, hartshorn, mace, red rose, aloes, sugar, sassafras, bezoar stone, mint, borrage, gentian, spirits of wine, and twenty other ingredients!

His health failing in his damp cell,—rheumatism nearly causing his death,—he was transferred to a pleasant little building known as the Garden House, leaning against the wall of the Tower and peeping out from amid trees and flowers. Here his friends again gathered around him. The queen, who had more friendship for him than her husband, sent him kind messages, having been cured by his balsam or cordial, and young Prince Henry, the pride of England, began to come regularly to converse with him.

Into the young prince's ears, Raleigh poured all his plans for America. He wrote for him a treatise against the proposed marriage of Henry's royal sister with a Spanish prince, and began for him a work upon naval warfare. But Death claimed this fine young man and with him died the hopes of England; for his brother Charles, like the Kaiser of our day, believed kings can do no wrong and was the mouthpiece of autocracy.

Raleigh now completed his greatest writing, the first part of "The History of the World," a work which has been copied ever since as a model of historical writing, and which has never been excelled. In its day it was suppressed, "as too saucy in censuring kings." But with all this work, he never neglected America. From his two rooms in the Bloody Tower, where he was first lodged, he directed operations both in Guiana and in Virginia. Taking his exercise along the corridor leading to the Tower Terrace, to this day called "Raleigh's Walk," he would busy himself with plans for his colonies. Nor did he spare money, devoting all of his fortune, that King James did not seize, to his American cause.

One day came a royal message to the Tower, King James had heard that Raleigh had boasted of knowing the whereabouts of a gold mine in Guiana. He was to come forth from the Tower, take command of an expedition, and bring back the wealth of that mine to the king.

It seemed to Raleigh, so long shut off from his beloved sea, that the old days of Elizabeth were back again. Bravely he set sail, taking

young Wat with him. Perhaps, as he sailed, he remembered how he and Humphrey Gilbert had planned for voyages at Hayes Barton, and his eyes filled as he thought of how, caught in a storm, the lights of his brother's ship had disappeared forever. The poet Longfellow has immortalized the last words that any ear heard Sir Humphrey say, and they are, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land."

On reaching the mouth of the Orinoco, Sir Walter was ill with fever, so he remained at Trinidad, sending five of his vessels up the river in charge of his most trusted captain. On its way the expedition came upon a Spanish settlement, and a fight ensued in which several Spaniards and young Wat lost their lives. Then, after days of fruitless search the gold-hunters returned to Trinidad, and all gloomily set sail for England.

Upon their arrival, the Spanish ambassador demanded the head of Raleigh for "piracy." Spain was after the maker of English-speaking America again, and King James, to please her, or in terror of her power, for she had spies all over the world, and, in Elizabeth's day, had stirred up powerful enemies against England, signed his death-warrant.

It was brought to the Tower, to which Sir Walter had again been committed, at about eight in the morning, before he had risen. Hearing the voice of the lieutenant of the Tower, he sprang from his bed and tossed on his doublet and hose. At the door he met his faithful Peter.

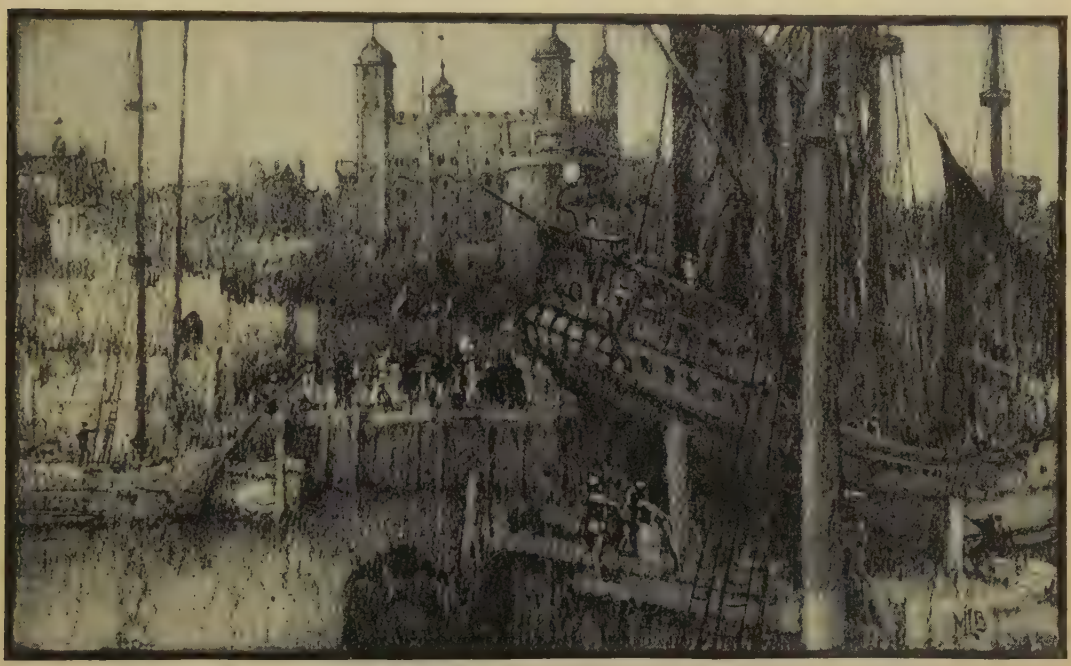
"Sir," he said, "we have not curled your head this morning."

Sir Walter smiled.

"Let them comb it, Peter," he said, "who shall have it."

Then, still jesting, he led the way to the gate. "Peter," he asked him, "hast thou a plaster to set on a man's head once it is off?"

The execution took place the next morning.



THE TOWER OF LONDON, WHEN RALEIGH WAS IMPRISONED THERE, FROM THE WHARVES

"A sharp medicine," said Sir Walter, feeling the ax to be sure that it would make a clean stroke, "but a sure cure for all diseases."

"Spain has triumphed. It is the saddest day in English history!" said the spectators as that splendid head rolled into the dust.

But none of them saw into the future. None of them knew that the eyes of a certain young man flashed, his back stiffened, and that the purposes of Raleigh were to be carried on.

To them, that young man was only Mr. John Eliot of Port Eliot, an idler in the park, the bowling-alley, the cockpit. The death of Raleigh however, changed him into the great champion of human liberty. And by the same event thousands of other young Englishmen were fired against Spain and autocracy, and the great struggle began. That struggle ended in the Civil War of England and the execution

of King Charles and marks the great rise of legislative government and the power of the people. From that day, emigration began to America and sent the liberty-loving Pilgrims and Puritans to New England, and so was Sir Walter Raleigh's dream fulfilled. America is made up of free states. In them, men may worship God as they please. The sea is free, and English is the language of the United States and of Canada; liberty, their foundation.

In Raleigh's time it was the principle of religious freedom that fought its way out of the struggle. In our day it is the right of free states that emerges from the bloodshed of the world. To-day, Raleigh's England, Raleigh's America, are one in victory, conquerors for the freedom of states, the freedom of the sea, conquerors for the right of man, the one at Mons, the other at Château-Thierry.

Sir Walter Raleigh has won in the end, as all champions of liberty, whether they lay down their lives or live, must and do win.

GALLANT Sir Walter Raleigh!
He went so bravely drest,
In times of courtly folly,
With snowy satin vest.
His beard was pointed cunningly;
His feathered hat swung at his knee,
Banded with pearls "in broiderie";
Ruby and diamond riches
Gartered his satin breeches;
And some six thousand pounds did use
To gem his buff and buckled shoes.

His grandeur takes away one's breath!
How plain it is to all, he
Looked not a bit like common folk
The while he spread his courtier's cloak,
For love of Queen Elizabeth.
Gallant Sir Walter Raleigh!

ADELE M. HAYWARD.

Reprinted from St. Nicholas of October, 1894

"'HAVE SOME?' SHE QUERIED, PROFFERING THE OPEN BOX OF CANDY"

THE SLIPPER POINT MYSTERY

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "Three Sides of Paradise Green," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I

THE ENCOUNTER

SHE sat on the prow of a beached rowboat, digging her bare toes in the sand.

There were many other rowboats drawn up on the shore, as well as a number of canoes, and some sail-boats were anchored farther out. Also there was a pavilion and a long flight of wide wooden steps leading to it, for this was Carter's Landing, the only place on lovely little Manituck River where pleasure-boats could be hired. Down on the sand was a sign-board which said:

CHILDREN MUST NOT PLAY IN THE BOATS

Nevertheless, she sat on the prow of one, this girl of fourteen, digging her bare toes aimlessly in the sand. She wore a blue skirt and a soiled middy-blouse, and had dark brown eyes and thick auburn hair hanging down in a rope-like braid. Her face was freckled, and, apart from her eyes and hair, she was not pretty. By her side a tiny child of three sat industriously sucking her thumb and staring contentedly out over the water.

"Stop sucking your thumb, Genevieve!" suddenly commanded the older girl. Whereupon the child hastily removed the offending member from her mouth.

Presently, from around the bend in the river, a red canoe shot into sight, paddled vigorously by a girl of fourteen or fifteen clad in a dazzlingly white and distinctly up-to-date Russian-blouse suit, her curly golden hair surmounted by a smart "tam." The girl of the bare toes eyed her speculatively, and unerringly placed her as a guest of "The Bluffs," the one fashionable and exclusive hotel on the river.

She beached the canoe skilfully, not three feet away from the occupied rowboat, and ran up the steps to the pavilion. In two minutes, however, she was back again, a box of expensive candy in her hand. But in front of the occupied rowboat she stopped, drawn, perhaps, by the need of companionship on this beautiful, but solitary, afternoon in early June.

"Have some?" she queried, proffering the open box of candy. The barefooted girl's eyes sparkled.

"Why—yes, thanks!" she hesitated, gingerly helping herself to a small bit. "You 're awfully kind."

"Oh, take a lot!" cried the girl in white, emptying a third of the box into the other's lap. "And give some to the baby. I 'm awfully

lonesome up there at that old hotel. Mother is n't very well, and likes to lie down a lot, and I just don't know what to do with myself. Won't you tell me your name?"

"Oh, I 'm Sally—Sally Carter. It 's a horrid name, is n't it? But my little sister's is pretty—Genevieve. Dad owns this landing, and that was my mother up at the candy counter. What 's your name?"

"Doris Craig," replied the girl in white. "And I believe you 're as lonely as I am, or you would n't be sitting here all by yourselves—you and Genevieve. Won't you come and take a paddle in my canoe? We could put the baby in the middle. And you could tell me about the nice places on this river. I only came a day or two ago. Will you?"

The barefooted girl flushed deeply, in mingled delight and embarrassment. This was a new departure for a guest of "The Bluffs," none of whom had ever so much as deigned to notice her existence before. She could scarcely believe her ears. And she began to wish madly that she had put on a clean blouse and her shoes and stockings that afternoon.

"Why—why, I 'd like it first rate," she faltered. "But we can't go in the canoe. It 's too dangerous for Genevieve. But we could take old '45' if you like. It 's a rowboat, and it 's heavy, but Dad lets me use it in the off season sometimes."

Doris assented gladly to this change, and the three were soon shooting out into the stream, under the impetus of Sally's short, powerful, native strokes. A slight shyness held them silent for a time; but with the easy freemasonry of fourteen, they were soon busy exchanging the girlish details of their lives in home and school, work and recreation, while overhead the fish-hawks swooped and plunged, and from the shore was wafted the warm scent of the pines and the song of a robin, distantly sweet.

Presently Doris was drawn from personal details to a genuine admiration of the scene about her.

"This is a lovely place," she sighed ecstatically, cuddling Genevieve close to her on the stern seat. "I never in my life saw a prettier river. I suppose you know it all like a book, don't you, Sally? And I have n't seen anything more of it than this part right around the hotel and the Landing."

"Yes," acknowledged her companion. "We 've explored every inch of this river, Genevieve and I, 'cause we 've so little else to do. And I reckon we know something about *one* part of it, at least, that the oldest inhabitant here does n't know!" She made the latter statement so meaningly that Doris's ready curiosity was fired at once.

"Oh, *what* have you found out, Sally? Can't you tell me? I will never tell a soul."

But the acquaintance was evidently too new, and the secret too precious for the other to impart just yet. She only shook her head and replied:

"No, honestly, I somehow can't. It 's Genevieve's secret and mine, and we 've promised we 'd never tell a soul. Have n't we, Genevieve?" The baby gravely nodded, and Sally headed her boat for the wagon-bridge that crossed the upper part of the river. And Doris, too well bred to say another word on the subject, was nevertheless transformed thereby into a seething caldron of excitement and curiosity.

Sally headed the boat for the draw in the bridge, and in another few moments they had passed from the quiet, well-kept, bungalow-strewn shores of the lower river to the wild, tawny, uninhabited beauty of the upper. The change was very marked, and the wagon-bridge seemed to be the dividing line.

"How different the river is up here," remarked Doris. "Not a house nor a bungalow nor even a fisherman's shack in sight. Do you know, it made me think, when I passed under that bridge, of a part in 'The Ancient Mariner' that Father used to read me asleep to, every night:

> "We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

Sally suddenly shipped her oars and stared amazedly into her companion's face.

"Do *you* know that poem?" she exclaimed incredulously. "Well, you 're the first person I ever met that did. We have it home in a big book on the parlor table. It has lovely pictures in by a man named Doré! (She pronounced it 'Door'!) It was one of my mother's wedding-presents, but I don't believe another soul in our house ever read it but Genevieve and me. I love it, and Genevieve likes to look at the pictures. I know it all by heart."

"So do I—almost," echoed Doris, marveling that this ignorant little village-girl should be so well acquainted with her own favorite. And straightway they began comparing notes on other passages in the famous poem. The knowledge seemed to establish a bond between them. It drew Doris closer to this queer new companion, but it did even more for Sally. It made her feel that here she had found a friend she could instinctively trust, and in her heart she cast away all barriers between them.

"Listen, Doris," she said suddenly, after a long silence. "I 'm going to tell you my se-

cret!" And, at Doris's sudden start of astonishment, she went on:

"Yes, I 've made up my mind. To begin with, you never asked me again, after I said I could n't. Most girls would have teased me to pieces and then gone straight off and told it to some one else, if I 'd been such a fool as to give in. I know you won't. Then, I felt somehow, first, that there was—such a big difference between us—well, that we just could n't be real friends. But now I don't feel that way about it. Do you understand?"

Doris nodded comprehendingly. "It 's dear of you to do it, and I 'll just keep the secret as faithfully as you," was all she answered. But with that answer Sally seemed amply content.

"We 're coming to it in a moment," she announced. "Do you see that point ahead?"

Doris looked, and beheld a jut of land projecting several hundred feet into the tide, its end terminating in a long, golden sand-bar. Toward the shore, the land gently ascended in a pretty slope, crowned with velvety pines and cedars. The conformation of bar, slope, and trees gave the land a curious shape.

"They call that 'Slipper Point,' around here," Sally went on, "and—*the secret is there!*"

They beached the boat on the sand-bar and scrambled out, Doris' heart beating high with the sense of mysterious adventure, and Sally almost as much excited. Only Genevieve appeared to view the excursion with calmness.

Sally grasped her small sister's hand and led the way, Doris following closely in the rear. Along the tiny strip of beach on the far side of the point, where the river ate into the shore in a great sweeping cove, they turned their steps. After trudging along in this way for nearly a quarter of a mile, Sally suddenly struck up into the woods through a deep little ravine. It was a wild scramble through the dense underbrush and over the boughs of fallen pine-trees. Sally and Genevieve, more accustomed to the journey, managed to keep well ahead of Doris, who was scratching her hands freely and doing ruinous damage to her clothes, plunging through the thorny tangle. At last the two, who were a distance of not more than fifty feet ahead of her, halted, and Sally called out:

"Now stand where you are, turn your back to us and count ten—slowly! Don't turn round and look till you 've finished counting."

Doris obediently turned her back, and slowly and deliberately counted ten. Then she turned about again to face them.

To her complete amazement, there was not a trace of them to be seen!

Thinking they had merely slipped down and hidden in the undergrowth, to tease her, she scrambled to the spot where they had stood. But they were not there. She had, moreover, heard no sound of their progress, no snapping, cracking, or breaking of branches, no swish of trailing through the vines and high grass. They could not have advanced twenty feet in any direction in the short time she had been looking away from them. Of both these facts she was certain. Yet they had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. Where, in the name of all mystery, could they be?

Doris stood and studied the situation for several moments. But as they were plainly nowhere in her vicinity, she presently concluded she must have been mistaken in thinking they had not had time to get farther away.

So she determined to extend her search, and, as she pursued her difficult quest, she became constantly more involved in the thick undergrowth, and more scratched and dishevelled every moment, till at length she stood at the top of the bluff. From this point she could see in every direction, but not a vestige of Sally and Genevieve appeared. More bewildered than ever, Doris clambered back to the spot where she had last seen them. And as there was plainly now no other course, she stood where she was and called aloud:

"Sally! Sal-ly! I give it up. Where in the world are you?"

There was a low, chuckling laugh, directly behind her, and whirling about, she beheld Sally's laughing face peeping out from an aperture in the tangled growth that she was positive she had not noticed there before.

"Come right in!" cried Sally, "and I won't keep it a secret any longer. Did you guess it was anything like this?"

She pushed a portion of the undergrowth back a little farther, and Doris scrambled in through the opening. No sooner was she within than Sally closed the opening with a swift motion, and they were all suddenly submerged in inky darkness.

"Wait a moment," she commanded, "and I 'll make a light."

Doris heard her fumbling for something, then the scratch of a match and the flare of a lighted candle.

With an indrawn breath of wordless wonder, Doris looked about her. "Why, it 's a room!" she gasped, "a little room all made right in this hillside. How did it ever come here? How did you ever find it?"

It was, indeed, the rude semblance of a

room. About nine feet square and seven high, its walls, floor, and ceiling were finished in rough planking of some kind of timber, now covered in many places with mold and fungus growths. Across one end was a low wooden structure, evidently meant for a bed, with what had once been a straw mattress on it. There was, likewise, a rudely constructed chair, and a small table on which were the rusted remains of a tin platter, a knife and spoon. There was also a metal candlestick, in which was the candle recently lit by Sally. It was a strange, weird little scene in the dim candle-light, and for a time Doris could make nothing of its riddle.

"What *is* it? What does it all mean, Sally?" she exclaimed, gazing about her with awe-struck eyes.

"I don't know much more about it than you do," Sally averred; "but I 've done some guessing!" she ended significantly.

"But how did you ever come to discover it?" cried Doris, off on another tack. "I could have searched Slipper Point for years and never have come across *this*."

"Well, it was just an accident," Sally admitted. "You see, Genevieve and I have n't much to do most of the time but roam around by ourselves, so we 've managed to poke into most of the places along the shore, the whole length of this river, one time and another. It was last fall when we discovered this. We 'd climbed down here one day, just poking around looking for beech-plums and things, and right about here I caught my foot in a vine and went down on my face right into that lot of vines and things. I threw out my hands to catch myself, and instead of coming against the sand and dirt, as I 'd expected, something gave way, and, when I looked, there was nothing at all there but a hole.

"Of course, I poked away at it some more, and found that there was a layer of planking back of the sand. That seemed mighty odd, so I pushed the vines away and banged some more at the opening, and it suddenly gave way, because the boards were so old, I guess, and—I found *this!*"

Doris sighed ecstatically. "What a perfectly glorious adventure! And what did you do then?"

"Well," went on Sally, simply, "although I could n't make very much out of what it all was, I decided that we 'd keep it for our secret, Genevieve and I, and we would n't let another soul know about it. So we pulled the vines and things over the opening the best we could; and we came up next day and brought some boards and a hammer and nails—and a candle. Then I fixed up the broken boards of this opening,—you see it works like a door, only the outside is covered with vines and things so you 'd never see it,—and I got an old padlock from Dad's boat-house, and I screwed it on the outside so 's I could lock it up, besides, and covered the padlock with vines and sand. Nobody 'd ever dream there was such a place here, and I guess nobody ever has, either. That 's my secret."

"But, Sally!" exclaimed Doris, "how did it ever come here to begin with? Who made it? It must have some sort of history."

"There you 've got *me!*" answered Sally.

"Some one must have stayed here," mused Doris, half to herself. "And what 's more, they must have *hidden* here, or why should they have taken such trouble to keep it from being discovered?"

"Yes, they 've hidden here, right enough," agreed Sally. "It 's the best hiding-place any one ever had, I should say. But the question is, what did they hide here for?"

"And also," added Doris, "if they were hiding, how could they make such a room as this, all finished with wooden walls, without being seen doing it? Where could they have got the planks?"

"Do you know what that timber is?" asked Sally.

"Why, of course not," laughed Doris, "how should I?"

"Well, I do," said her companion. "I know something about lumber, because Dad builds boats and he 's shown me. I scratched the mold off one place,—here it is,—and I discovered that this planking is real, seasoned oak, such as they build the best ships of. And do you know where I think it came from? Some wrecked vessel down on the beach. There 's plenty of them cast up, off and on, and always have been."

"But gracious!" cried Doris, "how did it get here?"

"Don't ask me," replied Sally. "The beach is miles away."

They stood for some moments in silence, each striving to piece together, from the meager facts they saw about them, the story of the strange little retreat.

At last Doris spoke.

"Sally," she asked, "was this all you found here? Was there absolutely nothing else?"

Sally started, as if surprised at the question, and hesitated a moment. "No," she acknowledged finally. "There *was* something else. I was n't going to tell you right away, but I

might as well now. I found *this* under the mattress of the bed."

She went over to the straw pallet, lifted it, searched a moment, and, turning, placed something in Doris's hands.

CHAPTER II

MYSTERY

Doris received the object from Sally, and stood looking at it by the light of the candle. It was a small, square, flat, tin receptacle of some kind, rusted and moldy, and about four inches long and wide. Its thickness was probably not more than a quarter of an inch.

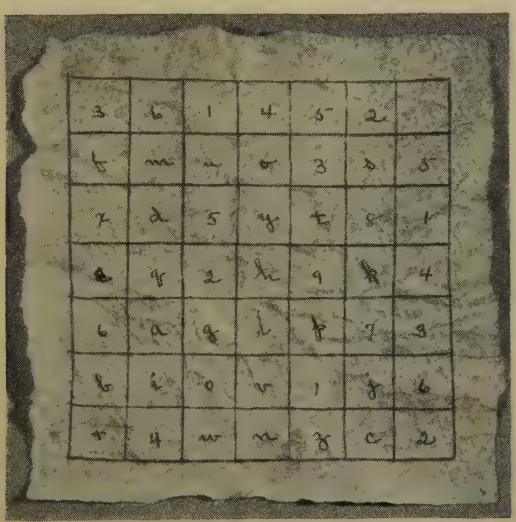
"What in the world is it?" she questioned wonderingly.

"Open it and see!" answered Sally. Doris pried it open with some difficulty. It contained only a scrap of paper, which fitted exactly into its space. The paper was brown with age and stained beyond belief. But on its surface could be dimly discerned a strange and inexplicable design.

"Of all things!" breathed Doris, in an awe-struck voice. "This certainly is a mystery, Sally. What *do* you make of it?"

"I don't make anything of it," Sally averred. "That 's just the trouble. I can't imagine what it means. I 've studied and studied over it all winter, and it does n't seem to mean a single thing."

It was indeed a curious thing, this scrap of stained, worn paper, hidden for who knew how many years in a tin box underground. For the riddle on the paper was this:



"Well, I give it up!" declared Doris, after she had stared at it for several more silent moments. "It 's the strangest puzzle I ever saw. But, do you know, Sally, I 'd like to take it home and study it out at my leisure. I always was crazy about puzzles, and I 'd enjoy working over this, even if I never made anything out of it. Do you think it would harm to remove it from here?"

"I don't suppose it would," Sally replied; "but somehow I don't like to change anything here, or take anything away, even for a little while. But you can study it out all you wish, though, for I made a copy of it a good while ago, so 's I could study it myself. I usually have it with me. Here it is."

And Sally pulled from her pocket a duplicate of the strange design, made in her own handwriting.

At this point Genevieve suddenly became restless, and, clinging to Sally's skirts, demanded to "go out and play in the boat."

"She does n't like to stay in here very long," explained Sally.

"Well, I don't wonder!" declared Doris. "It 's dark and dreary and weird. It makes me feel kind of curious and creepy myself. But, oh! it 's a glorious secret, Sally—the strangest and most wonderful I ever heard of. Why, it 's a regular *adventure* to have found such a thing as this! But let 's go out and sit in the boat and let Genevieve paddle. Then we can talk it all over and see whether we can make anything out of this puzzle."

Sally returned the tin box and its contents to the hiding-place under the mattress. Then she blew out the candle, remarking, as she did so, that she 'd brought a lot of candles and matches and always kept them there. In the pall of darkness that fell on them, she groped for the entrance, pushed it open, and they all scrambled out into the daylight. After that, she padlocked the opening and buried the key in the sand near by and announced herself ready to return to the boat.

During the remainder of that sunny afternoon they sat together in the stern of the boat, golden head and auburn one bent in consultation over the strange combination of letters and figures, while Genevieve, barefooted, paddled in silent ecstasy in the shallow water rippling over the bar.

"Sally," exclaimed Doris, at length, suddenly straightening and looking her companion in the eyes, "I believe you have some idea about all this that you have n't told me yet! Several remarks you 've dropped make me think so. Now, honestly, have n't you? What *do* you believe is the secret of this cave and this queer jumble of letters and things, anyway?"

Sally, thus faced, could no longer deny the truth. "Yes," she acknowledged, "there *is* something I 've thought of, and something else I have n't told you about, too. I was scraping the old moss and stuff off of one of those oak planks one day, just to see what was underneath, and all at once I came on the words, in raised letters, just as they have them on the sterns of vessels:

THE ANNE ARUNDEL
ENGLAND, 1843

Then I knew. Some one had made this cave from the wreck of that vessel, and do you know what I was sure it must have been? *Pirates!*"

Doris almost tumbled out of the boat in her wonder at hearing this curious solution.

"But it was n't that, after all," went on Sally. "For I asked Grandfather (he 's awfully old, nearly ninety!) if he remembered anything about a vessel called the Anne Arundel. And he knew all about how she was wrecked here, one time, and even helped to rescue the people. She was n't a pirate ship at all. But he said a queer thing about her, and that was that her timbers lay about on the beach for two or three months, and then suddenly they all disappeared in one night, and nobody could make out where they 'd gone, for there had n't been any storm, or high tide, or that kind of thing. They 'd just—gone! But he got to telling me something else that gave me my idea. He said there used to be a lot of smugglers around here, who used to work a little farther down the coast. They would run in to some of the small rivers with a schooner they had, hide in an old deserted house the goods they 'd taken off the big ocean vessels, and sell them afterward. By and by the government officers got after them and caught them all."

She stopped significantly, but Doris did not appear to see the connection.

"But don't you see?" she continued. "It 's as plain as can be. *This* is a smuggler's cave, made from those old timbers, and somewhere about it is hidden the treasure, whatever it is, and that bit of paper, if we could make anything out of it, is to tell just where to get at it. Probably the smugglers all got caught somewhere, and never got back to their treasure, and never told where it was. Now you know all my secret!"

The magnitude of the thing was so overpowering to Doris that she could make no adequate reply, and only stammered brokenly:

"Oh, Sally—it 's wonderful. It 's the strangest secret I ever heard of a girl having. Thank you—a thousand times—for letting me into it. Perhaps,—who knows?—we can puzzle it out together!"

CHAPTER III

ROUNDTREE'S

It was the beginning of a close friendship for the two girls. Morning, noon, and evening, during the ensuing month, were they together, always accompanied by Genevieve, who seemed to be entirely in Sally's charge. They exchanged ideas and thoughts, hopes and expectations, on many subjects, but chiefly were they concerned with the curious secret that Sally had imparted on that first memorable day.

Slipper Point was ever the goal of their excursions, and many an hour they spent poring over the strange and cryptic old paper that was evidently the key to all their hopes. But for several weeks they could make nothing of it, turn and twist it as they would. It was Doris, at last, who confided to Sally, one morning, in considerable excitement, that she thought she 'd struck something at last.

"I 'm not really certain," she declared, "but it just occurred to me that the fact of its being square and the little cave also being square might have some connection. Suppose the floor were divided into squares, just as this paper is. Now, do you notice one thing? Read the letters in their order up from the left hand diagonally. It reads, r-i-g-h-t-s-, and the last square is blank. Now why could n't that mean 'right,' and the last 's' stand for 'square,'—'right square' being that blank one in the extreme corner? All the rest of those letters and figures might then be just a blind, or to fill up the spaces. But I 've noticed this, too. You see the outside lines of squares that lead up to the empty square are just numbers—not letters at all. Now I 've added the number of each line together, and find that the sum of each side is exactly twenty-one. Why would n't it be possible that it means the sides of this empty square are twenty-one—something—inches probably, in length, measured of course, on the floor of the cave. I think the treasure lies in one corner of the cave, in a space twenty-one inches square."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Sally, enthusiastically. "I believe you 've struck it, Doris. Let 's go up and look it over right now." They jumped into old "45" without an instant's delay, bundling Genevieve unceremoniously into the stern, and were off in a jiffy.

But their hopes were doomed to considerable disappointment, after a careful examination of

the cave. No corner of the flooring exhibited the least trace of anything suggestive, and Sally finally rendered the following disgusted opinion:

"If it 's anywhere, it 's buried under the boards, I suppose, and they 'll just have to be sawed in two. We 'll come up here to-morrow with some of Dad's tools and begin on it; but it 'll be *some* piece of work, if you believe me!"

And as there seemed nothing more to be said on the subject, they filed disconsolately out and began roaming about aimlessly in the pine grove at the summit of Slipper Point. Presently, after a long silence, Doris exclaimed:

"Do you realize, Sally, that I 've never yet explored a bit of this region *above ground* with you? I 've never seen a thing except this bit right about the cave. Why not take me all around here for a way. It might be quite interesting."

Sally looked both surprised and scornful. "There 's nothing at all to see around here that 's a bit interesting," she declared. "There 's just this pine grove and the underbrush, and back there, quite a way back, is an old country road. It is n't even worth getting all hot and tired going to see."

"Well, I don't care, I want to see it!" insisted Doris. "I somehow have a feeling that it would be worth while. And if you are too tired to come with me, I 'll go by myself. You and Genevieve can rest here."

"No, I want to go wis Dowis!" declared Genevieve, scenting a new diversion.

"Well, I 'll go too," laughed Sally. "I 'm not as lazy as all that; but I warn you, you won't find anything worth the trouble."

They set off together, scrambling through the scrub-oak and bay-bushes, stopping now and then to pick and devour wild strawberries or gather a great handful of sassafras to chew. All the while Doris gazed about her curiously, asking every now and then a seemingly irrelevant question of Sally.

Presently they emerged from the pine woods and crossed a field covered only with wild blackberry-vines, still bearing their white blos-

"'WHY, IT 'S A ROOM!' SHE GASPED"

soms. At the farther edge of this field they came upon a sandy road. It wound away in a hot ribbon, till a turn hid it from sight, and the heat of the morning tempted them no farther to explore it.

"This is the road I spoke of," explained Sally, with an "I-told-you-so" expression. "You see it is n't anything at all, only an old back road leading to Manituck. Nobody much comes this way if they can help it—it 's so sandy."

"But what 's that old house there?" demanded Doris, pointing to an ancient, tumble-down structure not far away. "And is n't it the queerest looking place, one part so gone to pieces and unkept, and that other little wing all nicely fixed up and neat and comfortable!"

It was indeed an odd combination. The structure was a large, old-fashioned farm-house, evidently of a period dating well back in the nineteenth century. The main part had fallen into disuse, as was quite evident from the closed and shuttered windows, the peeling, blistered paint, the unkempt air of being not inhabited. But a tiny ell at one side bore an aspect as different from the main building as could well be imagined. It had lately received a coat of fresh white paint. Its windows were wide opened and daintily curtained with some pretty, but inexpensive, material; the little patch of flower garden in front was trim and orderly.

"I don't understand it," went on Doris. "What place is it?"

"Oh, that 's only Roundtree's," answered Sally, indifferently. "That's old Miss Round-tree now, coming from the back. She lives there all alone."

As she was speaking, the person in question came into view from around the back of the house, a basket of vegetables in her hand. She had evidently just been picking them in the vegetable garden, a portion of which was visible at the side of the house. She sat down presently on her tiny front porch, removed her large sunbonnet, and began to sort them over. From their vantage-point behind some tall bushes at the roadside, the girls could watch her unobserved.

"I like her looks," whispered Doris, after a moment. "Who is she, and why does she live in this queer little place?"

"I told you her name was Roundtree—Miss Camilla Roundtree," replied Sally. "Most folks around here call her old Miss Camilla. She 's awfully poor, though they say her folks were quite rich at one time, and she 's quite deaf, too. That big old place was her father's, and I s'pose it 's hers now, but she can't afford to keep it up, she has so little money. So she just lives in that small part, and she knits for a living—caps and sweaters and things like that. She does knit beautifully and gets quite a good many orders, especially in summer; but even so, it hardly brings her in enough to live on. She 's kind of queer, too, folks think. But I don't see why you 're interested in her."

"I like her looks," answered Doris. "She has a fine face. Somehow she seems to me like a lady—a *real* lady."

"Well, she sort of puts on airs, folks think, and don't care to associate with everybody," admitted Sally. "But she 's awfully good and kind, too. Goes and nurses people when they 're sick or have any trouble, and never charges for it, and all that sort of thing. But, at the same time, she always seems to want to be by herself. She reads lots, too, and has no end of old books. They say they were her father's. Once she lent me one or two, when I went to get her to make a sweater for Genevieve."

"Oh, do you know her?" cried Doris. "How interesting!"

"Why yes, of course I know her. Every one does around here. But I don't see anything very interesting about it."

To tell the truth, Sally was quite puzzled by Doris's absorption in the subject. It was Genevieve who broke the spell.

"I 's sirsty!" she moaned. "I want a djink. I want Miss Camilla to gi' me a djink!"

"Come on!" cried Doris to Sally. "If you know her, we can easily go over and ask her for a drink. I 'm crazy to meet her."

Still wondering, Sally led the way over to the tiny garden, and the three proceeded up the path toward Miss Roundtree.

"Why, good morning!" exclaimed that lady, looking up. Her voice was very soft, and a little toneless, as is often the case with the deaf.

"Good morning!" answered Sally in rather a loud tone, and, a trifle awkwardly, presented Doris. But there was no awkwardness in the manner with which Miss Camilla acknowledged the new acquaintance. Indeed, it was suggestive of an old-time courtesy, now growing somewhat rare. And Doris had a chance to gaze, at closer range, on the fine, high-bred face framed in its neatly parted gray hair.

"Might Genevieve have a drink?" asked Doris, at length. "She seems to be very thirsty."

"Why, assuredly!" exclaimed Miss Camilla. "Come inside, all of you, and rest in the shade." So they trooped indoors into Miss Camilla's tiny sitting-room, while she herself disappeared into the still tinier kitchen at the

back. While she was gone, Doris gazed about with a new wonder and admiration in her eyes.

The room was speckless in its cleanliness, and full of many obvious home-made contrivances and makeshifts. Yet there were two or three beautiful pieces of old mahogany furniture, of a satiny finish and ancient date. And on the mantel stood one marvelous little piece of china that, even to Doris's untrained eye, gave evidence of being a rare and costly bit. But Miss Camilla was now coming back, bearing a tray on which stood three glasses of water, a plate of cookies, and three little dishes of delicious strawberries.

"You children must be hungry after your long morning's excursion," she said. "Try these strawberries of mine. They have just come from the garden."

Doris thought she had never tasted anything more delightful than that impromptu little repast. And when it was over she asked Miss Camilla a question, for she had been chatting with her all through it, in decided contrast to the rather embarrassed silence of Sally.

"What is that beautiful little vase, Miss Roundtree, may I ask? I 've been admiring it."

A wonderful light shone suddenly in Miss Camilla's eyes. Here, it was plain, was her hobby.

"That 's a Sèvres of the Louis XV period," she explained, patting it lovingly. "It *is* marvelous, is n't it, and all I have left of a very pretty collection. It was my passion once, this china, and I had the means to indulge it. But they are all gone now, all but this one. I used to carry it about with me wherever I traveled. I shall never part with it." The light died out of her eyes as she placed the precious piece back on the mantel.

"Good-by! Come again!" she called after them, as they took their departure. "I always enjoy talking to you children."

When they had retraced their way to the boat, pushed off, and were making all speed for the hotel, Sally suddenly turned to Doris and demanded: "Why in the world are you so interested in Miss Camilla? I 've known her all my life, and I never talked so much to her in all that time as you did this morning."

"Well, to begin with," replied Doris, shipping her oars and facing her friend for a moment, "I think she 's a lovely and interesting person. But there 's something else beside." She stopped abruptly, and Sally, filled with curiosity, demanded impatiently: "Well?"

Doris's reply almost caused her to lose her oars in her astonishment.

"I think she knows all about that cave!"

(To be continued)

THE BOY FOR ME

Oh, the boy for me is the Laughing Boy—
The boy with the twinkle of fun in his eye;
The boy who can grin
When he barks his shin,
And lets Old Man Grouch just pass him by.
The boy who gets up with a smile on his face,
And makes the gloom and the shadows flee,
And whistles a song
The whole day long—
Oh, he is the kind of a boy for me!

Oh, the boy for me is the Healthy Boy—
The boy who's alive from head to toe;
Whose teeth gleam white,
And whose eyes are bright,
And cheeks with rich red blood are aglow;
The boy who can run in a race and *win;*
The boy who is active and sturdy and free,
Whose arm is steady,
Whose hand is ready—
Oh, he is the kind of a boy for me!

And the boy for me is the Manly Boy—
The boy who is clean of heart and tongue;
Who despises the grime
And the smut and the slime
From the murky gloom of the alleys sprung;
The boy who 'd refuse to cheat or to pry,
Or to bully those weaker and younger than he;
The boy who is fair
And honest and square—
Oh, he is the kind of a boy for me!

Then here 's to that boy—the boy of my choice!
Uncle Sam has a job for him to do;
And I hear him say,
In his kindly way:
"Stick to it, youngster, I 'm counting on you!"
And I care not a rap how freckled his face,
How ragged and tattered his clothing may be,
If he 's sturdy and true,
If he 's grit clear through,
Then he is the kind of a boy for me!

Herbert C. Greenland.

AN IMPROVEMENT

Rhyme and Decoration by
George O. Butler

"Yes, Stars *and* Stripes, good Zebra, are
Decidedly the rage:
We can't leave you with only *Stripes*,
This Patriotic age!

Now! there's your last artistic touch!
'Twas very plain to see
Dame Nature left the real *Star* part
To be performed by me."

BOWMAN'S ASSIST

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Crofton Chums," etc., etc.

When the knock on the door came, Ted was slumped on his spine in the Morris chair, the green-shaded lamp close to his elbow and a magazine propped on his chest. It was Saturday night and he was glad that there was no studying to do. The baseball game with Prospect Hill in the afternoon had been a hard one, and the victory—for Warwick had finally won in the tenth inning—had left him pegged out; for which reason he had passed up a lecture in the Auditorium in favor of rest and solitude in his own room. Which is why the knock on the door brought a sigh and a frown. He might, to be sure, remain silent, but the light through the transom would give him away, and in case the caller were Trevor Corwin with his everlasting stamp-album—well, Trev was a sensitive kid and easily hurt. So Ted laid down his magazine and said "Come in!" without much enthusiasm. To his relief, the visitor was not Trev, but Hal Saunders.

"Hello, Bowman!" greeted Hal, glancing about the study. "George around?" His eyes sought the bedroom as he closed the door behind him.

"Gone home over Sunday," replied Ted.

"Gone home!" Hal's tone held so much of dismay that Ted wondered.

"Yes, his father's been sick for about a week or so, and he got leave from faculty. Went right after the game."

"Gee!" exclaimed Hal, evidently worried. "He did n't say anything to me about it I wish I 'd known. I want to see him about—something important." To Ted's discomfiture he seated himself on the window-seat and moodily stared at the lamp. "When 's he coming back?"

"Monday. He got permission to cut morning hours. I guess he will be on the twelve-forty-six."

"That 'll be too late," said Hal, aggrievedly. "By Jove,—just my luck! I don't see why he could n't let folks know he was going."

Evidently overwhelmed by the news, he made no move to depart. He was a good-looking fellow of sixteen, well made, tall and lithe, with light hair and eyes, and a fair complexion which even three months of baseball had failed to darken. In contrast, the boy in the Morris chair was a year younger, shorter, heavier, more compact, with dark eyes and hair, and a face which, if not handsome, was rather attractive, in spite of the fact that sun and weather had tanned it to the hue of leather and that the tip of the nose was peeling. Both boys were members of the school nine, Ted being right-fielder and Hal first-choice pitcher. They were not, however, very good friends. Ted thought Hal traded too much on his ability as a twirler. It was undeniable that he was an exceptionally good one, perhaps the best that the school had ever had, but, in Ted's opinion, Hal would do well to forget the fact now and then. He did n't understand what his room-mate, George Tempest, saw in Hal to admire—beyond his playing, that is. Naturally, George, being captain of the team, would feel kindly toward a chap who so often pitched to victory, but he need n't overdo it! Ted was fond of his room-mate, and so it is possible that jealousy had something to do with his mild dislike of Hal Saunders.

Presently Hal raised his eyes from a frowning contemplation of his shoes, and Ted was surprised at the trouble shown in his face. It was a most unusual thing for the self-satisfied, rather superior, Hal Saunders to exhibit anything approaching discomposure. In spite of himself, Ted's sympathies were touched. "Was it something about the team?" he asked.

Hal shook his head. "No, it was—something—" He hesitated. Then, "I wanted to borrow some money from him."

"Oh!" murmured Ted.

"I 'm in a dickens of a hole, Bowman, and I was pretty sure that George could help me out. Now I 'm blessed if I know what to do!"

"Won't Monday be in time?"

"Monday morning might, but Monday afternoon will be too late—unless—" Hal fell into silence again. Ted wondered if Hal was trying to find courage to ask him for a loan. He almost hoped so. It would be rather a pleasure to refuse it. "It 's Plaister, in the village," Hal went on after a moment. "He 's got a bill of twelve dollars and eighty cents against me. I 've been owing the old skinflint some of it since last year. And now he says that if it is n't paid to-day, he will go and get the money from 'Jerry.' And you know what that will mean!"

Ted did know. "Jerry" was the popular

name for Doctor Morris, the principal; and when "Jerry" learned that Hal had transgressed the very strict rule against having bills at the village stores, punishment would be swift and stern. Why, Hal might be dismissed from school! The very least that would happen to him would be probation!

"Maybe he 's just bluffing," offered Ted, but with little conviction in his voice.

"No such luck!" answered Hal. "He 's threatened twice before, and I 've begged him off. This time he means it. I found a letter from him in the mail this noon. I was going to speak to George before the game, but there was n't any chance, and I—I sort of funked it, anyway. Besides, I thought there was time enough. Plaister won't do anything until Monday. I was pretty sure George had the money, and I guess he 'd have let me have it. I meant to beat it over to the village right after chapel Monday morning. I had n't any idea he was going away!"

"Too bad," said Ted, more than half meaning it. "How the dickens did you ever manage to run up a bill like that, Saunders?"

Hal shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. I 'm always buying fool things. Plaister was keen enough to charge 'em until he had a nice big bill against me. Afterward, too. It got so I was afraid not to buy anything he showed me for fear he 'd ask me to pay up."

"But you get an allowance—"

"A dollar a week," said Hal slightingly. "How far does that go? Mother sends me a little now and then. If she did n't, I would n't have a cent in my pocket, ever. I 'm a fool about money, and Dad knows it. And he will know it a heap better about next Tuesday!"

"But look here, Saunders. Won't Plaister stand to lose if he goes to Jerry? Faculty always says that shopkeepers giving credit to the fellows will be deprived of the school trade. Seems to me Plaister will think twice before he risks that."

"Oh, he will tell some hard-luck yarn and Jerry will believe him. His letter sounded mighty earnest. He 's got me going, anyway. I say, Bowman, I don't suppose you—er—happen to have ten dollars you 'd lend me? I 'd have to pay it back fifty cents a week, but—"

"Sorry," said Ted, shaking his head. To his surprise he found that he really was sorry—a little. Hal's gloom enwrapped him again.

"No, I suppose not. And I don't guess you 'd care much about letting me have it if you had it. Well, I 'll toddle!"

He arose and stood uncertainly a moment before he moved toward the door.

"What will you do?" asked Ted, anxiously. "If—if you get put on probation we 'll be in a fix! Hang it, Saunders, you 've got to do something, you know. Crouch would last about two innings in the Temple game! Why don't you see Plaister to-morrow and get him to wait another week? After next Saturday it would n't matter."

"I 've talked to him until I 'm tired," replied Hal, wearily. "It 's no good. Maybe he won't do it, or maybe I can scrape up the money by Monday. I 'm tired worrying about it. I 'd just as lief get fired as have this thing hanging over me all the time."

"Maybe he would take part of it and wait for the rest."

"He won't. I tried that. He says he 's waited long enough and—oh, a lot of rubbish. You know the way they talk. Well, good night. And say, Bowman, just keep this to yourself, like a good chap, will you? I don't know why I bothered you with it, but I 'd rather you did n't say anything about it."

"That 's all right. I won't talk. Good night. I hope you—come out all right."

Hal nodded dejectedly and went. Ted took up his magazine but, after finding his place in it, he let it drop once more. If Plaister did what he threatened, and Ted knew the hard-featured little shopkeeper well enough to feel pretty certain that he would, it would be all up with Warwick's chances for the baseball championship that year. With Hal Saunders in the points, they might defeat Temple Academy next Saturday. Without him, they could n't. Neither Crouch nor Bradford was good enough to last three innings against the Blue's hard-hitting team. The knowledge brought real dismay to Ted. Personally, he wanted a victory for the school team; but it was the thought of George's disappointment that moved him most. George, like every captain, had hoped and worked for a triumph harder than any of the others. And this was George's last year. Ted was miserably sorry for his friend. He was such a corking fine fellow. Ted recalled the day last September when George, learning that fate in the shape of faculty had wished a strange and two-years-younger boy on him as room-mate, had acted so mighty decent about it. Lots of fellows in George's place, thought Ted, would have been mad and grouchy, but George had never let Ted guess for a moment that he was n't entirely welcome. And all through the year George had been a perfect brick. He had helped Ted in many ways: had got him into Plato Society; helped him at mid-year exams;

introduced him to nice fellows; coached him in batting until he had become proficient enough to beat out Whipple for right-field position. Ted's feeling for George Tempest was a mingling of gratitude and hero-worship that amounted to a very real affection, and the thought of George's unhappiness in case the final game of the school year went against Warwick troubled him greatly. Temple Academy had routed Warwick overwhelmingly last year, and the sting of that defeat still remained. Warwick wanted revenge, and her three hundred and odd students had their hearts set on obtaining it next Saturday. But to none did it mean quite what it meant to Captain Tempest. Ted tossed the magazine aside and stood up.

"Something ought to be done," he muttered.

In the bedroom he produced a small tin box from its hiding-place in a dresser drawer and emptied the contents on his bed. Three one-dollar bills and many silver coins, when counted, came to exactly fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents. He had been accumulating the horde ever since fall, with the intention of buying a bicycle when he went home in the summer. When he had about five dollars more he would have enough. He had n't told Hal that he did n't have the money. He had merely politely refused to make a loan. And he had no idea of changing his mind. Hal's fix was no affair of his, and Hal could get out of it as best he might. Certainly he could n't be expected to give up a whole summer's fun for the sake of a fellow he did n't like much anyway! Resolutely he placed the money back in the box and the box again in concealment. "He will wriggle out of it somehow," he said to himself.

Sunday was rainy and seemed weeks long, and Ted missed George horribly. He saw Hal Saunders at dinner and again in the evening, and it was apparent from Hal's countenance that he had not yet found a way out of his difficulty. Ted went over to the library after supper feeling very angry with Hal, angry because that youth had endangered the success of the nine, because his foolishness was in a fair way to bring grief to George, and because he had somehow managed to make one Ted Bowman distinctly uncomfortable! Ted sur-

"'THAT 'S ALL RIGHT. YOU PITCH BALL, SAUNDERS'" (SEE PAGE 792)

rounded himself with reference books, but all the work he did scarcely paid for the effort.

Ted did not say anything to George, when the latter returned on Monday, about Hal's affairs. After dinner that day he received a summons to the office; and although conscious of a clear conscience, he could n't help feeling a trifle uneasy as he obeyed it. One did n't get an invitation to confer with "Jerry" unless the matter was one of some importance. Events subsequently justified the uneasiness, for, when Ted closed the office door behind him the second time, he was on probation!

He could have stood his misfortune better had George been decently sympathetic, but George was disgusted and mad clear through. "You 've no right to do silly stunts when you 're on the team," he stormed. "You 've got a duty toward the school. A fine thing, is n't it, to get on pro four days before the big game?"

"Well, you don't think I *asked* for it, do you?" demanded Ted, indignantly. "Don't you suppose I wanted to play Saturday just as much as any one?"

"Then you might have behaved yourself. You know perfectly well that Billy Whipple can't hit the way you can. What did you do, anyway?"

"Nothing much. I did n't really do anything, only Jerry thinks I did, and I can't—can't prove that I did n't!"

"That 's likely!" grunted George. "You must have done something!"

"All right, then, I did. Anyhow, it does n't matter whether I did or did n't. I 'm out of the game. I 'm sorry—"

George withered him with a look and slammed the door as he went out.

After that, life was hardly worth living, Ted thought. George scarcely spoke to him, and the rest of his former team-mates were not much more cordial. In fact, the whole school apparently viewed him as a traitor, and he felt like one. Thursday morning, Dr. Morris announced that hereafter the students were not to make purchases at Plaister's; and Ted found a certain ungenerous comfort in the shopkeeper's misfortune. In the afternoon, while he was studying in his room,—he had avoided the ball field since Monday,—Hal came in with George. For some reason, Hal appeared to view Ted more leniently than the other players did, perhaps because, having so nearly attained probation himself, he had sympathy for a brother offender. Hal's greeting was almost cordial. George's was only a grunt. Ted pretended to study, but he was really listening to the talk of the others. Presently Hal said indignantly:

"I wonder what they 've got against Plaister, George. It 's a shame to shut down on him like that."

"Some chap 's run up a bill, probably," answered George, indifferently. "Faculty was after him last year for giving credit."

"Well, I 'm sorry. He 's sure let me down mighty easy. I owed him something over twelve dollars, some of it since last year, and he came down on me hard last week and said that if I did n't pay right up, he 'd go to 'Jerry.' He had me scared stiff, and that 's no dream! I had visions of being fired, or at least put on pro, and so I came over here Saturday night to see if I could get some money from you. I had only about two dollars to my name. But you had gone home. Bowman wanted to loan it to me,"—Hal winked at Ted's startled countenance and grinned,—"but I would n't take it. I tried at least a dozen other fellows, but every last one was stony broke. I expected all day Monday to get an invitation to the office—"

"I 'm sorry I was n't here," interrupted George, regretfully. "I could have fixed you up. Better let me do it now."

"Not for anything!" laughed Hal. "You see, the old chap never showed up, and I had my nervous prostration for nothing. All he did do was to send me the bill Tuesday morning—receipted!"

"Receipted!"

"Yep, paid in full!"

"But why," asked George.

"Search me! Maybe he was afraid faculty would learn of it. You see, they had something on him, or Jerry would n't have shut down on him. Or maybe it 's just a mistake; and if it is, it 's a lucky one for me, and you can be sure I sha'n't set him right before Saturday! Of course, I 'll pay him as soon as I can, but he does n't know that."

George looked somewhat puzzled. The incident did n't tally at all with his conception of Mr. Jabed Plaister.

Saturday dawned breathlessly hot, and the game, set for two o'clock, was postponed until three. The wait was hard on the nerves of the players, and Billy Whipple, who was to play right-field in place of Ted, was plainly unsettled. Ted knew of no reason why he should not enjoy the painful pleasure of watching the game, and so, when Loring, the Temple Academy pitcher, wound himself up for the first delivery, Ted was seated cross-legged under the rope behind third base, with

a very disconsolate expression on his perspiring countenance. To-day the consciousness of virtue failed more than ever to atone for his being out of the game. He strove to find consolation in the reflection that there was another year coming, but the attempt was a flat failure.

The heat had its effect on spectators and players alike. The cheering and singing lacked "pep," and the rival teams comported themselves as though their one desire was to get back to the shade of the benches. Ted glowered and muttered at the slowness of the contest. In the first two innings only a long fly by the Temple second-baseman that was neatly captured by Whipple, and a couple of inexcusable and innocuous errors livened the dreariness of the game. The third inning began like the preceding ones, but promised better when, in the last half of it, Warwick got a man to second on the first clean hit of the game. The Brown's cheerers came to life then; and although the next batter fouled to catcher, making the second out, Warwick paid for the vocal encouragement by putting the first run across on a hit past third.

Temple got men on third and second bases in the first of the fourth, and tried hard to bring them home, but Hal Saunders, having allowed a hit and walked a batsman, retrieved himself and saved the situation by knocking down a hard liner that was well above his head. Very coolly and leisurely he picked it up, and threw out the batsman at first, as the man on third vainly scuttled to the plate.

The fifth inning went better. The air had cooled perceptibly, and both Hal and Loring were now twirling real ball and the game was becoming a pitchers' battle pure and simple. When Hal got down to business, hits became as scarce as hen's teeth, nor was Loring much behind him in effectiveness to-day. Batters stepped to the plate, swung or waited, and retired with trailing bat. One-two-three was the order. The game went into the seventh, with Warwick's one-run lead looking very large. Ted, his disappointments forgotten, was "rooting" hard and tirelessly behind third. Temperature was now a matter of no moment. Warwick was ahead, Hal was mowing 'em down, and victory was hovering above the brown banner!

It was in her half of the seventh that Temple evened up the score. With two gone and first base inviolate, Temple's third man up, her chunky little tow-headed short-stop, whose clever playing had frequently won applause from friend and foe, waited cannily and let Hal waste two deliveries. Then he swung at a wide one and missed. The next was another ball, although it cut the corner of the plate, and, with the score against him, Hal tried to bring the tow-headed youth's agony to a merciful end by sneaking over a fast and straight one. But the short-stop outguessed him that time. There was a mighty *crack*, and away arched the ball! And away sped the batsman. Probably he had small hope of safety, for the sphere was making straight for the right-fielder, but he knew enough not to jump to conclusions. Which is why, when the ball bounded from Whipple's hands, the runner was almost at second. Urged on by the delighted coaches, he slid into third a few inches ahead of the ball.

What caused Whipple's error I do not know. He had the sun in his eyes, of course, but he had made a harder catch under like circumstances in the second inning. But better men than young Whipple have done the same, and so we need n't waste time trying to find an excuse for him. The mischief was done, and four minutes later the Temple captain had tied up the score with a Texas Leaguer back of third.

There were no more hits in the seventh and none in the eighth. In the ninth, Temple almost won by a scratch and an error after Hal had lammed an in-shoot against a batsman's ribs and he had reached second on a sacrifice bunt. But the error, while it took him to third, did no more, and Hal settled down and struck out his tenth man.

Warwick got one runner to second in her half, but he died there, and the contest went into extra innings. By this time the sun was behind the trees at the edge of the field and a faint breeze was stirring. Ted was parched of throat and hoarse of voice and alternately hopeful and despairing. The tenth inning went the way of others. Hal had two more strike-outs to his credit, and Loring one. In the eleventh the strain began to show. Hal passed the first man up, the second hit safely, the third struck out, the fourth laid down a bunt in front of the plate. Temple shouted and raved in delight. But Hal was still master. Another strike-out averted the threatened disaster. Warwick went in in her half with Captain Tempest up. George tried hard to deliver, but made an easy out, third to first. The next batter had no better luck. The third was Billy Whipple. Billy was known as a fair batsman, although to-day he had signally failed. Maybe Loring eased up a trifle. If so, he produced his own disaster, for Billy

picked out the second delivery and everlastingly whanged it!

In Ted's words, it went where it would do the most good. It fell to earth twenty feet short of the gymnasium steps and ten feet beyond the center-fielder's eager hands. Billy did n't make the circuit because George Tempest himself, coaching behind third, blocked his path to the plate. There was a howl at that, for it did seem that Billy might have made it. But playing it safe won out for once, for Loring was a bit shaken by that blow at his record, and Warwick's next batter hit safely between second and short-stop, and Billy romped home.

That ended the scoring in that inning; but the brown was again in the lead, and Warwick shouted and chanted.

Ted, realizing the effort Temple would make to even things up in the twelfth, and knowing that the head of her batting-list was up, was on tenterhooks. Warwick had the victory in her grasp if she could only hold it. But Hal had been showing signs of fatigue the last two innings, and there had been a perceptible let-down.

Ted anxiously took counsel with himself. Then he suddenly jumped to his feet and ran around to the home bench. Hal, his face rather white, was drawing on his glove when Ted reached him.

"Saunders," said Ted, breathlessly, "if you can hold 'em, we 've got the game!"

Hal viewed him with disgust and weariness. "You surprise me!" he replied, with a weak attempt at sarcasm.

Ted laid a hand on the other's arm and took a firm grip there. "Cut out the mirth!" he said. "You go in and pitch ball, Saunders. Get me? Don't you dare let up for a second. If we—"

Hal shook him off. "What 's wrong with you?" he demanded. "Sunstroke? You 're a fine one to make cracks like that! Beat it, kid!"

"Listen to me," said Ted, earnestly, dropping his voice. "If Temple wins this game, I 'll go to Jerry and tell him what I know. I mean it, Saunders!"

"Why, you little shrimp!" gasped the pitcher.

"That 's all right. You heard me. You pitch ball, Saunders!"

"I 'm going to," sputtered the other; "and when I get through I 'm going to knock your silly block off. Now get out of my way!"

Ted went back to his place well satisfied. Saunders was mad clean through, and Saunders would pitch real ball. And Saunders did! Not since the game had started had he worked more carefully, more craftily, and although he had three hard hitters to put aside, he never faltered. Up came the Temple third-baseman—and back again to the bench. The Blue's captain followed him, and, although he brought Ted's heart into his mouth four times by knocking fouls, he, too, had to acknowledge defeat. Temple was frantic now, as she saw defeat impending. For luck she sent a substitute player in for the third batsman, and Hal promptly put his first two deliveries across for strikes, while triumphant Warwick howled with delight. Then a ball, and another one, and—

"*He 's* OUT!" cried the umpire.

IT was after eight. The riotous celebration had dwindled to mere sporadic outbursts of joy out on the campus. Ted was talking with George on the window-seat in their study. The victory had put the captain in high spirits, and since dinner he had returned to the old footing with his room-mate. They had talked the game over, from first play to last, and Ted, happy in the renewal of friendly relations, was seeking a fresh topic, lest George should become bored with his society and go away, when there was a knock at the door and Hal strode in. Recalling the threat he had made, Ted viewed his appearance with some apprehension; but Hal showed no intention of removing Ted's "block" in the designated manner.

"I got something to show you fellows," announced Hal, striding across to the window. "Look here. Read that! No, wait a minute till I tell you." He drew back the sheet of paper he had thrust toward George. "I got to thinking about that bill of Plaisted's last night. After all, I did owe it to him, you know. I thought that maybe he had sent it home and that Dad had paid it, although I could n't quite see Dad do that without a holler! Anyway, I decided to find out about it, and so I wrote him a note and mailed it this morning—sort of thanked him, you know, and said I hoped there was n't any mistake. This is what I got in answer. Found it in my room after supper. Read it out loud, George."

"Jabed Plaister, General Emporium, Dealer in—"

"Never mind that," interrupted Hal, impatiently. "Read the writing."

"If I can," agreed George. "Let 's see.

"DEAR SIR:

"Yours of like date to hand. I gave the other boy a receipted bill and I don't know what you are

DID N'T HE MAKE A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL ASSIST?' DEMANDED GEORGE' (SEE NEXT PAGE)

talking about unless you are trying to get funny, and I 'll tell you plain there 's a law for such as you. And if you had n't paid, I would have seen your principle just like I said I was going to. Lucky for you you did.

"Respectfully,
"JABED PLAISTER."

"Not so very respectful, either! Well, what about it, Hal?"

"Don't you see? Some fellow paid that bill. I did n't. Who did? That 's what I came here to find out." He turned suddenly to Ted. "Did you?" he demanded.

Ted stared back blankly.

"Did you?" insisted Hal. "You *did!* What for? Why—"

"He has n't really said he did," interposed George.

"He does n't need to. He is n't denying it, is he? Besides, he knew about it. Look here, Bowman, I 'm much obliged, of course, and all that, but I don't understand why—after you 'd refused me that night—"

"Well," said Ted, at last, slowly, seemingly seeking inspiration from his shoes, "I knew that if you got fired or put on probation and could n't pitch to-day, we 'd get licked. I—I ought to tell you frankly, I guess, that I did n't do it on your account, Saunders. There was the school to consider, and—and George. I knew he 'd be all broke up if we lost the game. I had the money put away for—for something, and so I decided that if Plaister was really going to make trouble, I 'd pay him. I met him on the road Monday morning, right after breakfast. I tried to get him to take five dollars, but he would n't; and so I paid it all, and he gave me the receipted bill. I ought to have told you at once, but—well, I was sort of peeved at you, and I did n't. Finally, when it got to be supper-time and I had n't told you, I was ashamed to, and so I stuck the bill in an envelop and put it in the mail. That 's all; except that some one—I guess it was 'Granny' Lockwood; he 's always mooning around the landscape—saw me give the money to Plaister and told Jerry."

There was a moment's silence. Then George said, "But you could have told Jerry the truth, Ted."

"What good would that have done? He 'd have put Saunders on probation the next minute, and that 's just what I was working against. Don't you see?"

"Mighty white!" muttered Hal.

"I wish you had told me, Ted," said George. "I talked a good deal of rough stuff. I 'm sorry, kid."

"That 's all right," said Ted; "you did n't know. You see, I 'd promised Saunders not to talk about it."

"Bowman, you 're a perfect brick!" exclaimed Hal. "I know you did n't do it on my account, but you got me out of a beast of a hole, and—and I 'm mighty grateful. And you 'll get that money back just as soon as I get home. I 'll tell Dad the whole story, and he 'll come across, never fear! Of course, I 'll have to promise to keep inside my allowance after this, but I guess I 'm about ready to, anyhow. Last Monday I 'd have promised anything! And I 'll see Jerry at once—"

"There 's no sense in doing that," interrupted Ted. "There 's only four more days of school, and I don't mind."

"But you 're in wrong with faculty—"

"Not very. The doctor was mighty decent, in fact. Said my record was so good he would n't be hard on me. There 's no use in his owning up, is there, George?"

"No, I don't think there is, Hal," answered George, after a moment's consideration. "Ted 's taken your punishment, and you 've learned your lesson—I hope."

"I have," agreed Hal, emphatically. "But it does n't seem fair to—to Ted. He was done out of playing, and a lot of fellows think hardly of him—".

"Shucks!" said Ted, "I don't mind. You fellows know how it was, and the others will forget by next fall. And we won. I 'm satisfied."

"We won," said George, "because of what you did, Ted, and for no other reason. I don't see any way to give you credit for it without getting Hal into trouble; but there 's one thing I can do, and I 'm going to do it."

"What?" asked Ted, uneasily.

"See that you get your W."

"Fine!" applauded Hal. "Only, do you think you really can? If Ted did n't play in the game—"

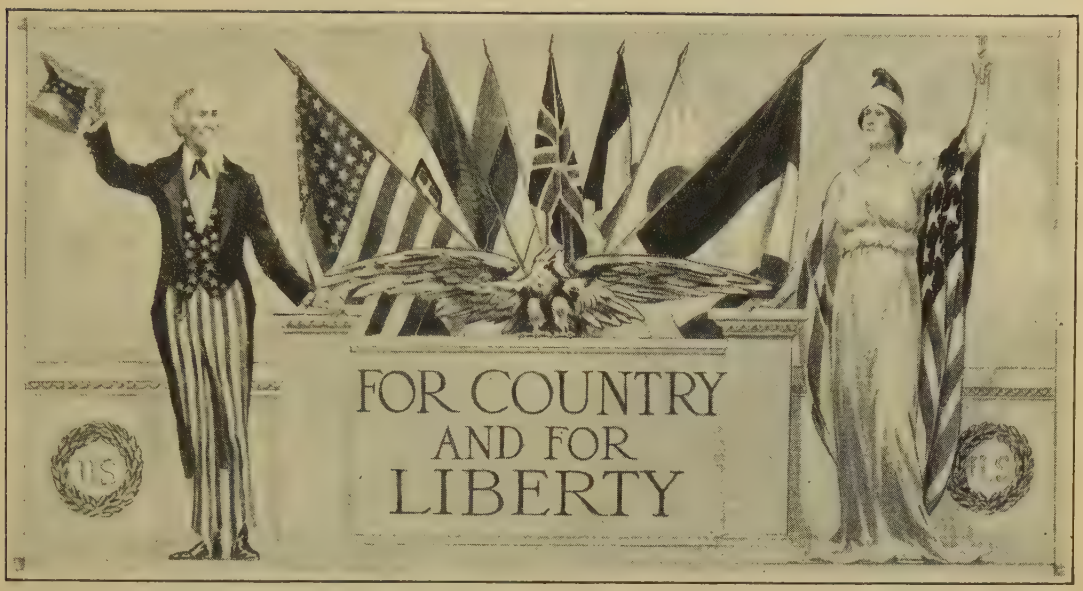
"Who says he did n't play?" demanded George. "He *must* have played! Did n't he make a perfectly wonderful assist?"

SONG OF THE SUMMER WIND

The wind blew over the field one day
Till a gossamer spider was blown away,
And a bumblebee, in a dreadful fright,
Clung on to a bachelor's button tight.
And the wind blew long, the wind blew wild,
And it sang this song to a little child:

"I jingle, I jangle the bluebells fair;
I toss and I tangle the children's hair;
I huff and I puff like the great, huge bear;
But you never can catch me anywhere—
For I am the wind, you know—heigh-ho!
The rollicking, frolicking wind."

Mabel Livingston Frank.



A SONG OF THE MARCH THROUGH FRANCE

By HELEN COALE CREW

EVERYWHERE the Lads went the grass shall come a-springing,
Chimneys curl a wisp of smoke,
Orchards burst in bloom.
And in a blue and peaceful sky, larks shall fall a-singing—
The little larks that dared not sing
Amid the cannon's boom.

Sing, larks! Sing, larks!
Be ever on the wing, larks!
The Lads that fought for Peace were here—
Sing, sing, sing!

Everywhere the Lads went—and oh, forever after!—
Shall women wipe their tears away
And ease their hearts with praise.
And all the children o' the world break into happy laughter—
The little ones that could not laugh
Through war's dark days.

Laugh then, children!
Laugh a merry peal again!
The Lads that fought for Love were here—
Laugh, laugh, laugh!

Everywhere the Lads went roads shall run whitely,
Harvests ripen goldenly,
Homes have roof and floor.
And every night, the world around, hearths shall burn brightly—
The piteous hearths so desolate,
So cold through the war.

Glow, hearths! Glow, hearths!
Your warmth and beauty show, hearths!
The Lads that fought for Home were here—
Glow, glow, glow!

THE ALLIES' SECONDARY DEFENSE

By JAMES ANDERSON

To splendid generalship and the keenest kind of military ability and judgment is unquestionably due the great success of the Allies. At the same time, among the rank and file of the various armies, there was a very strong belief that military strategists, when writing about the great 1918 offensive, should not, in their calculations, overlook the hoodoo effects on the German forces of the many army and navy mascots.

With all efforts to make light of the uncanny and mysterious, superstition is still a part of the human make-up, and soldiers and sailors are by no means exempt.

Almost every regiment and almost every ship in the war service of the Allies had its animal pet or pets. Under the name of mascots these pets became part of the life of our soldiers and sailors, who would rather at any

Gilliams Service (British Official)

THIS CAT IS NOT ONLY A BRITISH MASCOT, BUT HAS A RECORD OF DESTROYING TWENTY RATS AN HOUR

time have parted with their choicest belongings and mementoes than with their mascots. Officers are well aware that nothing creates discontent among the men as quickly as the abolishment of the fighters' pets.

Often the men will not work well without them, and it has been found impossible to make the members of the various commands believe anything else than that their animals bring them good luck and at times give them timely warnings of extreme danger.

Almost every *poilu,* when on duty in an advanced listening-post, had his dog companion, on whose keen instinct he largely depended to give him notice of the movements or approach of the *Boches,* often long before his own eyes or ears would apprise him of what was going on. If these soldiers should, by chance, be obliged to go on watch without their mascots, they would firmly believe that something unfortunate was almost sure to happen to them. And who could say it would not?

By the end of the war there was no end to the variety of mascots with the Allied troops in France and Flanders. They ranged from white mice or rats, to cats, dogs, bears, kangaroos, coons, goats, ducks, foxes, donkeys, roosters, parrots, wolves, turtles, rabbits, monkeys, deer, and horses. In the British mounted regiments, some of the drummers have the most unusually marked and picturesque horses to be found anywhere. In most cases these horses have been picked by the men because they regard them as mascots.

Even many of the officers had their weakness in reference to mascots, and few of their quarters were without pet animals. Of course, it would be impossible to get any of the officers to acknowledge they were there except as pets, but the common soldiers knew differently—or thought they did.

The Royal Welsh Fusileers—in fact, all the regiments from Wales—inclined strongly toward goats as mascots. The reason for this is easy to find, as the goat is extensively bred and attains perfection among the mountains of Wales. When the regiments departed for the front, the men were permitted to adopt the finest angora specimens from these herds.

The Welsh soldiers took great pride in feeding these animals an ample amount of the best of food; and besides this the beasts were given frequent baths and daily grooming until they developed into prize specimens of their kind. Not infrequently their beauty was enhanced by gold and silver mountings on their horns and gaudy blankets on their backs.

The soldiers from South Africa naturally, when leaving home, brought with them many strange and curious animal mascots. One regiment had a full-grown baboon, which was a mascot at the front ever since 1914, when he landed in Belgium. He was present at the

battles of Ypres and Loos. Once he was slightly wounded, and the men claim he has also imbibed several whiffs of gas; but he has survived all these common mishaps of war and is a very amusing fellow, still comparatively

Gilliams Service (British Official)

"BILLY" WOULD STAND FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT THE ACQUISITION OF MITTELEUROPA BY THE KAISER

hearty and healthy and proud of the fact that he is dean of the veteran mascots.

Monkeys of all varieties are commonly mascots with the troops from the tropics, and one South African regiment has a beautiful and rare striped deer which, although a very retiring and timid creature, in its native wilds, has lived happily at the front amid all the noise and din of battle for several years and has frequently been under fire. On one occasion a chance piece of shrapnel came along and hit one of its horns, knocking it sideways. Instead of straightening up again, it has now grown into this position, giving the animal a most peculiar look which, the Tommies claim, adds to its mascot powers; why, it is hard to tell.

The airmen are not exempt from the ancient belief in the value of mascots, and the English Royal Flying Corps had great faith in the ability of its many pet white rabbits to show Germany her place and to hoodoo the Huns generally.

The air forces of the Allies did not, however, depend upon rabbits alone as mascots, as they had many other pets, one a fox. But the Lafayette Escadrille had, perhaps, the most extraordinary mascots—two very fierce lion cubs, which were guaranteed by their owners to prevent the acquisition of Mitteleuropa by the Central Powers, that being one thing they would not stand for, the fliers claimed.

When the Canadian regiments were being recruited, the number of mascots was so great that it was hard to tell what to do with them. It was no uncommon sight to see a regiment on the march with two or three dogs, or a black or brown bear. The animals went through the streets with the men, and no objection to these arrangements was ever offered by the officers. These animals developed all sorts of queer traits at the camps, for much of the spare time of the men was devoted to various forms of trick training.

While there were all kinds of animal mascots at the front, dogs, man's best and most trusted friends, were the most common.

One of the famous dogs that went to the war with the Princess Pats was Bobby Burns, the princely collie. The Royal Highlanders of Canada, the 12th Regiment—nicknamed the

Gilliams Service (British Official)

NANCY, THE MASCOT FROM SOUTH AFRICA

"Dirty Dozen"—had for their pet a wire-haired fox-terrier, a grandson of King Edward's famous dog Cæsar. Another little ter-

rier went with a regiment of guards in the early days of the war, and was an intelligent spectator of some of the hand-to-hand fighting. And it was another little terrier—Hector, of the Army Service Corps—that discovered a fire in one of the depots and gave the alarm.

Probably the only dog which traveled with the Dardanelles expedition was Prado, a mongrel of Marseilles. Prado was wonderfully clever and brave. He took part in every combat in which his owner engaged, and had the reputation of being able to tell a Turk from a Frenchman or a Britisher without so much as looking at him.

At the Columbia War Hospital, in New York City, may be seen Boyeau, a police-dog and war veteran. With three other dogs, he was drawing a mitrailleuse for a French company in the early days of the war. Coming under German fire, he was wounded in the right fore leg. His companions were killed, but he stuck to his work and landed the gun into position. The dog was treated in a hospital in France and later brought to America.

Our boys at the front were just as partial to and fond of mascots as the soldiers of our allies, and in addition to their other duties, they cared for a sufficient number of curious animals to fill a good-sized menagerie.

A BRITISH AVIATOR HAVING A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH HIS MASCOT

Gilliams Service (British Official)

THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS HAD GREAT FAITH IN THE ABILITY OF ITS RABBITS TO SHOW GERMANY HER PLACE

Jimmy, the Mexican ant-eater mascot of Uncle Sam's marines, is like his human associates, always first to fight; and like a true mascot, went through the drive of the marines on the Marne unscathed.

When the marines began the march toward the German lines, Jimmy fell right in line. All the coaxing, threatening and pleading that the pick of the regiment could do were of no avail. Jimmy's comrades were going into trouble? Well, then, so was Jimmy.

While the hand-to-hand conflict raged between the marines and the Huns, Jimmy, scurrying, was here, there, and everywhere.

After the battle the sea-soldiers, realizing that they would never be able to keep Jimmy out of any more engagements, immediately fashioned a miniature gas-mask and shrapnel-helmet to protect the mascot the next time he went forth into the fray.

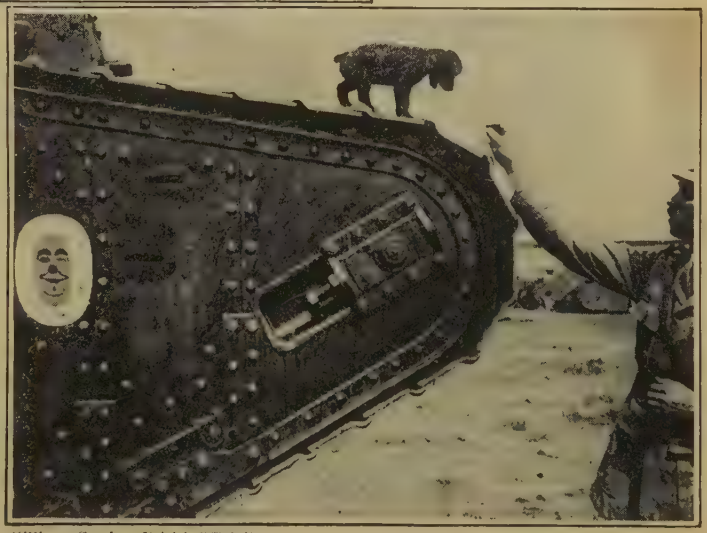
ADOPTED BY A BRITISH REGIMENT AS ITS MASCOT—A BABY FOUND NEAR THE GERMAN LINES

The 26th (U. S.) Divisional Supply-train, while en route, found a diminutive donkey in an almost dying condition, cared for it, adopted it as a mascot, and gave it every luxury of camp life. The supply-train of the 27th United States Army Division adopted as a mascot a tiny white kid, which they brought up on the bottle. The frolics of the pretty little thing created many a diversion for the men of the command. One day at Fort Myer, the 2nd Battery, 6th Field Artillery, received from a group of girls a brown bear as a mascot. Before he was handed over, the bear had acquired a taste for sweets, so the boys had to continue to supply candy to keep him happy.

The affection of the soldiers for their pets was striking. Also, it was fully returned by the animals. Feeding the mascots and playing with them were among the chief diversions of the troops when not in action. Many are the cases when men risked their lives for their pets. The intelligence of the animals was amazing.

One top sergeant had a horse that followed him like a dog. One day the horse returned alone. The sergeant had been fatally hurt by shrapnel. The horse actually pined away for his master. He was almost useless after that, forever on the lookout for the sergeant.

Is there, after all, anything tangible back of this very ancient belief in mascots? Soldiers and sailors affirm that there is, and will tell of case after case of their mascots bringing them good luck in battle; but no one can say if they would or would not have fared equally well without their pets. However, every one has heard of rats deserting an ill-fated ship, and it seems to be well established that some animals have a strange ability, not given to the average run of human beings, to foresee coming events.



Gilliams Service British Official)

EVEN THE TANKS HAVE THEIR MASCOTS

A case in point is the story of the pet cat forsaking the *Empress of Ireland* three times when the ill-fated liner was preparing to leave Montreal on her last voyage.

Perhaps, after all, the soldiers are right in claiming that their mascots are the Allies' secondary defense.

LISTENING IN BY RADIO

By EDWARD RICE DOYLE

Recently Radio Officer, Air Service, U. S. A.

ONE of the most fascinating branches of the army is the radio service. During the war, radio was highly utilized, and there arose a specialized type of operator who did nothing but "listen in" on the enemy radio talk. From it he learned much. At times the code keys were discovered, and many valuable bits of information were thus obtained.

To understand radio methods in warfare, you should have a picture of the front. In Figure 1 we see the front line trenches with radio sets—but only for emergencies. The

FIGURE 1

radio sets are a last resort when runners, dogs, flares, and telephones fail. Next you have the battery stations, which receive wireless from the aëroplanes correcting the gun-fire. Back farther are the headquarters radio-stations, where most of the listening-in is done.

Night and day there is a skilled operator writing down all the heard enemy signals. His records are studied, deciphered if possible, and turned into valuable reports.

Sometimes the problem is to locate a big German gun. The listening-in station takes the wireless corrections sent down by the German plane, while other observers note the order and then spot each shell-burst with regard to the target—which is known to both sides. Then, by piecing the corrections and shots together, the Allies have a clue as to where the gun is. In Figure 2, shot 1 was over and to the right; 2 was over and to the left; 3 was close on the left, range O. K.; 4 was range O. K., but to

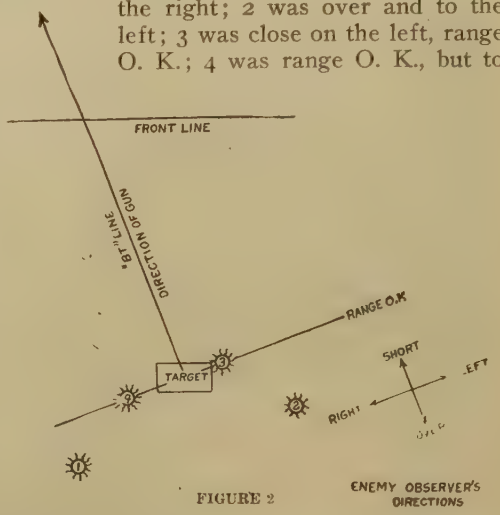


FIGURE 2

the right. Thus the gun had to be somewhere on a line perpendicular to the "range-O. K." line from battery to target (B T line). Now it took the shells twenty seconds to burst, after the German observer commanded fire. That indicated that the gun must be, say, four and one-quarter miles back of the lines, to take twenty seconds.

Thus the radio man located the gun, and a day later a raid by the Allied planes would succeed in either destroying the gun or forcing its withdrawal.

A new device which utilized the radio principle was also used, but the details of this instrument have not been given out by the War Department. It was very successful in finding out enemy gun positions, and, had the war continued, would have been of immense value.

The Germans at one time used a simple trick on the Allies. They would listen in to our signals and note each correction sent by an aërial observer to the battery. If the aërial observer was dangerous to them, they would place bags of powder at points where they would be sure to confuse the observer for his own shots, then set them off just as he was watching for the shots from his own battery to burst. Up in the air, powder bags and real

bursts look alike. The result would be a great mix up in corrections, which soon compelled the Allied battery to call home the observer. Once this deception was discovered, the Allied observers used stop-watches and started them only when they *saw* their own battery fire. Thus they knew the exact second that their own shot would fall, and could not be confused by a German "puff-bag."

The biggest Zeppelin raid of the war was rendered a failure, thanks to the listening service in London. Owing to the fact that Zeppelins are good targets in daylight, they had to fly at night; and to keep straight in their course, they must have bearing corrections.

These were being given by two big radio-stations in Germany—at two places, far apart. By a device called a direction-finder, the German Zeppelin would know the exact direction of the signals from these two stations. By

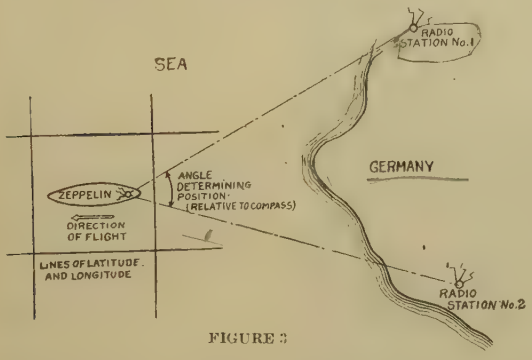


FIGURE 3

trigonometry it would know where it was, and correct its course easily. (See Figure 3.)

The English knew that this system was being used, so when the big Zeppelin fleet came in sight of the coast, they started up powerful "jambing-machines." A jambing-machine is a big radio set whose waves are so "broad"—cover so many ranges—that no radio set near by can hear anything else. The English jambing-machine drowned out all the German stations, and the result was that several Zeppelins lost their bearings and were destroyed by storm and forced landings. One was captured intact in France—a handsome trophy.

During the war one frequently read of the discovery, by radio experts, of German radio-stations in this country communicating with Mexico and elsewhere. This was accomplished by listening in with the direction-finder sets. Two stations far apart would listen in and detect the direction of the enemy set. Then, by carrying these lines out on a map, they could locate the set at the intersection of the lines. One set was thus located in the heart of New York City, though it gave the radio men a lot of trouble in discovering it.

The greatest achievement in radio development during the war was the perfection of the vacuum-tube, which made radio-telephony practicable. By means of three or four little bulbs, not unlike the ordinary electric lamp, it was possible to transmit messages by the voice, instead of by dots and dashes.

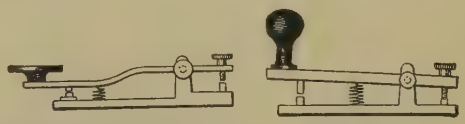
The radio-telephone is fascinating. You can go up in an aëroplane with twenty or thirty other 'planes in a formation. The leader will talk to you all and say, "Right Turn—Go," and every 'plane will make the proper manœuver. Otherwise, if you had no wireless 'phone, the leader would have to dance his ship up and down to tell you by such antics what to do.

You can talk between 'planes or between a 'plane and the ground.

One of the finest sports is to play "tag" with another 'plane on a cloud-bank. While right in the middle of a cloud—it is just like a heavy fog, but so much more beautiful—you hear your friend say: "Hello, Jack! how 's the mist where you are? It 's pretty thick here." Then you call back: "I say, Bill, have you got a spare umbrella? It 's raining over here."

The greatest trouble for the listening-in expert is still unsolved. It is the problem of "static," or radio, signals set up by nature. These are especially noticeable in stormy, wet weather. At the front, it was the regular custom of the radio men to predict showers by the increase of static.

What these static signals really are and how they can be eliminated is a serious concern to all radio men, for they interfere greatly with communication. Some day, perhaps, some boy



ORDINARY TELEGRAPH KEY AËROPLANE KEY

The big awkward-looking handle on the aëroplane key is needed because the radio observer must wear heavy gloves and use a slow, precise arm-movement for each dot and dash

—or will it be a girl?—who reads ST. NICHOLAS will invent a Static Remover and thereby gain fame.

But he must get his lessons well, especially his mathematics, and learn the radio code thoroughly; and even if he does n't solve *this* puzzle, he may become a great radio expert who can listen in on the world's radio and maybe prevent some great disaster. But he must study, or he won't become a good radio-man.

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER XXV

AN ARMY OF ANGELS

André stayed with us for *déjeuner* and talked of the *poilus'* life in the trenches.

"It is misery, no doubt of that," he said, "but we do it so that our children may be spared the menace of these inhuman Germans."

He was repeating what I had heard wherever I had been. To save the generations to come from the savagery of the *Boches!* That was the animating thought in the minds of all the people in France.

"And you know," André went on in his simple, easy way, "we are not alone in the trenches. The ghosts of all the old armies of France are there, too. We have but to close our eyes to see them standing beside us, charging when we charge, fighting with us in the thick of it. They must be there, else how could we endure? Madame," he continued, turning to Madame Barton, "we who have lived a little longer in the world know that at times of great moment to us we do things scarcely realizing how or why. And yet they are right. I, who have been passing through many such moments *là bas,* know that it is the spirits of the dead who come to our aid. We *poilus* are not professional soldiers. We are just common men from the farms, from the counting-houses, from the factories—artisans of one sort or another, with no special fitness for the work, and yet we do it. We are not afraid, though we know that death is at our elbows every minute. Why, I ask you, do we not run away? There is but one answer. In each of us there is a fragment of Jeanne d'Arc's brave spirit. I am not superstitious. I am a blacksmith by trade; which is a practical business, is it not? I see no visions at the forge. I have no need of them. But at this trade of war we simple fellows are given strength. France must be saved. It is no great mystery."

Though we urged him to stay, he explained that he must be off at once to rejoin his regiment ere his leave was up.

"I must be back to-morrow morning, Mademoiselle," he said, with a cheerful smile. "I am uneasy in my mind when I am away. It is a curious thing, you know, because I hate it all. But the *sales Boches*—they must be beaten! *Au revoir,* Mademoiselle; do not forget that a company of good men—I know, who tell you—have your father's memory close to their hearts. They will fight the better for it. Ah, la, la! We shall fight to the end, never fear!"

"Au revoir, Monsieur Cupin," I answered, giving him my hand. "Thank you a thousand times for coming. My compliments to my brothers in the company of my papa."

He saluted instinctively at the mention of his captain.

"He is still leading us, Mademoiselle," he said, half to himself. "A brave soul never dies, and perhaps I shall be with him to-morrow. Who can tell?"

"You must not say that!" I protested.

"And why not?" he questioned cheerfully. "It is a thing to be faced, Mademoiselle. "Otherwise—," he shrugged, "it would not be possible. It brings consolation to see you wearing the Cross. Good-by again and *Vive la France,* eh?"

"Vive la France!" I called, "and *bonne chance!"*

"Thank you, Mademoiselle!" He waved his hand, smiled up at me, and was gone.

It heartened me, this visit of André Cupin. How could it not hearten me to have this last word of my gallant father? It was good to know that his men, too, loved him. He did not seem so far away from me after that.

I talked to my *poilus* in the hospital about André's visit, and they understood all that he had told me.

"It is why we fret to go back that is impossible to explain," one of them growled irritably. "Of course, it is to save France. That goes without saying; but why should we be impatient? We all are. Is it not so, you?" he demanded of another of the group of convalescents.

"It is without doubt true that we wish to go back. That is as far as I trouble to think about the matter." The answer came in a rather surly tone, as if not to find an excuse for so strange a longing was something of a reflection upon the intelligence of him who spoke.

"And it is all gospel about those spirits that have appeared," another informed me. "I myself have not yet seen them—"

"But I have!" came the deep voice of a soldier whose eyes were bandaged. He had but lately joined us.

We all turned to him with eager interest.

"Tell us about it," was the demand.

"I saw them," he answered shortly, and we waited a moment for him to speak; but he kept silent.

"But tell us, man!" cried Pitou. "We have heard of this from many. Some laughed, some said it was a dream, but none denied. Tell us, man."

"How can I make you see?" the blind man answered, turning his face in our direction.

"Oh, la la!" exclaimed Pitou. "Is it the sightless only who see spirits?"

"Messieurs," the man began, and there was in his voice something of authority. "If you have not beheld the vision, as I have, it is impossible that you should comprehend it. I saw a multitude of flaming figures with uplifted swords, each with an arm outstretched toward the *Boches*. But that was not the wonder of it. The eyes of all that host were fastened upon *me*. It was to *me* they beckoned. To me! To me!" He thumped his chest passionately. "They were in the air, phantoms of pure radiance, and they looked at me and pointed."

He stopped a moment, panting a little.

"Afterward we talked of it," the blind man went on. "In whispers we hinted to one another of what we had seen, fearful at first that we should be laughed at. But a *poilu* would mention it to his pal, and in a short time it was found that the eyes of all the men in that regiment had been opened. Then each man spoke of how the spirits had gazed at him. All of them at *him*, as all of them had gazed at me. That was strange, was n't it? But how can you, who were not there, picture it to yourselves? Where are the words that can describe a world of angels?

"'MY COMPLIMENTS TO MY BROTHERS IN THE COMPANY OF MY PAPA'"

I still behold the vision, I who am blind!"

It was only two days later that I was sent for by Mademoiselle Peters. She met me in the doorway of one of the officers' wards. There was a look in her face that set my heart throbbing on the instant.

"What is it, Mademoiselle?" I asked.

"It is your grandfather, Jeannette," she answered. "He has been asking for you ever since he learned where he was."

"Is he wounded?" I stammered, a catch coming in my throat.

She nodded her head and led me into the long room.

Grandpère was watching for us from his little white bed, and had a smile of welcome on his dear old face.

"My dear little Jeannette!" he whispered, as I bent to kiss him. "My dear, my dear!"

I could not speak for a moment. To find him there with such a short warning; never to have known that he was hurt; to come suddenly upon another tragedy so near to me—it made me dumb. And yet that is how their sorrows came to the women of France.

"Smile, my dear," he went on, after a moment. "There is nothing to pull a long face about. I am in no pain, and my heart is very light. Come, do not be cast down because thy old grandpère is stretched upon his back. Think with gladness, as I do, that there was left to me a chance to shed a drop or two of blood for our country. I 've been lucky, my dear."

He was so cheerful and so lively that I could not believe at first that his hurt was very serious.

"I was so startled to find thee here, Grandpère," I murmured. "That is why I could not speak. Where art thou wounded?"

"Do not let us talk of that," he answered. "We have so much to say to each other. Wounds in these days are common enough. Tell me of thy own doings. I hear great things of thee, especially in this hospital. A most pleasant nurse praised thee for bringing much cheer into this house of pain. Is there none left for thy old grandpère?"

"Of course," I answered, smiling in spite of my anxiety; for though he seemed so easy in his mind, I saw, presently, that his condition must be serious. In my daily visits to Neuilly I had learned to read the faces of those who, even if they laughed to mask their misery, could not conceal the truth from experienced eyes. "But, Grandpère, you must tell me about yourself."

"No, no," he interrupted. "There are many much better things to talk about. Soon we must talk of certain legal formalities that need attention; but those will come in good time. These first moments are ours. Let us keep them to ourselves."

His evident desire that I should not question him increased the growing fear I felt. I understood that he was thinking of me and wanted to spare my feelings. His whole life had been like that.

He began at once to talk of Papa, asking me to take off the Cross I was wearing and give it into his hand.

"The Legion of Honor is no finer decoration than this simple tribute to a brave soldier," he said, looking at it with a smile. "It was fine that they gave it to thee."

"Yes, I think so too. But oh, Grandpère! if only Papa had been there to receive it."

I could not help saying it. I found that my courage was disappearing fast, and that I, who should be helping Grandpère, was now leaning upon him for comfort.

"Yes, my dear Jeannette," he answered, with a gentle shake of his head, "yes, that would have been better, but it could not be. He has given his life. Could he have given less? No, no! Do not grieve for those who have fallen. They will be remembered for generation after generation. Not as individuals, my dear, that would not be half the triumph, but as one of those whose souls were alive. One of the faithful who, in the day when men said that money was the only God, helped to prove that saying a lie. Who gave thee the cross, my dear?"

"General Joffre, Grandpère."

"Ah, *vraiment!* Papa Joffre!" He looked again at the cross with a whimsical smile upon his face. "He saved the world, my dear, Joffre and his *poilus* at the Marne. It is not well understood yet. There are some who cannot comprehend. But history will have Joffre's name at the head of the list. We French talk of Napoleon. We are proud of him. He was a great captain. But he did not save the world from anything, Jeannette. Joffre's work is different. His name will be remembered when battles are forgotten, as, we pray *le bon Dieu,* they shall be, one day."

So we talked of this and that, till I began to forget the fear in my heart.

After a while Mademoiselle Peters came, saying that I must not tire the patient, which was my signal to go away.

"But, Mademoiselle," Grandpère protested, "she is all I have in the world. I should like her near me as long as possible."

"It is the order of the doctor, Monsieur," she answered. "You would not have me disobey my chief?"

"No, no, you must obey, and Jeannette will have to go. Good night, my dear. Kiss me and promise to return early in the morning. I shall be somewhat forlorn until thou hast come back to me."

He saw that there was no need for me to make the promise. It was all I could do to tear myself away. If I was all he had in the world, it was equally true that I should be alone if he left me.

On the way out I met the chaplain. He had a smile on his face, as always, but I guessed that it was not accident which had brought him into my path just then.

"I have sad news for you, my dear," he said softly.

"Grandpère?"

"He cannot get well, Jeannette. They asked me to tell you. They count upon your being a brave girl. I promised them you would be."

The good father took me into his little private room and left me for a time to struggle with this new sorrow. It seemed to me that my cup of unhappiness was filled and brimming over. How could I be brave any longer? My heart was breaking.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

My diary was neglected in the all too few days that followed, but afterward I put down certain matters which I hope never to forget. What I felt most was Grandpère's wonderful spirit. Scarcely a hint of that can be expressed in words. But I need no reminder, for it will always remain a living memory.

When he learned that I knew his end was not far off, he set himself the task of robbing death of all its sting.

"Ah, Jeannette," he would tell me again and again, "I shall go to a happier place. Not that I complain of this world. My life in it has been of some little use to France. You cannot know what a satisfaction that has been to me. There was an American patriot of whom I once read—I forget his name; but he said, when he came to die, that he was sorry he had but a single life to give for his country. He was a noble man. I am sorry that I cannot recall the name, so that you might keep it and his words fresh in your thoughts. I feel as he did. That is my only regret at going. That, and leaving thee, my little one, who hast been so dear to the heart of thy old grandpère."

He talked thus only now and then. More often he strove to be gay and lively, cheering those with whom he came in contact, so that his little bed was the center of all that was happiest in that long room filled with suffering men.

"It is easy to see where you get your cheery spirit," Mademoiselle Peters said to me. "Your grandfather is splendid. One cannot think of sadness in his presence."

One of the first things that Grandpère had done was to send to a notary to make a new will. The man came, and Grandpère told him of our estates at Courcelles and how they had been stolen from us by the Germans in 1870.

"And see to it, Monsieur," said Grandpère, "that in this document you make mention of the fact that my granddaughter Jeannette de Martigny becomes a ward of France. I shall leave her tranquilly, knowing that when Alsace-Lorraine shall be restored, she will be given her inheritance. I have every assurance that all will be well. It is an honor to be a ward of the French Republic."

"It shall be as you wish, Monsieur," the notary replied, making notes upon a pad he carried.

"And do not delay, Monsieur," Grandpère cautioned at the end. "I should like to stay, but I have a pressing engagement that will brook no delay."

"The documents will be ready for your signature on the morrow," was the promise; and the man left the hospital.

"I shall be easier in my mind, Jeannette, when it is signed and delivered," Grandpère said, when the notary had gone.

"But why bother with such things, Grandpère?" I protested.

"Oh, my dear, it is necessary!" he answered with a smile. "I have no wish that Germans shall keep our lands. And moreover, my dear, it is right that you should go back to the home of your fathers. It is a beautiful place. Or at least it was. Probably the Germans have altered it. I should not be surprised if they had. No doubt they have thought to improve the château by making it like the monstrosities of architecture of which they boast. They are as brutal in their ideas of beauty as in everything else."

The will was signed in due course, and I was relieved to have the business done with. There was all too little time, for I could not hide from myself the fact that Grandpère

failed from day to day. And, as it was, I had only the afternoons with him, for most of the mornings were given up to the doctors who strove to make him comfortable, though they held out no hope for his ultimate recovery. I neglected everything else to sit beside him, but the hours passed too quickly, and I seemed to have just arrived when Mademoiselle Peters would come tiptoeing down the room to warn me that my visit must end.

"I know, my dear, it is hard to have to go," she would say, accompanying me out of the door; "but it will keep him with us a little longer if we do not tire him."

While we were together, he talked of the war. There was nothing else half so important, and in all our hearts there was but one object for which it may be truly said we lived —or died. Sometimes I would have doubts. My heart would grow heavy with the load of my sorrow and the thought of all the suffering throughout the land; but Grandpère always found the words to give me courage.

"You must not lose your faith, my dear," he said one day when I had complained. "To you, it may seem worthless—all this bloodshed and misery; but it is not. No, no! It will not have been in vain."

"But it does seem terrible that these things should have to be!" I sighed.

"Yes, yes," he agreed, "it is terrible. Yet it had to come, as long as there was a nation upon the earth that had no soul. The Germans are barbarians. That is the truth. I say it, not because I am a Frenchman made bitter by their insults, but as a man of the world. They are not to be trusted. They do not keep their word. That is the abiding sin. They have no honor. That is the root of the fault! See to it, Jeannette, that you do not forget in the years to come. Tell the children you meet that they must not forget. Teach them that the Germans are not as other people. All nations have learned now what they are. Let them never forget it. Even if—*le bon Dieu* forbid it—we should lose this war, it would not prove that the Germans were right. It would but strengthen them in their belief that it was profitable to lie, to steal, to break one's word, to have no honor. It is to kill that belief for all time that France fights."

"We shall endure, Grandpère," I said.

"But yes, child," he answered with a smile of confidence. "And after this, there will be less envy and ill feeling between the honest nations of the earth. A common sorrow, a common misery, a common sacrifice—these things make brothers of men who suffer them together. Thus shall we make an end to war. Will that not have been worth while?"

"Yes, Grandpère, yes!" I answered, carried away by his enthusiasm; "and we know both how to live and how to die, we French."

"That 's bravely said," he responded, and smiled up at me; but my face must have fallen as I remembered his condition, with a sudden thumping of the heart. "No, do not be afraid to mention death, my dear—not to thy old Grandpère. He is ready, and the end is not far off."

And then at length there came a day when his weakness was no more to be hidden, even by his brave spirit. We sat together hour after hour, my hand in his, and spoke no word. Mademoiselle Peters did not drive me away that evening, and the minutes slipped away unheeded. Night came, the busy business of getting the patients' suppers went on about us; but we scarcely noticed it. For a time the ward was full of whispers and gentle talk. A nurse came to settle Grandpère for the night, and still I sat on.

"Jeannette," said Grandpère at length, his voice weak, but firm enough for me to understand all that he said, "I have been thinking. What wilt thou do with thyself?"

"Ah, Grandpère, if you knew how I have puzzled my head about that every day since the war began!" I answered. "I have done what was at hand to do, but I cannot be satisfied that it is enough."

"I understand," he answered, "I understand. But hast thou ever thought of the future of our country? I cannot forget the children of France. The little children of to-day will be the grown people of to-morrow. Hast thou ever considered them?"

"I 'm afraid I have n't, Grandpère," I answered, wondering what he had in mind.

"I have been pondering it all day," he went on. "Of the winning of the war I have no doubt whatever. But that will not be the end. It is the future of France of which I am not so certain. There will be a heavy responsibility, for which the children must be prepared. Canst thou understand that, Jeannette?"

"I think so, Grandpère," I replied.

"It is plain enough, when one considers the matter," he continued after a moment's pause. "Yet I wonder if there is enough attention given to it? Perhaps. Yet to thee, my dear, let me leave a message. Take up thy work with the children. Thou art young and hast much to learn; but teach them what is already known to thee. The children must continue at their schools. Many masters have gone to the front, so others must be provided. That is the

vital thing. Think seriously of it, my dear. Remember the children of France; they are the gold of our country; they must be treasured."

"Could I help them, Grandpère?" I asked.

"To be sure," he asserted. "Ask among those whose business it is. If we were in Rheims, I should tell thee to see the Abbé Chinot or the archbishop. They would set thee to work, I doubt not, particularly Monsieur l'Abbé. He is not one to suffer idlers about him. I should like to see the Abbé once more. If thou shouldst meet him, Jeannette, please say that I had him in my thoughts."

Again there was a long silence, and then, on a sudden, Grandpère sat up in bed, as if he were well and strong, and my heart leaped.

"It is time to go!" he cried in a loud voice that echoed around the room. *"En avant!* Another marches home. An old soldier who has but breath enough left to shout *Vive la France!"*

The unexpectedness of this brought me to my feet, as the final words rang out in the stillness of that quiet ward. Then, as if they had pierced the souls of those crippled and suffering men, there came an answer from all the beds about us.

"Vive la France! Vive la France!" The bold chorus filled the chamber with a mighty challenge.

I turned away a moment, startled, and when I looked back to the little bed my dear grandpère was lying there with a smile upon his face. I think he must have heard that splendid response to his call; but I shall have to wait to be sure.

"'I CANNOT FORGET THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE' HE SAID"

Mademoiselle Peters hurried to me, guessing what had passed and ready to comfort me; but strangely enough, there were no tears in my eyes. It seemed as if I had witnessed a victory.

"His last thoughts were of his country," whispered Mademoiselle Peters.

"And his last words, *'Vive la France!'*"

(To be continued)

THE LITTLE INDIAN'S RIDE

By GRACE PURDIE MOON

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack;
Out on my pony, and now that I'm back,
I 'll tell you the things that I saw on the road;
A prairie-dog town and a little horned toad;
A lizard asleep on a rock in the sun,—
He jumped as we passed him, and how he did run!
A herd of wild deer that fled by swift as light;
A coyote gray that was soon out of sight.
When taking a trail down a sheer cañon wall,
We had to go slowly for fear of a fall,
And far down below we could see the bright gleam
Of Mato-watoba, the swift little stream.
And high up the cliff, hardly seen from below,
An eagle had built where no hunter could go.

If *you 'd* take the trip with my father to guide,
With my eyes to see things, my pony to ride,
I know what you 'd say—that cities could go;
You 'd live as an Indian, whether or no!

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack,
Out on my pony and all the way back,
That 's what I saw by the side of the road,
And all in the sunlight that sparkled and glowed.

When I 'm hot and through with play,
And I 'm lolling on the grass,
Watching tree-tops sway and sway,
Watching big white clouds that pass,
Not exactly half asleep,
But with dreams, and nice ones, near,
When I 'm comfy, 'way in deep,
Then I sure do hate to hear:
"Willie!
Willie!
Time to come and dress;
WILL-IE!"

Now, the room my mother 's got
Has the sun all afternoon;
And she 's always saying, "Hot?
Why, I really thought I 'd swoon!"
And it 's there I have to go
To be fussed with every day;
"Getting clean," Ma calls it. Oh!
How it hurts to hear her say:
"Willie!
Willie!
Time to come and dress;
WILL-IE!"

"'GETTING CLEAN,' MA CALLS IT"

"SHE DECLARES ALL I DO IS SPRAWL ON THE BED"

If the room were not so small,
  Why, it would n't be so bad;
But there 's trunks and clothes and all,
  And my mother gets *so* mad.
She declares I don't half try,
  And that all I do is sprawl
On the bed. "Oh dear!" she 'll sigh,
  "How I dread the time I call,
Willie!
Willie!
Time to come and dress;
WILL-IE!"

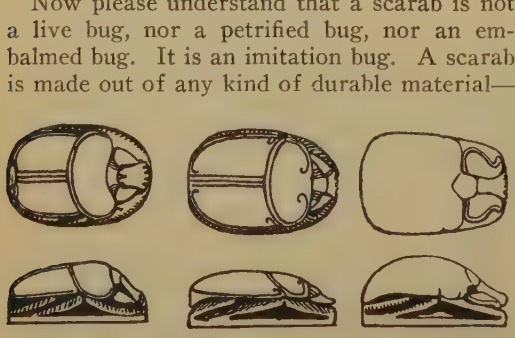
Don't I wish that we could go
  To some place where no one cares,
Where there is n't so much show,
  And where no one puts on airs!
Heigh-ho-hum! It 's five o'clock;
  Just the nicest time of day—
Mother's chair has stopped its rock;
  I know what she 's going to say:
"Willie!
Willie!
Time to come and dress;
WILL-IE!"

SCARABS

By ALBERT E. BAILEY

THE word "Scarab" conjures up old Egypt as surely as if a wizard had waved his wand. The traveler who holds one of these little "bugs" between his fingers has visions of the lordly Nile, the clustered pyramids, the desert with the secrets of a vanished civilization in its embrace. He sees a whole race marching out of the mist of past ages, a race of toilers, a simple people in whom laughter and tears rise easily, but with whom laughter stays longest; a people, also, who thought of the dim hereafter more definitely and with greater persistence than any other race before or since. The strangest part of it is that this race tried to solve all mysteries of the future life by the aid of magic. By its powerful help they sought to cure all their sicknesses and overcome all their enemies. Of this people and this belief the scarab is the symbol. It is Egyptian in origin and thoroughly Egyptian in use. It is an emblem of Egypt, and it stands for the Egyptian belief in magic.

Now please understand that a scarab is not a live bug, nor a petrified bug, nor an embalmed bug. It is an imitation bug. A scarab is made out of any kind of durable material—



GENERAL TYPES OF SCARABS, TOP AND SIDE VIEWS

steatite, lapis-lazuli, carnelian, granite, porphyry, amethyst, and the like. With a sharp tool the stone is cut into the form of a "Scarabæus," walking or standing or lying on an oval base. An inscription is usually engraved on the bottom, and sometimes ornamental lines are cut on the scarab's back. Other scarabs are made wholly of paste or porcelain, first pressed into a mold and then baked. These little creatures, of which Egypt has furnished so many thousand, range in artistic excellence from an almost indistinguishable lump to masterpieces of design and color—veritable jewels.

But why did the Egyptians choose a bug? This question lets us into the mind of the Egyptian scientist and the Egyptian philosopher. The primitive nature-fakir saw, crawling about the edges of the desert, a black beetle about an inch, or an inch and a half long, known nowadays to the entomologists as the *"Scarabæus sacer."* This bug had one habit that puzzled the nature-fakir. It would often amuse itself, apparently, by rolling about with its hind feet a ball of what was evidently brown earth. The ball was often bigger than itself; in fact, the bug would seem actually to be standing on its head, while its rear pair of legs would be high in air as, moving backward, they kicked along this big marble. Up a sandy slope the scarab would roll it and then let it roll down again, having apparently all the fun in the world. After it had played with the ball long enough, it buried it in the sand. What puzzled the nature-fakir was this: out of that ball, in about a month, a brand-new bug would issue. Not being a scientist, the primitive naturalist assumed that bug number one had perpetuated itself by rolling the ball. Life had somehow gone from number one to number two by a sort of "revolution" (whether "evolution" or not), and thus the eternal procession of bugs was maintained.

THE *SCARABÆUS SACER*
(NATURAL SIZE)

The philosophers, thinking in bigger terms than the primitive scientists, and surveying the eternal procession of all life from generation

to generation, reasoned that there was a principle of life that kept the world alive.

Whether the nature-fakir or the philosopher put these two ideas together, or whether an accident of language did it,—the beetle was called "kheper," and the Egyptian god of life, "Kheper,"—the fact is that the beetle became the symbol of the god. The beetle, used in Egyptian picture-writing, meant the god "Kheper," if it was a noun; and if it was a verb,

From "Gods of the Egyptians," by E. A. T. W. Budge

THE EGYPTIAN GOD KHEPER, WITH BEETLE HEAD

it meant "to be, to become, to endure." In the fanciful symbolism of later times, the god was sometimes represented with a man's body, but with a beetle for a head. The sun, as the most powerful life-giver in the universe, was especially represented by this same symbol, and was pictured as a beetle with mighty, outspread wings.

Magic, whatever it means to the philosopher, meant to the Egyptian the power that controlled the gods, demons, or whatever agencies for good or evil there were outside of one's self. That power resided in names, symbols, manufactured likenesses of the agency invoked. Whoever had possession of the name of a djinn could control the djinn; whoever had an image of a god could engrave on it some word that the god feared and could scare the god into doing whatever his human master wished. Only mumble the right "hocus-pocus," and you had the universe at your feet.

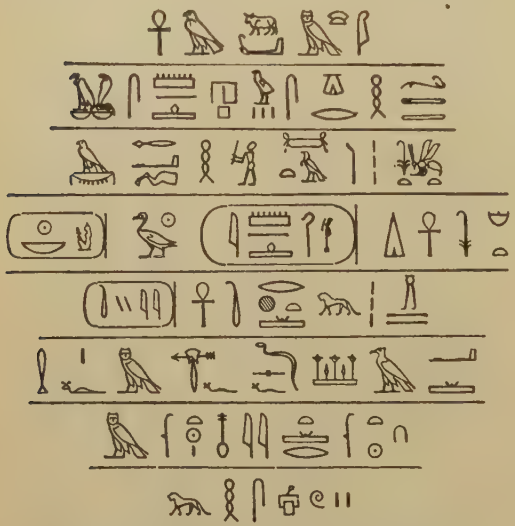
Strange as it may seem, the Egyptian taught the whole world this belief in the potency of charms. There is a legend that Solomon accomplished his wonders in building by pronouncing the secret name that was engraved on his ring, and at the word the Prince of the Powers of the Air came flying to do Solomon's bidding. One can follow the trail of this magic down through all the centuries, through *Aladdin* and his lamp, to the present. The girl who raps on wood to avert the baleful consequences of a boastful word, or the boy who says "Nux Dagon" or "criss-cross" to spoil his companion's aim at marbles, is the lineal descendant of the old Egyptian magic-maker. The secrets of this magic business were in the keeping of the "medicine men" of that time, wizards, and wise women, all of whom would convey and sell the same for a consideration. Truly a safe and simple cure for all the ills of life and especially for its fears!

Now one of the fears that beset the ancient Egyptians was that, awaking in some dim uncertain world, after his earthly life was ended, he would be unable to recall who he was, and unable to connect himself with his past, unable to answer if the stern Judge should demand, "Who art thou?" But "The remedy is perfectly simple," thought he. "I will make an imitation of the great god Kheper, the self-creator, the world-preserver. I will engrave my name upon it. I will utter over it the word of power that shall compel the god, by my use of his symbol, to take charge of my name: 'Hickory dickory dock! E pluribus unum! Old Kheper, hold on to this name!—which means hold on to me!—and never let me get so rattled that I won't know whether I be I or somebody else! Hickory dickory dock, Hocus pocus!'" The business was then done for keeps. Kheper could not resist the magic formula. He was whipped on to his job, and the old Egyptian could go to sleep in peace.

So every scarab represents a chunk of pure magic. The god Kheper, compelled by the making of his symbol, or by the power-words uttered over it, or by both, was to keep, through all the ages, whatever was consigned to him. Is it any wonder that scarabs were made by the thousand, by the million, and that every sort of good thing that one might wish is found endorsed on the oval base of these little charms?

Of the scarabs that are known to us, a few

large ones bear historical inscriptions, all from the reign of the same Pharaoh. Amen-hotep III, aged thirteen, marries the beautiful Ti, aged ten. The event is recorded on a scarab about three inches long, and copies are given to friends and high officials. This same monarch advertises himself in another scarab as a mighty hunter. After a long list of his titles, he tells us: "List of lions which his Majesty captured by his own arrows, in the hunting,



A SCARAB COMMEMORATING THE HUNTING OF 102 LIONS BY AMEN-HOTEP

from the first till the tenth year of his reign: lions fierce, a hundred and two!" He makes old Kheper hold that fact before the eyes of all the Nimrods of posterity—the Boones, and Roosevelts, and even Munchausens—engraved on the base of a scarab four inches long!

The vast majority of scarabs are seals or amulets. They are usually from a half to three quarters of an inch long, many of them accurately and delicately modeled, and covered with a glaze that varies in different specimens from baby-blue to a brilliant yellowish-green. Rarer colors are red and yellow. Brown and white ones abound; but these were formerly green and blue respectively, now faded through long burial in the sites of villages. Among these may be distinguished "business scarabs," that bear the name or title or symbol of the owner. These were used as seals to stamp the ownership of property, or to affix a signature to a document. Every property holder had one or more, depending on the number of deputies or stewards who helped administer his estate. Every Pharaoh had an abundance of them, of different designs to suit the different officials who used them—the treasurer, lord chamberlain, the governors of provinces, and so on. The possession of these seals meant the possession of authority. When Joseph, of the famous Bible story, was taken from his dungeon and made grand vizier of the realm, the Pharaoh took his own ring—undoubtedly a scarab ring—and gave it to the young Hebrew. With that scarab went the whole power of the monarch. Joseph became master of the royal name, and therefore master of the Egyptian empire.

A ROYAL SCARAB

Some of the most beautiful scarabs convey pious wishes or greetings and are meant to be a perpetual blessing. "Happy-New-Year" scarabs exist; presents from friend to friend, destined to be worn as a ring or in a brooch or merely to be carried about the person as a lucky-piece. Others preserve one's beauty or ensure happiness or good luck. "May you have a good journey to Thebes!" says one; or, "May your name be established." Others preserve from the bites of scorpions or the harassing visits of "ghosts." Others—and these continue by far the largest class—are absolutely untranslatable, veritable jargon, the exact meaning of which was known only to the maker and purchaser. But of the general purport of them there can be no doubt. They are all protective or curative amulets.

The good housewife has a toothache that keeps her awake nights. She goes to the dentist.

"Which tooth is troubling you?" says the solicitous practitioner.

"The big double one, way back," says the afflicted.

"The Evil One is in it," says the learned one.

"It feels so!" she replies.

"But I can beat him," says the hopeful one.

So he gets out a little scarab with a "hickory dickory" on the bottom of it, threads it on a string, and hangs it round the goodwife's neck, all the time keeping up a mumbling of charms that are powerful enough to knock all the tormenting pains of toothdom into a cocked hat.

"If you don't feel better in a fortnight, come back for another dose!" says the faithful dentist, as he holds out his hand for his fee.

In the Metropolitan Museum of New York

are a couple of scarabs that tempt the imagination of a romancer. One we will call the "Soldier Scarab." We will imagine that some Egyptian officer receives word from his Pharaoh, Thothmes III, that his regiment has been ordered to the wars in Syria and that he must report at headquarters to-morrow. The poor fellow is dismayed at the news. He has been playing at soldier all his life—has a "soft snap" as captain of the palace guard at Thebes. The very thought of absence from home, of the perils of the desert march, of ambushes by night, of the deadly hand-to-hand in the front of battle, gives him the shivers. He goes weeping to his mother—for in those days men did not scorn to express their real feelings—and says:

THE SOLDIER SCARAB

"Mother dear, I feel that I am going to be a coward!"

"Nonsense!" says his mother; "I know a trick that will warm your feet and fill you so full of ginger that a Hittite will skedaddle at the very sight of you. I have a scarab that my grandfather wore in all the Syrian campaigns of Thothmes I; and he came off victorious and died in bed at a good old age!"

So the valorous and trustful mamma digs a hole in the ground under her bed, unearths a box, extracts a green bug the size of her thumb-tip, and strings it round the neck of her timid warrior. It is inscribed "If Ra is behind me, I fear not."

All scarabs look alike to us, at first; yet, as a matter of fact, there are hardly two alike in the whole world. When this fact is realized, the study of scarabs becomes perfectly fascinating. One begins to observe the various materials out of which they are made, their varied colors and the changes in hue that are wrought by time.

Rameses II of the Nineteenth Dynasty was a prolific maker of scarabs. Considering himself the lion of all the Pharaohs, he often used lions as a design. Sometimes he appears driving his two-horse chariot; sometimes he poses as a sphinx. For the most part, these all exhibit the pompous and slipshod style that characterize most of the work of this self advertiser. The glaze is apt to be poor, the material cheap, the cutting hasty, and the inscription remarkable rather for vigor than for delicacy.

A SCARAB OF THE PERIOD OF RAMESES II

In arranging inscriptions, the scarab-maker had almost unlimited opportunity to display his artistic instinct. The names of kings appear frequently in these intervals. The wearer of such a scarab was under the protection of the monarch or ruler indicated. The two most powerful kings of Egypt, Thothmes III and Rameses II, figure more often than any other on scarab inscriptions. But whatever the inscription or its significance, the maker tried to produce in his scarab a thing of beauty. In many cases he succeeded so admirably that the most esthetic beauty-worshiper of to-day would be proud to own such jewels.

But are n't there hosts of imitation scarabs on the market? Bless you, yes! Scarabs of all sizes and colors and designs, from the little pottery bugs with shiny Paris-green glaze, which one can buy by the peck, or the broken and decrepit-looking brown fellow that your donkey-boy tells you confidentially he found in a tomb last night, to the most cunningly-wrought specimens that deceive the very elect. The writer has an ancient-and-honorable-looking scarab of gold, the body hollowed, the legs standing clear, suitably engraved with the name of Thothmes III and mounted as a ring that looks as if it had been worn on a finger three thousand years ago.

AN IMITATION "MADE IN GERMANY"

The bug was "made in Germany," the inscription was very recently cut in Egypt, and the mounting, after the manner of the ancients, was done and the "age" added by the cunning present-day successors of Thothmes' own scarab-maker!

How can you tell an imitation scarab from a real one? In precisely the same way that the expert bank-teller, rapidly counting his money in his cage, is able to detect a counterfeit bill; when he sees one, he "has a funny feeling inside." Only, in the matter of scarabs, the "funny feeling" sometimes does n't come until you reach home, and some expert is pronouncing his opinion of your highly prized and dearly bought specimen!

THE YANKEE DOODLE SCARAB

By FRANCES HEALEY

"Buy a scarab, sir?"

Howell shook his head.

"No; run away."

"Buy a scarab, sir? My father dead; my mother dead—be a father to me, sir! Buy my scarab; genuine scarab from Yankee Doodle!"

Howell raised his eyes from his book.

"I say no. Now run away."

A brown face drew nearer over the low parapet. The voice went on, half coaxing, half laughing, and a slim young hand extended a scarab.

"Very poor, sir; very hungry, sir! No breakfast, no father, no mother—six sisters—five brothers. Me mission boy! Buy my Yankee Doodle scarab, sir—two piasters!"

"What are you doing here? Don't you know the guard will drive you away with many blows and curses if he finds you bothering the hotel guests?"

"No, sir; no, sir! I not bothering—I doing business with you, sir! I have other scarabs!" The boy jumped lightly over the parapet, and squatted in front of the American. From under his belt he pulled a little bag and emptied a handful of scarabs and tiny images on the tiled floor. Howell stooped and poked the collection with an expert finger.

"Yes," he said gravely, "they are Yankee Doodle scarabs, genuine ones—from Connecticut. They make them twenty miles from where I was born, and feed them to turkeys to make them look battered. And then they send them over here for young rascals to sell to poor tourists! So that is all you have? *Imshi*, get out!"

He leaned back in his chair and picked up his book again. The drone of the slowly turning Nile-pump, the murmur of the wind in the acacias overhead, the minor song of a boatman on the river, all the languor and quiet of an April afternoon in upper Egypt bathed the little terrace where he sat. The boy squatting on the ground swept the heap of blue and gray bits into the little bag, and then looked up at the American. He was puzzled for a moment, and then a gleam of recognition came across his face, and he leaned forward and spoke, in a new, almost reverential, tone.

"I have another, sir."

Howell started.

"Oh, get out! I don't want any scarabs!" he said impatiently.

The boy, however, tugged at the end of his belt, and at last untied a little bundle wrapped in a blue rag. This he opened, and from it took a scarab of clear, porcelain blue. Silently he held it out. Howell took the seal and examined it.

"No, this is not a Yankee Doodle scarab," he said.

Again the boy held out his hand. In it was a tiny piece of gold, so yellow that it seemed like a bit torn from the sunset that gleamed above the hills across the river. Howell gasped as he saw it, and examined the fragment carefully. It was carved into a lotus flower, one petal on each side curving down and back to join something that had been roughly wrenched off.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded.

The youngster waved his hand vaguely toward the other bank of the Nile.

"My brother Sylwanis, and I, Boutros, we find. I show you to-morrow—yes? I guide you?"

Howell looked at the boy, a little smile on his lips.

"You guide me? Now look here, how did you come by this handle?"

"I tell you the truth—my brother and me, we find it." The Egyptian rose and leaned against a pillar, his slender, white-robed figure outlined against the sky.

"I show it to you," he said very gravely, "because you are Hawaja Howell the excavator."

"Well, and if I am, what will you show me?"

Boutros squatted at the base of the pillar.

"Two, three, five months ago, we live in our village over there," he pointed across the river. "One day, my brother and me, we go to Biban-el-Maluk. We have many Yankee Doodle scarabs"—he smiled broadly—"to sell to the tourists who come to see the tombs; and the ladies say, 'Poor boys! give them a piaster'; and so we get much bakshish. When we go home we start across the hills instead of by the way we came. Soon my brother point up and say, 'See where a great rock have fall!' and there is a raw place on the side of the hill. When we go up and look at it, we find stone cut like the tomb of Amenhotep,—little cut here, little cut

"SOON AFTER SUNRISE THEY LANDED ON THE OTHER BANK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

here, so,—like going down steps between two walls. My brother and me, we dig for fun. Pretty soon we find a whole wide step, and then two, and there we find the scarab and the gold. My brother say, 'We hide this place, then we come again and perhaps we find more scarabs.'"

Boutros paused to give the final twist to a cigarette he had been rolling. Howell leaned on the arm of his chair watching the boy's face, which was frank and unclouded as the sunset. If he was speaking the truth, it meant nothing less than the discovery of a new tomb, possibly of a new group of tombs.

The wind had died down, and even the groaning sakhieh had stopped. A great silence, a silence heavy with the mysterious secrets of the past, brooded over the garden and the river.

"Go on," Howell said impatiently. Boutros slowly and daintily lighted his cigarette and watched the blue smoke rise straight up in the still air.

"Then, sir, we throw the dirt back on the steps so they do not show, and we go away, for it was early evening, even like this." He waved his cigarette gently toward the sunset and the hills behind the City of the Dead across the river. "That night my father, sir, and my mother and my brother feel much pain. The spots come out on their bodies—it is the plague. Many people have it in our village; and when two of my sisters fall sick, I run away. Away up, sir, I go to Assouan, and guide the tourist for donkey-boy. And always I keep the scarab and the piece of gold. If tourists like Yankee Doodle scarabs best, it is well to keep the 'gyptian for wiser men. Once 'merican man save my life when I fall from a slippery rock into the river by the Cataract."

Howell looked at him sharply.

"You were the lad I fished out half-drowned?" he asked.

"You risk your life for me, sir—very bad whirlpool—very bad rocks there. No, sir, I never forget you; so now I show you my good scarab. Yesterday I come back from Assouan and go to my village. My people all gone, so I stay all night with my uncle. I come over here," his eyes wandered around the great empty garden, "and the tourist all gone here, too. But I find you, sir, and I show you my scarab because you save my life. Now to-morrow I guide you to the tomb. Only I can do it, sir!" he added proudly, looking up into Howell's face.

"Well," said the latter, "I 'll go; but mind, if there is nothing there, no tomb, no steps, I will pay you nothing. If there is anything worth while, I will pay you a fair price."

"Very good, sir; we will start to-morrow at five o'clock? It is too hot in the middle of the day." And with a little salaam, Boutros sauntered away down the path by the river.

After the Egyptian boy had left, Alec Howell sat on the terrace, looking out over the river to the purple, mysterious mountains on the other shore. In one of the valleys cut through those hills lie the carved and painted tombs that the kings of old Egypt had had hewn out of the solid rock, fit chambers for sleeping majesty through countless ages. Scattered in other valleys, other tombs, more or less gorgeous in gay frescoes and carved stone, had been found. It was quite possible that Boutros's story was true; also quite probable that it was an ingenious fairy-tale, or a great exaggeration at best. But the plan held a spice of adventure, and, above all, the archæologist's prime joy in discovering and interpreting a three- or four-thousand-year-old secret.

Howell had come down from Wady Halfa to Luxor to settle up some business for his chief, Dr. Chapman, who was to join him the following afternoon. He had finished the work quickly, and before five o'clock the next day there would be time enough to look at the place Boutros described and to estimate its value.

"I 'll do it!" he said aloud; and after dinner packed his belongings and went to bed, leaving orders that he was to be called at half past four the next morning.

In the gray dawn the garden was deserted and silent, as Howell hurried under the tall palms and acacias to the terrace on the river. Here two or three boatmen were waiting, and Boutros, very important and voluble, greeted him,

"Nararak said!" ["Happy be your coming!"]

Howell nodded and, answering, descended the long stairway to the river. Soon after sunrise they landed on the other bank, and, having secured a donkey, made for the chain of hills that bars the way to the desert.

"Jove, it 's desolate here!" muttered Howell, looking out over the dazzling sand. Naked rocks reflected the sun like mirrors, except where some steep valley cut the glare with a shadowy line of blue black. After nearly two hours riding, Boutros stopped the donkey on the crest of a hill and pointed across the bowl-shaped valley at their feet.

"There, sir, there is the place!"

About half-way up on the opposite side, a

narrow, irregular ledge of rock cropped out from the sun-parched slope. Looking more carefully, it was plain the ledge had been exposed by a land-slide, which, in its rush from the cliff above to the narrow valley, had swept the rock clear of debris.

Howell left the donkey below, and with Boutros climbed up to the ledge, which was much broader than it had at first appeared. Instead of being a bare foothold, it was in some places five or six feet wide, and, to the practised eye of the archæologist, seemed partly the work of man's hands. Crawling precariously along the narrow places, Boutros led him to a wide part of the ledge, and with a few quick movements brushed the loose pebbles and shale from a spot directly at the foot of a great cliff. The bare rock, as it was exposed, was lighter than that weathered by centuries of sun and wind, and clearly showed the marks of the chisel. Howell knelt at the little opening, and together they scraped out the hole till they came to the first step.

" 'IF I BRING THE DONKEY, PERHAPS YOU CAN CRAWL TO HIM' " (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Here is where we find the scarab and handle! Did I not tell the truth?" exulted Boutros.

"You did, then," answered the American. "Now let 's go a bit deeper. Scrape it out here."

Once while they were resting, Howell walked the length of the ledge, stopping to examine it in half a dozen places where tell-tale signs led him to suspect the existence of other cuttings. At length Boutros called to him:

"Here is writing, 'gyptian writing!"

The lad was bending down to examine some marks on the side wall, near the bottom of the excavation. As the American came up, he crawled out, and Howell jumped down into the hole, which was now something over a yard square and two feet deep. Suddenly, as he stooped to examine the hieroglyphics, Boutros, who was standing on the ledge outside, screamed in terror:

"The hill! It falls! Quick, sir, quick—"

There was a low rumble and a roar—something struck Howell from behind, and he fell sharply onto the stone steps. It was all over in a second, and the last reverberations had hardly died away in the narrow valley, when Howell came to himself and tried to rise. Then he realized what had happened. Another land-slide had fallen from the cliff above, fortunately passing to the left of the two men,

but a mass of pebbles and loose rock had deflected from the main course and struck Howell, pinning him to the ground. He tried to rise, but the mass held him down; and he had a sudden vision of what it meant. He was prisoned in the pitiless, burning sun, no one knowing where he was, his only possible hope in an untried donkey-boy. There was a dull pain in his leg that grew momentarily sharper, and he groaned aloud. As he looked around, even Boutros had disappeared; but at the sound of his voice he heard a quick, frightened movement behind a great boulder that almost obstructed the path, and in a moment Boutros's face, pallid with terror, peered around at him. Seeing the American was alive, the boy crept slowly up, shivering with fright and muttering charms under his breath.

"Boutros," Howell spoke slowly and with difficulty, for, in spite of the blazing sun, a cold damp chill was creeping over his body and only his leg burned and throbbed. "Boutros, you must go back to Luxor as fast as you can. Go to the hotel and bring three or four men back. Then you must send somebody to the station to meet the train from Assouan. You *must* find Dr. Chapman and give him this message—"

"But you cannot stay here, sir! You will get the fever from the sun! If I bring the donkey up as high as he can come, perhaps you can crawl to him, and I will take you to my village,—it is not far,—and then I will go for the doctor!"

Boutros ran down the hillside, and Howell was alone in the dazzling light that seemed focused on the narrow valley and that sent little quivering rays of heat dancing across the rocks. There was no shade, and not a breath of wind struck the sheltered hollow where he lay, though sometimes a few grains of sand trickled down from the cliff above. Howell fixed his helmet and pugree as well as he could, to cover his head and the nape of his neck, and lay still in the tense, burning silence. Once or twice he groaned, as a sharp twinge of pain in his leg startled him from the stupor that was coming over him.

"The donkey is just here, sir!" Howell heard Boutros's voice, as if from very far away, and felt the remaining stones being lifted from his body. Once or twice he winced with pain, and all the time he heard Boutros muttering charms under his breath.

"Now it is off, sir; try to move, sir!" begged the boy, anxiously.

Howell could never remember how he got from the ledge to the donkey. He knew Boutros was helping and half carrying him; and finally he felt the slow jolting of the donkey under him, cautiously picking its way down the hillside. Then everything went out, even the pain.

It was very hot. The flies buzzed maddeningly, or, worse, lighted on Howell's face and crawled with sticky feet across his cheeks and forehead. A confusion of smells, all bad, nauseated him, and he moved slightly. Instantly a sharp pain ran through his whole body and settled, throbbing, in his leg. With a groan he opened his eyes. It was near sunset, and through a low doorway he could see the glow of the sky between palm-trees. One or two natives passed in the distance. He tried to turn on one side, but the stab of pain in his leg made him cry out. Then a man appeared, blocking the low doorway with his bulk, and, bending over him, said something in a dialect Howell could hardly understand.

"*Moi*—water!" he begged, and drank eagerly from a cool clay bottle that was held to his lips.

"Boutros?" was Howell's next question, and from the answer he understood that the boy had gone to Luxor. The man went out and presently returned with some unwholesome-looking food in a brown bowl, but Howell could not bear the sight of it. The heat, the pain, the faintness, were all telling on him; and the stuffy hut, the flies, the evil smells, all seemed parts of a sickening nightmare. The only real thing was the dull pain in his leg that turned to throbbing torture when he moved. He heard himself talking in a voice not his own, and again he knew no more.

Meantime, an anxious-looking Arab boy was sitting on a pile of luggage at the Luxor station. It was a little after five, and the train from Assouan was pouring its motley passengers out on the platform. A stout, heavily-built man got out from a first-class carriage, secured a porter to transfer his luggage to the Cairo train, and then began to pace the platform, looking up the street toward the town and muttering irascibly to himself. Suddenly he caught sight of the boy and the pile of luggage. He stopped, stared, and, hurrying up, said in Arabic:

"Where is Mr. Howell? What are you doing with his luggage?"

A look of great relief came over the lad's face, and he poured out a confused story of new tombs, a land-slide, Hawaja Howell, and a doctor. The new-comer looked grave, asked a few questions, and, with characteristic

promptness, hunted up his porter, had his luggage taken from the Cairo train, and came back to Boutros. A few more questions, and they were on the way to the hotel.

"First a doctor, then a boat to cross the river and a stretcher with four stout porters!"

At the hotel, boys were sent tumbling over each other to fill the great Dr. Chapman's orders, and in less than an hour he was crossing the Nile, accompanied by a physician, Boutros, and four native porters.

Boutros told his tale to Dr. Chapman, who listened with keen interest, nodding his head from time to time.

"A great chance!" he said to himself. But when Boutros spoke of the land-slide that had pinned Howell down, of the feverish digging out, and the ride to the neighboring village, with the American half unconscious and half delirious, his hearer's face grew very grave.

From the river Boutros guided them through the warm darkness to the village, and there they found Howell, still in a troubled, delirious stupor.

"Fever and a broken leg!" the physician said, after a brief examination. "Thank God, it 's no worse."

"You can pull him through, then?" Dr. Chapman asked.

"I think he 'll come through all right—the break is simple; but the fever is the worst. The sun at this time of year is enough to kill any white man, and he 'll owe his life to that native boy there."

By the flickering light of torches the two men worked over Howell till the broken bone was in place, and all the time Boutros kept the awed and interested natives from crowding too close.

"Hawaja," he whispered anxiously, coming close to Dr. Chapman, "a guard should be at the tomb! The sheik and two more were starting to find and rob it, but I told them a devil lived there, and that it would send the plague or another earth-slide if it was disturbed. So they will not go till morning, but then—"

"Good," said Dr. Chapman. "We 'll see the governor and have it looked after. But why are you so anxious to keep your own relatives away, and yet tell us?"

Boutros squirmed. "I work for Mr. Howell," he said simply. "Mr. Howell save my life at Assouan, and now I work for him—forever."

Dr. Chapman stared.

"Very well," he said. "Help lift him to that stretcher!"

Through Howell's illness the boy scarcely left his bedside, and his was the first face Howell saw when he came wholly to himself.

"He is well! Praise Allah!" cried the boy, and, bursting into tears, ran from the room.

Several days later, after talking with Dr. Chapman, Howell called Boutros to his bedside.

"Boutros, Dr. Chapman says we have made the find of the past ten years, and you will be well paid. He also says you want to work for me. Now you can either spend your money as you please, and when I come back, go to work for me with the fellaheen, or you can go to school all the time I am in America. You 'll have to work hard at school, but if you do well, I will take you when I come back and give you better work."

Boutros looked Howell squarely in the eye.

"Hawaja, I go to school and I work hard. And then you and I—we find other tombs, *Imshallah!* 'gyptian and 'merican together are best luck!" And tugging at a string around his neck, he drew out his amulet—the Yankee Doodle scarab!

GETTING THE RANGE

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Managing Editor, "Scientific American" Author of "On the Battlefront of Engineering"

Photograph by Kadel & Herbert

RANGE-FINDERS ON BOARD THE *U. S. S. VIRGINIA*

EVERY boy with a good pair of eyes in his head is a range-finder. He may not know it, but he is, just the same, and the way to prove it is to try a little range-finding on a small scale.

Use the top of a table for your field of operations, and, for the target whose range you want to find, pick out some spot within easy range of your hand. The target may be a penny or a small circle drawn on a piece of white paper. Take a pencil in your hand, and imagine it is a shell which you are going to land on the target. It is not quite fair to have a bird's-eye view of the field, so get down on your knees and bring your eyes within a few inches of the top of the table. Now close one eye, and, making your hand describe an arc through the air, like the arc that a shell would describe, see how nearly you can bring the pencil point down on the center of the target. Do it slowly, so that your eye may guide the hand throughout its course. You will be surprised to find out how far you come short or overreach the mark. You will have actually to grope for the target. If by any chance you should score a hit on the first try, you may be sure that it is an accident. Have a friend move the target around to a different position, and try again. Evidently, with one eye you are not a good range-finder; but now use two eyes, and you will score a hit every time. Not only can you land the pencil on the penny, but you will be able to bring it down on the very center of the target.

The explanation of this is that when you bring your eyes to bear upon any object that is near by, they have to be turned in slightly so that both of them will be aimed directly at that object. The nearer the object, the more they are turned in, and the farther the object, the more nearly parallel are the eyes. Long experience has taught you to gage the distance of an object by the feel of the eyes—that is, by the amount your muscles have to pull the eyes to a focus, and in this way, the eyes give you the range of the object. You do not know what the distance is in feet or inches, but you can tell when the pencil point has moved out until it is at the same focus as the target.

The experiment can be tried on a larger scale with the end of a fishing-rod, but here you will probably have to use a larger target. However, there is a limit to which you can gage the range. At a distance of, say, fifteen or twenty feet, a variation of a few inches beyond or this side of the target makes scarcely any change in the focus of the eyes. That is because the eyes are so close together. If they were farther apart, they could tell the range at much greater distances.

SPREADING THE EYES FAR APART

Now the ordinary range-finder used in the army and in the navy is an arrangement for spreading the eyes apart to a considerable distance. Of course, the eyes are not actually spread, but their vision is. The range-finder is really a double telescope. The barrel is not pointed at the object, but is held at right

angles to it. You look into the instrument at the middle of the barrel and out of it at the two ends. A system of mirrors or prisms makes this possible. The range-finder may be a yard or more in length, which is equivalent to spreading your eyes a yard or more apart. Now the prisms or object-glasses at the ends of the tube are adjustable, so that they will turn in until they focus directly on the target whose range you want to find; and the angle through which these glasses are turned gives a measure of the distance of the target. The whole thing is calculated out, so that the distance in feet, yards, or meters, or whatever the measure may be, is registered on a scale in the range-finder. Ordinarily, only one eye is used to look through the range-finder, because the system of mirrors is set to divide the sight of that one eye and make it serve the purposes of two. That leaves the other eye free to read the scale, which comes automatically into view as the range-finder is adjusted for the different ranges.

Photograph by Kadel & Herbert

"ON BATTLE-SHIPS, ENORMOUS RANGE-FINDERS ARE USED"

On battle-ships, enormous range-finders are used. Some of them are twenty feet long. With the eyes spread as far apart as that, and with a microscope to read the scale, you can imagine how accurately the range can be found even when the target is miles away. But on land such big range-finders cannot very conveniently be used; they are too bulky. When it is necessary to get the range of a very distant object, two observers are used who are stationed several hundred yards apart. These observers have telescopes which they bear upon the object, and the angle through which they have to turn the telescope is reported by telephone to the battery, where, by a rapid calculation, it is possible to estimate the exact position of the target. Then the gun is moved up or down, to the right or to the left, according to the calculation. The observers have to creep up as near to the enemy as possible, and they must be up high enough to command a good view of the target. Sometimes they are placed on top of telegraph-poles, or hidden up a tall tree or in a church steeple.

GETTING THE OBSERVER OFF THE GROUND

This was the method of getting the range in previous wars, and it was used to a considerable extent in the war we have just been through. But the great European conflict brought out wonderful improvements in all branches of fighting; and range-finding was absolutely revolutionized, partly because shelling was done at greater ranges than ever before, but chiefly because the war was carried up into the sky.

A bird's-eye observation is much more accurate than any that can be obtained from the ground. Even before the war, some observations were taken by sending a man up in a kite, particularly a kite towed from a ship; and even as far back as the Civil War, captive balloons were used to raise an observer to a good height above the ground. They were the ordinary, round balloons, but the observation-balloon of to-day is a very different looking object. It is a sausage-shaped gas-bag, that is held on a slant to the wind, like a kite, so that the wind helps to hold it up. To keep it head-on to the wind, there is a big air-bag that curls around the lower end of the "sausage." This acts like a rudder, and, to hold the balloon steady, it has a tail consisting of a series of cone-shaped cups strung on a cable. A kite-

balloon will ride steadily in a wind that would dash a common round balloon in all directions. Observers in these kite-balloons are provided with telephone instruments, by which they can communicate instantly with the battery whose fire they are directing. But a kite-balloon is a helpless object; it cannot fight the enemy. The hydrogen gas that holds it up will burn furiously if set on fire; and if the hydrogen is mixed with air, it makes a powerful explosive. In the war an enemy airplane had merely to drop a bomb upon it or fire an incendiary bullet into it, and the balloon would go up in smoke. Nothing could save it, once it took fire, and all the observers could do was to jump for their lives as soon as they saw the enemy close by. They always had parachutes strapped to them, so they could leap without an instant's delay in case of sudden

Photograph from Kadel & Herbert

THE OBSERVATION-BALLOON OF TO-DAY

"To keep it head-on to the wind, there is a big air-bag that curls around the lower end"

danger. At the very first approach of an enemy airplane, the kite-balloon had to be hauled down, or it would surely be destroyed; and so kite-balloons were not very dependable observation-stations for the side which did not control the air.

Just as the fighting came to an end, our army was about to use balloons that would not be afraid of flaming bullets, because they were to be filled with a new gas known as helium, which will not burn. Before the war, this was a very rare gas that cost $2,400 per cubic foot; but our chemists found a way of producing the gas for only eight cents a cubic foot. This was one of the surprises that we had in store for the Germans. Plans were on foot to send a big fleet of helium airships into Germany to drop bombs on the Hun. These giant vessels would not have been afraid of German airplanes, and they would have given Berlin a taste of real war. But we are getting away from our subject.

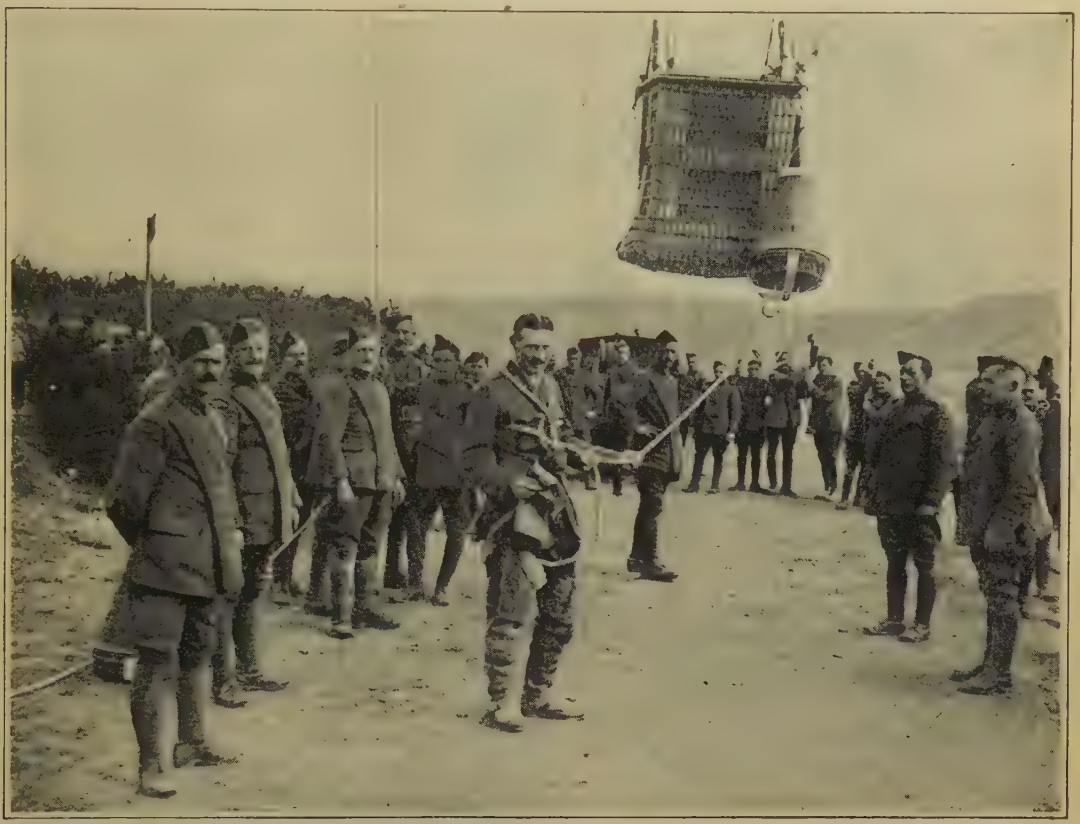
MAKING MAPS WITH A CAMERA

BECAUSE airplanes filled the sky with eyes, everything that the army did near the front had to be carefully hidden from the winged scouts. Batteries were concealed in the woods, or under canopies, where the woods were shot to pieces, or they were placed in dugouts so that they could not be located. Such targets could seldom be found with a kite-balloon. It was the task of airplane observers to search out these hidden batteries. The eye alone was not depended upon to find them. Large cameras were used, with telescopic lenses which would bring the surface of the earth near, while the airplane flew at a safe height. These were often motion-picture cameras, which would automatically make an exposure every second, or every few seconds. When the machine returned from a photographic expedition, the films were developed and printed, and then pieced together to form a photographic map. This map was scrutinized very carefully for any evidence of a hidden battery or for any suspicious enemy object. As the enemy was always careful to camouflage its work, the camera had to be fitted with color-screens which would enable it to pick out details that would not be evident to the eye. As new photographic maps were made, from day to day, they were carefully compared one with the other to see if there was the slightest change in them which would indicate some enemy activity. As soon as a suspicious spot was discovered, its position was noted on a large-scale military map, and the guns were trained to fire upon it.

CORRECTING THE AIM

IT is one thing to know where the target is, and another to get the shell to drop upon it.

When firing a shell a distance of ten or twenty miles, the slightest variation in a gun will make a difference of many yards in the point where the shell lands. Not only that, but



Photograph from Kadel & Herbert, taken on the British Western Front

A KITE-BALLOON OBSERVER, WITH HIS PARACHUTE ATTACHED, READY TO ASCEND

the direction of the wind and the density of the air have a part to play in the journey of the shell. If the shell traveled through a vacuum, it would be a much simpler matter to score a hit by the map alone. But even then there would be some difference, because a gun has to be "warmed up" before it will fire according to calculation. That is why it is necessary to have observers, or "spotters" as they are called, to see where the shells actually do land and tell the gun-pointers whether to elevate or depress the gun and how much to "traverse" it, that is, move it sideways. This would not be a very difficult matter if there were only one gun firing, but when a large number of guns are being used, as was almost invariably the case in the war, the spotter had to know which shell belonged to the gun he was directing.

One of the most important inventions of the war was the wireless telephone, which airplanes used, and which was brought to such perfection that the pilot of an airplane could talk to a station on earth without any difficulty through a distance of ten miles, and in some cases he could reach a range of fifty miles. With the wireless telephone, the observer could communicate instantly with the gun-pointer, and tell him when to fire. Usually thirty seconds were allowed, after the signal sent by the observer, before the gun was fired; and on the instant of firing, a signal was sent to the man in the airplane to be on the lookout for the shell. Knowing the position of the target, the gun-pointer would know how long it would take the shell to travel through the air, and he would keep the man in the airplane posted, warning him at ten seconds, five seconds, and so forth, before the shell was due to land. In order to keep the eyes fresh for observation, and not to have them distracted by other sights, the observer usually gazed into space until just before the instant the shell was to land. Then he would look for the

column of smoke produced by the explosion of the shell, and report back to the battery how far wide of the mark the shell had landed. A number of shell would be fired at regular intervals, say four or five per minute, so that

British Official Photograph from Kadel & Herbert
OBSERVERS IN THE BASKET OF AN OBSERVATION-BALLOON

the observer would know which shell belonged to the gun in question.

There are different kinds of shell. Some will explode on the instant of contact with the earth; these are meant to spread destruction over the surface. There are other shell which will explode a little more slowly, and these penetrate the ground to some extent before going off; while a third type has a delayed action, and is intended to be buried deep in the ground before exploding, so as to destroy dug-outs and underground positions. The bursts of smoke from the delayed-action shell and the semi-delayed-action shell rise in a slender, vertical column, and are not so easily seen from the sky. The instantaneous shell, however, produces a broad burst of smoke, which can be spotted much more readily, and this enables the man in the airplane to determine the position of the shell with greater accuracy. For this reason, instantaneous shell were usually used for spotting purposes, and, after the gun had found its target, other shell were used, according to the object to be gained.

MINIATURE BATTLE-FIELDS

OBSERVATION of shell-fire from an airplane called for a great deal of experience, and our spotters were given training on a miniature scale before they undertook to do spotting from the air. A scaffolding was erected in the training quarters over a model of a typical bit of enemy territory. Men were posted at the top of this scaffolding, so that they could get a bird's-eye view of the territory represented by the model, and they were connected by telephone or telegraph with men below, who represented the batteries. The instructor would flash a little electric light here and there on the miniature battle-field, and the observers had to locate these flashes and tell instantly how far they were from certain targets. This taught them to be keen and quick, and to judge distances accurately.

Airplane observing was difficult and dangerous, and often impossible. On cloudy days the observer might be unable to fly at a safe height without being lost in the clouds. Then dependence had to be placed upon observers stationed at vantage-points near the enemy, or in kite-balloons.

SPOTTING BY SOUND

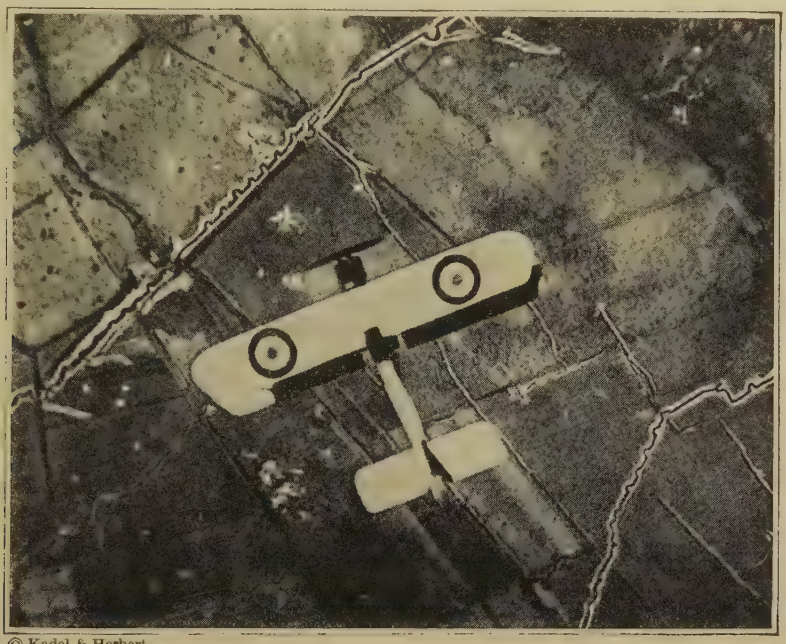
WHEN there is no way of seeing the work of a gun, it is still possible to correct the aim,

© Kadel & Herbert
GERMAN SUPPLY-STATION, WIPED OUT BY BRITISH GUNS. NOTE THE ACCURACY WITH WHICH THE SHELLS FELL ALONG THE ROAD

because the shell can be made to do its own spotting. Every time a shell lands, it immediately announces the fact with a loud report. That report is really a message which the shell

sends out in all directions with a speed of nearly 800 miles per hour—1142 feet per second, to be exact. This sound message is picked up by a recorder at several different receiving-stations. Of course, it reaches the nearest station a fraction of a second before it arrives at the next nearest one. The distance of each station from the target is known by careful measurement on the map, and the time it takes for sound to travel from the target to each station is accurately worked out. If the sound arrives at each station on schedule time, the shell has scored a hit; but if it reaches one station a trifle ahead of time, and it lags behind at another, that is evidence that the shell has missed the target, and a careful measure of the difference in time shows how far and in what direction it is wide of the mark. In this way it was possible to come within fifty and even twenty-five yards of the target.

This "sound" method was also used to locate an enemy battery. It was often well-nigh impossible to locate a battery in any other way. With the use of smokeless powder, there is nothing to betray the position of a gun, except the flash at the instant of discharge, and even the flash was hidden by screens from the view of an airplane. Aside from this, when an airplane came near enough actually to see one of these guns, it would stop firing until the airplane had been driven off. But a big gun has a big voice, and it is impossible to silence it. Often a gun whose position had remained a secret for a long time was discovered because the gun itself "peached."



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A BRITISH AVIATOR MAKING OBSERVATIONS OVER THE GERMAN LINES

The main trouble with sound-spotting was that there were usually so many shell and guns going off at the same time that it was difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish one from another. Sometimes the voice of a hidden gun was purposely drowned by the noise of a lot of other guns. After all, the main responsibility for good shooting had to fall on observers who could actually see the target; and when we think of the splendid work of our soldiers in the war, we must not forget to give full credit to the tireless men whose duty it was to watch, to the men on wings who dared the fierce battle-planes of the enemy, to the men afloat high in the sky who must leap at a moment's notice from under a blazing mass of hydrogen, and, finally, to the men who crept out to perilous vantage-points, at risk of instant death, in order to make the fire of their batteries tell.

THE CAMERONS OF HIGHBORO

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

SYNOPSIS OF THE TWO PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

ELLIOTT CAMERON, a petted American girl, has come to her uncle's in Highboro while her father goes to Europe for a year on war business for the Government. She did not wish to come, and she means to cut her visit just as short as the scarlet-fever quarantine at her Uncle James's house, which has banished her and her cousin Stannard to Highboro, will permit. Meanwhile, she cannot help liking Uncle Bob and Aunt Jessica and Laura and Harry and Gertrude and Tom and Priscilla. She even likes a boy, Bruce Fearing, who is n't a cousin at all, but who, with his brother Pete, now flying in France with Bob Cameron, was adopted by the Robert Camerons when the Fearings were children. But Elliott does not like life on a farm where girls and boys and grown-ups share the farm-work and coöperate in household tasks, and she vows that she never will like it. Pride makes her do her share in the house, but at out-of-doors she draws the line. One day, meddlesome boys let the Cameron cows out of the pasture, and the whole herd threatened the upper meadow, which was to be cut the next day. Elliott, who was alone in the house when the message came, realized that the responsibility of saving the situation devolved on her, and, with old Prince, dashed to the rescue just in time to shut the gate and save the meadow from devastation.

CHAPTER V

A SLACKER UNPERCEIVED

"I THINK," remarked Elliott, the next morning, "that I will walk up and watch the haying for a while."

She had finished washing the separator and the milk-pans. It had taken a full hour the first morning; growing expertness had already reduced the hour to three quarters, and she had hopes of further reductions. She still held firmly to the opinion that the process was uninteresting, but an innate sense of fairness told her that the milk-pans were no more than her share. Of course, she could n't spend six weeks in a household whose component members were as busy as were this household's members, and do nothing at all. That was the disadvantage in coming to the place. You were bound to dissemble your feelings and wash milk-pans. But if you had to wash them, you might as well do it well. There was no question about that. If the actual process still bored the girl, the results did not. Elliott was proud of her pans, with a pride in which there was no atom of indifference. She scoured them until they shone, not because, as she told herself, she liked to scour, but because she liked to see the pans shine.

Aunt Jessica liked to see them shine, too. She paused on her way through the kitchen. "What beautiful pans! I can see my face in every one of them."

A glow of elation struck through Elliott. Aunt Jessica did not lavish commendation in quarters where it was not due. It was then, as she hung up her wipers, that she made the remark about walking up to the hill meadow. She had a notion she would like to see the knives put into that unbroken expanse of tall grass for which she continued to feel a curious responsibility. A mere appearance at the field could not commit one to anything.

"If you are going up," said Aunt Jessica, "perhaps you will take some of these cookies I have just baked. Gertrude has made lemonade."

That was one of the delightful things about Aunt Jessica, she never probed beneath the surface of your words, and she gave you immediately a reason for doing what you wanted to do. Lemonade and cookies made an appearance in the hay-field the most natural thing in the world.

The upper meadow proved a surprise. Not its business, Elliott had expected business, but its odd mingling of jollity with activity. They all seemed to be having such a good time about their work. And yet the jollity did not in the least interfere with the business, which appeared to be going forward in a systematic and efficient way that even an untrained girl could not fail to notice.

But there were factors that made it all a bit hard to withstand, the sky was so blue, the breeze was so jolly, the mown grass smelled so delicious, and the mountain air had such zest in it. But on the other hand, the sun was hot and downright and freckling; Priscilla's tip-tilted little nose was already liberally besprinkled. If Laura had n't such a wonderful skin, she would have been a sight long ago, despite the wide brim of her big straw hat. A mere farm hat, and Laura looked like a mere husky farm-girl, as she guided her horses skilfully around the field. But how could a girl with Laura's intelligence and high spirit and charm enjoy putting all this time into haying?

"No, I sha' n't do that kind of thing," said Elliott firmly.

But she invaded the upper meadow a good many times, during the next few days, took a turn on the hay-rake, now and then helped load and unload, riding down to the barn on a mound of high-piled fragrance, and came to the conclusion that, as an activity, hay-making was n't to be compared with knocking a ball back and forth across a net. The thing was too unrelenting.

But she was curious to discover what Laura found in it, and you know Elliott Cameron well enough by this time to understand that she was not a girl who hesitated to ask for information.

The last load had dashed into the big red barn two minutes before a thunder-shower, and Laura, freshly tubbed and laundered, was winding her long black braids around her shapely little head. Elliott sat on the bed and watched her.

"Are n't you glad it 's done?" she asked.

"The haying? Oh yes, I 'm always glad when we have it safely in. But I love it."

"Really? It is n't work for girls."

"No? Then once a year I 'll take a vacation from being a girl. But that does n't hold now, you know. Everything is work for girls that girls can do, to help win this war."

"To help win the war?" echoed Elliott, and blankly and suddenly shut her mouth. Why, she supposed it did help, after all!

"Why did you suppose we put so much more land under cultivation this year than we ever had before, with less help in sight?" Laura questioned. "Just for fun, or for the money we could get out of it?"

"I had n't thought much about it," said Elliott.

Laura put the last hair-pin in place. "Just thought of it as our job, did you? So it is, of course. But when your job happens to be war work too—well, you just buckle down to it extra hard. I 've never been so thankful as this year and last that we have the farm. It gives every one of us such a splendid chance to feel we 're really counting in this fight—the boys over there and in camp, the rest of us here." Laura's dark eyes were beginning to shine. "Oh, I would n't be anywhere but on a farm for anything in the wide world, unless, perhaps, somewhere in France!"

She stopped suddenly, put down the hand-mirror with which she was surveying her back hair, and blushed. "There!" she said, "I forgot all about the fact that you were n't born on a farm too. But then, you can share ours for a year, so I 'm not going to apologize for a word I 've said, even if I have been bragging because I 'm so lucky."

Bragging because she was lucky! And Laura meant it. There was not the ghost of a pose in her frank, downright young pride. Her cousin felt like a person who has been walking downstairs and tries to step off a tread that is n't there. Elliott's own cheeks reddened as she thought of the patronizing pity she had felt. But she could n't let herself pass an an intentional slacker.

"We girls did canteening at home—surgical dressings and knitting, too, of course—but canteening was the most fun."

"That must have been fine." Laura was interested at once.

Elliott's spirit revived. After all, Laura was a country girl. "Do you have a canteen here?"

"Oh no, Highboro is n't big enough. And we 're not on the direct line to any of the camps, either."

"Ours was a regular canteen," said Elliott. "They would telephone us when soldiers were going through, and we would go down, with Mrs. James or Aunt Helen or some other chaperon, and distribute post-cards and cigarettes and sweet chocolate—ice-cream cones, if the weather was hot. It was such fun to talk to the men."

"Ice-cream and cigarettes?" laughed Laura. "I should think they 'd have liked something nourishing."

"Oh, they got the nourishing things, if it was time. The Government had an arrangement with a restaurant just around the corner to serve soldiers' meals. We did n't have to do that."

"You supplied the frills."

"Yes." Somehow Elliott did not quite like the words.

Laura was quick to notice her discomfiture. "I expect they needed the frills and the jollying, poor lonesome boys. They 're so young, many of them, and not used to being away from home, and the life is strange, however well they may like it."

"Yes," said Elliott. "More than one bunch told us they had n't seen anything to equal what we did for them this side of New York. Our uniforms were so becoming, too—even a plain girl looked cute in those caps. Why, Laura, you might have a uniform, might n't you, if it 's war work?"

"What should I want of a uniform?"

"People who saw you would know what you 're doing."

"They know now, if they open their eyes."

"They 'd know why, I mean—that it 's war work."

"Mercy! Nobody around here needs to be told why a person hoes potatoes these days. They 're all doing it."

"Do you hoe potatoes?" Elliott had no notion how comically her consternation sat on her pretty features."

Laura laughed at the amazed face of her cousin. "Of course I do, when potatoes need hoeing."

"But do you like it?"

"Oh, yes, in a way. Hoeing potatoes is n't half bad."

Elliott opened her lips to say that it was n't girls' work, remembered that she had made that remark once before, and changed to, "It is hard work, and it is n't a bit interesting."

Then Laura asked two questions that left Elliott gasping. "Don't you like to do anything except what is easy? Though I don't know that it is any harder to hoe potatoes for an hour than to play tennis that length of time. And anything is interesting, don't you think, that has to be done?"

"Goodness, *no!*" ejaculated Elliott, when she found her voice. "I don't think that at all. Do you—really?"

"Why, yes!" Laura laughed a trifle deprecatingly. "I 'm not bluffing. I never thought I 'd care to spray potatoes, but one day it had to be done, and Father and the boys were needed for something else. It was n't any harder to do than churning, and I found it rather fun to watch the potato-bugs drop off. I calculated, too, how many Belgians the potatoes in those hills would feed, either directly or by setting wheat free, you know. I forget now how many I made it. I know I felt quite exhilarated when I was through. Trudy helped."

"Goodness!" murmured Elliott, faintly. For a minute she could find no other words. Then she managed to remark, "Of course every one gardens at home. They have lots at the country club. The men and boys raise the things and the wives and mothers can them. That 's the way we do at home."

"Traditional," nodded Laura. "We divide on those lines here to a certain extent, too; but we 're rather Jacks of all trades on this farm. The boys know how to can and we girls to make hay."

"The boys *can?*"

"Tom put up all our string-beans last summer quite by himself. What does it matter who does a thing, so it 's done?"

Laura was dressed now, from the crown of her smooth black head to the tip of her white canvas shoe, and a very satisfactory operation she had made of it. An ability to find hard manual work interesting did not seem to preclude the knowledge of how to put on one's clothes.

But Laura's hands were not all that hands should be, by Elliott's standard; they were well cared for, and as white as soap and water could make them, but there are some things that soap and water cannot do when it is pitted against sun and wind and contact with soil and berries and fruits. Elliott had n't meant to look so fixedly at Laura's hands as to make her thought visible, and the color rose in her cheeks when Laura said, exactly as though she were a mind-reader: "If you prefer lily-white fingers to stirring around doing things, why, you have to sit in a corner and keep them lily-white. I like to stick mine into too many pies ever to have them look well."

"They 're a lovely shape," said Elliott, seriously.

And then, to her amazement, Laura laughed and leaned over and hugged her. "And you 're a dear thing, even if you do think my hands are no lady's."

Of course Elliott protested; but as that was just what she did think, her protestations were not very convincing.

"You can't have everything," said Laura, quite as though she did n't mind in the least what her hands looked like. The strangest part of it all was that Elliott believed that actually Laura did n't mind.

But she did n't know how to answer her. You had to draw the line somewhere; but could you? Lines seemed to be very queerly jumbled up in this war, anyway. If you could n't canteen or help at a hostess house or do surgical dressings or any of the other things that had always stood in your mind for girl's war work, you had to do what you could, had n't you? And if it was n't necessary to be tagged, why it was n't.

"What would you like me to do this morning, Uncle?" Elliott asked the next day at breakfast. "I think it is time I went to work."

"Going to join the farmerettes?"

"Thinking of it." She could feel, without seeing, Stannard's stare of astonishment.

Uncle Bob surveyed the trim figure, arrayed in its dark smock and the shortest of all Elliott's short skirts.

"The corn needs hoeing, both field-corn and garden-corn. How about joining that squad?"

"It suits me."

Corn. Did n't Hoover urge people to eat corn? In helping the corn crop, she too might feel herself feeding the Belgians.

Gertrude linked her arm in her slender cousin's as they left the table. "I 'll show you where the tools are," she said. "Harry runs the cultivator in the field, but we use hand hoes in the garden."

"You will have to show me more than that," said Elliott. "What does hoeing do to corn, anyhow?"

"Keeps down the weeds that eat up the nourishment in the soil," recited Gertrude, glibly, "and by stirring up the ground keeps in the moisture. You like to know the reason for things, too, don't you? I 'm glad. I always do."

It was n't half bad, with a hoe over her shoulder, in company with other boys and girls, to swing through the dewy morning to the garden. Priscilla had joined the squad when she heard Elliott was to be in it, and with Stannard and Tom the three girls made quite a procession. It proved a simple enough matter to wield a hoe. Elliott watched the others for a few minutes, and if her hills did not take on as workmanlike an appearance as Tom's and Gertrude's, or even as Priscilla's, they all assured her practice would mend the fault. Elliott hoed briskly, if a bit awkwardly, and painstakingly removed every weed. The freshly stirred earth looked dark and pleasant; the odor of it was good, too. She compared what she had done with what she had n't, and the contrast moved her to new activity. But after a time—it was not such a long time, either, though it seemed hours—she thought it would be pleasant to stop. The motion of the hoe was monotonous. She straightened up and leaned on the handle and surveyed her fellow-workers. Their backs looked very industrious as they bent at varying distances across the garden. Even Stannard had left her behind. Gertrude abandoned her row and came and inspected Elliott's. "That looks fine," she said, "for a beginner. You must stop and rest whenever you 're tired. Mother always tells us to begin a thing easy—not to tire ourselves too much at first. She won't let us girls work when the sun's too hot, either."

Elliott forced a smile. If she had done

"'WELL,' SAID A PLEASANT VOICE, 'HOW DOES THE HOEING GO?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

what she wanted to, she would have thrown down her hoe and walked off the field. But for the first time in her life she did n't feel quite like letting herself do what she wanted.

What would these new cousins think of her if she abandoned a task as abruptly as that? But what good did her hoeing do? A few scratches on the border of this big garden-patch. It could n't matter to the Belgians or the Germans or Hoover or anybody else whether she hoed or did n't hoe. Perhaps, if every one said that, even of garden-patches — But not every one would say it.

Priscilla bobbed up, a moist, flushed Priscilla. "That looks nice. You have n't got very far yet, have you? Never mind. Things go a lot faster after you 've done 'em a while."

"Do you like hoeing?"

"I like to get it done." The small figure skipped nimbly away.

"'Get it done!'" Elliott addressed the next clump of waving green blades, pessimism in her voice. "After one row, is n't there another —and another—and *another*—forever?" She slashed into a mat of chickweed with venom.

"I knew you 'd get tired," said Stannard at her elbow. "Come on over to those trees and rest a bit. Sun 's getting hot here."

Elliott looked at the clump of trees on the edge of the field. Had n't Gertrude said Aunt Jessica did n't let them work in too hot a sun?

"You 're tired—quit it," urged Stannard.

"Not just yet," said Elliott, and her hoe bit at the ground again.

Tired? She should think she was tired! And she had fully intended to go with Stan. Then why had n't she? Quit when you like and make it up with cajolery was a motto that Elliott had found very useful.

She swung around, half-minded to call Stannard back, when a sentence flashed into her mind, not a whole sentence, just a fragment salvaged from a book some one had once been reading in her hearing. "This war will be won by tired men who——" She could n't quite get the rest. An impression persisted of keeping everlastingly at it, but the words escaped her. She swung back, her hail unsent. Well, she was tired, dead tired, and her back was broken and her hands were blistered, or going to be, but nobody would think of saying that that had anything to do with winning the war. Stay, would n't they? It seemed absurd, but still—what made people harp so on food if there was n't something in it? If all they said was true, why—and Elliott's tired back straightened—why, she was helping a little bit; or she would be if she did n't quit.

It may seem absurd that it had taken a back-ache to make Elliott visualize what her cousins were really doing on their farm. She ought, of course, to have been able to see it quite clearly while she sat on the veranda, but that is n't always the way things work. Now she seemed to see the farm as part of a great fourth line of defense, a trench that was feeding all the other trenches and all the armies in the open and all the peoples behind the armies, a line whose success was indispensable to victory, whose defeat would spell failure everywhere. It was only for a minute that she saw this quite clearly with a kind of illuminated insight that made her back-ache well worth while. Then the minute passed, and as Elliott bent to her hoe again she was aware only of a suspicion that possibly when you were having the most fun was not always when you were being the most useful.

"Well," said a pleasant voice, "how does the hoeing go?"

And there stood Laura with a pitcher in her hand, and on her face a look—was it of mingled surprise and respect?

"You must n't work too long the first day," she told Elliott. "You 're not hardened to it yet, as we are. Take a rest now and try it again later on. I have your book under my arm."

When, that noon, they all trooped up to the house, hot and hungry, Elliott went with them, hot and hungry, too. Nobody thanked her for anything, and she did n't even notice the lack. Farming was n't like canteening, where you expected thanks. As she scrubbed her hands she noticed that her nails were hopeless, but her attention failed to concentrate on their demoralized state. Had n't she finished her row?

"Stuck it out, did n't you?" said Bruce, as they sat down to dinner. "I bet you would."

"I should n't have dared look any of you in the face again if I had n't," smiled Elliott. But his words rang warm in her ears.

CHAPTER VI

FLIERS

LAURA and Elliott were in the summer kitchen, filling glass jars with raspberries. As they finished filling each jar they capped it and lowered it into a wash-boiler of hot water on the stove.

"It seems odd," remarked Laura, "to put up berries without sugar."

"Is n't it horrid," said Elliott, who had never put up berries at all, but who was long-

ing for candy and had n't had courage to suggest buying any. "I hope the Allies are going to appreciate all the sacrifices we 're making for them."

"Sacrifices!"

How stupid Laura was! "Sugar is one thing."

"Oh well," said Laura, "I 'd rather a little Belgian had my extra pounds, poor scrap! When I give up anything, I think about the Belgians and the people of northern France who have lost their homes, and of all those children over there who have n't enough to eat to make them want to play; and I think about the British fleet and what it has kept us from for four years; and about the thousands of girls who have given their youth and prettiness to making munitions—I think about things like that and then I say to myself, 'My goodness, what is a little sugar, more or less!' Why, Elliott, we don't begin to feel the war over here, not as they feel it!"

"I have lost my home," said Elliott, feeling a little ashamed of the words as she said them.

"But it is there," objected Laura. "Your home is all ready to go back to, is n't it? That 's my point."

"And there 's Father."

"I know, and my brothers. But I don't feel that *I* have done anything in their being in the army. I 'd be ashamed if they did n't go."

"Something might happen," said Elliott. "What would you say then?"

"The same, I hope. But what I mean is, the war does n't really touch us in the routine of our every-day living. *We* don't have to darken our windows at night and take, every now and then, to the cellars. The machinery of our lives is n't thrown out of gear. We don't live hand in hand with danger. But lots of us think we 're killed if we have to use our brains a little, if we 're asked to substitute for wheat flour, and can't have thick frosting on our cake and eat meat three times a day. Oh, I 've heard 'em talk. Why, our life over here is n't really topsyturvy a bit!"

"Is n't it?" There were things, Elliott thought, that Laura, wise as she was, did n't know.

"We 're inconvenienced," said Laura, "but not hurt."

Elliott was silent. She was trying to decide whether or not she was hurt. Inconvenienced seemed rather a slim verb for what had happened to her. Then Priscilla whirled in on her tiptoes, her hands behind her back.

"Which hand will you take?" she asked Elliott.

"The right—No, the left."

"You are n't a very good guesser, are you? But I 'll give it to you this time. It 's not fat, but it looks nice. There 's two from Bob. Here, give 'em to Mother. They 're 'dressed to her. Now let 's get into 'em quick."

The words filtered negligently through Elliott's inattention. All her conscious thoughts were centered on her father's handwriting. She had had a cable before, but this was his first letter. It almost made her cry to see the familiar script and know that she could get nothing but letters from him for a whole long year. No hugs, no kisses, no rumpling of her hair and his, no confidential little talks,—no anything that had been her meat and drink for years. How did people endure such separations?

And then suddenly, through her preoccupation, she became aware of a hush fallen on the bubbling expectancy of the room. Glancing up from the page, she saw Henry standing in the open door. Even to unfamiliar eyes there was something strangely arresting in the boy's look, a shocked gravity that cut like a premonition.

"They say Ted Gordon 's been killed," he said.

"Ted—Gordon!" cried Laura.

"Practice flight—at camp. Nobody knows any particulars. Cy Jones told Father. The Gordons had a telegram."

"I must go over at once." Mrs. Cameron rose, putting the letters into Laura's hands, and took off her apron.

"I 'll bring around the car for you," said Henry.

Mutely the four watched the little car roll out of the yard and down the hill.

Then Henry spoke. "Letters?"

"From Bob," said Laura.

"Gee! And she did n't read 'em!"

"Perhaps she thought she could n't, and go over there."

A minute of silence held the room. Henry broke it. "Well, we 're not going."

Elliott took a step toward the door.

"Need n't run away unless you want to," he called after her. "We always read Bob's letters aloud."

So Elliott stayed. Laura's pleasant voice, a bit strained at first, grew steadier as the reading proceeded. Henry sat whittling a stick into the coal-hod, still with that odd sober look on his face. Priscilla, all the jumpiness gone out of her, stood quietly in the middle of the kitchen floor. Nobody laughed, nobody even chuckled, and yet they were jolly letters, full of spirit and life and fun. High-hearted

adventure rollicked through them, and the humor that makes light of hardship.

They thrilled the four in the pleasant New England kitchen. The peaceful walls opened wide, and they were out in far spaces patrolling the windy sky, mounting, diving, dodging through wisps of cloud, kings of the air, hunting for combat. Their eyes shone and their breathing quickened, and for a minute they forgot the boy who was dead.

"Why the Hun did n't bag me, instead of my getting him," wrote Bob, "is a mystery. Just the luck of beginners, I guess. I did most of the things I should n't have done, and, by chance, one or two of the things I should—fired when I was too far off, went into a spinning nose-dive under the mistaken notion it would make me a poor target, etc., etc., etc. Oh, I was green all right! He knew how to manœuver, that Hun did. That 's what feazes me. How did I manage to top him at last? Well, I did. And my gun did n't jam. Nuff said."

"Gee!" said Henry between his teeth. "And Ted Gordon had to go and miss all that!"

"If he had only got to the front!" sighed Laura.

"Anything from Pete?" asked the boy.

"No."

"Sid?"

She shook her head. "We had a letter from Sid day before yesterday, you know."

"Sid lays 'em down pretty thick sometimes. Well, I must be getting on. This is n't weeding cabbages."

The three girls, left alone, reacted each in her own way to the touch of the dark wings that had so suddenly brushed the rim of their blithe young lives.

"Seems sort of queer it 's so bright," remarked Priscilla.

Laura put the letters on the shelf beside the clock and brought out the potatoes for dinner.

"Ted Gordon was in the Yale Battery last summer," she remarked. "He came up from camp to get his degree this year. Mrs. Gordon and Harriet went down. He was Scroll and Key."

In Elliott's brain Laura's words made a swift connection. Before that, Ted Gordon had meant nothing to her, the name of a boy whom she had never seen, a country lad, whose death, while sudden and sad, could not touch her. Now, suddenly, he clicked into place in her own familiar world. A Scroll-and-Key man? Why, those were the men she knew—Bones, Scroll and Key, Hasty Pudding—he was one of them!

She felt a swift recoil. So that was what war came to. Not just natty figures in khaki that girls cried over when they said good-by to, or smiled at and told how perfectly splendid they were to go; not just high adventure and martial music and the rhythm of swinging brown shoulders; not just surgical dressings and socks and sweaters; not even just homes broken up for a time and fathers sailing overseas. And Laura had said we did n't feel the war over here!

A sense of something intolerable, not to be borne, overwhelmed Elliott. She pushed at it with both hands, as though by the physical gesture she could shove away the sudden darkness that had blotted with alien shadow the face of her familiar sun. Death! There was an unbearable unpleasantness about death. She had always felt ill at ease in its presence, in the very mention of its name; she had avoided every sign and symbol of it as she would a plague. And now, she foresaw for an instant of blinding clarity, perhaps it could not be avoided any longer. Was this young aviator's accident just a symbol of the way death was to invade all the happy sheltered places?

"I don't see," said Elliott, and her voice choked, "I don't see how you can *bear* to peel those potatoes."

"Some one has to peel them," said Laura. "The family must have dinner, you know. Besides, I think it helps to work."

Elliott brushed the last sentence aside. It fell outside her experience, and she did n't understand it. The only thing she did understand was the reiteration of work, work, and the pall of blackness that overshadowed her hitherto bright world. She wished again with all her heart that she had never come to Vermont.

A great wave of homesickness swept over the girl, homesickness for the world as she had always known it, her world as it had been before the war warped and twisted and spoiled things. And yet, oddly enough, there was no sense in the Cameron house of anything being spoiled. They talked of Ted Gordon in the same unbated tone of voice in which they spoke of her cousin Bob or of his friend Pete Fearing, and they actually laughed when they told stories about him. Laura baked and brewed, and the results disappeared down the road in the direction Mother Jess had taken. Aunt Jessica herself returned, a trifle pale and tired-looking, but smiling as usual. "Lucinda and Harriet are just as brave as you would expect them to be," Elliott heard her tell Father Bob. "No one knows yet how it

happened. They hope to learn more from Ted's friends. Two of the aviators are coming up. Harriet told me they rather look for them to-morrow night."

Hastily Elliott betook herself out of hearing. She wanted to get beyond sight and sound of any reference to what had happened. It was the only way known to her to escape the disagreeable—to turn your back on it and run

"Things have a way of disappearing in the woods, unless they 're treated right. Took a fellow with me once when I went for pink-and-white lady's-slippers, the big ones—they 're beauties. He was crazy to go, and he promised to keep the place to himself. You could have picked bushels there then. Now they 're all cleaned out."

"But why? Did people dig them up?"

"CUTTING THE WIRY BROWN STEMS IN THE FERN-FILLED GLADE"

away. What you did n't see and think about, so far as you were concerned, was n't there. Hitherto the method had worked very well. What disquieted her now was a dull, persistent fear that it was n't going to work much longer.

So when Bruce remarked the next day, "I 'm going to take part of the afternoon off and go for ferns; want to come?" she answered promptly, "Yes indeed," though privately she thought him crazy. Ferns, on a perfectly good working-day? But when they were fairly started, she found she had n't escaped, after all.

"We want to make the church look pretty," Bruce said, as they tramped along. "And I happen to know where some beauties grow, maidenhair and the rarer sorts. It is n't everybody I 'd dare to take along."

"Is that so?" queried the girl. She wondered why.

"Picked 'em too close. Some things won't stand being cleaned up the way most people clean up flowers in the woods."

It was very pleasant, tramping along with Bruce in the bright day; pleasant too, leaving the sunshine for the spicy coolness of the woods, and climbing up, up, among great tree-trunks and mossy rocks and trickling mountain brooks; or it would have been pleasant, if one could only quite forget the reason that underlay their journey. But when they had reached Bruce's secret nook, and were cutting the wiry brown stems, and packing together carefully the spreading, many-fingered fronds so as not to break the delicate ferns, that undercurrent of numb consternation reasserted itself. Like Priscilla, Elliott felt a little shocked at the brightness of the sunshine, the blueness of the sky, and the beauty of the fern-filled glade.

"It was dreadful to be killed before he had done anything!" At last the words so long burning in her heart reached the tip of her tongue.

"Yes," Bruce's voice was sober. "It sure was hard."

"I should think his people would feel as though they could n't *stand* it!" Elliott declared. "If he had got to France— But now it is just a hideous, hideous waste!"

Bruce hesitated. "I suppose that is one way of looking at it."

"Why, what other way could there be?" She stared at him in surprise. "He was just learning to fly. He had n't done anything, had he?"

"No, he had n't done anything. But what he died for is just the same as though he had got across, is n't it, and had downed forty Huns?"

She continued to stare fixedly at the boy for a full minute. "Why, yes," she said at last very slowly; "yes, I suppose it is." Curiously enough the whole thing looked better from that angle.

For a long time she was silent, cutting and tying up ferns.

"How did you happen to think of that?"

"To think of what?" Bruce was tying his own ferns.

"What you said about—about *what* this Ted Gordon died for."

It was Bruce's turn to look surprised. "It 's just the fact, is n't it?"

Then he began to load himself with ferns. Elliott would n't have supposed any one could carry as many as Bruce shouldered; he had great bunches in his hands too.

"Better let me take some of those on the ground," he said.

"No, indeed! I am going to do my share."

Quietly he possessed himself of two of her bunches. "That 's your share. It will be heavy enough before we get home."

It was heavy, though not for worlds would Elliott have mentioned the fact. She helped Bruce put the ferns in water, and she went out at night and sprinkled them to keep them fresh; but she had an excuse ready when Laura asked if she would like to go over to the little white-spired church on the hill and help arrange them.

Nothing would have induced her to attend the services, either, though afterward she wished that she had. There seemed to have been something so high and fine and—yes—so cheerful about them, so martial and exalted, that she wished she had seen for herself what they were like. Gloom had always been inseparably linked in Elliott's mind with a funeral, gloom and black clothes, whereas Laura and her mother and Gertrude and Priscilla wore white. A good many things at the Cameron Farm were very odd.

It was after every one had gone to bed and the lights were out that Elliott lay awake in her little slant-ceilinged room and worried and worried about Father, three thousand miles away. He was n't an aviator, it was true, but in France was n't the land almost as unsafe as the air? She had imagined so many things that might perfectly easily happen to him that she was on the point of having a little weep all by herself when Aunt Jessica came in. Did she know that Elliott was homesick? Aunt Jessica sat down on the bed, as she had sat that first night, and talked about comforting, commonplace things—about the new kittens, and how soon the corn might be ripe, and what she used to do when she was a girl in Washington.

Elliott got hold of her hand and wound her own fingers in and out among Aunt Jessica's fingers, but in the end she spoke out the thing that was uppermost in her mind.

"Mother Jess," she said, using unconsciously the Cameron term, "Mother Jess, I don't like death."

She said it in a small, wobbly voice, because she felt very strongly and she was n't used to talking about such things. But she had to say it. Though if the room had n't been dark, I doubt if she could have got it out at all.

"No, dear," said Aunt Jessica, quietly. "Most of us don't like death. I wonder if your feeling is n't due to the fact that you think of it as an end?"

"What is it," asked Elliott, "but an end?" She was so astonished that her words sounded almost brusque.

"I like to think of it as a coming alive," said Aunt Jessica, "a coming alive more vigorously than ever. The world is beginning to think of it so, too."

Elliott lay still after Aunt Jessica had gone out of the room and tried to think about what she had said. It was quite the oddest thing that anybody had said yet. But all she really succeeded in thinking about was the quiet certainty in Aunt Jessica's voice, the comforting clasp of Aunt Jessica's arms, and the kiss still warm on her lips.

(To be continued)

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"A FLOATING FORTIFIED CITY." THE U. S. S. *ARIZONA* IN THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK

FLOATING CITADELS

By FITZHUGH GREEN, U. S. N.

Most people think of a man-of-war as a floating fortress. It is really more than that. It is a floating fortified city.

Of course, the captain stands on the bridge and gives orders which way to put the rudder when approaching a dock. And if there be no admiral about, he decides when to open fire on the enemy. All his military duties are very little different from what they were when John Paul Jones first let the world know there was an American Navy in existence.

But the commanding officer of a modern battle-ship is more than just a naval skipper. He is mayor of a town of over one thousand active male inhabitants. It is his task to govern them and keep them happy and healthy for the time when war shall test their strength.

Under the captain is a regular city council. In naval parlance, its members are called heads of departments. One looks after the engines. He is the chief engineer. One has the guns in charge, and is known as the gunnery officer. The first lieutenant is a sort of chief of police, because he must keep the street-like decks clean and uncongested. An electrical officer superintends the illumination of alley-ways and houses—which on board ship are really long passages and state-rooms. Altogether, about fifty officers act as assistants to the heads of departments. Finally, there is a head councilor, called the executive officer, who takes the captain's place in an emergency.

In cities we have what we call public utilities. The local power-plant is an example. It is owned jointly by the citizens. It is operated for the good of the town rather than to make money, as would be the case of a factory or mill. This plan is carried still farther on a battle-ship. The electrical installation alone could supply a town of at least 10,000 inhabitants. There are two large dynamo-rooms, one in each end of the ship. The idea is that a shell from the enemy might put one out of commission, in which case the other could handle all the "juice" demanded for loading and firing. At least ten huge turbo-generators are required. Day and night they supply power to cranes, winches, ammunition-hoists,

search-lights, wireless, air-compressors, blowers, potato-peelers, turret-training, gun-elevators, and about 15,000 incandescent lights.

Since one of the new super-dreadnoughts is, in fact, a huge factory two blocks long and a third of a block wide, hundreds of offices, rooms, and work spaces must be connected by telephone. In addition, efficient communication-lines are necessary in order that the captain may have his whole ship and men and officers in hand when fighting a battle.

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A SMALLER MEMBER OF UNCLE SAM'S FLEET

A complete telephone-company is in business. Of course, sailormen take the place of telephone-girls, and no one has to drop a nickel in the slot, because it all belongs to Uncle Sam. But the intricate switch-boards, with miles and miles of wire, the precise method of handling calls, and the efficiency of the whole service, are those of a great city.

One essential difference exists: in battle the ship's communication-lines form her nervous system. If any of them are cut, the members they connect would be as helpless as a boxer who sees his opponent's blow coming, but, because of one paralyzed nerve, is powerless to hold up a guarding arm. All fire-control and battle-order lines are put behind heavy armor or far below the water-line.

Smaller shops, like those for carpenters and machinists, do all the repair work. If a man breaks the tool he is using, or an officer drops his wife's picture and smashes the frame, the accident is no more serious than it would be in a big city. The man or the officer simply leaves his broken article at the shop on his way to work, and has it sent to him when the job is done.

Few hotels have so perfect a kitchen as the battle-ship. Her "galley," as it is called, is up on deck where the fresh air and sunshine can stream in and keep cooking spaces sweet and clean. The ranges are all electric, which is an ideal way to cook. No fires to tend, no dirty coal to bring. Just press a button, and the oven or broiler is ready in five minutes. Patent potato-peelers, mixers, broilers, and other automatic machines make it possible for a handful of men to prepare food for nearly two thousand shipmates. Bushels and bushels of raw provisions are dumped into their various receptacles, a lever is thrown over, and presto! the dinner is done. Not quite that, to be accurate; but so near to it that you could hardly tell the difference.

The welfare of the men is looked after as if they were a lot of hundred-thousand-dollar prima donnas, rather than the horny-handed mariners tradition makes them out to be. A well equipped hospital is built between decks. Several doctors and a number of trained men-

nurses handle injuries or sickness so quickly and competently that rarely are there any serious cases. If there is a prospect of long illness, the patient can be transferred at once to the fleet hospital-ship.

Amusement is by no means overlooked. Many battle-ships have regular newspapers. All have magazines of some sort, in which men of the different professional branches can compare their work and interests. The regular printing-shop is often occupied in getting out programs for band concerts by the ship's orchestra, or for minstrel shows which are held on deck under a wide awning. There is plenty of swimming and boxing. For rainy days a fine large public library is at the disposal of the men who are not on duty.

The sailor of to-day does not scrub his clothes in the good old-fashioned way. An electrically driven steam-laundry does the work for him. Also, he is shaved in an up-to-date barber-shop. And he has forgotten what a "slop-chest" is, now that canteens and clothing-stores provide everything, from a tooth-brush and a bottle of pop to a pair of regulation boots. Ship's tailors keep him trim, and the ship's photographer perpetuates his good-lookingness.

In peace times, visitors are always allowed aboard on Sunday mornings. You will be surprised to hear your favorite hymn as you come over the gangway. Then suddenly you will spy a queer structure of flags spread across wooden frames. It is the battle-ship's church.

ABOUT A NOISELESS FOURTH

"We 're going to have a noiseless Fourth,"
Said little Tommy Burd.
"It 's going to be the noiselessest
You ever have not heard."

I learned about it afterward;
'T was just as Tommy said.
In place of breakfast-bell, they rang
A small dumb-bell, instead.
The food was brought up silently,
Upon the new dumb-waiter—
A quiet *Stil*ton cheese for Dad;
A *dumb*-pling for dear Mater.
When Tommy's sister ran her scales,
She used the left, soft pedal;
On muted strings Tom fiddled well
Enough to have a medal.
Then after lunch they went to ride
In noiseless, new machine.
They used the muffler. (Tom wore his—
It was a quiet green.)
They saw some rockets in the park—
The garden kind you plant.
A large deaf-adder at the Zoo
Made speechless Tommy's aunt.

And so you see, *mum* was the word,
As homeward then they sped.
The night was still; and quietly
They tiptoed up to bed.

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

MRS. GRAY'S BOYS

Poor Mrs. Gray is somewhat like
The woman in the shoe;
She has so many little boys,
She scarce knows what to do.

There 's one who loiters shamefully;
She calls him Dilly-Dally;
His brother sadly slights his tasks—
Poor little Shilly-Shally!
And there 's a teasing, fretting boy,
Inclined to pout and cry,
Who, when he cannot have his way,
Complains, "I don't see why!"
There 's Happy-Hearted—a polite
And merry lad is he;
And his twin brother, who is known
As Good as Good Can Be.
And all these small boys live inside
What seems just Bobby Gray;
He 's often all of them within
The course of one short day.

How nice 't would be if Mrs. Gray
Had but one boy, and he
Were little Happy-Hearted or
Small Good as Good Can Be!

Emily Henderson.

HOW TO MAKE A CATAMARAN

By WILLIAM WISE

THE great advantage of a catamaran over a boat is that it is not at all dangerous and yet can be managed as easily and propelled almost as speedily. This cannot be done with a raft, which is clumsy and must be poled or paddled along very slowly. A catamaran can be taken into almost any place where a boat can go, and in either shallow or deep water it will not tip over, even in a big wind, nor can it be smashed on the rocks.

For making one, two good logs, at least ten feet long, should be secured. Each of these logs should be sawed at each end to a wedge-shaped point. Use a sharp buck-saw to do this. Figure 1 shows how to prepare the logs. A shows a log, from above, pointed at each end. Sharpened in this manner, the logs will cut through the water like a knife, there being very little friction to hold them back. B shows how the logs must be mortised at X, X, X, to hold the cross-bars. Two smaller mortises are made at C and D for the smaller bars that support the rudder. Place the logs two and a half feet apart, and in the mortises place the big cross-bars, fastening them securely in place with twelve six-inch screws. In the same manner fasten on the rudder supports, using three-inch screws.

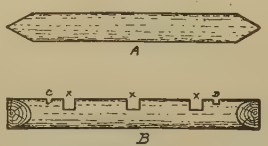
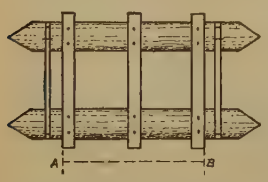


FIGURE 1

With the framework on, board over only from A to B as shown in Figure 2. Figure 3 shows how the catamaran will look with the board covering. To make the rudder, care should be used that it does not extend below the bottom of the logs. In Figure 4, A shows the shape of the rudder. The blade should be about a foot wide at the bottom and ten inches high. It is fastened at B and C with screws through the upright bar, and just above the rudder blade a hole is made through the upright at D. Then the handle or tiller is put on at E. Note that the ends of the cross-strip supporting the rudder are rounded, and staples are driven in at H and I. This makes



FIGURES 2 AND 3

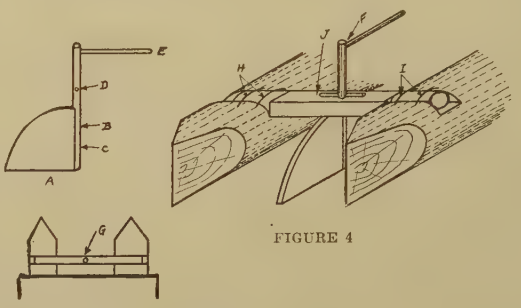


FIGURE 4

it impossible to break your rudder, for, if you drag it across a stone or stump in the water, instead of tearing it off, the whole bar will turn over on these rounded ends. By removing the tiller, the rudder is thrust up through the hole at G, and a wooden pin, J, is slipped through the hole, D. This holds it in position.

Inasmuch as the strips A and B in Figure 3 are alike, you can shift your rudder from one end of the catamaran to the other. If you are going along a narrow stream or get into a difficult place in the lake, you can shift your rudder instead of turning the catamaran around. A bamboo pole may be set in at the opposite end from the rudder and a pennant unfurled from this.

An ordinary little bench is nailed firmly to the flooring at each end, but the seat in the

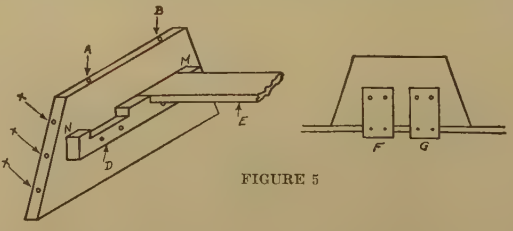


FIGURE 5

middle, shown in Figure 5, is a more complicated affair. Two pieces of plank, two inches in thickness, eighteen inches high, three feet long at the bottom, and tapered up to two feet in width at the top, are used. A heavy cleat, D, mortised, as shown, to receive the plank seat, E, is screwed to the inside of each plank, which is then fastened on each side with long bolts, at X, X, X, to the platform of the catamaran, and is further secured by means of cleats, shown at F and G, fastening them with

screws to the floor boards, and with bolts and nuts to the seat planks. Sockets for oar-locks are drilled at A and B. Two are needed, because you may wish to row your catamaran in either direction. If you use the oar-lock in the socket at A, you must place the seat in the mortise near M; or if you use the oar-lock at B, the seat must be fitted into the mortise near N.

Figure 6 gives a view of the catamaran as it floats in the water. A shows the tiller, B,

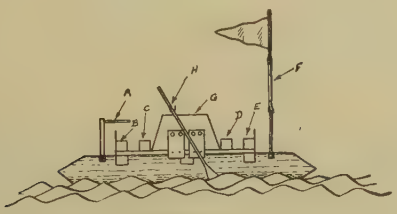
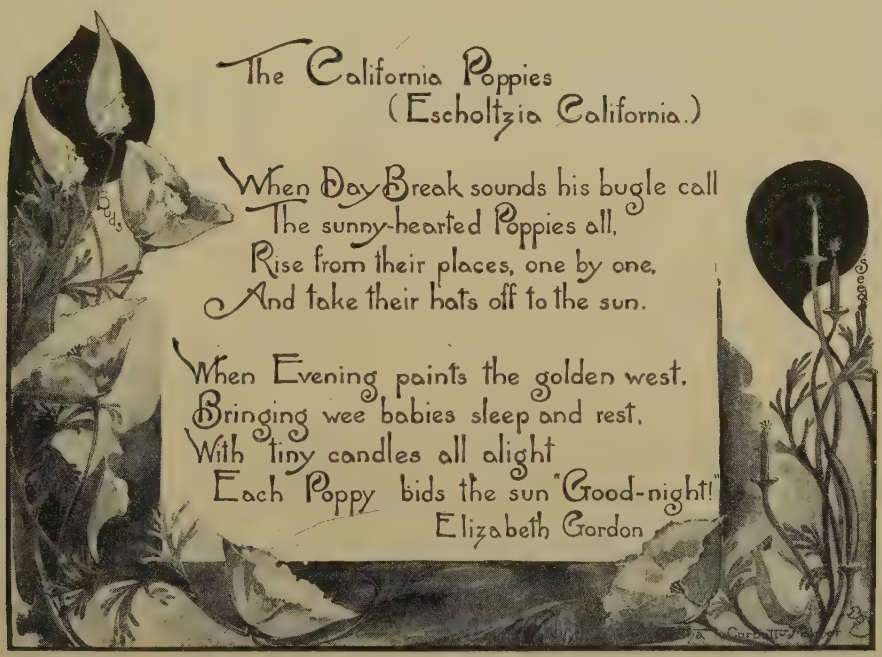


FIGURE 6

the bench for the man steering, C, a box fastened to the floor of the catamaran in which to keep fishing-tackle and such things; D, another box with a waterproof cover, in which to keep lunches or anything else that should be protected; E, the bench on the farther end, or bow, and F, the bamboo pole and pennant. G shows one of the side planks holding the seat and oar-locks, and H shows the oar in the lock.

If desirable, two rowing seats may be put on this catamaran. In this case, with one fellow at the rudder and two at the oars, surprising speed may be made, and there is no danger of tipping over, or running into sunken ledges, or staving a hole in the bottom.

This makes a fine, safe craft for boys, either for lakes, rivers, or ponds. It is splendid to fish from—much better than a boat, as it does not rock about; and when camping out on the shore of a lake it is one of the handiest things imaginable. While some of the party are using the boat to go for provisions or mail, the others need not stay ashore, but may row out and cast anchor on their favorite fishing-grounds for a day's sport. It is also well adapted for trolling, and, in fact, serves almost every purpose. A short mast may be set about amidships of this craft and a small sail used. A sail that would make a boat dangerous to any one except a skilled person would not be dangerous on this catamaran, as it would take an immense sail indeed to hold enough wind to tip it over.


The California Poppies
(Escholtzia California.)
When Day Break sounds his bugle call
The sunny-hearted Poppies all,
Rise from their places, one by one,
And take their hats off to the sun.
When Evening paints the golden west,
Bringing wee babies sleep and rest,
With tiny candles all alight
Each Poppy bids the sun "Good-night!"
Elizabeth Gordon

THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

When President Wilson first appeared in person before Congress and read aloud his message to it, his departure from precedent caused quite a stir. In May he broke another precedent, and caused another stir, by cabling a message from Europe.

The message was peculiarly interesting, not only because of its coming from abroad, but because of its style. Presidential messages used to be pretty formal documents. This one was a letter to the "Gentlemen of the Congress." It was just such a letter as might be written by the head of an American firm, abroad on business, to his associates in the firm at home.

The President explained his absence by referring to the international problems that had to be solved at Paris, questions that affect the peace and future welfare of the whole world. He spoke of his being out of touch with "intimate sources of information and counsel" on the working details of the legislative situation, and proceeded to name the matters on which legislation was most needed.

"The question of labor," he said, "stands at the front in every country amidst the present great awakening." The details of legislation in this department were left for consideration by Congress; what the President undertook to do was to define the spirit in which new laws should be cast. He urged that they should aim not at methods or means to increase industrial productive efficiency, so much as at the improvement of the relations between capital and labor. The interests of employers and employees call for coöperation. Everybody acknowledges that, but we need laws that will make the theory work out. By way of practical suggestion, the President called attention to the possibility of providing ways for capital and labor to adjust their difficulties and agree together on matters of policy.

The message urged consideration of the problem of getting jobs for the soldiers, and soldiers for unfilled positions. It called attention to the possibilities in foreign trade; to the need of improvement in the methods of laying and collecting federal taxes. It urged the Congress not to enact protective tariffs in a general way, but to take measures against renewal of the former German control of the manufacture of, and trade in, dyestuffs and chemicals.

President Wilson advised early passage of the Suffrage Amendment. He promised that the railroads should be returned to private ownership at the end of this year, and the telegraph and telephone systems as soon as possible. "I sincerely trust," he said in closing, "that I shall very soon be at my post in Washington again to report upon the matters which made my presence in Paris at the peace table apparently imperative, and to put myself at the service of the Congress in every matter of administration that may seem to demand executive action or advice."

A STIFF DOSE OF FACTS FOR GERMANY

Do you recall the terms of the peace treaty clearly enough to be able to give, offhand, a fairly complete outline of them? If not, it will be worth while to review them. The official summary of the treaty filled a dozen columns of newspaper space, in small type, and the treaty itself, which has not yet been published in this country, makes a bulky book; so it is quite likely that some of us could not pass an examination on it.

Germany was required to get out of Alsace and Lorraine; to give up territory in the west to Belgium, and in the east to Poland; and to yield her colonies. She had to undertake to relieve Luxemburg from her customs control; to renounce her holdings in China; to recognize the French power in Morocco and the British in Egypt; to demolish the Helgoland fortifications and open the Kiel Canal to the navigation of all nations; to reduce her army to 100,000 men and abolish conscription; to destroy her forts along the Rhine; to limit her navy to thirty-six ships of all classes (no submarines!); to replace destroyed Allied shipping; to aid in the restoration of devastated regions; to recall her treaties with the Bolsheviki; and to pay indemnities, beginning with a payment of five billion dollars.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PALACE AND GROUNDS OF VERSAILLES, WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE MEETS

Some persons in this country thought the terms too severe. Some others thought them too mild. The question of their justness is well worth trying to answer. The best possible answer was given May 22, when the Allies replied, briefly but very clearly, to a German protest.

The Germans asserted that they were not being allowed sufficient means to support their population. They were reminded that they were to lose territory containing six millions of population, and that their figures were too great by that amount.

They protested that they were being cruelly treated in the matter of giving up shipping. The reply was, You are being made to give up four million tons; you destroyed more than twelve million. "The universal shortage of merchant shipping is the result not of the terms of peace, but of the acts of Germany."

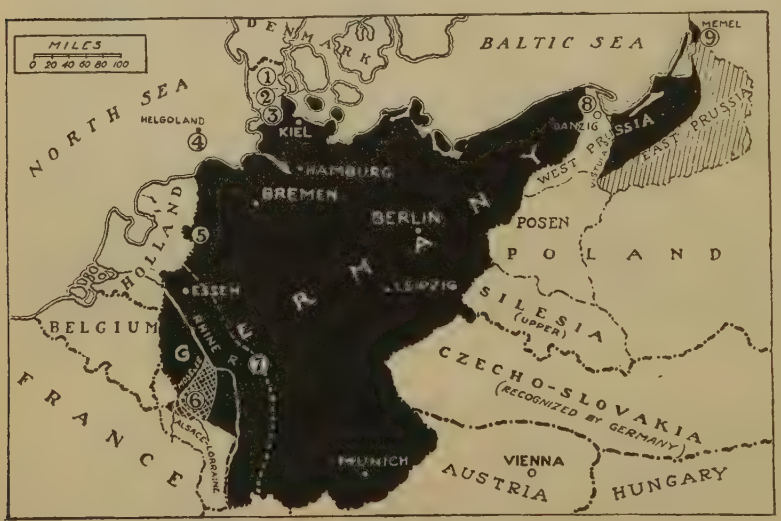
The Germans complained of the loss of lands to the east, from which Germany had drawn her supplies of wheat and potatoes. And the answer? These lands will still produce wheat and potatoes; import them. We have arranged for such importations by you, for a period of three years, without payment of duty.

And so it went, taking up one complaint after another, and disposing of each clearly, definitely—and without one word of hatred or of boasting, without one hint of revenge, or even of punishment. The final paragraph was a masterpiece of strong statement without any color but that of exact justice:

"All the nations of Europe are suffering from losses and are bearing and will continue to bear burdens which are almost more than they can carry. These burdens and losses have been forced upon them by the aggression of

Germany. It is right that Germany, which is responsible for the origin of these calamities, should make them good to the utmost of her capacity. Her hardship will arise not from the conditions of peace, but from the acts of those who provoked and prolonged the war. Those who were responsible for the war cannot escape its just consequences."

GERMANY WHEN THE WAR BEGAN



Courtesy of the "New York Tribune"

GERMANY UNDER THE PEACE TREATY

THE WHIPPED BULLY

ON the first day of May the German delegates reported at Paris. It was a bitter day for them. Agents of a mighty empire brought to ruin by its own pride and greed, they pretended to be present as negotiators, though all the world knew them for what they were—representatives of a disgraced and defeated people, waiting to hear the terms on which the nation would be permitted to resume peaceful association with others.

On May 7 the treaty drafted by the Allies was presented to the Germans. The time and the place could not have been more fitly chosen. There, nearly fifty years ago, the brutal Bismarck dictated to France the hardest terms of peace a Hun's imagination could devise, and Germany revealed her purpose to "bleed France white." And the day was the anniversary of the act in which Germany gloried, the darkest deed in history—the sinking of the Lusitania, with her noncombatant passengers.

What a contrast is that between 1871 and 1919! Defeated, the French nation refused to be conquered. Accepting the indemnity fixed by the Teutons at a figure which in those days seemed almost incredible in connection with actual payment, they devoted themselves with equal courage and industry to the task of reconstruction.

The Germans, treated by their conquerors (in defensive war) with consideration wholly undeserved and prompted not by chivalry, but by simple humanity and self-respect, were sullen and defiant. One minute whimpering, and the next minute snarling, Germany presented a spectacle that was anything but pleasing.

They whined, "The treaty is a song of hate." They accused the Allies of endeavoring to destroy them. They charged President Wilson with faithlessness to his "fourteen points," and said he had betrayed the

THE HALL OF MIRRORS, PALACE OF VERSAILLES, WHERE THE PEACE TREATY IS TO BE SIGNED

German people. Then they turned to sly (but stupid) tricks. They talked about presenting to the Allies a bill for $13,650,000,000 for losses caused by the blockade. From fear, they passed to fury; from prayers, to threats. A disgusting and pitiful performance.

In mid-May the Germans at home were holding meetings of protest. "We won't sign!" was the cry. But as the time drew near when the answer must be given and it became more and more apparent that the Allies would not give ground, the Germans began to insist that their Government must accept the terms. On the twenty-first the Berlin Soldiers' and Workers' Council passed a resolution demanding that the treaty be signed.

Imagine the people of England, or France, or America calling upon their Government to sign a treaty which they declared to be a death-warrant for their nation!

As the month drew to its close, the Allies, having granted Germany another week in which to make up its mind, were preparing for action in case she should be insane enough to attempt resistance. American troops were placed in readiness to advance into Germany, and plans were made for an economic siege —that is, to cut the defiant country off from contact with the rest of the world.

Those persons who complained after the armistice that the Allies were "too easy" with Germany had reason to revise their opinion, and any Germans who may have cherished the belief that Germany had not been really defeated must have recognized their own error, when it became indisputably evident that Germany was utterly powerless to resist.

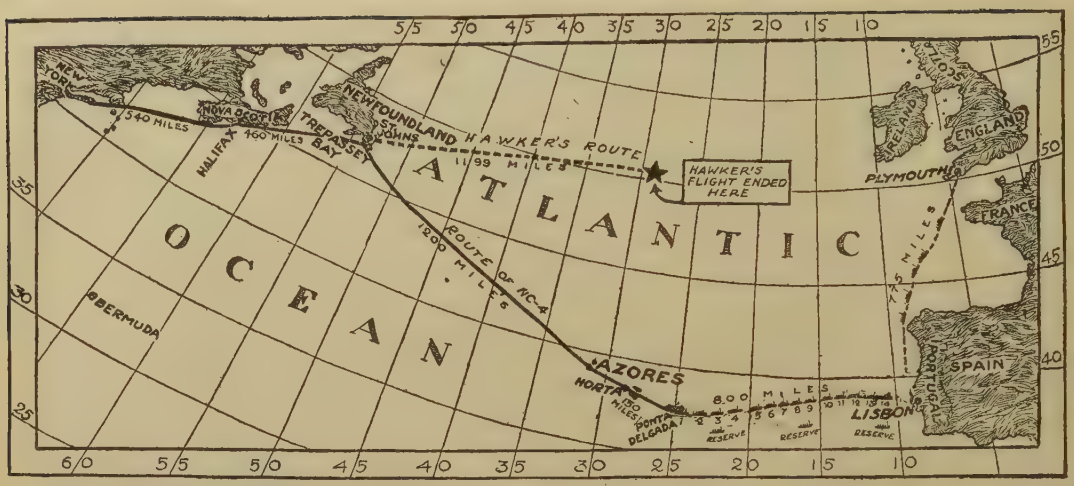
Having shown to the world her brutality in victory, Germany proceeded to exhibit her lack of courage in defeat. She has, all along, given us a splendid example—to avoid.

FLYING TO EUROPE

"The American seaplane N C-4 arrived at the Azores at 9.24 o'clock this morning." That was the "big news" in the morning papers of Saturday, May 17. For a while the peace treaty had to take second place in the interest of Americans.

On Thursday, May 8, after weeks of work in preparation for the test, the three navy planes "hopped off" at Rockaway Beach, bound for Halifax on the first stretch of their voyage. Planes 1 and 3 made the run, of 540 sea miles, in nine hours. N C-4, delayed by engine trouble, came down for repairs at Chatham Naval Station on Cape Cod Friday night.

Planes 1 and 3 made the second stretch, 460 miles to Trepassey Bay in Newfoundland, and were delayed there until the fifteenth. On that day, just as the other two planes were about to start on the 1,200 mile over-ocean run



Courtesy of the "New York Tribune"

"AMERICA DISCOVERS THE OLD WORLD"

The courses followed by the Atlantic fliers. The route of the NC-4 (Navy-Curtiss-4) from the Azores to Lisbon was lined with destroyers, as indicated

to the Azores, up came the NC-4, which had been traveling at the rate of something like a hundred miles an hour, trying to catch up.

© Press Illus. Service

HARRY HAWKER

Somewhere back of the NC-4 the dirigible C-5—the "blimp"—was trailing along at a speed of not more than a mile a minute. The blimp, fortunately with no one aboard, was carried away from her moorings by a gale, after making a good run from Montauk Point to St. Johns.

Plane 4, first to land in the Azores, covered the 1,200-mile course in fifteen hours and thirteen minutes, giving an average speed of 80 miles an hour. The crews of planes 1 and 3 got through, after some delay, but the planes were unable to proceed. The "flagship," NC-3, reached Ponta Delgada May 19. What a voyage that must have been, with the small but powerful machines boring through the darkness over the ocean, hour after hour, while pilots picked up one by one the lights of the destroyers patrolling the course below.

On Sunday, May 18, the Australian aviator, Harry Hawker, left St. Johns in a biplane, trying to make Galway in Ireland in a single flight of 1,682 miles. He was trying to beat Raynham, the British aviator, across and win a prize of $50,000 offered for the first trans-atlantic flight.

Hawker and his companion, Grieve, were reported lost at sea. For several days people waited for news that he had perhaps been blown off his course and had landed safely, or had been picked up at sea. Just when it began to seem hopeless, the news was cabled over that the aëroplane, being carried far out of her course and disabled by engine trouble, had come down on the water, and the two men had been picked up by a little Danish steamer and carried to Scotland. The steamer had no wireless with which to flash her news

at the time when the two aviators were rescued. England gave the two men a wild reception. Hawker was reported to have said in a speech that the feat of the American air navigators was nothing more than a joke—crossing over a line of ships stationed at intervals of "every twenty yards" or so—but his hearers met the remark with silence. Hawker's attempt was more of a "sporting proposition." The voyage of the American naval

© Underwood & Underwood
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ALBERT C. READ

planes was a careful experiment with a useful end in view. The navy planes made their trip regardless of Hawker's attempt, and according to a schedule announced far in advance. They were not racing. Mr. Hawker made a mistake, which he probably quickly regretted, and perhaps he was not correctly quoted.

After being held up several days by bad weather, the NC-4, which had made the poorest start of all the fleet, made the last leg of the voyage, and landed safely at Lisbon, and later at Plymouth.

Her flight ranks with the great achievements that mark the course of mankind's long war against time and space. The United States Navy won great glory, and rendered useful service in pioneering for the future development of air navigation.

IN RUSSIA

CHEERING news came from Russia at the end of May. The Bolshevik forces were falling back upon Petrograd, and the Allies were closing in on the city. Admiral Kolchak, in command of the anti-Bolshevik forces in the east of Russia, was gaining continued successes.

The Allies' policy of helping the Russians to help themselves seemed about to be justified by results. The hope of Russia lies in the masses of peasant population. This population is pretty widely scattered and cannot easily be organized. But the people have lived long enough on the fruits of Bolshevism, a not very "filling" diet; and the Lenine policy of throwing men out of work in order to make them fight is pretty sure in the end to prove a boomerang policy, ruinous to those who employ it.

The news that came late in May was especially important because the sooner Russia is at peace, the safer will Europe be. Relieved of the anarchist pressure on the east, the other countries can make better progress in the work of reconstruction.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE spring of 1919 was a notable period in the history of sport. After the long interruption caused by the war, athletics of all sorts experienced a splendid revival. Baseball, track athletics, golf, tennis, and other sports, by professional teams and those of the colleges, schools, and clubs, recovered their former place in the American scheme of things. And this was good, because the American fondness for athletic competition, is healthful and valuable. The courage and skill developed in our earnest manner of outdoor play were important factors in the military efficiency of our boys in France.

WITH so many "drives" being made, it has not been possible to speak of each one individually, but it would never do to skip the Salvation Army drive made in May. It was correctly said of the "Sallies": "They helped everybody. They antagonized none." Their campaign for the Home Service Fund warmed all hearts and opened every pocketbook.

TWO-CENT letters again? How many more letters will you write than you wrote in the last two years or so?

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

LOTOR

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

THE opal water was all glimmering green and gold and crimson as it whirled under overhanging boughs aflame with the fires of fall. The air tasted of frost and had the color of pale gold. Around sudden curves, through twisted channels, and down gleaming vistas our canoe pursued one of the crookedest, sweetest streams in the world as it ran through the pine-barrens. The woods on either side were glories of color. There was the scarlet of the mountain-sumac, with its winged leaves, and the deep purple of the star-leaved sweet-gum. Sassafras-trees were lemon-yellow or wine-red. The persimmon was the color of gold, while the poisonous sumac, with its death-pale bark and venomous leaves upcurled as if ready to sting, flaunted the regal red-and-yellow of Spain. Finally we beached our canoe in a little grove and landed for lunch. By the edge of the smoky, golden cedar-water, in the pure white sand, was a deep footprint, like that made by a baby's bare foot with a pointed heel. I recognized the hand and seal of Lotor, the Washer, who believes firmly in that old proverb about cleanliness. That is about as near, however, as Lotor ever gets to godliness. He is the grizzled-gray raccoon, who wears a black mask on his funny, foxy face, and has a ringed tail shaped like a baton, and sets his hind feet flat, like his second-cousin the bear, while his menu-card covers almost as wide a range. Whatever he eats, frogs, crawfish, chicken, and even fresh eggs and snakes, he always washes. Two, three, and even four times, he rinses and rubs his food if he can find water.

That footprint in the sand carried me back more years than I like to count. It was on the same kind of fall day that I first entered the fastnesses of Rolfe's Woods. First there came Little Woods, close at home, where one could play after school and where the spotted leaves of the adder's-tongue grew everywhere. Then came Big Woods, which required a full Saturday afternoon to do it justice. It was there that I accumulated by degrees the twenty-two spotted turtles, the five young gray squirrels, and the three garter-snakes, which gladdened my home. Far beyond Big Woods was a wilderness of swamps and thickets known to us as Rolfe's Woods. This was only to be visited in company with some of the big boys and on a full holiday. That day, Boots Lockwood and Buck Thompson, patriarchs who must have been all of fourteen years old, were planning to visit these woods. Four of us little chaps tagged along until it was too late to send us back. We found that the perils of the place had not been overstated. In a dark thicket Boots showed us wolf-tracks. At least he said they were, and he ought to have known, for he had read "Frank in the Woods," "The Gorilla Hunters," and other standard authorities on such subjects. Farther on we heard a squalling note, which Buck at once recognized as the scream of a panther. Boots confirmed his diagnosis, and showed the reckless bravery of his nature by laughing so heartily at our scared faces that he had to lean against a tree for some time before he could go on. In later years I have heard the same note made by a blue-jay, a curious coincidence which should have the attention of some of our prominent naturalists. Finally, we came to a little clearing with a vast oak-tree in the center. As we neared it, suddenly Buck gave a yell and pointed overhead. There on a hollow dead limb crouched a strange beast. It was gray in color, with a black-masked face, and was ten times larger than any gray squirrel, the wildest animal which we had met personally. There was a hasty and whispered consultation between the two leaders, after which Buck announced that the stranger was none other than a Canada lynx,

according to him an animal of almost supernatural ferocity and cunning. Furthermore, he stated that he, assisted by Boots, intended to climb the tree and attack said lynx with a club. Our part was to encircle the tree and help Boots if the lynx elected to fight on land instead of aloft. If so be that he sprang on any one of us, the rest were to attack him instantly, before he had time to lap the blood of his victim—a distressing habit which Buck advised us was characteristic of all Canada lynxes. This masterly plan was somewhat marred by the actions of Robbie Crane. Robbie was of a gentle nature, whose manners and ideals were far superior to the rough boys with whom he occasionally consorted. Mrs. Crane said so herself. After reflecting a moment on the lynx's unrestrained and sanguinary traits, he suddenly disappeared down the back-track with loud sobbings, and never stopped running until he reached home an hour later. Thereafter our names were stricken from Robbie's calling-list by Mrs. Crane. As Buck, boosted by Boots, started up the tree, the perfidious lynx disappeared in an unsuspected hole beneath a branch, from which he refused to come out in spite of all that Buck and Boots could do. One member, at least, of that hunting-party was immensely relieved by his unexpected retreat. It was many years later before I learned that even such masters of woodcraft as Buck and Boots could be mistaken, and that the Canada lynx was really a Connecticut coon.

It was not until recently that I ever met Lotor by daylight. Three years ago I was walking down a hillside after a sudden November snow-storm. My way led past two gray-squirrel nests, well thatched and chinked with the leaves by which they can always be told from crows' nests. From out of one of them I saw peering down at me the funny face of a coon. When I pounded on the other tree, another coon stared sleepily down at me. Probably the unexpected snow-storm had sent them both to bed in the first lodgings which they could find, or it may be that they had decided to try the open-air sleeping-rooms of the squirrels rather than the hollw-tree houses in which the coon family usually spend their winters.

Sometimes at night you may hear near the edge of the woods a plaintive, tremulous call floating from out of the dark trees, *"Whoo-oo-oo-oo, whoo-oo-oo-oo."* It is one of the night-notes of the coon. It sounds almost like the wail of the little screech-owl, save that it has a certain animal quality to the note. Moreover, the screech-owl will always answer when one imitates the call, and will generally come floating over on noiseless wings to investigate. The coon, however, instantly senses the imitation and calls no more that night.

Unlike the bears, Mr. and Mrs. Coon and all the little coons, averaging from three to six, hibernate together soon after the first snow-storm of the year. One of the few legends of

LOTOR, THE WASHER

the long-lost Connecticut Indians which I can remember is that of an old Indian hunter who would appear on my great-grandfather's farm in the depths of winter and, after obtaining permission, would go unerringly to one or more coon-trees, which he would locate by signs unknown to any white hunter. In each tree he would find from four to six fat coons, whose fur and flesh he would exchange for gun-powder, tobacco, hard cider, and other necessities of life.

Mr. and Mrs. Coon are good parents. They keep their children with them until the arrival of a new family, which occurs with commendable regularity every spring. A friend of mine once saw a young coon fall into the water from its tree in the depths of a swamp. At the splash, the mother-coon came out of the den, forty feet up the trunk, and climbed down to help. Master Coon, wet, shaken, and miser-

able, managed to get back to the tree-trunk and clung there whimpering. Mother Coon gripped him by the scruff of his neck and marched him up the tree to the den, giving him a gentle nip whenever he stopped to cry.

In spite of his funny face and playful ways, Mr. Coon is a cheerful, desperate, scientific fighter. In a fair fight, or an unfair one for that matter, he will best a dog double his size, and he fears no living animal of his own

"HE LAUNCHED HIMSELF INTO THEIR MIDST"

weight save only that versatile weasel, the black-cat. I became convinced of this one dark November morning many years ago, when I foolishly used to kill animals instead of making friends of them. All night long, with a pack of alleged coon-dogs, we had hunted invisible and elusive coons through thick woods. I had scratched myself all over with green-brier, and, while running through the dark, had plunged head first into the coldest known brook on the continent. Four separate times I had been persuaded by false and flattering words to climb slippery trees after imaginary coons, with a lantern fastened around my neck. This time my friends assured me there could be no mistake. Both Grip and Gyp, the experts of the pack, had their fore paws against an enormous tulip-tree which stood apart from all others. In order that there might be no possible mistake, black Uncle Zeke, the leader of the hunt, who knew most of the coons in those woods by their first names, agreed to "shine" this particular coon. Lighting a lantern, he held it behind his head, staring fixedly up into the tree as he did so. Sure enough, in a minute, far up along the branches, gleamed two green spots. Those were the eyes of the coon, staring down at the light. It was impossible to climb this tree, so we built a fire and waited for daylight. Dawn found us regarding a monster coon crouched in the branches some forty or fifty feet up. Uncle Zeke produced a cherished shot-gun. The barrel had once burst, by reason of the muzzle being accidentally plugged with mud, and had been thereafter cut down, so that it was less than a foot in length. In spite of its misfortune, Uncle Zeke assured us that it was still a wonderful shooter. We scattered and gave him a free field. In a properly conducted coon-hunt, a coon, like a fox, must be killed by dogs or not at all. Uncle Zeke told us that this one, as soon as he heard the shot, although uninjured, would come down, like Davy Crockett's coon. Sure enough, when the shot cut through the branches well above the animal he started slowly down the trunk, head foremost, like a squirrel, and never stopped until he reached a branch some twenty feet above the yelping pack. Then, with hardly a pause, he launched himself right into their midst. As he came through the air we could see him slashing with his claws, evidently limbering up. He struck the ground only to disappear in a wave of dogs. In a minute he fought himself clear, and managed to get his back against the tree. Then followed a great exhibition of scientific fighting. The coon was perfectly balanced on all four feet and did wonderful execution with his flexible fore paws, armed with sharp, curved claws. He went through that mongrel pack like a lightweight champion in a street fight. Ducking, side-stepping, slashing and biting fiercely in the clinches, he broke entirely through the circle and started off at a brisk trot toward the thick woods. The pack followed after him, baying ferociously, but doing nothing more. Not one of them would venture again into close quarters. Though we came back empty-handed, not even Uncle Zeke grudged that coon his life.

"MR. COON AND ALL THE LITTLE COONS."

A NEW RUDDER FOR MOTOR-BOATS

ONE of the most noteworthy of recent inventions is a reversing and controlling rudder that makes it possible to turn a 25-foot motor boat around in approximately its own length while traveling full speed ahead. The boat

A MOTOR BOAT TURNING IN APPROXIMATELY ITS OWN LENGTH. (THREE EXPOSURES)

made a complete turn in twenty seconds (as shown by the accompanying photograph). With these special rudder plates, the boat can be made to turn round and round; that is, with the rudders placed at right angles to the axis of the keel, and with the engine running full speed, the boat will stand perfectly still; then, by changing the rudder plates slightly, the boat will turn around in its own length and will continue to do so until the adjustment is changed. At any time while it is thus revolving, the boat can be started off for any point of the compass at full speed. To test the accuracy with which a boat thus equipped could be handled, a motor boat twenty-five feet long was run into a forty-foot slip full speed ahead, turned around, and brought out bow first without touching either side of the slip.

THE REVERSING AND CONTROL RUDDER

In this position the plates will quickly reverse the position of the boat

The boat has two steering-wheels, each controlling one of the rudder plates. When these plates are set in V-shape, the boat stops almost instantly and begins to run backward. A stream of water thrown back against the rudder by the propeller imparts this reversing motion. A steel plate, or fin, above the rudder prevents this water from escaping over the top of the rudder.

GEORGE F. PAUL.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS OF YUCATAN

IN Merida, Yucatan, the majority of the people do not use beds, in fact very few of them have even seen one. They sleep in hammocks, which are swung across the rooms at night and with no fuss of bed-making; the person just goes to bed and is gently rocked to sleep by any passing breeze. The climate is so hot that it is only during the months of January and February that a light sheet may be required as covering.

These hammocks are usually made by the mother of the family, and consist of thread, more or less fine, woven together on great frames with a kind of shuttle or needle. Some of the designs are wonderfully intricate and the colors beautifully blended. I saw one very large one made in the colors of the United States flag, which was to be sent up to the United States for a gift. It was certainly a work of art, made of the very finest mercerized thread; and yet the hammock could easily support a weight of three hundred pounds. A servant always brings his or her own hammock, which is very convenient.

LILLY DE G. OSBORN.

A BUTTERFLY TRAGEDY

THE butterflies flitting about among the flowers of the sunny summer fields, alighting every now and then to sip the sweets in the well-stored nectaries, seem indeed to live a charmed life of care-free, rollicking delight. However, such an impression is far from the truth, for, happy as their life may appear, many are the dangers that lurk in the path of these gaily-colored sprites.

This fact was brought vividly to my mind one warm afternoon last summer while strolling through a meadow overgrown with flowering weeds. As usual in these flower-dotted fields, there were many butterflies all about:

and on stopping to admire them, my attention was attracted by the unnatural actions, or rather position, of one on a near-by boneset

THE PRISONER ON THE FLOWER

flower-head. This butterfly, though apparently alive, seemed in some way fastened to the flower and to be entirely helpless. Puzzled at this, and interested to learn the meaning of the unusual condition, I approached the flower and, taking the butterfly by the wings, gently lifted it. Immediately the mystery was solved. For clinging to the beautiful creature's body with a death-grip, and gradually sucking the life away, was a little greenish-white spider, almost exactly the color of the flower. It was just another of those spider highwaymen that so often bring to an untimely end a happy butterfly life.

These murderous little spiders live among the flowers and are often brightly colored. One will secrete itself in the flower-head, where it clings by its short hind legs, extending its long front ones in a somewhat awkward position. Here, masked by almost perfect color resemblance, the little assassin lies in ambush until an unsuspecting butterfly alights within reach, when it is suddenly seized from beneath; and once in the grasp of those fatal front legs, its doom is quickly sealed, and the sad story of another butterfly tragedy is recorded.

While it seems an unsettled question as to whether these spiders prefer to hunt on flowers colored similarly to themselves, in all the cases that I have observed, the spider and flower were almost exactly the same color.

GEORGE A. KING.

A PATRIOTIC ROBIN

LAST summer in a cozy nook formed by the intersecting rails of an old "worm" fence, a robin built her rustic home. Included among

Central News Photo Service

A GOOD AMERICAN'S HOME

the materials used for the purpose by this feathered architect was a small silken flag, plucked from a near-by bush where it had been carried by the wind.

As the flower of our nation's manhood was then bound overseas to whip the Hun, and Old Glory was flying from every house, it seemed as if even the feathered allies of the American farmer were doing their bit.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

A GOOD LITTLE MOTHER AND A GOOD LITTLE CHILD

By ANNA F. HOOVER

I HAS to feed my dolly dear,
She is so young, you know;
She don't know how to find her mouf,
Nor where the food should go.

To feed her right is such a care!
It worried me a lot
To know just what she ought to eat
An' what she 'd better not.

An' so I give her just the fings
My muvver gives to me,
An' then I know she 's being fed
The way she ought to be.

My muvver says my dolly 's good—
She never cries for more;
She never finks her food 's not good,
Nor drops it on the floor!

She just lies quiet in my arms;
She never once has stirred;
She eats the fings I give to her,
An' never says a word.

A BUDDING ATHLETE

By NORA BENNETT

WHEN Daddy went to college,
He rowed, he jumped, he ran,
He played football and all those games
That only athletes can.

So, if I 'm to be like him
And be an athlete too,
I know I must begin to learn
The things those fellows do.

That 's why I practise running
And standing on my head—
The ground is pretty hard, I think,
Not springy, like the bed.

But I just keep on trying,
And growing big and strong,
So I can go to college, too,
Before so very long.

"HERE GOES FOR A SOMERSAULT!"

"I BELIEVE I 'LL DO IT THIS TIME"

"SHADOWS." BY PHOEBE BROWN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

BLESSED be the camera and its lovers! With what a marvelous wealth of knowledge, interest, and beauty it has enriched our modern life! Even the boys and girls of to-day are constantly achieving pictures of lasting artistic value by the skillful use of lens and shutter, as these LEAGUE pages amply prove month by month. Admirable photographs by the hundred came to us for this July competition in response to the subject "Shadows"; and beautiful indeed are the views on these opening pages—the lovely reflection in the garden pool; the weird gloom surrounding and vividly bringing out the suddenly illuminated cloud, at the eclipse of the sun; the far-stretching branches of that low, dome-shaped tree by the brookside; and the peaceful shade, projected like a carpet toward the sunlit terrace balustrade. The prints published in these LEAGUE pages every month form an eloquent tribute to the tiny marvel that preserves for us so much of the charm of every-day life in city streets or country byways.

Nor should less be said in praise of the prose and verse contributions which offer continual evidence that many of our ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are possessed of remarkable gifts in composition, which betoken great things for their future. This month's budget of stories and essays is especially to be commended; and many members of the LEAGUE will enjoy retelling to their parents and chums the opening story on the opposite page.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 233.

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Rebecca T. Farnham** (age 16), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Anna C. Roberts** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **Elizabeth Shapker** (age 13), Illinois; **Carolyn Ridenour** (age 13), New York; **Mary McCullough** (age 12), Iowa; **Gwendolyn Pierson** (age 14), New York; **Jacob N. Hentges** (age 16), Minnesota; **Helen D. Davidson** (age 13), Oregon.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Katherine P. Gauss** (age 14), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Lois D. Holmes** (age 16), New York; **Lorna M. Kelly** (age 12), Maryland.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Hortensia Lucas** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Osborne Hand** (age 15), Wisconsin; **Frances B. Iredell** (age 16), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badges, **Gertrude E. McIntyre** (age 15), Maine; **Caroline F. Gucker** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Phoebe Brown** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Winifred Blackwell** (age 14). Colorado; **Jane Kiehl** (age 11), California; **Louise E. Manley** (age 14), Iowa; **Muriel Ward** (age 12), New Jersey; **Margaret Kimbark** (age 14), Illinois.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Judy Holmes,** (age 14), Connecticut; **Mary Eula Mason** (age 12), New Jersey.

BY WINIFRED BLACKWELL. AGE 14. ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JUNE 8, 1918. (SILVER BADGE).

BY JANE KIEHL, 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

"SHADOWS"

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June*, 1918)

BY REBECCA T. FARNHAM (AGE 16)

On a hot day in September, when our family was sitting on the piazza, we heard footsteps on the walk, and, turning, saw a young man coming toward us. He mounted the steps, and, going over to my mother, placed a card in her hand. I looked over her shoulder and read the following:

Mr. Arthur D. Matthews.

Though a strange name to me, my mother was evidently familiar with it.

"My dear boy!" she cried, "I have n't seen you for years! How is your mother, Arthur?"

This greeting seemed to take all speech from the boy, who sat down in the nearest chair, turned a deep crimson, and made no reply. My mother, thinking him bashful, let him collect himself while she talked pleasantly.

"I suppose you are going to college now?" she asked finally.

He turned a deeper color, but did not answer. My mother stared at him for several seconds, too surprised by this double rudeness to say a word herself. Finally, she began again talking of every subject she could think of, occasionally putting in a question, hoping to be able to draw out a reply from this bashful youth. But to each of these Arthur Matthews gave the same answer of silence.

Fifteen minutes after he had arrived, Matthews departed, leaving behind him a dazed circle. The reason for his dumbness was for two weeks a deep mystery. Then one day he appeared again.

"I think I owe you an explanation," he said, "for that other call I made here. I was being initiated then into a society at college, and was required to make a fifteen-minute call on some distant friend of the family. During the whole time no word must be said by me. It was agony for me, and almost as bad, I am afraid, for you."

After this we had Arthur at the house many times, and found him as delightful as a friend as he had been mysterious as a visitor.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

BY ANNA CADWALADER ROBERTS (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

The mysterious visitor came to the Jones's house every year. No one heard or saw him; but every one knew he came. One night Johnny decided he would stay up and see this mysterious person. He knew what he would look like, for his mother had told him and he had seen pictures of him.

So one night, instead of going to bed, he sat down in a rocking-chair in front of the fire. Johnny heard the clock strike nine, and then he waited and waited. At last, he heard the clock strike again—one, two, three, four—and then he was fast asleep.

A little mouse came out of its hole to look at him, for he had never been so close to any one before. Then the mouse heard a noise, not a loud noise—no, it was not enough to frighten him. And you know mice are very easily frightened. He heard a noise on the roof, and he looked up and saw a little man come down the chimney! He was dressed in fur, and he had a bag of toys on his back. He had a pleasant face and a white beard; he had a pipe in his mouth. This was the person Johnny had been waiting for. It was Santa Claus! But he never comes to see people when they are awake.

The mouse saw him fill Johnny's stocking and all the others that were hanging by the chimney. At last he was through and, as he went up the chimney, the mouse heard him say, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

When Johnny woke up, he found that Santa had been there, and that he would have to wait another year to see the mysterious visitor.

WHEN BANNERS WAVE

BY KATHERINE P. GAUSS (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February*, 1917)

They fly for England, ages old,
Whose famed and gallant knights so bold,
  Were always known for chivalry.
They fly for America, great and good,
Whose sons and fathers always stood
  For justice, right, and liberty.
They fly for Italy, sunny clime,
Whose people e'en in ancient time
  Have struggled that they might be free.
They fly for Belgium, strong of heart,
Who, Caesar says, did well her part
  In fighting back barbarity.
They fly for nations, large and small,
Who in this struggle, one and all
  Have fought to save humanity.
They fly for France, for France divine,
Whose men have died, line after line,
  For one great world-democracy.
Aye! They fly for France, for France the brave
All o'er the world the banners wave!

"SHADOWS." BY LOUISE E. MANLEY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

BY ELIZABETH SHAPKER (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

I was spending my vacation in the North Woods, hunting for bear, and stayed in a small cabin in the very heart of the forest.

At the time our story opens, I was sitting before the spacious fireplace watching the dancing flames. A storm was raging outside, and the rain beat fiercely against the window-pane, when suddenly I heard a sound, as though some one was trying to get in. I listened intently, but heard nothing, and I thought it must have been my imagination; so, laughing lightly, I picked up a book and tried to read. But I found this impossible, for the question kept turning up in my mind, What could it be? Surely no human being was out on a night like this, nor an animal, for that matter.

But as I laid down my book and started to get ready for bed, I heard it again; and so, to ease my mind, I went to the door.

As I opened it, what was my surprise to find not a bear or a huntsman, but a little fawn, huddled up against the door trying to shelter itself from the rain.

I picked it up and carried it to the warm fire. It was sick from cold and hunger, and nestled in my arms as I fed it some warm milk, which I happened to have on hand. For many days after, I nursed and cared for it, and it grew quite attached to me.

Now, every summer when I go to my little cabin in the woods, I have a companion—a pretty, graceful deer, who eats from my hand and follows me about like a faithful dog.

"SATISFIED." BY HORTENSIA LUCAS, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADCE WON MARCH, 1919.)

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

(A True Story)

BY HELEN DEAN DAVIDSON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ONE wintry afternoon in December, I was sitting in the living-room reading with the family. It was about five o'clock when Mother said: "Helen, I hear a noise down in the basement. Go and see if the neighbor's dog is down there."

I went out to the kitchen, and stood a moment in the doorway, listening, but heard nothing. I closed the door and came back, but, as on many previous occasions, Mother told me to go back and look more carefully. I walked down the stairs, and, hearing nothing, grew bolder every step, in spite of the gathering dusk. I reached the little landing and again paused a second. Suddenly something moved on the woodpile, next to the landing, and then, out of Egyptian darkness, a huge red eye glared at me!

I stood not on the order of my going, but fled up the stairs with the speed of a whirlwind, dashed open the door, slammed it shut again, and bolted it. All this time I had not uttered a sound, but when I got the door between myself and the terrible intruder, I opened my mouth and shrieked, yes, shrieked! I was told afterward that I shook the house, and I believe it.

Father rushed out to the kitchen, unbolted the door, and disappeared; while I fled to Mother's arms in tears. Daddy found himself facing a small man, who said in a meek and stuttering voice, from the top of the woodpile, "I—I h-h-hope the little g-girl is n't b-b-badly f-frightened."

It was only the meter man; and the great red eye was only his electric flash-light. This may be one reason why, when he enters our basement door each month, he announces himself in a stentorian voice, "Meter man!"

WHEN BANNERS WAVE

BY LOIS D. HOLMES (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

O FREE land that is loveliest, truest, and best;
But is still never satisfied, never at rest,
Until something 's accomplished, and something is gained,
That will make the world better and keep it unstained!

O, you beautiful country, so loyal and strong,
With a zeal for the right, and contempt for the wrong!
O fair land that we fight for, so dear to the heart,
We feel glad that for you we can do our small part.

When "Old Glory" is waving her colors on high,
And the Allied flags float o'er the glad passers-by;
How they all blend together, so clear, and so true!
O, it makes us feel proud of the Red, White, and Blue!

As the ship which comes gliding across the light foam
Brings our boys, who are longing for home, sweet old home;
What a sight when they see the flags waving on high,
And from every clear throat there goes up a glad cry!

Then "The Star Spangled Banner" bursts forth, loud and clear,
And the war songs which now to our hearts have grown dear;
On the cool evening air they soar up like a bird,
The most beautiful anthems that ever were heard!

"SHADOWS." BY GERTRUDE E. MC INTYRE, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCTOBER, 1918.)

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

BY MARGERY SAUNDERS (AGE 11)

CHARLOTTE was sitting in her room upstairs when she heard the door-bell ring. It was just after lunch and she was reading a very interesting book.

"I suppose it is a friend of Mother's and I shall have to go down. I do so wish they would n't always come just when I start a nice book. It is rather early, though, for visitors," thought Charlotte;

BY KATHARINE WEST, AGE 6.

BY CAROLINE FULTON GUCKER, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1919)

BY MURIEL WARD, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"SHADOWS"

"people don't usually come immediately after lunch." It was certainly a mysterious visitor.

All these things passed through Charlotte's mind before she heard her mother call, "Charlotte, Charlotte! I have something down here for you."

It was n't a visitor after all. She went down stairs rather out of sorts, until she saw on the table a magazine. On examining it, she found it to be her ST. NICHOLAS. After that, she always remembered the old adage, "Don't cross bridges until you come to them."

WHEN BANNERS WAVE

BY ELIZABETH BUTLER (AGE 11)

THE colleges show their colors,
The nation's banners wave;
As standing for their heroes,
Their loyal men and brave.

But when spring makes her advent,
After months of winter's sleet,
The banner dear to a Kansas heart
Is a field of waving wheat.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

(A True Story)

BY CAROLYN RIDENOUR (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

I AWOKE. All was dark; there was a slight scraping noise at the window over by the roof of the back porch. I lay still, wondering what to do. Should I scream? or should I switch on the light which was near me? No. I was too afraid of the burglar. The room was not generally occupied, as it was my brother's room and he was in France. It was only occupied when the house was crowded with guests.

The window went up—the curtain was raised, and a khaki-clad form stepped into the room. He was outlined by the moon, and I could see he was a soldier. He stood still and looked around the room, and then his gaze rested on the bed, where I lay. He advanced a few steps and soon stood beside me. I was too frightened to speak. He reached for the light and turned it on—

"Brother! Brother!" was all I could say.

He sat down and told me his story from beginning to end, and ended up by telling me that he was going to get into his room and wait until breakfast, and then surprise the family by appearing at the table. He had n't expected any one to be in his room this time.

In the morning at breakfast we went down arm in arm, and he surprised every one else—though in not quite so startling a way as he had surprised me.

WHEN BANNERS WAVE

BY LORNA MAY KELLY (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

FROM bright pavilions, banners gay
Are waving; 't is the tourney day.
Five champions, each a knight of fame,
To all their challenges proclaim;
And knights have come from far away
To joust with them upon this day.
The country folk from far and near,
A motley crowd, have gathered here;
And many lords and ladies, too,
Have come the tournament to view.
The heralds' trumpets, loud and clear,
Are heard, and on the lists appear
Five knights in shining armor dressed,
On prancing steeds, with spears in rest.
And from pavilions on the side,
To meet them, forth the champions ride.
"Stand forth, brave knights!" the herald cries;
"Your deeds are witnessed by fair eyes.
A noble steed, with trappings gay,
Awaits the victor of the day!"

"SHADOWS." BY AMY LEE LAMBORN, AGE 17.

"SHADOWS." BY SEWALL EMERSON, AGE 14.

WHEN BANNERS WAVE

BY MARTHEDITH FURNAS (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

In the solemn stillness of the long night-watches,
When all the earth lies sleeping in the dark and still,
When one startles on his pillow at the rattle of a window
Or the faint bark of a lone dog on a far-off hill—

Then the tired, hot eyes, whose lids refuse to close them,
Find rest, when the processions in the stillness go,
Marching, marching, marching, dim against the darkness,
From a fairy country to a land they know.

Faintest music sounding, clear as silver moonlight,
Muffled fairy footsteps hasten in the gloom,
And all the darkness whispers with the swish of little garments.
But whither have they fled away when dawn lights up the room?

Oh, no one knows, but some still night you 'll see the fairies marching;
Hear the flare and far-off music of the silver trumpets brave;
But only listening ears can hear the patter of their footsteps,
And only wakeful eyes can see the shadow banners wave.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

BY MARY MCCULLOUGH (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

There was great excitement in the Duncan household one morning. For three days little Marjory had announced at the breakfast-table that some one had come into her room in the night, and sat down in the rocking-chair at the side of her bed.

"Oh, you must have been dreaming," Mamma had said, laughing.

"No, I am sure I was n't. It was too real for that," replied Marjory, shuddering.

But when the same experience happened three times in succession, Mamma felt anxious.

"What in the world does it look like?" inquired Jane.

"It was dressed in white, but had something draped around it that looked like a blanket. When it comes in, it sits down and rocks back and forth, and then gets up, and walks slowly out of the room."

The next two nights the strange visitor did not appear; but the third night Marjory said that the stranger had come again. It had done the same things as before.

"Say," said Jane, seriously, "I have an idea. You say it always sits in the rocking-chair. If you attach a string to an alarm-clock and then stretch it across the chair, when that thing sits down the alarm will ring."

Although there was much laughter about it, it was finally decided to do as Jane suggested, because, truth to tell, Father was beginning to be worried by Marjory's repeated story.

About eleven o'clock, just as Father and Mother were dropping off to sleep, the alarm rang, and there was a general scrambling for Marjory's room.

What greeted their eyes was altogether unexpected. Sitting in the chair—wrapped in a blanket—holding a doll—sat—a very much surprised Jane!

"Well," said Father, when he had recovered from his surprise, "it seems to me it 's a little late to be rocking your doll to sleep!"

"SHADOWS." BY SARAH JAMIESON, AGE 13.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

(*A Cadet's Dream*)

BY J. FRED LAING (AGE 13)

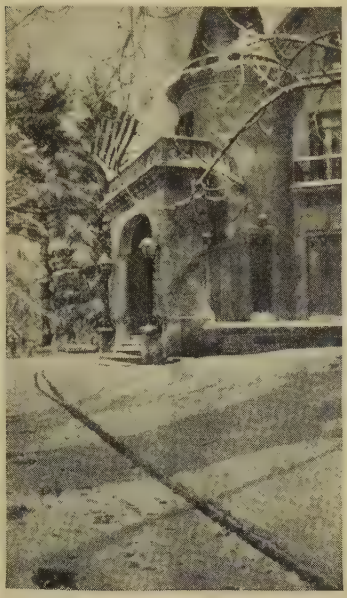
One day, as I lay in the hammock on our front porch, I noticed a black speck in the sky, which seemed to be moving. It gradually grew larger, and I discovered it was an aëroplane. I thought perhaps it would land near by; and sure enough, it whizzed over my head and landed in our yard.

As I ran around the house, the pilot was climbing out of the machine. He was a man about forty years of age, with a pleasing face, except that occasionally there was a fiendish gleam in his eyes.

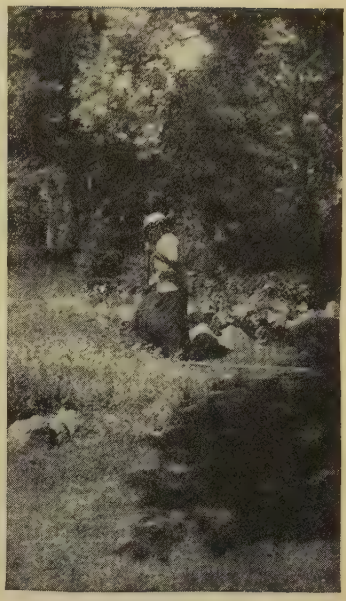
"Hello!" said I, when I was close enough.

"Hello, boy!" said he. Then he told me that he

BY MARGARET KIMBARK, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY CARITA ORTIZ, AGE 11.



BY NANCY PATTEN, AGE 14.

"SHADOWS"

had to land on account of engine trouble. When he had repaired his engine he told me he had the speediest machine in the world, and asked if I would like to take a ride with him.

I knew Mother would never consent; but she was not home, so I jumped in, and off we started.

We had not been in the air long when I looked down and saw a sheet of water beneath us.

"That 's the Atlantic Ocean," said the stranger.

We went so fast that we crossed it in half an hour. Soon after, he said: "We are passing over Italy—you 've heard the saying, 'See Naples and die'?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well, that 's Naples," said he.

With this, his whole countenance changed, and he seemed to turn from a man into a demon.

Suddenly the machine gave a downward lurch. Down, down, we went, with sickening force. The ground was flying up at me with horrible speed. THEN—guess what happened—*Reveille sounded!*

WHEN BANNERS WAVE

BY ALICE CROMWELL GRIGGS (AGE 16)

THE wharfs resound with a joyful cry
As the loaded ship is drawing nigh
Bringing home the brave;
And many a heart is beating loud,
Moved by the spirit of such a crowd,
And many a silent head is bowed
To God, when banners wave.

And many a wounded soldier lad,
Though battle-scarred, has a heart still glad,
For he fought to save;
For, singing like the bird on high,
With a soul of gold, he went forth to die,
Let 's give him a smile and not a sigh,
And let the banners wave.

But what of the yearning mother near,
Who heard humanity's call so clear
And gloriously gave?

BY LUCILE FRYMOYER AGE 15.

BY GRACE R. FARRINGTON, AGE 16.

"SHADOWS"

She sent her son to die for the right.
Can we ever make her sorrow light?
Oh! let us ascend to her noble height
Of love, when banners wave!

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

BY GWENDOLYN PIERSON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE hot, sultry night was nearly over. There was not the slightest breeze, and soon another day would begin. All was quiet at the munition factory. A guard walked slowly by. As he passed, the figure of a man appeared at one of the lower windows. He crawled carefully out, and slunk away in the protecting darkness. The guard returned, and far away a clock struck the hour of three.

Suddenly a terrific explosion shook the earth. Tongues of fire shot into the air, and the quiet place seemed a mass of flames. The rumbling of fire-trucks was soon heard, and the sirens of the fire-boats in the river screeched an echo to the noise of falling buildings. The fire was spreading rapidly, and the whole town was in danger.

Morning came, and all through the hot day the men worked to save the town. The streets were crowded with frightened people. Women and children, with a few cherished possessions, were hurrying from blazing homes to a place of safety.

Night came, and the heat grew less intense. The firemen, reflected by the red glow of the fire, seemed like clinging black specks on the walls of the buildings.

On the outskirts of the town a German spy stood watching the dying flames. A satisfied smile crossed his evil face as he turned and disappeared in the darkness. His work was done.

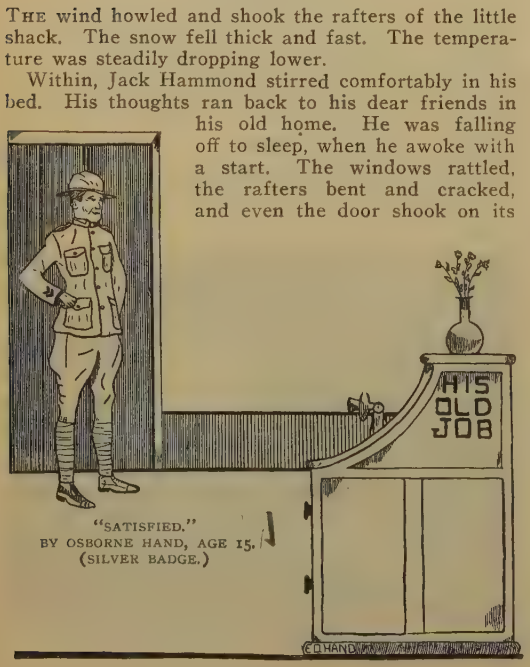
A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

BY JACOB N. HENTGES (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE wind howled and shook the rafters of the little shack. The snow fell thick and fast. The temperature was steadily dropping lower.

Within, Jack Hammond stirred comfortably in his bed. His thoughts ran back to his dear friends in his old home. He was falling off to sleep, when he awoke with a start. The windows rattled, the rafters bent and cracked, and even the door shook on its hinges. A cold breeze swept through the room for an instant. Jack raised himself on his elbow. He was not superstitious, yet there was something in that noise that held his muscles tense, and he bent forward to listen. Yes, there was something stirring in the room. It moved! It made a scraping, terrifying sound!



"SATISFIED." BY OSBORNE HAND, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

His eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. There was something white moving by the door. Then the object came toward the bed with a sound that sent cold blood to his heart. It stopped, crawled a little farther, paused, and then, with a rush, it threw itself headlong at the bed. With a cry that would have been audible for some distance, had it not been for the ghostly moaning of the wind through the tree-tops, Jack turned his flash-light on it. Then he sank back on his pillow, for he had been just in time to see a large piece of paper hurl itself under the bed.

"SATISFIED." BY FRANCES B. IREDELL, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

VERSE

Eleanor Slater
Winifred Jutten
Birkbeck Wilson
Louise S. Birch
Eleanor Scott
Elizabeth H. Finley
Catherine Parmenter
Jessie M. Thompson
Eloise F. Burt
Helen L. Rummons

PROSE

Natalie C. Hall
Ruth Nicoud
Agnes Law
Margaret Macprang
Mary Jackson
Ruth Gardner
Silvia Wunderlich
Fredrica Abrams
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Thomas H. Eliot
Clifford J. Bentley, Jr.
Olwen Leach
Marcia L. Stevens
Duane Squires
Margaret Parsons
Katherine Smith
Elsa Adolphsen

DRAWINGS

Sarah E. Nusbaum
Dorothy Burns
Milton Young
Howard Riddle
Elizabeth E. Clarke
F. Bosley Crowther, Jr.
John Doyle
Francis Martin

PHOTOGRAPHS

Joseph T. Resor
Annie Beggs
Louise Patterson
Helen Hamlin
Elise Harrison
Barbara Betts
Natalie Burggraf
Thelma Myers
Elizabeth Dohme
Ruby Crippen
Carolyn Olmsted
Dorothy Warren
Nancy Rhodes

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Anne Waldron
Josephine Bruell
Helen Clary
Lois Bolles
Helen Gottfried
Florence Amzalak
Charlotte B. Frobisher
Cassel H. Jacobs
Esther Kenyon
Margaret Durick
A. Appleton Packard, Jr.
Mary L. Tarbox
Helen W. C. McClay, Jr.
Elizabeth T. Nelson
Margaret Harvey
Marion Tombs
Ann M. Todd
Alice A. Walter
Katharine West
Marshall Norton
Henrietta Brannon
Catherine Sullivan
Ellen Caskey
Julia Hammary
Dorothy L. Stewart
M. Helen Durick
Cornelia Dawson
Josephine W. Focht
Grace Williams
Eleanor Willey
Elizabeth Toy
Ena Hourwich
Jane E. Hopkins
Dorothy J. Miller
Margaret H. Conning
Ida M. Robinson

Fred W. Floyd, Jr.
Helen E. Horr
Eleanor C. Johnson
Emeline J. Colony
Constance Doe
Helen G. Davie
Dorothy Parr
Marguerite Detwiller
Margaret Johnson
Melville Chapman

"HEADING FOR JULY." BY EDDELINE MUSSEN, AGE 14.

Catharine K. Dunham
Marjorie Mallory
Margaret Pope
Rudolph Cook
Winifred Booth
Cora Volwider
Ellen Hollowell
Emily O. Houston
Phyllis A. Whitney
Ruth H. Thorp
Elizabeth Moore
Mary Ehlers
Ralph Vyverberg
Dorothy Weeks
Elizabeth Atkins
Frances L. Cherry
Jeannette Amzalak
Alice Whiting
Mary E. Reveley
Theresa Rew
Isabella M. Laughton
Marian W. Elder
Edna E. Cundey
Harriette Tipton
Katharine Sitterly
Margaret Humphrey
Arch Peteet
Ruth H. Mason
Irma Mayes
Marianne Dean

VERSE

Chiyo Hirose
Beverly Herbert
Suzanne Stone
Rachel Tyler
Helen Kieffer
May W. Wilson
Dorothy Ducas
Jack Steiss
Junior Orgibet
Ruth T. Jones
Margaret C. Thaw
Violet M. Lees
Phyllis B. Smack
Betty Boice
Renee Moën
Margaret Henckel
Constance O'Hara
Anna Moreland
Nancy Ware
Margaret E. Clifford
Charles A. Jacobson, Jr.
Ruth Renk
Mary H. White
Alice Hooper
Ruth H. Richards
Leona Bowman
Marian Gould
Frances Arnold
Marian E. Guptill
Algernon A. Finley
Leonora Zimpelman
Gertrude C. Wright
Lois Prophet
Frank Abbott
Robert F. Muzzy
Jennie Bruederlein
Ruth P. Fuller
Margaret Chandler
Charlotte Reynolds
Madeleine Wills
Lucy N. Leonard
Mary R. Nash
Florence M. Johnson
Edith H. Tarbell
Elizabeth Boyle
Louise Blaine
Eleanor Carter
Rhoda B. Richardson
Elizabeth Southard
Hasseltine Bourland
Anne R. Wright

PHOTOGRAPHS

Arthur Horton
Ruth Pollard
Marjorie Ware
Lois H. Bryan

"SATISFIED." BY KATHLEEN, MURRAY, AGE 10.

DRAWINGS

Julia Sabin
Ralph Travis
Elease Weinss
Edith S. Wood
Laura Marsh
Elizabeth Marshall
Edward E. Murphy
Charlotte Stone
Julia N. Polk
Isabella V. Caldwell
Harriet A. Chapin
Marjorie Cohen
Margaret A. Foster
Josephine R. Howell
Sarah W. Carson
Margaret Olmsted
Miriam MacKay
Helen Lovering
Ellen Cook
Madeline Spafford
Dorothea K. Smith
Margaret Brooks
Mildred C. West
Stella Benham
Mary L. Myers
Edna Thompson
Florence E. Finley
Florence Bucher
Sterling McMillin
Dorothy White
Nancy H. Eppes
Barbara S. Thayer
James C. Perkins, Jr.
Virginia Flynn
Edith Dodge

PUZZLES

Virginia M. Smith
Rufus A. Smith
Molly Coggeshall
Florence V. Shepherd
Carlton B. Guild
Edith B. Colson
Betty Sargent
Alice Rue
James Noble
Dorothy Thompson
Myra Matthews
Elizabeth B. Litchfield
Dorothy Kleitman
James Frank
Katharine Beeman
Percy Shain
Katherine Meyer
Emily Pendleton
James O'Connor, Jr.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 237

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Competition No. 237 will close **July 24.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **November.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "'Neath Spreading Boughs."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Red-letter Day."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "At Work."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Cheerful Subject," or "A Heading for **November.**"

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

ST. NICHOLAS is constantly receiving delightful missives from appreciative young folk living or traveling in far-away regions of the earth; and a unique pleasure is afforded the magazine and a young correspondent in the two letters which follow—one written many months ago in Persia, and the other in a great city of our northwest after its young writer had returned to America. The second letter thus "catches up" with the first in the printed page, and the pair form a sort of "continued story"—the first "serial" ever published in THE LETTER-BOX—with a very interesting contrast in the places and dates of its two instalments!

As a postscript to this travelogue is appended a letter from a girl-reader living in a still more distant clime, a city a whole world's width away. And in these midsummer days some of us here in the home-land of ST. NICHOLAS, when sweltering under a "warm wave," may heartily echo the wish of this young New Zealander, who would "like to live in a place where it snowed!"

KAZVIN, PERSIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa and mamma are missionaries, and I have a sister nine years old. We all live in a big two-story, eight-room house. We have a five-year-old dog named Brutus. He is brown with white feet. We also own nine hens, one rooster, and three spring chickens. My sister and I have charge of the poultry, and we pay for their food and sell the eggs to Mama.

Mama teaches both of us. We have lessons from nine to twelve o'clock in the morning, and in the afternoon we play and have fun. There are no other American children in Kazvin, so we play together, my sister and I. This last year our American minister's daughter passed through Kazvin, and she was the first American girl I had seen in six years!

ST. NICHOLAS comes to our house every month. I simply love it, and don't see why we did n't take it long before this. A kind lady subscribes to it for us.

I am very much interested in the stamp page and THE RIDDLE-BOX, I joined the LEAGUE a few months ago. Sometimes, when ST. NICHOLAS is especially good, I think, "Give me ST. NICHOLAS, or give me death!"

Your most loving and affectionate reader,
GRACE LAWRENCE.

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I 'm one of your old, fond readers who used to take you while living in Persia. How eagerly I watched for the mails to bring you then, and how glad I am now to get you every month.

Last year we came to America from Persia and it took us four months to make the trip. We lived in a city called Kazvin, which was situated near the Caspian Sea, in Persia. We usually travel to America by way of Europe, but, as this was impossible last year, we came by way of Mesopotamia, India, China, Japan, and the Pacific Ocean.

We went from Kazvin to Hamadan in a Russian Red Cross car; then from Hamadan to Bagdad in Ford automobiles. There were twenty-six in our party, and we had twelve cars to start out with. Our chauffeurs were British. We had lots of fun, enjoyed many interesting and wonderful experiences and safely arrived in Bagdad on May 3, 1918. We stopped in Bagdad only a short time, then left for Basrah, going down the Tigris River on a British government boat. It was delightful on the river, and as we sailed along we saw many interesting places such as Ezra's Tomb, Ctesiphon's Arch, and other spots. We passed the "Garden of Eden" at night, so did n't see it.

Arriving at Basrah, we found it very hot, for it was in June and we were in the tropics. We were glad to leave for Bombay, and had a pleasant voyage. Among the ports we stopped at on this voyage was Muscat. The heat was almost unbearable there, but the scenery was grand. We had a chance of seeing the boy divers, and it was funny to watch them.

Bombay is a very pretty city. The monsoon was on, so it rained quite a bit; but that was a blessing, as it kept the air cooler. Bombay owns a fine zoological garden, and we enjoyed visiting it very much. My sister and I rode on the elephant and camel there, and we had the most fun.

Leaving Bombay, we sailed for Hong Kong via Ceylon and Singapore. It would take pages to write about the wonderful things we saw and did at Colombo and Singapore and other places. We arrived duly in Hong Kong, where we stopped for about eighteen days.

Hong Kong is a beautiful city, simply beautiful. The houses are built one above the other and steps lead from one street to another. Sedan chairs and jinrikishas are used there, and we had lots of fun riding in both.

On July 17 we sailed for America. First we stopped at Shanghai, then at Nagasaki, Kobe, and Yokohama. We went ashore at all these places and bought some pretty things and saw pretty places. The Japanese women were so pretty.

We had an enjoyable trip across the Pacific. We played games, had music and contests, and lots of fun, too. There were about forty children on board.

We passed the 180th meridian, and so had an extra day at our disposal, which was very queer. On August 6th we arrived in Victoria, B. C., and left that same afternoon for Seattle. We surely had a wonderful time and I can never forget it.

Your ever affectionate reader,
GRACE WILSON LAWRENCE (AGE 14).

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are the most interesting magazine that I have ever read. I have been taking you for a long time, and will continue to do so. I would like to live in America, especially in a place where it snowed. It never snows in our town. Well, good-by, ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted reader,
MARY ROBINSON (AGE 13).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've taken you for five months, and I just love your book! I have some turtles and a cat.

Your forever interested reader,
LUCIA C. JENNEY (AGE 7).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

Drop-letter Puzzle.

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.
James Russell Lowell.

Novel Acrostic. Initials, Scandinavia; third row, Christiania. Cross-words: 1. Sacred. 2. Cohort. 3. Aerial. 4. Noises. 5. Dishes. 6. Intend. 7. Neighs. 8. Arabia. 9. Vanity. 10. Idioms. 11. Alaska.

Zig-zag. William Penn. Cross-words: 1. Wilson. 2. Differ. 3. Paltry. 4. Taylor. 5. Summit. 6. Alaska. 7. Brooms. 8. Propel. 9. Pierce. 10. Instep. 11. Narrow.

Diamond Acrostic. Union Jack. 1. U. 2. One. 3. Grind. 4. Octopus. 5. Infantile. 6. Marjory. 7. Black. 8. Ace. 9. K.

Word-squares. I. 1. Tapir. 2. Agile. 3. Pixie. 4. Iliad. 5. Reeds. II. 1. Draft. 2. Rower. 3. Aware. 4. Ferns. 5. Tress. III. 1. Adapt. 2. Duchy. 3. Actor. 4. Photo. 5. Tyrol. IV. 1. Amble. 2. Melon. 3. Blood. 4. Loose. 5. Ended.

Diagonal. Kingsley. Cross-words: 1. Kentucky. 2. Richmond. 3. Santiago. 4. Virginia. 5. Brewster. 6. Schuyler. 7. Herkimer. 8. Oriskany.

Illustrated Central Acrostic. Midsummer Eve. (June 23rd). 1. Camel. 2. Knife. 3. Ladle. 4. Basin. 5. Plume. 6. Domes. 7. Comma. 8. Queen. 9. Three. 10. Bread. 11. Doves. 12. Check.

Connected Squares and Diamonds. Left-hand column. I. 1. Asset. 2. Stare. 3. Saxon. 4. Erode. 5. Tenet. II. 1. P. 2. Let. 3. Petal. 4. Tap. 5. L. III. 1. Plane. 2. Liven. 3. Avert. 4. Nerve. 5. Enter. IV. 1. T. 2. Put. 3. Tulip. 4. Tin. 5. P. V. 1. Tapir. 2. Aware. 3. Pagan. 4. Irate. 5. Renew. VI. 1. L. 2. Fir. 3. Livid. 4. Rib. 5. D. VII. 1. Beard. 2. Error. 3. Arise. 4. Roses. 5. Dress. Right-hand column: VIII. 1. Haste. 2. Abhor. 3. Shine. 4. Tonic. 5. Erect. IX. 1. P. 2. Tar. 3. Panel. 4. Red. 5. L. X. 1. Paper. 2. Aware. 3. Pages. 4. Erect. 5. Rests. XI. 1. S. 2. Toe. 3. Sound. 4. End. 5. D. XII. 1. Cadet. 2. Adore. 3. Doves. 4. Erect. 5. Tests. XIII. 1. L. 2. Say. 3. Lakes. 4. Yes. 5. S. XIV. 1. Delay. 2. Erase. 3. Lassa. 4. Asses. 5. Yeast. Upper diamond: 1. N. 2. Hot. 3. Notes. 4. Ten. 5. S. Lower diamond: 1. E. 2. Axe. 3. Expel. 4. Eel. 5. L.

Cross-word Enigma. Ireland.

To Our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be mailed not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddlebox, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

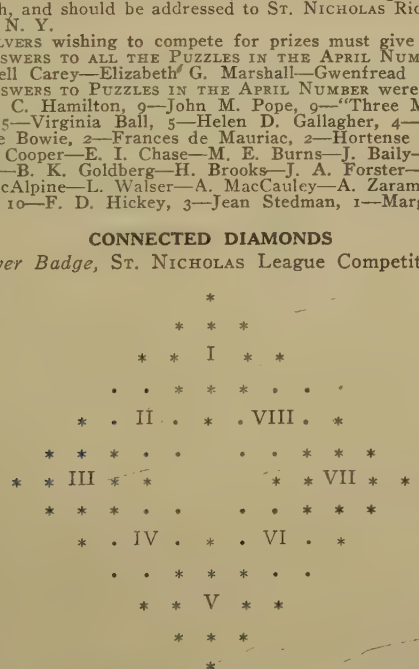
Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the April Number were duly received from Barbara Beardsley—Florence English—Buell Carey—Elizabeth G. Marshall—Gwenfread E. Allen—Florence S. Carter—"Allil and Adi."

Answers to Puzzles in the April Number were duly received from Marian F. Rust, 9—Helen H. McIver, 9—Mary C. Hamilton, 9—John M. Pope, 9—"Three M.'s," 8—Charlotte R. Cabell, 5—Julian Phelps, 5—Clara E. Councell, 5—Virginia Ball, 5—Helen D. Gallagher, 4—Elizabeth Kirkwood, 4—Salem Hdye, 3—Mary T. Arnold, 2—Marie Bowie, 2—Frances de Mauriac, 2—Hortense A. Doyle, 2—"Twin Elephants," 2. One puzzle, E. L. Rankin—D. Cooper—E. I. Chase—M. E. Burns—J. Baily—V. H. Sutro—E. Fleming—H. Weekes—G. Hays—J. Bright—D. Doty—B. K. Goldberg—H. Brooks—J. A. Forster—D. E. Kerr—H. Munson—C. Gauntt—M. B. Baird—H. Youe—E. McAlpine—L. Walser—A. MacCauley—A. Zarambeau. Delayed March answers, Helen Adda Vance, 10—Virginia Ball, 10—F. D. Hickey, 3—Jean Stedman, 1—Margaret Flick, 1—Kenneth H. McIsaac, 1.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. 1. In raveling. 2. To peruse. 3. A European tree. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In raveling.

II. 1. In raveling. 2. A human being. 3. A bird. 4. Novel. 5. In raveling.

III. 1. In raveling. 2. A weight. 3. A bird. 4. Part of a pen. 5. In raveling.

IV. 1. In raveling. 2. To forbid. 3. Pertaining to the nose. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In raveling.

V. 1. In raveling. 2. Account. 3. Work. 4. A swamp. 5. In raveling.

VI. 1. In raveling. 2. A net. 3. A mechanical power. 4. To entreat. 5. In raveling.

VII. 1. In raveling. 2. To defraud. 3. One who loses. 4. To wager. 5. In raveling.

VIII. 1. In raveling. 2. A kind of headgear. 3. Dating from one's birth. 4. To disfigure. 5. In raveling.

JUDY HOLMES (age 14).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a great hindrance to the progress of the world, and the last letters may all be found in the word "paragraph."

Cross-words: 1. An indoor pastime. 2. An aperture. 3. Departing. 4. Gleaming. 5. Observing. 6. The decline of the day. 7. A very filmy fabric. 8. Smoothing with a hot instrument. 9. Irresistibly amusing. 10. Representing the form of.

MARY EULA MASON (age 12).

WORD-ADDITIONS

Here are twelve words of two syllables each. The objects numbered 1 and 2 form one word; 3 and 4 form another word, and so on. These twelve words answer the following definitions. 1. A keg. 2. A hole. 3. A big bottle. 4. A filmy formation. 5. A cross person. 6. A nut. 7. A vibrating motion. 8. Senility. 9. An occupant. 10. A trench. 11. Comfort. 12. A short poem.

CHARADE

First

Of all our neighborhood the pride,
Down in our alley I reside.

Second

Just put the sea in front of me,
And cute, indeed, I'll surely be.

Whole

When battle's smoke has cleared away,
I'm swapped by soldiers every day.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter; and from the upper right-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter) will each spell a very unpopular adjective.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Bestowing. 2. A pungent spice. 3. The tissue which fills the cavities of most bones. 4. A common tool. 5. The flexible stem of a palm. 6. An inhabitant of Normandy.

EMILY PENDLETON (age 16), *Honor Member.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Washington, but not in Rochambeau;
My second, in Rochambeau, but not in Marion;
My third is in Marion, but not in Lafayette;
My fourth is in Lafayette, but not in Greene;
My fifth is in Greene, but not in Cornwallis;
My sixth is in Cornwallis, but not in Washington.
My whole was an American Revolutionary general.

MARJORIE PICKENS (age 12), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of forty-eight letters and form the patriotic utterance of a famous American.

My 34-22-11 is away. My 17-7-29-46 is to raise aloft. My 37-43-4-27-48 is light-minded conduct. My 40-2-25-20-41 is the root of all evil. My 9-24-8-44-36 is a rascal. My 31-38-42-35-16-3 is an alarm bell. My 13-26-14-19-10-45 is a place of perfect happiness. My 33-28-21-30-6-15-5 is freedom. My 12-39-18-1-23-32-47 is one who betrays any confidence or trust.

MARJORIE STEPHENS (age 14) *League Member.*

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. Anything preserved in remembrance. 2. To get away from by artifice. 3. Part of a coat. 4. A model of excellence. 5. A musical instrument.

II. 1. A long view between trees. 2. To urge forward. 3. To squander. 4. Rigid. 5. A tree.

III. 1. The emblem of peace. 2. Straight rows. 3. Sluggish. 4. Poetry. 5. The name of a park in Colorado.

L. T. DICKASON.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

1 N	2 L	3 L	4 L	5 C	6 M	7 K	8 C
9 J	10 A	11 E	12 C	13 D	14 E	15 H	16 O
17 O	18 A	19 C	20 E	21 A	22 H	23 A	24 C
25 N	26 S	27 K	28 M	29 S	30 H	31 E	32 N
33 O	34 J	35 T	36 A	37 S	38 A	39 E	40 R
41 N	42 H	43 N	44 R	45 N	46 A	47 M	48 R
49 S	50 O	51 B	52 G	53 N	54 D	55 I	56 D
57 T	58 N	59 U	60 R	61 N	62 S	63 I	64 E

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been made correctly, the names of nine well-known generals of the Civil War may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

HARRIOTT S. COLLIER (age 12), *League Member.*

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

"UP WHERE HIS KITE ONCE FLEW"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI AUGUST, 1919 No. 10

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THE LONE TRACK

By JOE MILLS

THE family had just assembled at the breakfast-table when the telephone rang sharply. Tilting back his chair, Mr. Adams reached the telephone, placed it upon the table, and took down the receiver.

"This is Adams," he said pleasantly. Then, "Hello! Yes, I hear you—what is it, Bill?"

Bill Shirley was the ranch boss since the Adams family had moved to town to give Andy and his older sister and younger brother the advantage of the schools. The ranch lay thirty miles south of Trinidad, and the telephone zigzagged its way to town, following the barbed-wire fence lines.

Mrs. Adams halted in the doorway with a tray of steaming breakfast in her hands; the children sat quietly in their places, watching their father's face growing tense as he listened to the message coming over the wire.

"What 's that? Another raid by those cattle-thieves? You don't say so! When was it?" Then, in a moment, he repeated, "Yesterday sometime—fifty head stolen?" and he sprang to his feet. "Bill, it 's got to stop! I 'm coming right out. Have the horses ready and tell the cook to load up his traps and camp to-night on Willow Creek at Dry Bridge, about thirty miles down!" He hung up the receiver, but still held the telephone in his hands.

"Andy, run upstairs and bring down my slicker and chaps—and don't forget my gun and belt, too."

Andy sprang up the stairs three steps at a time to the garret where his father's riding things were kept. He quickly assembled the articles that he had been sent for and with them he placed his own chaps, broad hat, riding-boots and spurs, and the little automatic revolver given him on his birthday. When he reached the bottom of the stairs his father was talking to the sheriff on the telephone.

"Hello, is this you, Monty?"

Monty Attell was a retired cattleman who had always been a terror to the cattle-rustlers, and for this reason had been elected the autumn before to fill the sheriff's office. Thirty years' acquaintance between Andy's father and the sheriff had placed them on intimate terms.

"Say, Monty, Bill just telephoned me that the rustlers got away with fifty head of steers yesterday. Says he don't know which way they went yet, but that the boys are circling the ranch and inside a couple of hours they 'll likely find the tracks and report." He listened a moment to the voice at the other end of the line, his face lighting up. "All right, Monty, good for you!" And as he hung up the receiver, he turned to his wife.

"We're going out to the ranch in Monty's new car, Mother; he 's going to take along three deputies. Don't know when we 'll get back. I'm going to stay there until those rustlers are caught or driven off the cattle range. It 's too serious a thing to let happen any

more. Just think, Mother, Bill says they got away with over fifty head yesterday, and every steer's worth more than a hundred dollars!"

Mrs. Adams took a quick breath. They could not afford the loss of the cattle, and she knew the impulsiveness of her husband and that he would stop at nothing to rid the range of the thieves.

"Father, let me go with you." Andy was standing in the doorway with his riding things

"ANDY"

in his arms, on top of the ones he had brought for his father.

"What do you say to it, Mother?" and Mr. Adams turned to his wife.

Andy looked at her eagerly. "You know I won't be able to do anything in school while Father is at the ranch," he reminded her; "and I 've always ridden everywhere with him."

His mother hesitated. For his own sake, she would rather Andy remained at home; still, he had gone about with his father at the ranch, and, if he went along, his very presence might prove a safeguard for her husband. After debating for a moment, she gave her permission, and Andy raced back upstairs. In five minutes he was downstairs again, dressed and ready. The weather was still cool, so he wore a heavy flannel shirt and a leather vest. Buckled on under his coat was the little automatic, with its belt of cartridges. He looked the typical cow-puncher that he really was in spite of his youth. Still, there was no swagger about him; he was just an interested, eager boy, anxious to be off after the rustlers and the stolen cattle.

"But, Father, you and Andy sit down and eat your breakfast!" urged Mrs. Adams; but even as she spoke there came the *honk! honk!* of a horn that rapidly drew nearer and stopped in the street in front of the house.

"They 're here!" said Andy, flinging open the door and hurrying down the walk with his father's riding-clothes in his arms.

Sheriff Attell's car was new, and they spun rapidly along toward the ranch. On the level stretches, where the road was clear, the speedometer registered a forty-, fifty-, and then a sixty-mile rate. They lurched and bumped at times, but the car was always under control and slackened up at the rough places and the turns. Three deputies, the sheriff, Andy, and his father were in the car.

"Fifty-seven minutes!" announced one of the deputies when they stopped before the gate at the ranch. "I call that pretty good time, considering the sandy places and the bumps we had to slow up for."

Half a dozen horses stood saddled and ready beside the corral, and Bill, the ranch boss, was waiting for them.

"Any news yet?" inquired Andy's father, as he climbed out of the car.

"No, the boys have n't come in yet," replied the big, broad-shouldered man. "Have you had any breakfast?" he added.

"Andy and I were just about to have ours when you called up," answered Mr. Adams; "and from the way Monty, here, talked when I got him on the telephone, I guess he has n't, either," and all of them laughed good-naturedly as they started toward the ranch-house, half hidden among the trees above the corral.

The Mexican cook had been bundled off post-haste as soon as the boss had received Mr. Adams's order to have him camp with the chuck-wagon some thirty miles away that same evening. But there was a hot fire in the cook-stove and a boiling kettle singing away; so the task of preparing breakfast for the men was simple. Andy helped the ranch boss, and between them they had the meal ready in twenty minutes. For another hour they waited impatiently while cow-boys galloped in from time to time to report that they had found no tracks.

When the last of the eight riders arrived

and reported no trace of the cattle, there was a general conference. Every one had a theory. Trinidad lay north; so they could not have gone that way. To the west was an almost impassable broken country, barren and cut up with arroyos that wound about the base of a thousand little hills and hummocks and forbade any footed thing crossing it. So the rustlers must have gone either east or south. The riders were divided in opinion as to which way they had probably gone. The sheriff and Andy's father stood aside, conversing in low tones, while the men were heatedly discussing the situation in a general group.

Mr. Adams caught the eye of the ranch boss, and the big man strode over to where the two were talking.

"Bill," said he, "Monty and I have figured that we have got to make a clean sweep of the whole country. We 're going to divide the force, and send half of the boys east as far as the Circle Dot range and have them spread the news everywhere; the rest of us will go south and have headquarters at Dry Bridge. You take charge of the boys and ride east, and Monty and I will go south. Tell all your men to be back in three days, unless they find a clue; then if any fellow does n't show up, we 'll understand he 's following the rustlers, and we 'll know which way to go."

The plan was simple. The spreading net would surely bag the thieves, or at least find some trace of them, by the end of the three days' ride proposed. Bill nodded, and said:

"Hank and Shorty, Jess and Jinks, throw your saddles on fresh horses; we 're going to ride east. Better cache a little grub in your slickers, too, enough for two or three days."

The men detached themselves from the circle and stepped inside the house. A moment later they reappeared, each carrying what seemed a very small package to contain three days' rations. Five minutes later the five men were riding eastward on fresh mounts.

"THEIR HORSES STRUCK OUT INTO A SWINGING LOPE" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

The four riders left were dispatched to cover the country southeast of the ranch, and were told of the location where the chuck-wagon would be camped. The sheriff and two of the deputies were to follow across the prairie in the car and work their way as far

south as Hilton, sixty miles away, where they could obtain a supply of gasoline for the engine. Then, if they had found no traces, they were to swing westward and edge their way along the bad-lands region of the arroyos, and try to pick up the trail if the cattle had been driven that way.

One deputy was left behind to follow with the saddle-horses as far as the chuck-wagon on Willow Creek. Andy and his father were to ride westward to the edge of the bad lands, and then cover as far south as Dry Bridge. Every one was instructed to be back at the ranch by the third night; for if by that time no one had located the cattle, another and more far-reaching search would be organized.

Westward toward the low-lying hills,—the bad lands, with their tangle of treacherous arroyos,—rode Andy and his father. Their horses struck out into a swinging lope, and mile after mile passed beneath them rhythmically. Andy was riding Scud, the horse he had broken when a colt and had trained to be one of the best cow-horses on the range.

Andy's father decided to skirt the bad lands north for a few miles, and left Andy to his own plans until he should return; then they would go southward together.

With Scud, Andy worked his way into the bad lands for a mile or more, and was stopped finally by a deeper and wider arroyo than the ones they had crossed. Leaving the horse in sight at the top of a low hill, in order that his father might mark his location, Andy dropped into the arroyo and scrambled up the other side; then he made his way half a mile farther, searching for tracks and scanning the horizon for dust or smoke.

In an hour Andy had progressed about a mile beyond the point where he had left Scud. He then decided to go back and meet his father, who would be returning shortly and would be impatient to go on southward. As he was recrossing the deep arroyo where Scud had halted, he discovered the track of a single steer. He followed the track fifteen minutes, and did not find one place where it had stopped to graze, although it had passed many tempting bunches of grass. This fact aroused him at once. Surely, if the animal had been alone and wandering there, it would have been grazing from time to time.

Revolving this fact in his mind, he found his father waiting, and as they rode southward he told what he had seen. Mr. Adams listened to Andy's account, but did not take the finding of the lone track as a matter of serious importance. Andy, however, could not shake off the idea that the animal was being driven or was following other animals that had gone ahead,—perhaps separated by intervening arroyos,—which accounted for its being alone and not stopping to feed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Andy and his father reached a point where the bad lands curved westward and the prairie widened. Here they stopped for a few minutes at the top of the low divide and searched the horizon with their glasses for rising smoke or dust, which would mark a camp or moving herd.

"Father," said Andy, when they were ready to start, "I have a feeling, somehow, that the rustlers have a way of getting across the bad lands. If you don't mind I 'll spend the rest of the day searching in there," and he indicated the broken lands with a sweep of his hand.

"Well, Andy, I don't think you 'll find much there but bad going; but if you want to satisfy yourself, I 'll ride on to Dry Bridge alone."

As the boy started westward, skirting the edge of the bad lands, his father called to him, "Andy, have you any grub with you?"

"Some sandwiches and a couple of pieces of chocolate," he replied, patting the slicker which was tied behind his saddle. "If I don't show up at camp to-night or to-morrow, you 'll know that I 've worked back toward the ranch."

His father nodded that he understood, and dropped out of sight over the low divide.

For ten miles Andy traveled westward, skirting the bad lands. When he reached the point where they again curved southward he struck boldly into the tangle of low broken hills, with their interwoven and deeply washed arroyos. Progress was slow, and by sundown he had penetrated scarce three miles into the broken tangle. The whole of the bad lands sloped down from the higher hills beyond, and to get into the deeper fastnesses of the region he was forced to cross at right angles all the washes and ravines that came down from the higher ground. He was working northward, intending to circle back and come out on the prairie again to the northwest of the ranch. By making this circle he would be able to tell positively if the rustlers had driven the cattle into the bad lands. If they had, they were hiding them somewhere up among the mountains.

When darkness began to settle, Andy dismounted, unsaddled Scud, and turned him loose to graze. He had no fear of the horse leaving him, for he had trained him to stay near camp, and on other trips, when he had camped alone, Scud had never wandered far from the camp site.

It was a dry camp. The last water they had found was shortly after entering the bad lands. The grass grew only in scanty bunches, but there was enough scattered about for Scud. There were only a few scraggly trees, but from these Andy gathered dead limbs for fuel. Save for the scattered trees, the bad lands were bare and desolate. In the bottom of a deep arroyo Andy made camp, with saddle-blanket for his bed and saddle for a pillow. These he arranged in a deep and narrow little side-wash off the main arroyo, to avoid any wind that might come up the main gully and thus have a warmer spot. He arranged his bed to have his feet to the fire, which was laid at the intersection of the main arroyo. He continued gathering wood until it was too dark to see. Then, lighting his fire, he sat down on the saddle-blanket and slowly ate one of the sandwiches. There were only three in all, and he was saving the other two for the next day. The third day he would eat the chocolate. He was hungry and could easily have eaten the whole of his food at the one sitting, but experience on the cattle-range had taught him prudence. Once he had gone two days without eating, and had suffered no ill effects; so his mind was not disturbed over a little shortage in rations.

"HE CAME UPON THE FOOTPRINT AGAIN" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

The sandwich finished, he arose and climbed out of the arroyo. The moon had just risen, and was still close to the horizon, big and red. While making camp, he had marked a round-topped hill beyond, which rose above the surrounding country and offered a good lookout position. Toward this hill he slowly made his way. Deep washes dropped away suddenly beneath his feet, and he was forced to make long detours or else drop into them and climb the crumbling opposite banks, which gave way under the pressure of his hands when he tried to draw himself up.

The moon had not much power yet, and in the uncertain light he made slow progress. He was at least an hour reaching the top of the hill, which was not more than half a mile from his camp. But he was in no hurry now. He was not tired, and, judging from the smallness of his wood supply, he would probably sleep but little.

The hill-top offered a very satisfactory look-out position. Slowly he examined the surrounding country in the moonlight. Far away to the northeast he could see the reflected lights of Trinidad against the sky; but at no other point could he make out a light. The Dry Bridge camp lay beyond the divide, and the light from it was not visible. But the air was growing chill, so he started back toward camp, zigzagging in and out among the small hillocks. He followed the dry washes, crossing and recrossing them. Half-way to camp he descended one which defied his efforts to climb out of. Several times he had drawn himself to the top, but the bank had given way just as he was about to place his knees on solid ground. He followed down the arroyo for some distance, watching for a good place to climb out. Seeing one that looked promising, he worked his way up carefully; but just as he was drawing his knees between his hands the bank caved, and he tumbled back and rolled sprawling to the gravel bottom. Laughing aloud at the mishap, he lay still for a moment, and just as he was on his hands and knees, about to regain his feet, his eyes fell upon a track in the gravel not a foot away.

He uttered an exclamation and examined the track carefully. A boot heel had sunk deeply into the soft gravel-bed, and the toe, too, was visible in the moonlight. Behind the heel was a slight indentation, which Andy recognized at once as having been made by a spur. He lighted matches and examined the shady side of the wash and found more tracks, where the man had gone on down the deep, guttered arroyo. A hundred yards below, he found where the man had climbed out, but lost the track on the hard sand beyond.

Returning to camp, he rekindled the fire and lay down; but there was no sleep for him. Instead, he revolved in his mind the two wide-apart clues he had found: the steer track west of the ranch, heading toward the higher hills; and the man's track, leading he knew not where. However, of one thing he was certain: both tracks had been made the same day and were not more than two days old.

The fire threw grotesque shadows on the opposite wall of the arroyo. The small, dry wood burned rapidly, and he was forced to replenish the fire frequently. All the time he was trying to evolve some practical theory as to the probable rendezvous of the rustlers and how they had managed to escape with the cattle without leaving any trace behind.

Andy's head slowly dropped forward. In spite of the excitement of the pursuit, he was drowsy at last. Suddenly Scud snorted somewhere, and Andy sprang up with his automatic in hand. With his head just peeping above the edge of the wash, he reconnoitered; but, seeing nothing, he at last climbed boldly out and walked to where Scud was standing. Then he laughed outright; the cause of the alarm was close at hand. In nibbling an especially tempting morsel of grass that grew at the very edge of a wash, Scud had caused the bank to cave and had barely escaped tumbling down headlong. He laughed again, patted Scud's neck, and returned to his fire.

Shortly after daylight Andy was leading Scud and making his way northward. The low hills were rougher here, more precipitous, and the deep washes more difficult to climb. Encountering one, deeper than the rest, he followed it westward toward the hills, expecting to find a break where Scud could scramble across. After an hour he discovered that the wash was gradually deepening as the ascent grew steeper; so he turned back and retraced their tracks.

It was afternoon before he finally succeeded in crossing the deep gully with Scud. They had worked their way well out toward the prairie again, and were not far from the spot where he had found the steer's track the day before. Once across, however, he worked back into the rougher country, traveling northwest.

Late in the afternoon, when he was riding slowly along the bottom of one of the dry washes, in order to have easier footing for Scud, he came upon the footprint again. That it was the same track he was certain; for he had made some minute measurements and a drawing of the one he found the night before. The man was driving three cattle; the tracks told the story. In several places the boot tracks showed plainly on top of the cattle tracks. This was satisfactory evidence that the cattle were ahead of the man. Then he found where one of the cattle had turned aside into a converging arroyo, and the man track pursued with longer strides until the animal was headed back.

Andy was sure he was on the right trail—he had felt so all the time. Still, it might be possible that some one was in there after strays. However, none of the cattlemen he knew ever troubled to ride into the bad lands. If cattle strayed there, they were sure to work their way out before long, as there was little water and scanty feed in the rough country. He increased the pace as fast as he thought he dared ride Scud. They had found no water and both were suffering from thirst.

Shortly before dusk they came to where the wash he was following joined a larger one, which led straight up toward the higher hills in front of the mountains. The bottom of the wash was a street of tracks, like rabbits' runways in the snow. Behind were the tracks of four horsemen. He found where the man he had been following had mounted a horse led by one of the others.

After following the tracks as long as he could see, he made a dry camp and shivered over a sickly fire until morning. He slept less than the night before and ate nothing. He was too thirsty and excited to enjoy eating. For fear that some of the rustlers might be passing down the wash, he rode Scud back along the smaller wash the way they had come and made camp there. He no longer debated, for he was certain now that he had found the tracks of the missing cattle and of the rustlers who had stolen them.

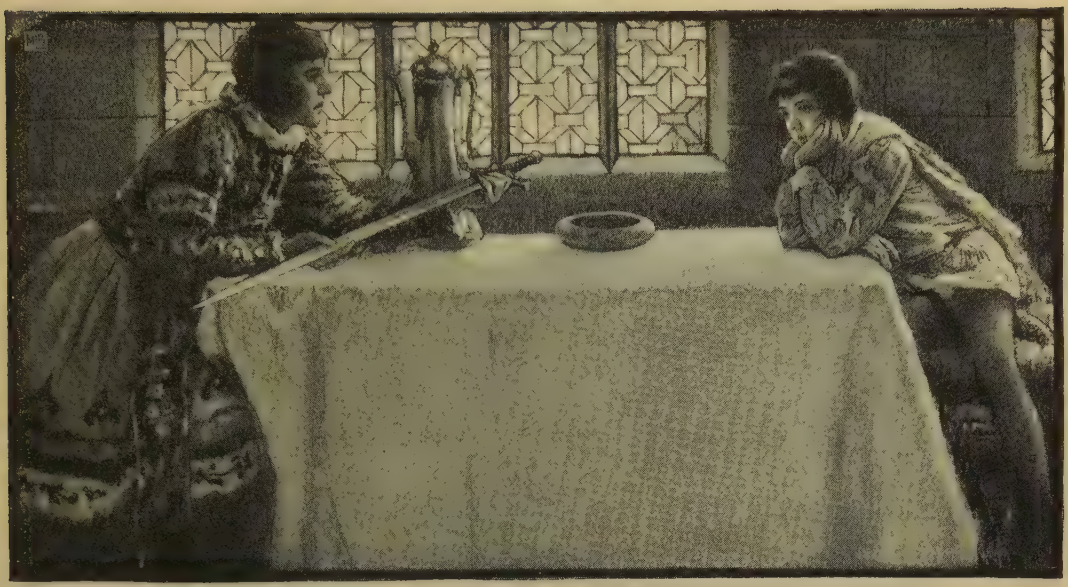
Next morning he was in the saddle early. He had decided to continue on down the smaller wash; there would be less chance of being seen than if he followed down the larger one up which the cattle had been driven. He wanted to follow the back tracks of the cattle to find where they had left the range and entered the bad lands, but he determined to be cautious and look for them later near the edge of the breaks. At ten o'clock he found a tiny spring dripping slowly from the bank, and for half an hour he and Scud took turns drinking; they could only get a very little at a time, but in the end they had enough to satisfy them.

Andy had not been riding for several months, and the ride had tired him more than he knew. Loss of sleep, and hunger, too, had weakened him; so he lay down in a warm, sunny corner of the wash and ate the last of the sandwiches and one piece of chocolate. The grateful warmth of the sun made him drowsy, and he stretched himself, intending to sleep only a little while. He left Scud standing with reins down and knew he would not stray far.

"HE AND SCUD TOOK TURNS DRINKING"

(*To be concluded*)

"With giant bodies encased in mail they ringed the Knight about"



The Adventure of the Knight of the Singing Sword

By CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

To the east lay the Country of Shining Swords, dark crowned with its forest wreath;
Its river curved like a broad bright blade that never has known a sheath;
The shores were girdled with glittering spears, the cliffs rose straight and tall,
For a proud and pitiless race dwelt there behind that hostile wall.

Many a white-clad herald came
With proffers of friendly peace,
Begging that swords might be laid aside,
That wars might forever cease;
But the Men of the Shining Swords laughed out,
As they sharpened their keen blue steel:
"The strength of the sword is the strength of the man,"
They answered, "for woe or weal."

Now over the waves of the hazy sea came a little open boat,
A fair young Knight with a child therein; no mail he wore but a coat
Blue as the fields with summer strewn, and sandals upon his feet;
His eyes were blue as the sea is blue, and his brow was broad and sweet.

In olden battle swords passed him by;
He seemed of a gentler race;
Sandde Byrd Angel, the name he bore,
And covered with knightly grace.
With only the little Wondering Boy
And a slender sword at his side,
He came to the Country of Shining Swords,
Whose people were mad with pride.

Far over their heads the castled cliffs uprose to a towering height;
And out from the deep and shadowy wood three wild swans took their flight.
Far down below on the sandy bed where the clear blue waters rolled,
A dragon, gleaming with golden scales, lay coiled round a heap of gold;

"THE CASTLED CLIFFS UPROSE TO A TOWERING HEIGHT"

And out where the stream ran dark and fast,
  Round the rocks that jutted there,
A maiden was singing wild and sweet,
And combing her golden hair.
Up the craggy steep they made their way
  To the ancient feasting-hall,
Roofed by the boughs of a mighty oak
  And closed in an oaken wall.

Beneath the branches the warriors sat, and they shouted and sang at feast;
The sword of the youthful Knight leaped out, and the singing and shouting ceased.
Sweet rang the voice of Byrd Angel then, before they sprang from the board:
"O Men of the Shining Swords, hark now to the song of the Singing Sword!"

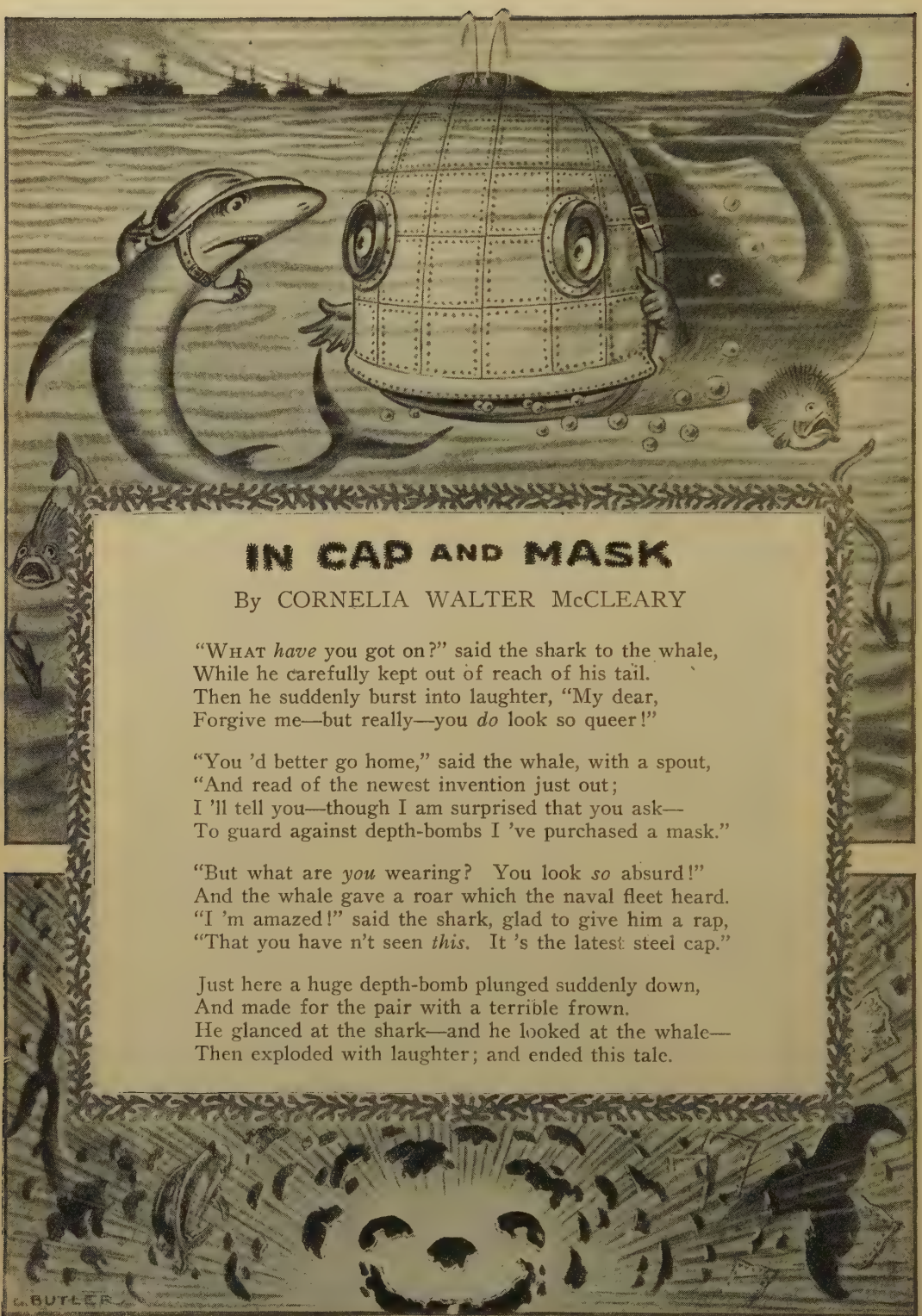
With giant bodies encased in mail,
They ringed the Knight about;
The clangor of steel on steel arose,
And the clamor of shout on shout;
Trampling of feet and the clash of arms;
But louder the silver peal,
Stroke upon stroke, of the Singing Sword,
As it shivered the keen blue steel.

The Wondering Boy stood safe aside to watch the bright blades swing,
And he saw the battles of all the past as he heard the strange sword sing:
It sang of the first blow man gave man, in the sudden rage of fight;
It sang of the first grief, man for man, as one knelt in the fading light,

Longing to heal the deadly hurt,
His anger and blindness gone;
It sang of the strong who have tramped men down;
Of the weak who have led men on;
It sang of the armies that march ahead
In the glitter of ruthless steel;
And the pitiful, white-browed band behind,
That follows to bless and heal.

Stroke upon stroke, they thrust to kill, but their swords fell shattering
Before the Knight with the Singing Sword that harmed no living thing,
Till every blade was a broken tool and the hedge of spears was low.
"The strength of a man is the strength of his soul," they faltered, "for weal or woe."

The hateful spell was unbound at last,
And the ancient land was free.
The air grew thunderous with mighty hoofs;
There were shadowy forms o'er the sea—
Old gods of battle that leaped to horse
And fled to a long exile.
Then the Knight and the Boy sought the little boat,
And steered for the dear home Isle.



IN CAP AND MASK

By CORNELIA WALTER McCLEARY

"WHAT *have* you got on?" said the shark to the whale,
While he carefully kept out of reach of his tail.
Then he suddenly burst into laughter, "My dear,
Forgive me—but really—you *do* look so queer!"

"You 'd better go home," said the whale, with a spout,
"And read of the newest invention just out;
I 'll tell you—though I am surprised that you ask—
To guard against depth-bombs I 've purchased a mask."

"But what are *you* wearing? You look *so* absurd!"
And the whale gave a roar which the naval fleet heard.
"I 'm amazed!" said the shark, glad to give him a rap,
"That you have n't seen *this*. It 's the latest steel cap."

Just here a huge depth-bomb plunged suddenly down,
And made for the pair with a terrible frown.
He glanced at the shark—and he looked at the whale—
Then exploded with laughter; and ended this tale.

FOR THE GLORY OF HIS COUNTRY

By KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

Author of "Boyhood Stories of Famous Men"

WHENEVER the child passed the statue in the market-place he looked up at it with curious eyes. He could not understand why men uncovered their heads as they went by it or school-children wove garlands of violets and anemones to hang about its base, for it was dingy and falling to pieces, and not half as fine, he thought, as the stone cavalier in the Rue Thiers that nobody seemed to notice. The chin was so battered and broken he could not tell if it had been round or square, and where the man's coat once fell in ripples were holes big enough to hide his own chubby hands. The statue was of wood and that wood was fast decaying, yet everybody for miles around looked at and spoke of it reverently. But Ferdinand was not yet seven years old, and there are many things a child of seven does not understand.

One evening, as he sat in the twilight of their home, watching the fire-flies flit over the Adour marshes and the first pale stars quiver above the summits of the Pyrenees, he asked his mother about the figure in the square and why people showed it so much honor.

Madame Foch smiled at her boy. She had the same clear eyes and forceful chin as Ferdinand, and her thick, dark hair, plaited around her head in the Basque fashion, curved back from her brow exactly as his did.

"Ah," she answered in the deep voice of women of the French south country, "the wooden man in the square is a statue of our good Saint Missolin. He was a hero, *mon petit,* and saved our beautiful France from the Saracens."

Ferdinand did not know who the Saracens were; but as his mother told the story, he found that they were Moors come across to Spain from Africa more than twelve hundred years before, conquering and settling there. And then, because they were ambitious and powerful, they dreamed of ruling France.

For a while it looked as if that dream were coming true. Led by a fiery chief, Abd-er-Rahman, they swept down from the Pyrenees passes and took possession of the beautiful south country. They planned to build mosques and minarets there, to plant the crescent wherever the cross floated, and to supplant the worship of God and the Man of Nazareth with that of Allah and Mohammed.

But Charles Martel said "No!" As the infidels advanced, triumphant and defiant, he met them on the field of Tours. There, in one of the decisive battles of history, he defeated them and sent the broken remnants of their army, without a leader, for their chief was dead on the field, back through the passes whence they came.

The Moors did not take their defeat with humility. Bitter and revengeful because of the victory of the Christians, they turned their journey southward into a march of destruction. Every town through which they passed was pillaged and burned. Their progress was attended with so much suffering and bloodshed that they were called "The Scourge from Africa," and people, hearing of their approach, took refuge in the hills, leaving homes and possessions to the mercy of the invaders—in every town but Tarbes. That is how they came to have a wooden statue there.

"In those days, *mon petit,*" Madame Foch said as she went on with the story, "there was in this fair town a good priest named Missolin. When messengers brought word that the infidels were coming and the villagers planned to rush away, he said, 'No. We will stay and fight them.'"

Stay and fight they did.

They sent the women and children to a place of safety. Missolin formed the men into a little army of defense, led them to a plain a short distance beyond the town, and waited for the invaders, who soon came, singing their Saracenic songs and vowing vengeance on the Christians. But the Christians were not terrified. They fought for their homes and families, not for the sake of conquest, and men who stand for their firesides somehow make soldiers so invincible that they cannot be defeated. The villagers routed the Moors. Those who were not killed fled across the mountains, and southern France had no further trouble with the Moslems. But Tarbes never forgot their presence there, and the spot where they met defeat at the hands of Missolin's men is still called "The Heath of the Moors."

Ferdinand was too young to understand all the story, but he got enough of it to know that Missolin was a true hero, and after that, when he passed the statue, he took off his hat, too.

Several years passed. The boy went to school just like other boys, and whether or not, in those days, he ever dreamed of being a hero himself, nobody knows. Because he worked hard at his lessons, he was a good pupil; and his teachers remarked that his fondness for mathematics and history would probably get him somewhere. And what boy would not have been interested in history, if, like Ferdinand Foch, he had a grandfather who fought under Napoleon Bonaparte? This grandfather not only fought under the great Emperor, but fought so valiantly during the Peninsular Wars in Spain that he was made a Chevalier of the Empire, which was almost as fine as being a knight in the days of Tancred and St. George. Nothing delighted the boy so much as did the visits of this grandfather, and to sit beside him listening to tales of those famous campaigns was better than reading the most fascinating story-book ever written.

In other ways, too, Ferdinand studied history without digging it out of books, for it was written upon the houses of Tarbes and carved on every bluff that projected toward the Pyrenees. Charlemagne had ridden that way as he went to his wars in Spain. More than six centuries afterward, England's Black Prince Edward swept through and conquered the region, and almost every day the boy passed the old palace that had been the British lord's home during his sojourn there, and where the powerful Earl of Foix, who owned Pau and a dozen neighboring towns, came to pay him homage with more than six hundred horsemen and sixty knights in his company. If you know Froissart, that story is already a familiar one, and to read his description of the town, "with the bright river of Lisse (Adour) coming down from the mountains of Catalonia and flowing through it, clear as a fountain," is to see the childhood home of little Ferdinand.

But to the boy who was one day to become a field-marshal, best of all the tales haunting the Basque country was the legend of the brave knight Roland, who fought at the Battle of Roncevaux and won glory immortal as he died. Less than twenty miles to the south lay that field of splendid memories, where the army of Charlemagne, that for seven long years had battled against the Moors in Spain, conquered all of their cities but one, and would have vanquished them completely had not Ganelon turned treacherous, were surprised and cut to pieces by Marsulius's men. Behind were the vengeful Moslems, and before was a mountain wall, with all chance of escape cut off as completely as it would have been in a cavern of iron. But even then Roland would not yield. As he made his last defiant stand, he swung his sword Durandal and, so the story went, cleft a chasm three hundred feet deep and almost as wide and long. To this day it is one of the chief passes into Spain, and still it bears the name of The Breach of Roland.

As Ferdinand grew older, he was very certain that even the most dauntless of chivalry's sons could not have done so miraculous a thing, but the tale brought the days of knights and tourney very near; so near, that sometimes when the peaks doffed their caps of cloud and the pass stood out like a wound against the sky, he seemed to see the Christian warriors at that mountain wall and hear the noble farewell of Roland to the steel that never had failed him:—

> "O Durandal, my peerless blade,
> What victories thou and I have made!"

Yet, although history was very much alive to him, young Ferdinand Foch was anything but a book-worm. He enjoyed life and action as much as a boy can, and not a lad in the Midi looked forward with more eagerness to the sports and pastimes the different seasons brought. He loved the thought of spring, with its picnics and holiday jaunts, for spring, creeping up from the Saragossa border, spreads a blossom-studded carpet over the whole of southern France, and the Heath of the Moors and the banks of the Adour held scarlet and purple splashes made by scarlet and purple flowers. There were days of following the river courses and angling for fish that swam down from the mountains of Spain. There were nights with fireflies on the marshes and nightingales trilling unforgettable lyrics from cliff and tree. And whether November or April, there was riding and racing, for Tarbes was famous for its Arabian horses, which were highly prized for cavalry mounts, and that meant fascinating markets, with people coming from leagues around to select animals for the army and to share in the excitement of the turf contests. Nobody seems to know at just what age Ferdinand learned to ride; but even as long ago as when he wondered about the statue in the market-place, he was no stranger to the back of a horse; and by the time he was twelve, not a youth in the country stood much chance of beating him in a race. A glad childhood in a storied region—such was the early fate of him who was to be supreme commander of the Allied Armies.

International Film Service

FERDINAND FOCH, GENERALISSIMO OF THE ALLIED ARMIES

Then, when he was thirteen, came a change. His father, who was secretary of state of the province in which they lived, was appointed to an office in the department of Aveyron, and the family moved away from the Pyrenees country, but they always thought of it as home. Neighbors in the new town frequently remarked how fondly the comely Basque woman sang southern songs as she worked; and when alone with her children, she spoke to them in the dialect of Tarbes. She and Ferdinand were very close companions, and some of the great warrior's most cherished memories are of quiet hours with her in those days after the departure from Tarbes, when each yearned for a distant home spot and found comfort in the other as they talked of well remembered sights and told the old southern stories. A little later there was a second move, to Saint-Etienne, near Lyons; and several years after that, when he was about eighteen, he went to Metz to become a student at the College of Saint Clément.

The merry Alsatians and their pleasant ways were very appealing to the boy from the south. He soon grew to love the Rhenish town, and would have been satisfied to stay there indefinitely, living the care-free life of a student, learning lessons and dreaming dreams. But the war with Prussia came. Storm broke where serenity had been, and he rushed away from college to join the army.

If anything very thrilling happened during those days of soldiering, there is no record of it, and as soon as the fight was over he went back to school. But what a change had come over the town! Metz was no longer French, but German, and the Prussian eagle soared where once the tri-color had floated. Soldiers of William and Bismarck were quartered even in the college, and imperious German officers sneered at the students, who were compelled to salute them. It was bitter medicine for a French boy to swallow, but Ferdinand did not brood over the unhappy conditions and waste his days. As if knowing that, because of her misfortune then, France would have need of his services in the future, he worked more diligently than ever, and came to be regarded as the most serious student at Saint Clément. Soon afterward, when he was not quite twenty, came word from Nancy that examinations were to be held there for the Polytechnic of Paris, where youths are trained for service of the state, and which was the goal of every ambitious French boy. Very clearly it seemed to him that the way to serve his country lay through the Polytechnic, and he determined to try the examination. He passed with honor, and went to the great seat of learning, where he found another boy from the Pyrenees country, and one who loved it as much as he did. His name was Joseph Césaire Joffre. Side by side these two worked in the class-room, and side by side, some forty years afterward, they worked for the salvation of France.

The story of Ferdinand Foch at the Polytechnic is the story of a boy hard at work. He had gone there with a serious purpose and did not swerve from it for a single day. More than likely the mottoes of the institution had something to do with his zeal, for the Polytechnic had two, one of which was embossed in stone over the entrance, while the other was carved upon the very soul of the school. "Science and glory—all for country"—this was the adage Napoleon Bonaparte gave to that seat of learning on the day following his coronation, and to a boy whose chief pride lay in the fact that he was descended from a chevalier created by that Napoleon the admonition must have struck deep. Very likely, too, the memory of Metz in the hands of conquerors goaded him on, for experience there had taught him that France would have need of all her science to come into her own again. And whenever he lifted his eyes to the arch above the great portal, he read, "May this house remain standing till the ant has drunk all the waves of the sea and the tortoise has crawled round the world." An impossible wish, to those who read it thoughtlessly; but Ferdinand was not thoughtless, and therefore knew that a school does stand forever through the achievements of her sons if they are true to the best she gives them. Always he seemed to feel the presence of the great men of France who received their training there, and was moved by the high resolve of being worthy of touching their footprints. A student with so earnest an attitude toward his work could not fail to make a success of his career. He graduated with honor, and then was sent to Fontainebleau for further military training.

From that day his life was a series of deserved successes. Steadily he advanced from a lieutenant through the various ranks of an army officer until he became a major, but there was nothing spectacular about his rise. No exploits on the red path of adventure took him to far corners of the world or caused him to be acclaimed at home as a conquering hero; for unlike Marshal Joffre, who had years in Indo-China and a brilliant victory over the Tuaregs in the marshes of Sudan, Major Foch was stationed at various posts in France.

Thus twenty years passed, and then we find him in Paris, as professor of military history, strategy, and applied tactics in the Superior School of War. From there he was sent to the field again, and this move was followed by other changes of rank as well as of location, for he was steadily promoted, until in 1913 he became a general and was assigned to the command of the Twentieth Corps and stationed at Nancy.

Nancy! What memories that town must always hold for the blue-eyed chief, for close by was Metz, the shrine of his school-days. It was at Nancy that he passed his examinations for the Polytechnic, and there in August, 1914, he did his first desperate fighting in the great war that has immortalized him, for at Nancy the Prussians struck in their mighty effort to break through to Paris, and at Nancy men who bore the tri-color defied them to death in the Battle of Lorraine.

The story of that fight has now become history; and history, too, is the triumph of the Marne, in which General Foch took such a magnificent part, where, because his skill as a commander was well known to his old school-friend, General Joffre, he was called to command the Ninth Army. And the Ninth Army, it will be remembered, held the center of the French line against Von Bülow and the invincible—so believed until then—Prussian Guard.

Will the world ever forget the story of that momentous conflict, when the Germans came crashing against the Frenchmen, and the Frenchmen, worn out by fourteen days of retreating and fighting, and sick at heart over vast losses of territory, faced them at the marshes of Saint Gond? General Foch's forces were considerably smaller than Von Bülow's, and the latter came at him like maddened monsters. They pierced his front, and, because it was believed that a break there would cause the entire French line to crack, began celebrating, thinking the victory won. But General Foch was of a different opinion. When even his own officers deemed him defeated, he telegraphed this message to General Joffre:

"My center is pierced. My right gives way. I shall attack."

"The men are exhausted," one of his subordinate officers pleaded with him, "and unable to attempt an offensive move."

But the commander replied, "So are the Germans. Attack!"

How they did it, worn out as they were, will always be a marvel to the world. But somehow, devotion to their chief and mighty faith in him, for even then France knew that he was the greatest strategist of his time, made the impossible possible and turned what seemed certain defeat into victory. They blocked the German advance upon Paris and crushed forever the arrogant pride of the Prussian Guard.

From that day General Foch made a specialty of spoiling the carefully laid plans of the German commanders. When they made a dash for the Channel ports it was he who stopped and sent them back, and in a dozen other places he proved, as he had proved in Lorraine and at the Marne, that he was the greatest strategist in the world. So what was more natural than, when General Joffre retired, that the Government's choice for his successor should have been Ferdinand Foch?

Two years passed, during every day of which the forces of the Entente hoped and struggled on. The French army fought magnificently. The British in the north of the country and in Flanders and the Slavs on the southeastern front gave splendid aid. Then Italy threw her strength into the field on the allied side, and finally America joined them. But there were dark days ahead, for they faced a mighty and remorseless foe, and as weeks dragged on and a crushing German offensive came, it was decided by the allied chiefs that one master-mind must direct the allied operations, and all thoughts turned to the slender, blue-eyed commander, Ferdinand Foch.

You know the rest; how through summer and winter they battled incessantly, with courage held high by a great ideal and hope of universal liberty, although in sustaining that ideal they painted the soil with something bright as the poppies. Haig of England, Diaz of Italy, Pershing of America, and Serbian, Greek, and Rumanian commander, each did his part in executing the carefully laid military plan; but the great high chief, the Supreme Commander of the most colossal army that ever fought for a common cause was Ferdinand Foch, Foch who was born at Tarbes and who used to wonder about a wooden statue there.

Yet, to see him away from the army, one would not imagine that he is the greatest soldier in the world, or that his is the hand that piloted the ship of liberty into the harbor above which the stars of peace glimmer, for he is a man of simple habits and very far removed from arrogance. His officers speak of him as Christian, soldier, Frenchman, and

to some who have been associated most closely with him he is "The Gray Man of Christ," for Marshal Foch is deeply religious, and they know that never a day passed during those four and a half years of bitter fighting in which he failed to invoke the God of battles. To seek divine help and guidance was something he learned during his childhood in Tarbes, when he went with his father and mother to the old cathedral there, and throughout his lifetime he has not broken away from the habit.

Had he been seeking personal glory he would have had his armies fight on for the satisfaction of forcing the greatest defeat and surrender in the history of the world. But General Foch was fighting for France and humanity, and although determined not to give up until a permanent and honorable peace was won, he never lost sight of the terrible cost of the war. His own son was of that multitude of gallant Frenchmen who died on the field of honor, and as one writer says, "The laying down of arms meant to him not leisure to wear laurels, but the right of a heartbroken old father to sit again by his hearth, desolate now, thinking back upon happy days and forward to a reassembled group in the house not made with hands."

All over the world people honor him. Throughout France they revere him as he revered the memory of the good Missolin who stood for the homes of Tarbes on the Heath of the Moors; and as centuries pass and the young receive their quota of lore from the old, mothers everywhere in that fair, free land will say to their children, very much as his own mother once said to him, "He was a hero, *mes petites,* and saved our beautiful France from Tyranny."

"OH, MOTHER! DAD 'S GOT MY ST. NICHOLAS!"

THE SLIPPER POINT MYSTERY

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "Three Sides of Paradise Green," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT

THEY met on the shore of a lovely little river of south New Jersey, two girls of fourteen—one a well-dressed, well-bred city girl, the other a shy, native girl of the region, with her baby sister, Genevieve. Acting as guide to Doris, the city girl, on an exploring expedition about the river, Sally becomes so attracted by her new friend that she confides to her a secret that she has herself discovered on the bank of the river—a small cave, cleverly concealed from sight, and bearing every evidence of having long ago been used as a habitation. In this cave she has found also a mysterious bit of paper, whose meaning she cannot decipher.

The two girls spend a morning examining the cave and speculating about the strange riddle. Later, in a walk about the region above ground, they stop for a drink of water at the home of Miss Camilla Roundtree, a delightful elderly lady in reduced circumstances, who talks to them of her one-time passion for collecting old porcelains. It was when they were on the way home, that Doris suddenly thought she had discovered a key to the mystery of the cave.

CHAPTER IV

BEHIND THE OAK PLANK

"WELL, for gracious sake!" was all Sally could reply to this astonishing remark. And, a moment later, "How on earth do you know?"

But Doris' reply to this query was even more astonishing: "Don't ask me, Sally, at least not just yet. And I want to talk with your grandfather as soon as possible—this very afternoon." And, in response to an imploring look in Sally's eyes: "It was the little Sèvres vase that set me to thinking. I happen to know just a tiny bit about old porcelains, because my own grandfather is interested in them and has done quite a bit of collecting. It was that—and the way she spoke. Now do be a dear and not ask me to explain just now!"

And falling in with her wish, Sally was silent.

Two o'clock that same afternoon found the girls at the Landing, which was always deserted at that hour save for the presence of old Captain Carter, seated in his accustomed corner, his wooden leg resting on another chair. Flattered by an audience at that unusual time of day, he was only too ready to talk. After a desultory conversation on other matters, Doris suddenly made the following (apparently) unpremeditated remark:

"I wonder why some people about here keep a part of their houses all nicely fixed up and live in that part and let the rest get all run down and fall to pieces?

The old sea-captain pricked up his ears.

"Who do that, I 'd like to know?" he snorted. "I hain't seen any of 'em!"

"Well, I passed a place this morning, and it looked that way," Doris went on. "I thought maybe it was customary in these parts."

"Where was it?" demanded the captain, on the defensive for his native region.

"'Way up the river," she answered, indicating the direction of Slipper Point.

"Oh, *that!*" he exclaimed in patent relief. "That 's only Miss Roundtree's, and I guess you won't see another like it in a month of Sundays."

"Who is she and why does she do it?" asked Doris, with a great (and this time real) show of interest.

And thus, finding what his soul delighted in, a willing and interested listener, Captain Carter launched into a history and description of Miss Camilla Roundtree. He had told all that Sally had already imparted, when Doris broke in with some skilfully directed questions.

"How do you suppose she lost all her money?"

"Blest if I know, or any one else either!" he grunted. "And what 's more, I don't believe *she* lost it at all. I think it was her father and her brother before her that did the trick. They were great folks around here, 'high and mighty,' we called 'em. Nobody among us down at the village was good enough for 'em. This here Miss Camilla,—her mother died when she was a baby,—she used to spend most of her time in New York with a wealthy aunt. Some swell, *she* was. Used to go with her aunt pretty nigh every year to Europe, and we did n't set eyes on her once in a blue moon. Her father and brother had a fine farm and were making money, but she did n't care for this here life.

"Well, one time she come back from Europe and things did n't seem to be going right down here at her place. I don't know what it

was, but there were queer things whispered about the two men-folks and all the money seemed to be gone suddenly, too. I was away at the time on a three years' cruise, so I did n't hear nothin' about it till long after. But they say the brother he disappeared and never came back and the father died suddenly of apoplexy or something, and Miss Camilla was left to shift for herself, on a farm mortgaged pretty nigh up to the hilt.

"She was a bright woman as ever 'was made, though; I 'll say that for her, and she kept her head in the air and took to teaching school. She taught right good, too, for a number of years, and got the mortgages off the farm. And then, all of a sudden, she began to get deaf like, and could n't go on teaching. Then she took to selling off a lot of their land lying round, and got through somehow on that for a while. But times got harder and living higher priced, and finally she had to give up trying to keep the whole thing decent, and just scrooged herself into those little quarters in the ell. She 's made a good fight, but she never would come down off her high horse nor ask for any help nor let anyone into what had come to her folks."

"How long ago did all that happen?" asked Doris.

"Oh, about forty or fifty years, I should think," he replied, after a moment's thought. "Yes, fifty or more, at least."

"You say they owned a lot of land around their farm?" interrogated Doris, casually.

"Surest thing! One time old Caleb Roundtree owned pretty nigh the whole side of the river up that way, but he 'd sold off a lot of it himself before he died. She owned a good patch for a while, though, several hundred acres, I guess. But she hain't got nothin' but what lies right around the house, now."

"Did n't you ever hear what happened to the brother?" demanded Doris.

"Never a thing. He dropped out of life here as neatly and completely as if he 'd suddenly been dropped into the sea. And by the time I 'd got back from my voyage, the nine days' wonder about it all was over, and I never could find out any more on the subject. Never was particularly interested to, either. Miss Camilla hain't nothing to me. She 's always kept to herself and most folks have almost forgotten who she is."

As the captain had evidently reached the end of his information on the subject, Doris let the talk drift into other topics, and after a while the girls took their departure.

"Well, what did you find out?" demanded Sally, eagerly, as soon as they were out of earshot. "Anything?"

"Yes," said Doris, gravely. "I did. He told us enough to make me sure I 'm right—almost sure, that is. Only one thing I can't seem to fit into it. I think Miss Camilla has had trouble in her family—awful trouble somewhere, probably connected with that brother who disappeared so mysteriously. Perhaps he did something wrong—stole or embezzled money or forged checks or something, and had to hide away, probably in that cave. And she knew all about it and kept him there till he could escape after the trouble blew over. And, if that 's the case, Sally—" she stopped impressively for a second, "we ought never to enter that cave again or do another thing toward trying to find out the secret. It would n't be fair to Miss Camilla."

"Oh—Doris!" was Sally's protesting cry as she received this blow to all her treasure-hunting hopes.

"Wait a moment, though," went on Doris. "There 's just one thing that makes me think I might be mistaken. It 's that paper. I just can't seem to make it fit into things anywhere, if this is so. And just because it does n't seem to fit, I think we might give that plan of ours one try—saw out the corners of the cave, as we thought, and see if we find anything hidden there. If we don't, then the smuggler theory is all wrong, and the other right, and we 'll never go near it again. Do you agree?"

Sally did, most emphatically.

"Then we 'll go up to-morrow morning and try it out."

They set out on the following morning. Elaborate preparations had been made for the undertaking; and so that they might have ample time undisturbed, Doris had begged her mother to allow her to picnic for the day with Sally and not come back to the hotel for luncheon. As Mrs. Craig had come to have quite a high opinion of Sally, her judgment and knowledge of the river and vicinity, she felt no hesitation in trusting Doris's safety to her.

Sally had provided the sandwiches, and Doris was armed with fruit and candy and books to amuse Genevieve. In the bow of the boat, Sally had stowed away a number of tools borrowed from her father's boat-house. Altogether, the two girls felt as excited and mysterious and adventurous as could well be imagined.

"I wish we could have left Genevieve at home," whispered Sally, as they were embarking. "But there 's no one to take care of her

for all day, so of course it was impossible. But I 'm afraid she 's going to get awfully tired and restless while we 're working."

"Oh, never you fear!" Doris encouraged her. "I 've brought a few new picture books and we 'll manage to keep her amused somehow."

Once established in the cave, and Genevieve settled with a book, the girls set to work in earnest.

"I 'm glad I thought to bring a dozen more candles," said Sally. "We were down to the end of the last one. Now shall we begin on that corner at the extreme right hand away from the door? That 's the likeliest place. I 'll measure a space around it twenty-one inches square."

She measured off the space on the floor carefully with a folding ruler, while Doris stood over her, watching with critical eyes. Then, having drawn the lines with a piece of chalk, Sally proceeded to begin on the sawing operation with one of her father's old and somewhat rusty saws.

It was a heartbreakingly slow operation. Turn and turn about they worked away, encouraging each other with cheering remarks. The planks of the old *Anne Arundel* were very thick and astonishingly tough. At the end of an hour they had but one side of the square sawn through, and Genevieve was beginning to grow fractious. Then they planned it that, while one worked, the other should amuse the youngest member of the party by talking, singing, and showing pictures to her.

This worked well for a time, and a second side at last was completed. By the time they reached the third, however, Genevieve flatly refused to remain in the cave another moment, so it was agreed that one of them should take her outside while the other remained within and sawed. This proved by far the best solution yet, as Genevieve very shortly fell asleep on the warm pine-needles. They covered her with a shawl, and then both went back to the undertaking, of which they were now, unconfessedly, very weary.

"CAPTAIN CARTER LAUNCHED INTO A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF MISS CAMILLA ROUNDTREE"

It was shortly after the noon hour when the saw made its way through the fourth side of the square. In a hush of breathless expectation, they lifted the piece of timber, prepared for—who could tell what wondrous secret beneath it?

The space it left was absolutely empty of the slightest suggestion of anything remarkable. It revealed the sandy soil of the embankment into which the cave was dug, and nothing else whatever. The disgusted silence that followed, Doris was the first to break.

"Of course, something may be buried down here, but I doubt it awfully. I 'm sure we 'd have seen some sign of it, if this had been the right corner. However, give me that trowel, Sally, and we 'll dig down a way." She dug for almost a foot into the damp sand, and finally gave it up.

"How could any one go on digging down in the space of only twenty-one inches?" she exclaimed in despair. "If one were to dig at all, the space ought to be much larger. No, this very plainly is n't the right corner. Let 's go outside and eat our lunch, and then, if we have any courage left, we can come back and begin on another corner. Personally, I feel as if I should scream if I had to put my hand to that old saw again."

But a hearty luncheon and, after it, a half-hour of idling in the sunlight above ground, served to restore their courage and determination. Sally was positive that the corner diagonally opposite was the one most likely to yield results, and Doris was inclined to agree with her. Genevieve, however, flatly refused to re-enter the cave, so they were forced to adopt the scheme of the morning, one remaining always outdoors with her, as they did not dare let her roam around by herself. Sally volunteered to take the first shift at the sawing, and after they had measured off the twenty-one inch square in the opposite corner she set to work, while Doris stayed outside with Genevieve.

Seated with a picture-book open on her lap, and Genevieve cuddled close by her side, she was suddenly startled by a muffled, excited cry from within the cave. Obviously, something had happened. Springing up, she hurried inside, Genevieve trailing after her. She beheld Sally standing in the middle of the cave, candle in hand, dishevelled and excited, pointing to the side near which she had been working.

"Look, look!" she cried. "What did I tell you?" Doris looked, expecting to see something about the floor in the corner to verify their surmises. The sight that met her eyes was as different as possible from that.

A part of the wall of the cave, three feet in width and reaching from top to bottom, had opened and swung outward, like a door on its hinges.

"What *is* it?" she breathed, in a tone of real awe.

"It 's a *door,* just as it looks!" explained Sally, "and we never even guessed it was there. I happened to be leaning against that part of the wall as I sawed, balancing myself against it, and sometimes pushing pretty hard. All of a sudden it gave way, and swung out like that, and I almost tumbled in. I was so astonished I hardly knew what had happened."

"But what 's behind it?" cried Doris, snatching the candle and hurrying forward to investigate. They peered together into the blackness back of the newly revealed door, the candle held high above their heads.

"Why, it 's a *tunnel!*" exclaimed Sally. "A great, long tunnel winding away. I can't even see how far it goes. Did you *ever?*"

The two girls stood looking at each other and at the opening in a maze of incredulous speculation. Suddenly Sally uttered a satisfied cry.

"I know! I know, now! We never could think where all the rest of the wood from the *Anne Arundel* went. It 's right here." It was evidently true. The tunnel had been lined, top and bottom and often at the sides, with the same planking that had lined the cave, and at intervals there were stout posts supporting the roof of it. Well and solidly had it been constructed in that long-ago period, else it would never have remained intact so many years.

"Doris," said Sally presently, "where do you suppose this leads to?"

"I have n't the faintest idea," replied her friend, "except that it probably leads to the treasure, or the secret, or whatever it is. That much I 'm certain of now."

"So am I," agreed Sally; "but here 's the important thing—are we to go in there and find it?"

Doris shrank back an instant. "Oh, I don't know!" she faltered. "I 'm not sure whether I dare to—or whether Mother would allow me to—if she knew. It—it *might* be dangerous. Something might give way and bury us alive."

"Well, I 'll tell you what I 'll do," announced Sally courageously. "I 'll take a candle and go in a way by myself and see

what it 's like. You stay here with Genevieve, and I 'll keep calling back to you, so you need n't worry about me." Before Doris could argue the question with her, she lighted another candle and stepped bravely into the gloom.

Doris, at the opening, watched her progress nervously, till a turn in the tunnel hid her from sight.

"Oh, Sally, do come back!" she called. "I can't stand this suspense."

"I 'm all right," Sally shouted back. "After that turn it goes on straight for the longest way. I can't see the end. But it 's perfectly safe. The planks are as strong as iron yet. There is n't a sign of a cave-in. I 'm coming back in a moment." She presently reappeared.

"Look here," she demanded, facing her companion. "Are you game to come with me? We can bring Genevieve along. It 's perfectly safe. If you 're not, you can stay here with her and I 'll go by myself. I 'm determined to see the end of this."

Her resolution fired Doris. After all, it could not be so very dangerous, since the tunnel seemed in such good repair. Forgetting all else in her enthusiasm, she hastily consented.

"We must take plenty of candles and matches," declared Sally. "We would n't want to be left in the dark in there. It 's lucky I brought a lot to-day. You Genevieve, you behave yourself and come along like a good girl, and we 'll buy you some lollypops when we get back home."

Genevieve was plainly reluctant to add her presence to the undertaking, but, neither, on the other hand, did she wish to be left behind, so she followed disapprovingly.

Each with a candle lit, they stepped down from the floor of the cave and gingerly progressed along the narrow way. Doris determinedly turned her eyes from the slugs and snails and strange insects that could be seen on the ancient planking, and kept them fastened on Sally's back as she led the way. On and on they went, silent, awe-stricken, and wondering. Genevieve whimpered and clung to Doris's skirts, but no one paid any attention to her, so she was forced to follow on, willy-nilly.

So far did this strange, underground passage proceed, that Doris half-whispered: "Is it never going to end, Sally? Ought we to venture any further?"

"I 'm going to the end!" announced Sally, stubbornly. "You can go back if you like."

And they all went on again in silence.

At length it was evident that the end was in sight, for the way was suddenly blocked by a stone wall, apparently, directly across the passage. They all drew a long breath and approached to examine it more closely. It was unmistakably a wall of stones, cemented like the foundation of a house, and beyond it they could not proceed.

"What are we going to do now?" demanded Doris.

"The treasure must be here," said Sally, "and I 've found one thing that opened when you pushed against it. May be this is another. Let 's try. Perhaps it 's behind one of these stones. Look! The plaster seems to be loose around these in the middle." She thrust the weight of her strong young arm against it, directing it at the middle stone of three large ones, but without avail. They never moved the fraction of an inch. Then she began to push all along the sides where the plaster seemed loose. At last she threw her whole weight against it—and was rewarded.

The three stones swung round, as on a pivot, revealing a space only large enough to crawl through with considerable squeezing.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" she shouted. "What did I tell you, Doris? There 's something else behind here,—another cave, I guess. I 'm going through. Are you going to follow?"

Handing her candle to Doris, she scrambled through the narrow opening. And Doris, now determined to stick at nothing, set both candles on the ground, and pushed the struggling and resisting Genevieve in next. After that, she passed in the candles to Sally, who held them while Doris clambered in herself.

And once safely within, they stood and stared about them.

"Why, Sally!" suddenly breathed Doris, "this is n't a cave. It 's a *cellar!* Don't you see all the household things lying around? Garden tools, and vegetables, and—and all that? Where in the world can we be?"

A great light suddenly dawned on her. "Sally Carter, what did I tell you? This cellar is Miss Camilla's. I know it. I 'm certain of it. There 's no other house any where near Slipper Point. I *told* you she knew about that cave!"

Sally listened, open-mouthed. "It can't be!" she faltered. "I 'm sure we did n't come in that direction at all."

"You can't tell how you 're going—underground," retorted Doris. "Remember, the tunnel made a turn, too. Oh, Sally! Let 's go back at once, before anything is discovered, and never, never let Miss Camilla or any one

know what we 've found. It 's none of our business."

Sally, now convinced, was about to assent, when Genevieve suddenly broke forth.

"I won't go back! I won't go back—in that dark place!" she announced, at the top of her lungs.

"Oh, stop her!" whispered Doris. "Do stop her, or Miss Camilla may hear." Sally stifled her resisting sister by the simple process of placing her hand forcibly over her mouth—but it was too late. A door opened at the top of a flight of steps, and Miss Camilla's astounded face appeared in the opening.

"What is it? Who is it?" she called, obviously frightened to death herself at this unprecedented intrusion.

Huddled in a corner, they all shrank back for a moment, then Doris stepped forward.

'It 's only ourselves, Miss Camilla," she announced. "We have done a very dreadful thing, and we had n't any right to do it. But, if you 'll let us come upstairs, we 'll explain it all, and beg your pardon, and promise never to speak of it or even think of it again."

She led the others up the cellar steps, and into Miss Camilla's tiny, tidy kitchen. Here, still standing, she explained the whole situation to that lady, who was still too overcome with astonishment to utter a word. And she ended her explanation thus:

"So you see, we did n't have the slightest idea we were going to end at this house. But, all the same, we sort of felt that this cave was a secret of yours and that we really had n't any right to be interfering with it. But won't you please forgive us, this time, Miss Camilla? And we 'll really try to forget that it ever existed."

And then Miss Camilla suddenly found words. "My dear children," she stuttered, "I —I really don't know what you 're talking about. I have n't the faintest idea what this all means. *I never knew till this minute that there was anything like a cave or a tunnel connected with this house!*"

And in the astounded silence that followed, the three stood gaping, open-mouthed, at each other.

CHAPTER V.

SOME BITS OF ROUNDTREE HISTORY

"But come into the sitting-room," at length commanded Miss Camilla, "and let us talk this strange thing over. You must be tired and hungry, too, after the adventure of coming through that dreadful tunnel. You must have some of this hot gingerbread and a glass of lemonade." And while she bustled about on hospitable thoughts intent, they heard her muttering to herself:

"A cave—and a tunnel—and connected with *this* house! What *can* it all mean?"

They sat in restful silence for a time, munching the delicious hot gingerbread and sipping cool lemonade. Never did a repast taste more welcome, coming as it did after the adventures and uncertainties of that eventful day. And while they ate, Miss Camilla sat wiping her glasses and putting them on and taking them off again, and shaking her head over the perplexing news that had been so unexpectedly thrust upon her.

"I simply cannot understand it all," she began at last. "As I told you, I 've never had the slightest idea of such a strange affair, nor can I imagine how it came there. When did you say that *Anne Arundel* vessel was wrecked?"

"Grandfather said in 1850," answered Sally.

"Eighteen hundred and fifty," mused Miss Camilla. "Well, I could n't have been more than four or five years old, so of course I would n't be likely to remember it. Besides, I was not at home here a great deal. I used to spend most of my time with my aunt who lived in New York. She used to take me there for long visits, months at a time. If this cave and tunnel were made at that time, it was probably done while I was away. My father and brother and one or two colored servants were the only ones in the house, most of the time. I had a nurse, an old Southern colored 'mammy,' who always went about with me. She died about the time the Civil War broke out."

There was no light on the matter here. Miss Camilla relapsed again into puzzled silence, which the girls hesitated to intrude upon by so much as a single word, lest Miss Camilla should consider that they were prying into her past history.

"Wait a moment!" she suddenly exclaimed, sitting up very straight and wiping her glasses again in great excitement. "I believe I have the explanation." She looked about at her audience a minute, hesitatingly. "I shall have to ask you girls please to keep what I am going to tell you entirely to yourself. Few, if any, have ever known of it, and, though it would do no harm now, I have other reasons for not wishing it discussed publicly. Since you have dicovered what you have, however, I feel it only right that you should know."

"You may rely on us, Miss Camilla," said Doris, speaking for them both, "to keep anything you may tell us a strict secret."

"Thank you," replied their hostess. "I feel sure of it. Well, I learned, very early in my girlhood, that my father and also my brother, who was several years older than I, were both very devoted and enthusiastic abolitionists. While slavery was still a national institution in this country, they were firm advocates of the freedom of the colored people. And, so earnest were they in the cause, that they became members of the great 'Underground Railway' system."

"What was that?" interrupted both girls at a breath.

"Did you never hear of it?" exclaimed Miss Camilla, in surprise. "Why, it was a great secret system of assisting runaway slaves from the Southern States to escape from their bondage and get to Canada, where they could no longer be considered any one's property. There were many people in all the Northern States who, believing in freedom for the slaves, joined this secret league, and in their houses runaways would be sheltered, hidden, and quietly passed on to the next house of refuge, or 'station,' as it was called, till at length the fugitives had passed the boundary of the country. It was, however, a severe legal offense to be caught assisting these fugitives, and the penalty was heavy fines and often imprisonment. But that did not daunt those whose hearts were in the cause. And so very secret was the whole organization that few were ever detected in it.

"It was in a rather singular way that I discovered my father to be concerned in this matter. I happened to be at home here, and came downstairs one morning rather earlier than usual to find our kitchen filled with a number of strange colored folks, in various stages of rags and hunger and evident excitement. I was a girl of ten or eleven at the time. Rushing to my father's study, I demanded an explanation of the strange spectacle. He took me aside and explained the situation to me, acknowledging that he was concerned in the 'Underground Railway' and warning me to maintain the utmost secrecy in the matter or it would imperil his safety.

"'IT 'S ONLY OURSELVES, MISS CAMILLA,' DORIS ANNOUNCED"

"When I returned to the kitchen, to my astonishment, the whole crowd had mysteriously disappeared, though I had not been gone fifteen minutes. And I could not learn from any one a satisfactory explanation of their lightning disappearance. I should certainly have seen them had they gone away above ground. I believe now that the cave and tunnel must have been the means of secreting them, and I have n't a doubt that my father and brother had it constructed for that very purpose. A runaway, or even a number of them, could evidently be kept in the cave several days and then spirited away at night, probably by way of the river and some vessel out at sea that could take them straight to New York or even Canada itself. Yes, it is all clear as daylight to me now."

"But how do you suppose they were able to build the cave and tunnel and bring all the wood from the wreck on the beach without being discovered?" questioned Doris.

"That probably was not so difficult then as it would seem now," answered Miss Camilla. "To begin with, there were not so many people living about here, and therefore less danger of being discovered. If my father and brother could manage to get men enough to help and a number of teams of oxen or horses, such as he had, they could have brought the wreckage from the beach here over what must have been a very lonely and deserted road without much danger of discovery. If it happened that, at the time, they were sheltering a number of escaped slaves, it would have been no very difficult matter to press them into assisting on dark nights when they could be so well concealed. Yes, I think that was undoubtedly what happened."

They all sat quietly for a moment, thinking it over. Miss Camilla's solution of the cave and tunnel mystery was clear beyond all doubting, and it seemed as if there were nothing further for them to wonder about. Suddenly, however, Sally leaned forward eagerly.

"But did we tell you about the strange piece of paper we found under the old mattress, Miss Camilla? I 've really forgotten what we did say."

Miss Camilla looked perplexed. "Why, no, I don't remember your mentioning it. Everything was so confused, at first, that I 've forgotten it if you did. What about a piece of paper?"

"Here is a copy of what was on it," said Sally. "We never take the real piece away from where we first found it in the cave, but we made this copy. Perhaps you can tell what it all means."

She handed the paper to Miss Camilla who stared at it for several moments in blank bewilderment. Then she shook her head.

"I can't make anything of it," she acknowledged. "It must have been something left there by one of the fugitives. I don't believe it concerns me at all."

She handed the paper back, but as she did so, a sudden idea occurred to Doris.

"Might n't it have been some secret directions to the slaves, left there for them by your father or brother?" she suggested. "Maybe it was to tell them where to go next, or something like that."

"I think it very unlikely," said Miss Camilla. "Most of them could neither read nor write, and they would hardly have understood an explanation so complex. No, it must be something else. I wonder—" She stopped short and stood thinking intently a moment, while her visitors watched her anxiously. A pained and troubled expression had crept into her usually peaceful face, and she seemed to be reviewing memories that caused her sorrow.

"Can you get the original paper for me?" she suddenly exclaimed in great excitement. "Now—at once? I have just thought of something."

"I 'll get it!" cried Sally, and she was out of the house in an instant, flying swift-footed over the ground that separated them from the entrance to the cave by the river. While she was gone, Miss Camilla sat silent inwardly reviewing her painful memories.

In ten minutes Sally was back, breathless, with the precious, rusty tin box clasped in her hand. Opening it, she gave the contents to Miss Camilla, who stared at it for three long minutes in silence.

When she looked up her eyes were tragic. But she only said very quietly:

"It is my brother's writing."

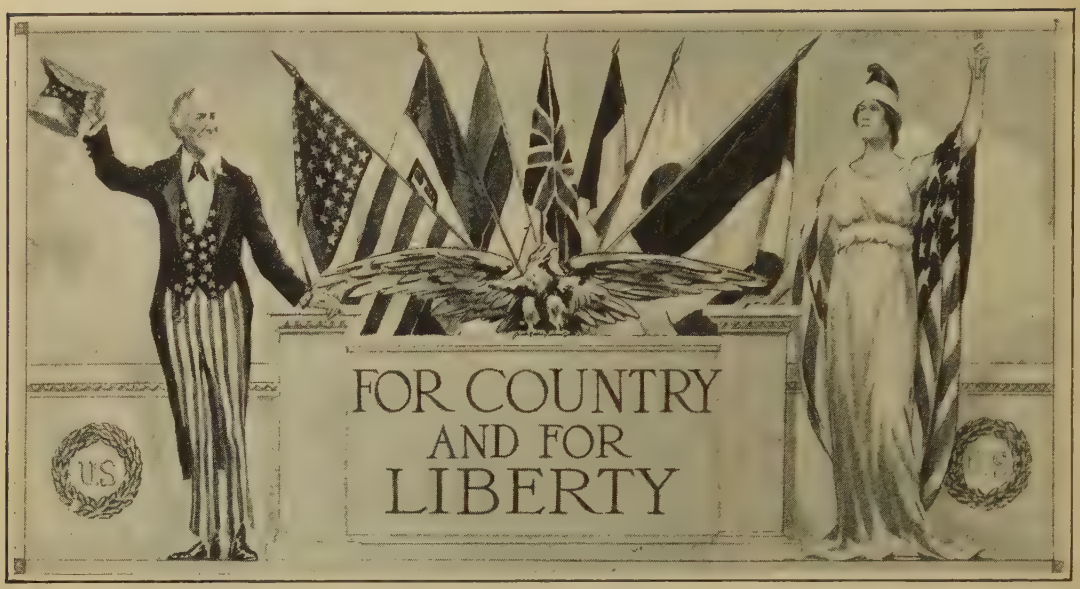
(To be continued)

A MATTER OF CHOICE

By F. W. M.

"For rapid locomotion I have never been inclined,"
Said Professor Eli Ebenezer Rose;
"To rush about in motors, leaving clouds of dust behind,
Or scale the clouds in aëroplanes distracts my thoughts, I find—
A philosophic mind must seek repose.

"So when I wish to travel, if there 's no one else to please,
I choose a steed amphibious and strong;
In my favorite chair and slippers I can study at my ease,
Or, if we 're on a country road, observe the flowers and trees;
And, on sea or land, I gaily jog along."



THE RETURN OF GEORGES

By MARY HUMPHREY

It was night. The first soft darkness had fallen on the fields. Chestnut-trees, rich in full bloom, shook out their perfumes. Over high stone walls, great clumps of lilac and acacia trembled at the call of a night bird. The sky was like a presence felt, but not seen.

"Halte, la!" a sharp voice rang out.

The beauty, mystery, wonder of the first hours of night in France were interrupted. The dim figure of a sentry flashed a light on the Ford camionette.

"Ah, Croix Rouge Americaine!" ["Ah, American Red Cross!"]

"Oui, avec un petit fils." ["Yes, with a little boy."]

"Allez, allez. Bon chance!" ["Go, go. Good luck!"] the guard called, as the blackness swallowed him up.

The car jerked under the crude barrier, a sapling swung up and down by hand. A yard at a time the road opened in front of the one dim headlight. Slender trees locked their ghostly fingers overhead and shut out the stars. Snuggled up in the warm cape of his dear *"Mees"* sat the *petit fils,* holding her hand. It was very late for him, a lateness that came at the end of an exciting day. His glorious adventure at Toul was over.

One month and a day had passed since he had whisked away in that same car. No time then to think of Grandmère. Indeed, he had scarce looked back to see if she were standing in front of the little stone cottage to marvel at his bold departure. His heart had thumped with the wonder of that journey. Out of the village, past the town fountain, scattering the chickens of M. le Maire and the calves of Madame Brichot, past a detachment of light artillery, they had dashed over the canal and on to the broad highway leading into the great unknown world.

Such a ride! Hours and hours it seemed. He fell into a drowsy state of half dreams, coming to himself with a bounce when a big American stepped up to the car and laughingly invited him to wake up and hear the birdies sing—not that he knew what was said, but the merry tone, the outstretched hands, the broad smile were understandable enough.

Thus he entered the Children's Hospital at Toul. That same smile greeted him as he struggled to float back from space, coming out of the ether. Those same arms carried him back from the operating-room and gently laid him in his bed in the big boys' ward.

"He 's had a nasty time, poor little kiddie," said the young Quaker, as he waited to see the nurse arrange the covers. "He 's such a dandy little tike—ever since the day I took him out of the camion he 's been my buddy." Awkwardly he touched the bloodless lips with his finger.

"He 's all right," said the nurse. "Just had a little hemorrhage. Come in to-morrow and he 'll know you."

Those first days of misery were soon blotted out by long hours of play in the sunshine, of trips to his Quaker friend's garage, of running errands for Mees, and tending baby Roger in the long corridor outside the wards. And now, as he sped along through the darkness, he was warm with the joy of living. His little body felt the coursing of new blood that had come with the wise hospital care. New clothes from America, darned and mended to be sure, but well supplied with buttons, had transformed him. His dear Mees here beside him was to see them all at home and confirm his wondrous story.

He really was the same Georges, the same Georges that went away so bravely so long ago. He chuckled at the thought of their wonder and the doubts which Mees would dispel. The new clothes, the plump cheeks, the swagger—how could Grandmère be sure it was he?

Close beside him was the precious package of gifts—a five-franc note for Grandpère—an American newspaper man had slipped it into his pocket and told him not to look until after he had gone; a kodak picture of himself in the great swing, which the Quaker had given him for Grandmère; three bars of chocolate he had saved from his feasts for Tante—he had had four, but one had gone to red-headed Emile, who cried so when his father said good-by the day his regiment was called to the Somme.

The car bumped over the bridge and crawled through the winding street of his native village. There was André's house, hunching itself up against the stable of Madame Brichot, who owned more cows than the whole town. The great spires of the church seemed like mountain-peaks in the night. Strange shapes were rearing themselves out of the darkness.

"Cannon," Mees whispered.

He stared into the gloom. They were passing a train of horses and ammunition wagons. The monotonous voices of soldiers preparing to billet for the night were the only human sounds. The fountain plashed in the town trough. A dim line of light below a window marked the café. A singing voice rose above bursts of laughter.

The car turned sharply. It jerked and bumped over a rough gutter.

"Voilà!" ["Look!"] shouted Georges.

He fell out of his seat and was on the ground before the engine stopped. Mees was forgotten for the moment. He pounded on the door, for though it was only nine by the cracked bell on the hôtel de ville, it was very late for home folks. Would the door never open? Mees had reached his side when at last shuffling feet were heard.

"Grandmère, Grandmère, your little Georges arrives!"

A flickering taper in a brass holder cast a pale light over the fine old face that came from the blacker blackness of the house to receive the strangers.

"Mon fils, mon fils!" she faltered. *"C'est vraie?"* ["Is it true?"]

It seemed, indeed, too good to be true. Georges was lost in the embrace that swept him to the old heart, aching for his return. What did it all mean? How naughty he was not to write them. How had he come in the night?

"Ma chère Mees," he said quickly, and at once she was drawn into the family circle.

Grandmère dusted the seat of a worn walnut chair, and begged her to sit down. "You will refresh yourself in our home, Mademoiselle, is it not so?"

Georges was looking about eagerly. Was the room just as he had left it? Yes, the great walnut bed was still higher than his head. How the fireplace flashed back from the polished brass andirons! And there were his school-books and his roller hoop by the piles of Grandmère's linens. The cat he had loved to tease came sleepily out of the corner to rub against his legs. He laughed out in sheer gladness to be home again.

The young aunt was full of questions. A picture had come from his dear mother in Paris. *"Une infirmière,"* ["A nurse,"] the boy explained proudly, handing Mees the post-card of a French military nurse. *"Voilá!"* he said in a tone of finality, pointing to the tiny cross on her head-dress.

Mees thought of that girl-widow caring for men wounded and dying. Suddenly what the Red Cross was able to give Georges seemed to expand into a great and holy thing. From the boy she saw it reaching out to the troubled heart of a woman who was the better nurse because she was reassured and comforted; and on and on it went to the soldiers of France and finally back to all the members of the Red Cross in America.

Grandmère had taken a big key from her pocket and disappeared with a lighted candle in her hand. A soft shuffling and flickering shadows announced her return from the cave. In triumph she bore a web-covered bottle,

chuckling as she explained. When the *Boches* possessed the village, she had hidden her treasured bottles. Only that year's vintage had fallen into the hands of her brutal boarders. All their threats, all their indignities, had but strengthened her iron will. She would die first! And at last they decided she was as poor as she seemed. Not only wine, but money she had saved from the enemy. Ah yes, they drove off the cow and the sheep. They took her faithful old dog. They ate up her fowls, and made her serve her rabbits at their officers' table.

Recalling the wrongs against her house, bitterness crept into her voice, but Georges slipped his hand into hers. She laughed and opened the prize bottle. Only when she had served her guest did she seat herself and fold her great gnarled hands.

"He has been *gentile* [polite], is it not so? He is ever a good boy."

Mees hastened to reassure her—not only good, but very helpful with the other children. "He is quite well now? He may return to the school? It is his first communion!"

Aunt interrupted to express her appreciation of the doctor. One wished to visit the hospital at Toul. But the parents of Jacques had been by train and waited for hours in a wayside station, returning at one in the morning. It would never do for Aunt to be out at night. As for Grandmère, the long journey to Toul was unthinkable! Georges had written only twice, and one sweet letter had come from the nurse. The cards said how good the doctor and his Mees were, but the letter told how well he was.

But Georges had listened long enough. There was so much to tell. It behooved him to begin that wondrous story of all he had heard and seen among the Americans. The doctor is so big, he can carry two boys on his shoulder at once. He wears a white apron. He sits beside my bed. He—

Mees rose. It was time to say good night.

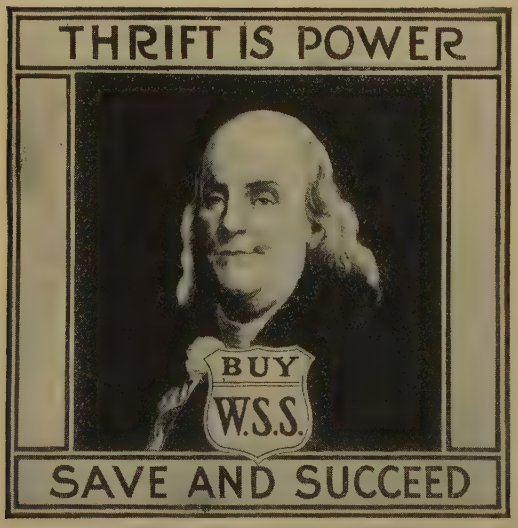
Grandmère stepped forward. "It is in my heart to thank you," she said simply, "to thank the good doctors who make my child well again. I ask the good God to bless the *Croix Rouge Américaine,* and my Georges shall grow up to be a man and love your country as his own, is it not so?"

But Georges was emptying the pockets of his black sateen apron, and could scarce be induced to make his farewells. But as the little car backed out of their narrow street his childish voice called out: *"Au 'voir, Croix Rouge Américaine! Vive la France! Vive l'Amérique!"*

HOW BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAUGHT HIS DAUGHTER THE HAPPY LESSON OF THRIFT

By LOUISE FRANKLIN BACHE

Great-great-great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin



A WAR SAVINGS STAMP POSTER

MANY rules for learning the lesson of thrift are to be found in a bundle of time-colored letters written during some of the critical times of American history by the apostle of thrift, Benjamin Franklin, to his daughter Sally.

Franklin loved his daughter Sally and was very proud of her, but he thought all children should be taught "simplicity and economy," and so he spared not Sally.

It was while Franklin was on one of his first missions abroad to plead the colonies' cause that the lesson of thrift became a written one between father and daughter.

"Honoured Sir," wrote Sally (for that was the way all children addressed their parents a hundred years and more ago), "I am going to ask my papa for some things that I cannot get here, but must beg he would send to me. 'T is some gloves both white and mourning, the last to be the largest."

Boats traveled very slowly in those days, and Sally's stilted and most respectful note was many weeks in reaching her father across the seas in England. It was a long time, too, before his reply could reach little Sally; but when it came, Sally knew exactly what every word meant, for the great philosopher spoke always in simple terms, and this time he addressed her reprovingly, bidding her mend her spelling, and go regularly to church, and requesting her to read over again "The Whole Duty of Man" and "The Ladies' Library."

Sally interpreted this at once to mean that there were more important things for little girls to think of than gloves. The lesson of thrift spelled out to her one of her daddy's maxims, "Waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both."

If the lesson seemed a hard one and did n't make her especially happy right at that moment, it did later, as her father knew it would.

The United States, during the Revolutionary War, was the scene of much inflated prosperity. The ladies and dandies beruffled themselves in French finery, while those who were fighting for them were, many of them, in rags. Franklin was representing his country in France during this period. So daughter Sally, then many years older, petitioned her father again for finery, and he replied sternly, still with a sense of humor that helped make the lesson of thrift a happy one instead of a doleful one to Sally:

"When I read your letters of high prices, one pair of gloves $7.00, a yard of common gauze $24.00, and others things as bad, I could scarcely believe my eyes when you said, 'Much pleasure and dressing going on,' and you needed black pins and feathers from France, to be in the fashion. I will send you what is useful and omit the rest. I must avoid giving you the opportunity of wearing lace and feathers. If you will wear nice cambric ruffles, as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and as to feathers, my dear Sally, they may be procured in America from every rooster's tail. I was charmed with your industry, and the tablecloths of your spinning, but when you send for lace and feathers and long black pins, it disgusted me as much as though you had put salt in my strawberries."

And Sally, with a woman's mind, knew that the lesson of thrift had become of national, and therefore patriotic, importance and was spelling out its message to her, as it was to

A SUMMER AFTERNOON IN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S GARDEN, HIS DAUGHTER SALLY POURING TEA

all, the happiness of America in these words, "Beware of small expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship."

Did Sally profit greatly by these early lessons in thrift, you ask?

History answers, "Yes."

During the last years of the Revolution, when clouds were blackest, Sally gathered around her hundreds of other loyal American women, who sewed for the half-clad soldiers, clothing a large part of the American Army by their work and money.

Now, if you look into your history, you will find the word "Philanthropist" after Sally's name, which stands for the great happiness that came to her from the lesson of thrift her father taught her in her youth.

Two of his pet maxims for these lessons were: "Save and have." "Little strokes fell great oaks."

The happy "lesson of thrift" is still spelling out Benjamin Franklin's maxims to you just as it spelled them to his daughter a hundred years and more ago. Only now a fascinating feature has been added. Instead of spending money for useless things, you may get little green Thrift Stamps for it. When you have sixteen Thrift Stamps, you exchange them, with a few pennies more, for a big blue War Savings Stamp. This War Savings Stamp does not get broken nor wear out like other toys. Instead it grows in value; which simply means that you have not spent your money, but loaned it to your country, which pays you back after awhile more than you loaned.

Benjamin Franklin's picture is on the War Savings Stamps. He knew well the joy that comes from playing the game of thrift. He taught it to his daughter Sally, and tried to teach it to all other little Americans. Getting a War Savings Stamp means winning an important point in the game. Seeing Franklin's picture on it will remind you to keep on playing.

THE RED, THE WHITE, AND THE BLUE

By ANNE WASHINGTON WILSON

I KNOW a pool where red-birds flash,
Rubies in burnished sedge,
Where Indian pink and paint-brush splash
Scarlet along its edge.

And a white fluttering butterfly
Seeks dainty vintage rare,
Draining each snowy nectary
Of sweet its heart doth bear.

Blue dragon-flies poise, dart, and glide,
And iris banners gleam,
Bearing celestial signals wide
While blue-eyed grasses dream.

Thus, from the sod, red, blue, and white
Flash out in sunlit bars;
And on the pool's deep heart at night
God sets the stars.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, AMERICAN

Written exclusively for ST. NICHOLAS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was the outstanding American figure of his generation. Born of wealthy parents, liberally educated, having high social position, he nevertheless devoted his abilities to the advocacy of the "square deal" for all, which meant, during his lifetime, work for the betterment of social and industrial conditions of the great bulk of the population, the common people, so called. Yet he stood just as firmly against the misuse of power or privilege by labor or the laborer as by the financier or "malefactor of great wealth."

As a member of Assembly of the State of New York, as Civil Service Commissioner, as Police Commissioner of New York City, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as Governor, Vice-president, and President, he gave devoted service to all the people. He advocated policies, and administered them, which made America a better place to live in than it had been before he set his hand to the work. His utterances and his acts have served and will continue to serve as the inspiration for thousands of citizens, of humble and high station alike, guiding them to useful endeavor for their countrymen and humanity at large.

Great as he was as a statesman, he was equally great as a man—clean-lived, an advocate of clean living, devoted husband and

parent, keen and fair sportsman, ardent lover of nature, unfailing friend, interested in humanity for humanity's sake. Around him has sprung up a wealth of story and legend as around the heroes of old.

His place in history is firmly fixed. His place in the hearts of his countrymen is equally secure. His spirit will go marching on, inspiring high deeds for country and mankind.

To this man it is proposed to raise a national memorial which shall inspire future generations to the hard work, clean living, and straight honest thinking which he urged and practised. The Roosevelt Memorial Association, with headquarters at 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, has undertaken to obtain the funds for this purpose. It is a splendid project in which every good American should be proud to participate. Such a memorial will not so much honor Theodore Roosevelt as honor those who raise it to his memory, as a token of their adherence to his beliefs and ideals.

TO AMERICAN BOYS AND GIRLS

In the July issue, St. Nicholas called the attention of its readers—and particularly of American mothers—to the admirable plan of the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association for acquiring and preserving Theodore Roosevelt's birthplace. And we now gladly give space to the following announcement which is addressed directly to American boys and girls:

All boys and girls have heroes. And modern boys and girls realize that a man to be a real hero must combine the best manly qualities with gentleness towards women, must stand bravely for high principles and noble ideals.

Few men have met the test as well as Theodore Roosevelt. He was a strong, virile man, a man of adventurous spirit, one who loved to explore wild places and hunt wild game. But he was also a man who was gentle and kind to women and little children, who enjoyed studying animal and bird life, a woodsman, who appreciated God's out-of-doors. His life was an open book. His adage was: "A square deal." "Justice and righteousness" was his slogan as it was to the prophets of old.

It would be interesting to ascertain to how many boys and girls in our country to-day Theodore Roosevelt stands as their hero, the one who best typifies all that is finest and noblest in American citizenship. The Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association has discovered an easy way to solve this problem. It offers for twenty-five cents to every boy and girl under sixteen years of age the beautiful rose-gold bronze service-pin bearing the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt (modeled by the well-known sculptor, Anna V. Hyatt), which entitles the recipient to junior membership in the Association. He or she has only to mail the twenty-five cents to the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association, 1 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, with a letter to this effect: "I desire to become a Junior Donor to help restore and perpetuate Theodore Roosevelt's birthplace," and sign it with name, address, and age. Any boy or girl under sixteen who raises twenty-five dollars receives a framed portrait of Theodore Roosevelt.

In the Roosevelt birthplace in East Twentieth Street, New York City, will be placed the toys he played with as a child, the books he read, the fireplace he watched as he dreamed his boyish dreams. This work will without doubt appeal strongly to all young Americans, and especially to Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Boys and Girls, and Woodcraft Boys and Girls, who recognize in Theodore Roosevelt the foremost leader of the outdoor-life movement.

Maud Nathan.

ROOSEVELT'S GREATEST VICTORY

From the "New York Tribune"

"The Roosevelt family, obeying a self-imposed rule of good taste, has not been inclined to talk of its most distinguished member. A model of modest self-effacement, it has not sat in the first row with reflectors to fling back glory.

"But Mrs. Douglas Robinson, sister of Colonel Roosevelt, has been moved to tell at a semi-private meeting something about the little boy she knew in nursery days. Letting her mind run back, she said:

"A little, dainty, narrow-chested boy in the nursery, suffering so that he could hardly breathe and propped up always with pillows—that was Theodore Roosevelt. He never said a word, never uttered a complaint, yet we all knew he suffered intensely. His asthma tormented him every moment, but there he sat quietly, thinking, writing, smiling. When he was nine years old my father built an open porch so that Theodore could live outdoors, and fitted it up with all sorts of gymnastic devices. 'You have got the mind, but you have n't got the body; you have got to make your body strong enough to do all that your mind wants to do,' he told my brother.

"The exemplar of the strenuous life, his years crowded with achievement, fought and won his greatest victory in boyhood. That which came after was easy. He forced his tissues to obey, and so doing he performed the greater task of hardening his will. Out of the depths of his experience Colonel Roosevelt derived the doctrine he ever preached: to work hard, study hard, play hard, hit the line hard."

This inspiring doctrine was set forth by Theodore Roosevelt himself in his usual vigorous style in the article which he wrote especially for St. Nicholas, "What We Can Expect of the American Boy." And he summed it all up at the close with the stirring appeal:

"In short, in life as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard. Don't foul and don't shirk—but hit the line hard!"

That now famous motto was first published in the pages of this magazine.—Ed. St. Nicholas.

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ROAD TO RHEIMS

After Grandpère had left me I was overwhelmed with a feeling of utter loneliness. My dear good friends did their best to cheer me, but there was no echo in my heart to their words of comfort. I was too wretched even to find relief in tears.

I am not proud of the part I played then. I was of no use in the hospital. My work at the Red Cross was mechanical and indifferent. I went about as if I were but half awake, and nothing could rouse me. I am ashamed to confess that, with all the brave women of France to set me an example, I should have been so lacking in courage.

One afternoon, a week or so after Grandpère's death, Mademoiselle Peters stopped me in one of the corridors.

"Oh, Jeannette, I must say good-by to you; I don't know when I shall have another chance."

"Good-by," I repeated vaguely. "Where are you going?"

"To Rheims, my dear," she answered. "There is a military hospital just outside the city, and some of us Americans are going to help out there. I leave in the morning."

At the name of the old city something of renewed interest in life seemed to stir within me, and almost instantly there followed a great longing to go back there.

"Oh, if I could only see Rheims again!" I murmured.

"Do you want to go as much as that?" Mademoiselle Peters asked, reading in the tone of my voice the strength of my desire.

"I would give anything to be there!" I told her. "It would be going home, Mademoiselle. My old nurse Eugénie is there, and the Abbé Chinot, and the cathedral, and—and the old house itself, where I was born and where Papa and Grandpère lived—where we were so happy!" The words came in a rush as recollections crowded in upon my memory.

"Can you be ready at nine o'clock to-morrow morning?" Mademoiselle Peters questioned.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then wait just a moment."

She went off quickly, and I stood on the same spot, as if rooted there, until her return.

"It 's all right," she said at once. "We go by automobile with the chief surgeon. There will be room for you. Be here at nine exactly. Now you must hurry, for there will be papers of identification to be secured."

There is no need to tell of the good-bys and the kind wishes that my dear friends sent with me. I had expected that the Bartons would try to persuade me not to leave Paris, but I think now, as I look back upon those days, that they all realized the necessity of a change to rouse my spirits. It is humiliating to remember that I had so little fortitude; but then I had lost so much.

On the morning of my departure I saw Eddie Reed. We had grown to be very good comrades, and I shall not deny that I liked the young American very much.

"Wish I was one of the party," he said. "It 'll be an out-of-sight trip. When will you return?"

"I don't know. Not for a long time. I 'm going back home, you know."

His face changed at once. "Oh. It is n't just for a day or two then?" he asked soberly.

"No. If I can be of any use there, I shall stay. My nurse is all I have left in the world. I should like to be with her in my old home again."

"Of course you would," he said warmly. "You 've had more than your share of trouble. All the same, I shall miss you. I say, Jeannette," he went on after a moment's silence, "do you think you could find time to write me now and then? Just to help me with my French, eh?"

"In France we do not correspond with young gentlemen. Would you ask an American girl to do that?"

"Sure!" he replied. "I 'm writing to three of them back home now. But I know it 's different here. Could n't you say to yourself, 'He 's an American and does n't count?' "

"But you do count," I replied, scarcely knowing how it might sound.

Our eyes met for a moment, and I read in his something of the struggle he was having with his feelings.

"I 'm glad you said that," he half whispered. "It 's going to help me a bit when I don't see you. You won't forget me? And we 're good friends, are n't we?"

"I am sure we are," I told him, and offered my hand.

He took it quickly and held it for a moment.

"You know where I am if you should feel like writing!" he exclaimed in his boyish way. "You 'll hear from me, anyhow. Good-by and good luck!"

"Good-by," I answered; and then he left me.

Ten minutes later I was in the automobile, speeding out of Paris toward Rheims. To me the sight of ruined villages was all too familiar, but Mademoiselle Peters had her first glimpse of the destruction which always marks the path of the *Boches*.

Yet much of the devastation already had been repaired. Back of the fighting line the people had worked night and day to reëstablish their homes. But Rheims was on the fighting line, and, as we neared it, I grew troubled. Perhaps by this time the cathedral was only a shapeless heap of stones.

We sped on, and the dread of what might have happened grew with each kilometer we covered, while, to emphasize that dread, the booming of cannon reached our ears with steadily increasing intensity.

"They must be busier than usual to-day," the doctor murmured. "It means work for us, Miss Peters."

The nurse nodded her head, and a little sigh breathed through her lips.

Finally we passed through Épernay, and were soon among the vineyards that surround Rheims. I strained my eyes and at last, as we topped a rise in the road, the bold outline of the cathedral in the distance massed itself against the sky.

I drew a deep breath of relief as I saw it. There it was, like a strong rock, untouched so far as we could tell. As we watched, a shell burst over it and the cloud released by the explosion floated lazily away; but nothing in the contour of the building was changed. I guessed that some damage had been done, perhaps the image of another beautifully carved saint had suffered mutilation; but the great structure stood firm, like France herself. Frenchmen had died, destroyed as the precious carvings had been, but the nation remained as steadfast as the glorious church in its resistance to the brutality of an envious people.

"It makes me think of France," I murmured.

"Yes," answered Mademoiselle Peters, "it is strong and noble."

"That 's true," the doctor added, "but the spirit of France is still stronger. The cathedral may go, but France will endure to the end."

He was an American surgeon, and he spoke with so sure a faith that it touched me.

"Thank you," I said, for I felt that he was paying our country a tribute no French girl might hear with indifference. It had been spoken from his heart.

As we drew nearer we saw, outside the city, the hospital barracks nestling against a hill. We recognized it because on the slanting roof of each of the buildings there had been painted huge red crosses as a warning to aviators.

"There 's your place, Miss Peters," said the doctor when we first caught sight of it.

"It is bigger than I expected," she replied. "We sha'n't have much time to be lazy so near the front."

She laughed a little, for there was no hospital in France in which there was time to be lazy; but she always had a droll way of saying things, which I liked.

"You will have plenty to do," the doctor agreed, "but you won't have a chance to grow fond of your patients. They won't stay long enough."

Mademoiselle Peters nodded.

"We shall have to send most of them to Neuilly, I suppose," she remarked. "Still, there will be some poor *blessés* we shall have to keep. I am anxious to begin."

"Yes, and we have n't many minutes to waste, if I 'm to make an inspection and get back to Paris to-night." The doctor looked at his watch. "Hurry up!" he called to the chauffeur. "We 're later than I thought."

"Then you must n't bother with me," I put in. "Just drop me at the gate of the city. I 'll find my home without any trouble.

In ordinary circumstances, I am sure the doctor would have seen me safely to the door of our house; but in France we have but two duties: one to fight, the other to serve those who do. Everything gives way to caring for the wounded, so there was little discussion as to what should become of me.

I said good-by to them at the gate, promising Mademoiselle Peters that I would pay her a visit as soon as I could. Then I stood for a moment, watching the car speed away until it turned into a lane leading to the hospital.

With a thankful heart that I had arrived, and a lively anticipation of the joy I should have in seeing my old home again, with a great longing to feel Eugénie's arms about me and to come into touch once more with all the

things that had been part and parcel of my past life, I picked up my bag and turned to enter the city of Rheims.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE RUINS OF RHEIMS

"Halte-la!"

One guard barred my way, while another demanded my identification papers, which he took off to a little house near by. The first lowered his rifle, looked at me curiously, and then smiled.

"Are you from Paris, Mademoiselle?" he asked politely.

"Yes," I answered, "we left there at nine o'clock."

"It 's a fine city," he remarked.

"It is a beautiful city," I replied.

"Then why did you leave it?" he questioned with raised brows.

"I wanted to come home," I told him. "You see, I used to live in Rheims. I longed to come back to it."

He shook his head in a puzzled way.

"You don't know what it 's like," he murmured half to himself. "You won't stay long."

"Why not?" I asked.

"There is no rest in Rheims," he muttered. "The *Boches* won't leave it alone."

At that moment an officer came out of the house and waved to us.

"It is all right," he called. "Mademoiselle may pass."

I had expected to see Rheims more or less as I had left it. I entered a city empty and silent as a graveyard. I walked up a street in one of the older and poorer quarters, to find it absolutely deserted. There was literally no human being in sight.

I hurried on. Now that I was near her, I wanted Eugénie more than ever. I longed to be back in the old house. It would be such a comfort to see the familiar furnishings, each of which would tell its story of happier days.

I turned a corner into the Rue du Jard, passed on to the Rue des Capucines and thence to the Rue Boulard, where our house was situated. Here I halted, aghast at the sight that met my eyes. The street was ruined beyond description. House after house was roofless, half burned, or entirely demolished.

I faltered, guessing what lay before me, and went on with a lagging step. In front of the spot where my old home had stood I paused and gazed with my heart wrung anew. The Germans had not spared me even the comfort I might have found in the dear, inanimate things which I would have loved for the sake of those who were gone. There was nothing resembling a house left. The very walls were tumbled into a great heap of debris. My birthplace had ceased to exist. It was as dead and gone as those who had shared with me its blessed shelter.

I was overwhelmed with a bitter sorrow. The unclean hands of the *Boches* had touched all that was dearest to me. For aught I knew, old Eugénie might lie buried beneath the pile of broken stones, the ruins of the abode to which she had clung so tenaciously. These German barbarians, for the sake of gain, for the money they could coin out of blood, had made war upon the world, and I, a girl, was but one victim among thousands and thousands who were as innocent of wrong against them as the stars in heaven. In the midst of that desolation, alone with the wreckage of everything that I held dear, I vowed to myself to keep alight the memory of this great evil as long as I lived; to tell of what I had seen and what I had suffered; to whisper in the ears of all children to beware of these people of Germany; to show them as inhuman beings who would, if they could, spread over the world like a deadly plague; to remember for ever and ever the horrors the *Boches* have wrought; to shudder in their presence, and to pray *le Bon Dieu* for a cleansing of the world from them, that His people may have an everlasting peace.

In my loneliness my thoughts turned to the cathedral and the statue of Jeanne d'Arc that stood guard before the great church. Could it be that they still remained standing?

With anxious haste I made my way to the Place du Parvis.

Ah, what joy it was to find the statue untouched! Although the houses about the Place were battered, and a great hole torn in the paving near the pedestal showed that the German shells had fallen all around it, the image of Jeanne d'Arc had not even a scratch upon its bronze surface. Who shall dare to say that there are no miracles in the world to-day? Serene and unhurt, the figure of the dear saint of France remained whole and beautiful.

I stood for a moment looking up at the gentle face till the tears came to blur my vision. Then I knelt to say a prayer of thanksgiving that, in this chaos of destruction, a lovely symbol of the spirit of France survived unsullied.

After a time I rose, comforted a little, and turned my eyes to the cathedral. It is hard to tell how I felt at sight of it. My heart ached

for the scars on its carved surface, and yet its massive strength was unshaken. All in all it appeared much the same as when last I had seen it. A few more of the stately carvings had been battered; the windows showed wide spaces where more of the glorious glass had been blown out; but on the whole, in contrast with the crushed and shapeless buildings with which it was surrounded, it was less disfigured than I had remembered it.

As I stood beside the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, gazing up at the cathedral, there came to my ears the whistling of a great shell, and, an instant later, it exploded with an ear-splitting roar not far away. For ten seconds I could hear the sharp, stinging sounds, as bits of splintered steel struck the pavement near me. I was stunned by the concussion but, curiously, felt no fear. The statue was a sure refuge. Nothing, I knew, could harm me there.

But the sudden testing of my courage brought me back with a jerk to my forlorn situation. My home was gone; even if she were alive, I knew not where to find Eugénie. It seemed to me then as if Rheims was an abandoned city.

At that moment there came a shout to prove that, in the latter supposition at least, I was mistaken.

"Be off, girl!" cried a masculine voice. "You know you have no business standing there. I shall report you to the gendarmerie unless you go away at once."

"'I DARE YOU TO GO TO THE CATHEDRAL'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Looking in the direction from which the order had come, I saw an old man, half-concealed by the sand-bags which had been placed about the entrance of the cathedral. He was the first human being I had met since I had entered the town, and I took a step toward him with a hundred questions on my tongue.

"I must see the Abbé Chinot," I said.

"No, no, no!" he shouted, waving me away. "You can't see him. Do not come here."

"But where shall I go?" I demanded, halting.

"Down there," he answered, pointing to the Rue Chanzy. "Hurry now! This is the hour when the *Boches* pay us their daily compliments. Run along, *vite!*"

Another bursting shell gave emphasis to his words, and when I recovered from the shock of it I found that he had disappeared inside his barrier. Instinctively I made off in the direction he had indicated.

I hurried down the deserted streets toward the less ruined portion of the city, having in mind that, unless I found some one in the meantime, I should go back to the guard at the gate, and so came to the Place Clovis, whence I made my way southward. Fewer shells had been dropped here, yet the streets were empty, and a most disheartened feeling came over me as I walked along between the rows of houses that had the uncared-for look of neglected things.

Suddenly, sprung apparently from nowhere, I discovered a small boy of about ten or eleven looking up at me with a roguish smile. He seemed to have dropped from the sky, and I was so overjoyed to see him that I could have taken him in my arms, dirty and unkempt as he was. But I restrained myself, for the gamin would have resented any such demonstration.

"They 'll catch us if we don't look out," he half whispered, glancing up and down the street. "I dare you to go to the cathedral."

"I 've just come from there," I replied, puzzled a little at the quizzical expression of his face.

"Honestly, have you been there?" he asked, with a hint of dawning admiration in his tone; and then, doubtfully, "you did n't go all the way, I 'll bet."

"I went to the statue of Sainte Jeanne," I returned.

Clearly this impressed him, for he looked at me with glowing eyes.

"*Zut!*" he cried, "and you a girl! I would n't have believed it. Where do you live?"

This question brought me back to the realities of life.

"I don't live anywhere," I answered hesitatingly. "I just came from Paris."

"Oh, ho!" he exclaimed scornfully. "You did n't know. That makes all the difference. You won't be going back to the Place du Parvis again, I promise you."

"I was n't afraid of the shells," I answered, nettled at his manner.

"Nobody is afraid of the shells," he replied, with an air of perfect truth. "It 's the gendarmes! They make it hot for you if they catch you on the streets. That 's what we 're afraid of, not of the shells."

Here was an entirely unexpected point of view; but by this time I had gathered my wits together and had something more important to get out of this small imp than his opinions on the dangers of living in Rheims.

"Where are all the people?" I demanded.

"In the cellars," he answered promptly. "The *Boches* always send us a few shells about this time every day. It 's against the law to be on the streets."

"But where did you come from?"

He turned and pointed to a hole in the ground set between two broken walls that had received the compliment of a shell, though the damage to the house was slight.

"Down there," he answered. "My mother had to go to Grandmère, who is ill, and I promised to take care of Juliette. She 's there now. She wants to come up, but I won't let her. She 's a child, only seven, you know. We can't have these little ones running about. If I had not promised to stay, I should n't be here. I don't get a chance like this often."

At that moment a shell came screaming over our heads and the boy danced up and down with delight, as if the performance were a holiday event.

"That was near!" he shouted, after the deafening roar had subsided.

"A little too near for me," I answered. "Tell me where we can go for shelter."

"Right down there," he pointed to the entrance of his own cave. "Come on. There 's nothing much to be seen here."

It was with no little curiosity that I descended the half dozen steps into the cellar. In the light from a lamp, I saw that this hole in the ground had been transformed into the living-quarters of those who had inhabited the house above. Furniture had been brought down, a fire burned in a stove in one corner, warming the place to a habitable temperature, curtains partitioned off what I judged to be sleeping-rooms, and with tables and chairs, cupboards full of dishes, and other odds and ends of civilization, the place had a liveable look, though it still fell far short of being cheerful.

And Juliette was there, a round-eyed, pink-cheeked girl, no more tidy than her brother; but I guessed that this was because circumstances had forced them to rely upon their own resources. The place itself was neat and clean.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the boy politely, pushing a chair toward me.

I thanked him and, making myself comfortable, began to question him, hoping to learn something about Eugénie.

"Eugénie Denois? I don't know the name," he said. "It will not be easy to find her."

"But I must find her—if she is alive," I added, with a pang in my heart.

"I 'll tell you what you might do," he suggested. "You can ask the postman."

"The postman?" I echoed. "Do they still deliver mail in this underground city?"

"Without doubt, Mademoiselle," he answered, with a touch of resentment. "Rheims does not cease to exist because the *Boches* send a few shells into the town every day. It will take more than that to stop us."

"When will the postman come?" I asked.

"In about half an hour," I was informed; "when the Germans cease the bombardment. You 'll find plenty of people abroad then."

While we were waiting for the postman to make his appearance I made friends with Juliette, a silent little girl with strangers, but ready enough to talk, once I had gained her confidence. She prattled about shells, and bombs, and aëroplane raids as she might have over the toys which were her daily playthings. Also she talked about her father, who was at the front.

"We got a letter almost every day," she lisped. "He was here last week. He did not want to leave us and go back, I think."

"It must have been hard for him," I said.

"But it was his duty, Mademoiselle," she answered. "It is for France, you know."

"Yes, it is for France," I agreed.

"And Papa explained that we should never have another war," she went on. "That is why he fights, Mademoiselle. I have seen the *Boches*. They are not nice. They have cruel eyes."

"And are you not frightened when you hear the sound of their cannon?" I inquired.

"'EUGÉNIE! EUGÉNIE!' I REPEATED, STOOPING DOWN TO HER"

"Oh, no, not frightened," she replied readily. "I am only disappointed that Maman will not let me go out. Jean has even seen a bomb dropped from an aëroplane."

"I think your maman is right," I said. "You might get killed."

"C'est la guerre, Mademoiselle," she replied, with that phrase that is ever on the lips of all France; but she said it in such a grown-up fashion that I could scarcely conceal a smile.

We were interrupted here by the boy, calling down from the street above.

"He comes, Mademoiselle. The postman comes!" he shouted, and I went up at once.

We watched an old man walking toward us, looking down at his package of letters and now and then disappearing, only to bob up a moment later. It was a curious sight.

When he reached us I put my question to him without delay. Did he know where I might find an old peasant woman, one Eugénie Denois?

"I know of no such person, Mademoiselle," he answered, with a shake of his head.

"Then where can I find the Abbé Chinot?" I inquired.

"Ah, that would be no easy matter," he returned, wagging his head again. "The good Abbé is everywhere in Rheims; but he stays not long in one place."

"Then what shall I do?" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps you have other friends?" he suggested.

"There is Madame Garnier," I replied, remembering her for the first time that day.

"Ah, yes," the postman said. "I know Madame Garnier. If you will come with me, I will show you where she lives now."

I said good-by to the boy and girl and set off with the old man.

"Is Madame Garnier in a hole in the ground, too?" I questioned as we went along.

The postman laughed pleasantly.

"All Rheims inhabits holes in the ground, as you call them, Mademoiselle," he answered. "The *sales Boches* make it impossible to exist anywhere else. The next stop is the present home of Madame Garnier."

We paused before a cellar doorway level with the pavement, and the postman hammered on it with his foot. An instant later there came a fumbling at the latch and the door was slowly lifted. As I looked down, a white cap protruded, and a moment later I recognized the face of my old nurse.

"Eugénie! Eugénie!" I repeated, stooping down to her.

She looked at me as if I had been a ghost.

"It cannot be Mademoiselle Jeannette," she whispered.

"Yes it is, Eugénie. Don't you know me?"

"Ma petite! Ma petite!" she cried, and somehow or other I found myself in her arms, sobbing as if my heart would break.

CHAPTER XXIX

A HOME IN A CELLAR

We were both weeping as Eugénie led me into the underground apartment. For the first time since Grandpère had left me, I could let myself cry unrestrainedly, and with the tears came a relief to the pain I had suppressed for so long.

Eugénie recovered herself quicker than I; for her part of comforter helped to dry her eyes. She petted me lovingly, murmuring incoherent words of sympathy.

"Now, now, dearie," she crooned, "tell your old Eugénie all about it."

"I am alone in the world," I sobbed.

"You are alone? Have both gone?" she asked tremblingly.

"Both Grandpère and Papa," I answered.

"Both gone!" she whispered once or twice to herself; "both gone. The little Monsieur Louis and his papa. What a world, what a world!"

I told her all that I knew of Papa's bravery, recounting the story brought by André Cupin; and she listened, saying not a word, but nodding her old head wisely.

"And that is the Cross," she murmured, as I showed it to her at the end. "It is right that his daughter should wear it."

We were still talking when Madame Garnier came in, quite unchanged except for a more cheerful countenance.

"Jeannette!" she cried, as she caught sight of me. "Jeannette! Come to me; it is a joy to see thee!"

She hugged me close and then, holding me away from her and looking me up and down, noted my black dress.

"Tell me, dear, which one?"

"Both," I answered, struggling to hold back the tears.

She put her arms about me, patting my shoulder with a gentle hand that told her sympathy better than any words.

"I will hear about it later," she said briskly. "It is not well to dwell too much on sadness. I am glad you are here. There is plenty of work for you."

"It is better that she should stay in Paris," Eugénie put in sharply. "It is not safe for her in Rheims."

"Oh, no—but safe for you, old friend," Madame Garnier retorted. "Would you believe it, Jeannette? I had to summon the gendarmes to remove her here. She vowed she would n't leave the house even while it was tumbling about her ears. She is a very

stubborn old woman, who grumbles constantly of being no use in the world."

"I want her to go back to Paris," my old nurse said, shortly, with a nod toward me.

"But I shall stay if I can be of any use," I assured Madame Garnier.

"Use!" she burst out. "With the refugees; with babies who must be cared for while their poor mothers look for work to keep their little homes going; with children who must be taught their lessons—and few teachers; with the Red Cross short of hands, and every woman with a grain of sense (and many, my dear, without it) working in the hospitals? Let me tell you, there is plenty for you to do!"

"And can I stay here?" I asked, for her energy was infectious and I wanted to go to work then and there.

"Of course, of course! That is understood," Madame Garnier answered. "There is plenty of room behind the curtains there. Eugénie will see to that. Am I not right?" She appealed to my old nurse.

"There is space enough and to spare," was the grudging answer, "but I shall not feel happy while the child is in Rheims."

From that moment I began to make myself at home in the cellar, which I explored with Madame Garnier while Eugénie cooked the evening meal, and all the while Madame gossiped about what was going on in the city.

"You see that I am changed, don't you?" she demanded suddenly.

"You do seem to be—" I hesitated for a moment, seeking to find the right word that would not offend.

"Tut, tut, don't fear to hurt my feelings, child!" she interrupted. "Before this war I was a silly, complaining woman. I wonder I had any friends. I 've learned better, my dear. It was the Abbé Chinot did it. When the *Boches* left the city, he said to me, 'Come. I have work for you.' Just like that he said it, and I began to protest. 'There is not time to talk,' he insisted; 'come!' And *chérie,* there was nothing else for it. He set me to work in the hospital, and I 've been a different woman ever since. This war is a terrible thing. Of that there is no doubt whatever. But, strange as it may seem, it has made me happy. Of course, you understand my heart aches for the suffering and misery; but it has given me something to do. Therefore I am contented. I have learned that there is nothing worse in the world than to have no occupation. So I am changed, for the better, I hope, my dear."

She was so frank and sweet about it, that, instead of answering, I just gave her a hug. She understood, for she kissed me, with a little laugh of happiness.

"Madame, what has become of Mimi?" I asked, remembering her precious dog.

"She, too, serves the country, Jeanette," Madame answered proudly. "Mimi is in the trenches with our brave *poilus.* It was something of a wrench to give her up. Yes, that is true; but the country had need of her. I told myself it was for France, and I remembered women who had given their sons; then it was little enough to do."

We had dinner, Eugénie waiting upon us, with a word now and then as we ate. I gave Madame Garnier all the news of Paris and of the Bartons. Of Grandpère and Papa she spoke comfortingly, bidding me be brave and face the world with a smile, as they would have me do.

"And, my dear, you may take me for a mother," she went on. "I know there are plenty of others who would serve in that capacity right willingly, but so long as you are in Rheims, a daughter you shall be to me."

"Must I be very obedient, Maman?" I asked, with a smile, for her good-heartedness would have brought the tears once more had I not pretended to make a little jest of it.

"Indeed you must be obedient," she answered in the same spirit. "No more running off to Paris, mind. We shall see to it that you are well brought up, eh, Eugénie?"

"You have settled the matter between you," was the answer, and Eugénie was a little more content thereafter.

Later I spoke of Monsieur the Abbé Chinot.

"I shall take you to see him the first thing in the morning," said Madame Garnier, "now we must go to bed. We rise early, Jeannette. There are all too few hours for the work that has to be done."

I slept that night on a divan in one corner of our cellar, and Eugénie tucked in the bedclothes ere she put out the light.

"*Bonne nuit, chérie,*" she whispered, bending to kiss me. "*Le Bon Dieu* guard thee!"

I put my arms about her neck and drew her close.

"You are not sorry I came back, Eugénie?"

"Nay, I am so glad that it almost seems a sin," she replied, with one of her rare betrayals of feeling. "All the same you would have been safer in Paris."

"But I shall be happier in Rheims," I answered, already comforted by the fact that I was near my old nurse again.

(To be continued)

MINE HOST

By ELIZABETH FERRIS

Did you ever have a boy for a host
In the woods on a summer day?
A boy who knew every sight and sound
At every step of the way;
A sun-browned boy with a wide straw hat,
And trousers short at the knees,
And eyes as bright and clear as the light
In the sunny tops of the trees?

He goes, with a spring in his sturdy limbs,
Down the winding path we tread,
And shows you through his forest halls,
With the fair green roof o'erhead.
You taste his good cheer, for you drink from the spring
Plashing over a mossy stone;
And the berries that grow by its brink he gives
Like a laird dispensing his own.

He launches the boat he has hidden away
In the bushes hard by the stream;
He finds a place where the shadows play
And the deep pools darkly gleam.
He baits your hook by the driftwood pile,
And throws out your line for you;
And lucky indeed is the guest who can hook
One fish to mine host's twice two!

He points out the snake curled up on a stub,
No eyes but a boy's would have spied.
He shows you the haunt of the fox's cub,
And the holes where the muskrats hide.
He caws to the crow that wings overhead;
He frightens the foolish frog;
And the turtles go splashing in sudden dismay
From their nap on the sun-warmed log.

He interprets for you the sounds that break
The hush of the deep cool woods—
The bells and the whistles that call from afar
Through the dreaming solitudes.
He bids you hark for the faint sweet sound
Of the distant waterfall's moan:
He sends forth a shout, and the echoes rebound
The joyous content of its tone.

He rows the boat where the lilies lift
Their radiant forms from the wave:
He fills your hands with this fairest gift
That sunshine and earth e'er gave.
And before you can think it, the sun drops low,
The hours have stolen away—
Oh, swift bright hours with mine host, the Boy,
In the woods on a summer day!

A DIVISION OF LABOR—SEWING IS JUST FUN WHEN MOLLY READS ALOUD

The Tale of Shah-Maran: The King of the Serpents

By Raphael Emmanuel

They relate there was a poor man whose name was Hassan, and whose sole relative was his mother. Every day he went to the mountain to bring down a load of wood, which he sold for two loaves of bread, one for his mother and the other for himself.

One day he saw a band of boys running after a young dog to kill him. Hassan took the dog from their cruel hands and brought him home. The young man's mother exclaimed, "Son, we have no bread for ourselves. How can we feed this dog? Why did you bring him?"

The son replied: "Mother, we have two loaves of bread daily, one for you and one for me. You eat yours by yourself. I will share mine with the dog. Therefore let him stay."

The next day Hassan took his rope and again went out; behold, he saw the same boys pursuing a cat to kill her. He rebuked the lads, protected the cat, and brought her home also. The anxious mother angrily cried: "Son, is the dog not enough? Why did you bring a cat, too?"

He answered, "Mother, I told you from the beginning: you eat your bread alone. Now, I will divide mine into three parts: one part for me, one for the dog, and one for the cat; so let her stay, too."

The third day Hassan again set out. On his way he saw the same boys running after a rat, in order to kill it. He rescued it, also, and brought it home. His mother exclaimed, "Son, you are really crazy! What foolishness! You have filled this house with animals, so I have to get out and leave the room to you, the dog, the cat, and the rat."

"These poor creatures do not crowd you," said Hassan. "You are eating your bread by yourself. I will share mine equally with them."

The fourth day he saw the same boys trying to kill a lizard. He ran after them, shouting, "If I see you boys again abusing these animals of Allah, you will never escape from my hands, though you be the sons of the king." He then brought the lizard home.

Whereupon his mother burst out, "I must leave this house at once to you and all these troublesome animals!"

Hassan replied, "Mother, we do not need to feed the lizard or give it any attention. I am going to put it in a bag of earth. When it is older, I will release it."

Three months later Hassan opened the bag. Behold, a most beautiful lizard came out! So enchanting was it, that a man needed neither to eat nor to drink, but just to sit and look at it. The young man drew back, thinking it would bite him. But it spoke. "O young man, why art thou running from me? I will not harm thee, because thou hast saved my life from the hands of mine enemies. Take me to my father, who is Shah-Maran, the King of the Serpents."

Hassan agreed to do this. Then the lizard said: "My father will say to thee, 'O man, ask whatsoever thou desirest.' Then you reply, 'O Auspicious King, keep all thy riches and possessions for thyself, except the ring from the tip of thy crown.' That ring is all you need."

Hassan then took the lizard in his arms, and went to seek Shah-Maran. As he reached the palace, all the serpents there lifted their heads to bite him; but the lizard in his arms rebuked

them, and they became quiet. Hassan entered Shah-Maran's presence and put the lizard before the king. Then the lizard said, "Father, this man has saved me from being killed by

"THE VIZIER AND THE CHAMBERLAIN SAID TO HER, 'DO NOT OCCUPY THAT CHAIR' "

mine enemies, and has kept me in his home for three long months."

Shah-Maran, in his joy, said to his servants, "Take this man to the treasury and let him take, for his reward, as many gold pieces as he can carry."

Hassan answered, "Keep all thy gold for thyself; but give me the ring from the tip of thy crown."

The King said, 'Man, much hast thou asked of me; still, compared with thy goodness, it is but little." So saying, he pulled off the ring and gave it to Hassan, who joyfully received it and went on his way.

After his departure, the lizard said to itself, "I did not explain to him the meaning of the ring. He might go and sell it for bread." So it ran after its friend until it overtook him, when it said, "What do you intend to do with the ring that my father gave you?"

Hassan replied: "Nothing. I am a poor man, unworthy to wear it on my finger. I will sell it for bread for my mother and myself."

Then said the lizard: "Hear me. Do not ever make the mistake of selling that ring. Whenever you are hungry, take it out and say, 'O ring, let there be food, that I may eat.' Then will you prove the power of the ring. Not only eatables, but everything you desire will be given you. Now you may go. May Allah be with you."

After the farewell, Hassan continued his journey until midday, when he said: "As Allah knows, I am really hungry. I will try this ring and see whether the lizard spoke truly of it." Taking the ring in his hand, he said, "O ring, let there be bread, that I may eat!" At once there came down a sheet, filled with all varieties of food, of which Hassan partook until he was satisfied. Then the remaining food disappeared from his sight.

When he reached home, his mother said, "Son, what did Shah-Maran give you for your care of the lizard?'

To which he replied, "What had he to give me?"

His mother remonstrated with him, "Then how are you going to live? You have wasted all this time on the lizard, when you should have been gathering wood to sell."

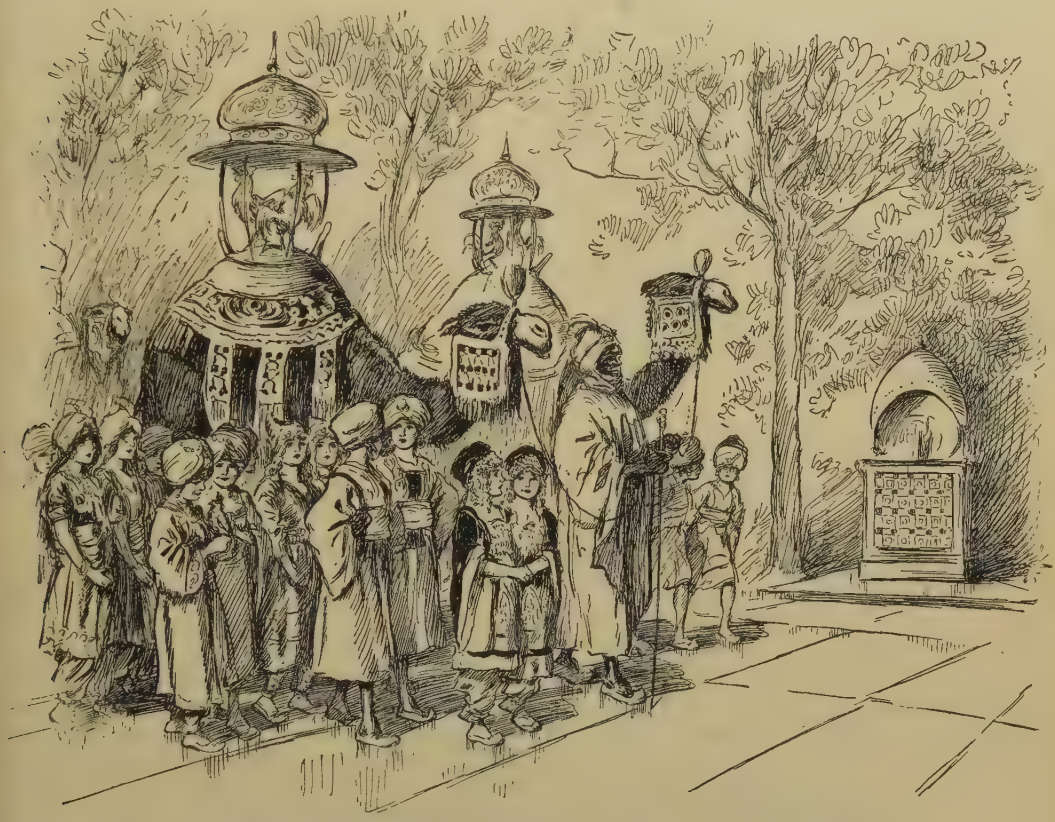
To this Hassan said, "Mother, you step outside the door, and remain there until I bid you enter."

Left by himself, he took the ring and said, "O ring, meet the need of my mother."

Behold, he saw a sheet descending, which was filled with all kinds of food! Then he restored the ring to his pocket, and called his

mother, who came and ate, astonished at the bountiful repast. After her withdrawal, the sheet immediately disappeared. That night passed comfortably. Early in the morning, Hassan, taking the ring, said, "O ring, let there be a mansion like unto the king's palace provided for my mother and me."

His wish was granted at once. Then he requested his mother to go to the king and ask for the princess, his daughter, to be given to him in marriage.



"THE CAMELS ARE TO BE ESCORTED BY TWO SCORE BOYS AND GIRLS"

So she went and entered the king's court, and seated herself on the chair where sat those who came to sue for the hand of the princess.

The vizier and the chamberlain said to her: "Do not occupy that chair. It is not installed for you."

She retorted, "It is my place, and the place of my fathers and forefathers."

Then the vizier and the chamberlain referred the matter to the king, who ordered, "Demand of this woman a large dowry!"

Whereupon these courtiers went to her and said: "O woman, the king requires as a dowry forty camels, each camel having two golden cocks on its back, in order that, as soon as the first sunbeam appears in the morning, the cocks may unfold their wings and flap them and crow so that he will be aroused from his slumbers. He also orders that the road from his door to your gate be overlaid with polished marble, with a line of trees on each side, so that when the princess walks out, the rays of the sun may not fall upon her face; and between every two trees there must be a fountain of polished marble, and the water thereof as cold as hail, so that when the princess is thirsty, she may put her mouth to it and drink. Furthermore, the camels are to be escorted by twoscore boys and girls, dressed in princely raiment. Now you may go; and if all this be arranged by to-morrow, your son may marry the princess. If not, both you and your son shall be beheaded."

When the old woman returned home, her son inquired anxiously, "The Lion or the Fox?" (that is, "Success or Failure?"). Then she explained the king's demand.

Hassan said confidently: "Lay your head down and rest until to-morrow. All is well."

At midnight, Hassan went out and, taking the magic ring, said, "O ring, let all that the king demanded be ready to-morrow morning."

When the king awoke at dawn, he heard the crowing of the golden cocks, and he was amazed to see that all that he had required was prepared; so he was obliged to send the princess to Hassan. And they made wedding festivities for forty days and forty nights.

A few months later, Hassan had a slave who served him. This slave hid himself in his master's room to search for the magic something which produced three times daily warm bread, hot meat, and cold water, without any usual preparation. The princess had gone on a visit to her father's court, so, when Hassan was asleep, the slave began his search. Finally he found a ring knotted into Hassan's sleeve, and he felt sure that he had discovered the magic secret. Taking it outside for trial, he said, "O ring, let Hassan and his mother return to their former condition, and let me go forth and be seated in luxury beyond the seven rivers."

The next morning, when Hassan awoke, behold, he saw only his mother, the dog, the cat, and the rat; and his clothes were the shabby ones of his earlier days. Then he wept bitterly.

The dog, the cat, and the rat came out to hold a conference, over which the dog presided, saying: "O cat and rat, we had rather die than to see our master in this miserable condition. Let us go at once and recover the magic ring." To which the others agreed, and they set out together. Turning their backs toward the inhabited land, they faced the un-

"'I AM SO SMALL THAT NO ONE WILL NOTICE ME'"

inhabited desert. They traveled until they reached the shores of a river.

The cat said, "How shall we cross this river?"

The rat replied, "We must leave that to the dog"; who said, "Cat, you sit on my back, and let the rat ride on your back, until I swim across the seven rivers."

After crossing safely, they saw a white castle. The dog said, "That is our master's castle. Now, who will enter and get the ring?"

The cat said, "You and the rat remain here, while I go and regain the magic symbol."

But the rat opposed this plan, saying to the cat, "Your head, feet, and tail are too big.

"THE DOG BARKED AT THE FISH"

You will thus make too much noise; and then everybody will suspect you. You tell me exactly where the ring is, and I will secure it. I am so small that no one will notice me."

The cat replied, "Our master used often to keep the ring in his mouth while sleeping, and in his sleeve when he was awake. I think the thief will do the same."

The rat then bade farewell to his companions, saying, "Leave it to me."

When he reached the castle, he found the slave sleeping heavily and snoring. The rat wet the tip of his tail and then drew it through snuff. After which he swept it in front of the slave's nose, causing him to sneeze, when the ring fell from his mouth, and the rat seized it, and ran smilingly to his partners, who rejoiced with him over his success.

But the dog said: "Who will carry the ring while we are crossing the seven rivers? That is the problem now."

In this crisis the rat replied, "Leave it with me until we reach the shore; then you may take it to our master."

The dog said: "Nay! If you do not let me carry it over the rivers, the cat and you will remain here for years."

The cat became angry and said: "Dog, your mouth is too big; if you put the ring in it, you are liable to see the animals in the water, and bark at them. Then the ring will fall into the water. Let the rat take care of it until we reach the other side; then you may take it to your master and say that the cat and the rat deserve none of the praise."

The dog replied: "You may speak all you want to. I have said my words. I will not swallow them."

The cat and the rat, realizing that there was no remedy, threw the ring to the dog and said, "Take it!"

Which the dog did, and put it into his mouth. Then he took the cat and the rat on his back, and started to cross the seven rivers. A little before reaching the final shore, a fish swam across their way. The dog barked at it, the ring fell from his mouth, and the fish swallowed it. When the shore was reached, they all sat down and cried over their loss.

The rat said, "Dog, the cat and I may cry; but why should *you* cry?"

The dog answered, "I am weeping because I dropped the ring."

The cat said: "You Big-mouth! Did I not tell you to let the rat take it, and you refused? Now, you may cry until you are blind, but it will not bring back the ring."

A little later a fisherman came to catch fish. He saw the poor cat and rat crying. Pitying them, he said: "O poor animals of Allah! You are crying; perhaps you are hungry."

Casting his net into the river, he drew out two fish, one of which he threw to the cat, and the other to the rat.

The cat found the ring in her fish, and told the rat of it, saying, "Let us go home at once, and return the magic ring to our dear master."

The dog wished to join them, but they said, "We do not need your company, for we know the way."

Upon arriving home, the cat jumped on her master's lap and put the ring in his hands. Hassan exclaimed, with exceeding joy: "Mother, Allah has again prospered us. I have the ring!"

Holding it in his hand, he said: "O ring, let my wife, my castle, and my slaves come back to me!"

And behold! he was seated in his own castle, with his wife by his side.

Hassan, his wife, and his mother ate, drank, and were merry, but the thieving slave was led off to a dungeon.

When the dog reached home, wearily panting, he saw the cat and the rat sitting happily by their master's side. The rat saw him first, and winked his eye at him in a friendly way; so all three animals became reconciled to each other. Hassan kept them with care ever after because of their great service to him.

JINGLES

By CHARLES L. PHIFER

Muskmelons and salt, muskmelons and salt.
Twenty pieces by my plate;
I ate and ate and ate and ate,
And ate and ate and ate and ate,
And eight times eight are—eighty-eight?
Well, muskmelons and salt!

I know a little bird who has a degree;
He scratches his name, and it 's Chica, D.D.

Little Miss Smarty
Gave a swell party,
And all so dressed up
That they could n't eat hearty.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit, what do you say?
Some time for study and some time to play,
Is n't it great to be living to-day?
And there 's time to be grouchy to-morrow.

HARVEST DAYS.

Photograph by Jno. Kaisel

A PICNIC LUNCH ON A MIDSUMMER HIKE

THE BATTLE OF THE CHEMISTS

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Managing Editor, "Scientific American." Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering"

SOME years ago the nations of the world gathered at The Hague, in Holland, to see what could be done to put an end to war. They did not accomplish much in that direction, but they did draw up certain rules of warfare which they agreed to abide by. There were some practices which were considered too horrible for any civilized nation to indulge in. Among these was the use of poisonous gases, and Germany was one of the nations that took a solemn pledge not to use gas in war.

Eighteen years later the German army had dug itself into a line of trenches reaching from the English Channel to Switzerland, and facing them, in another line of trenches, were the armies of France and England, determined to hold back the invaders. Neither side could make an advance without a frightful loss of life. But a German scientist came forth with a scheme for breaking the deadlock. This was Professor Nernst, the inventor of a well-known electric lamp and a man who had always violently hated the British. His plan was to drown out the British with a flood of poisonous gas. To be sure, there was the pledge at the Hague Convention, but why should that stand in their way? What cared they for promises now? Already they had broken a pledge in their violation of Belgium. Already they had rained explosives from the sky on unfortified British cities (another violation of the Hague Convention); already they had determined to war on defenseless merchantmen. To them, promises meant nothing if they interfered with the success of German arms. They led the world in the field of chemistry; why, they reasoned, should n't they make use of this advantage.

POURING GAS LIKE WATER

IT was really a new mode of warfare that they were about to launch, and it called for a lot of study. In the first place, they had to decide what sort of gas to use. It must be a gas that could be obtained in large quantities; it must be a very poisonous gas, that would act quickly on the enemy; it must be easily compressed and liquefied, so that it could be carried in containers that were not too bulky; it must vaporize when the pressure was released; and it must be heavier than air, so that it would not be diluted by the atmosphere, but would hug the ground. You can pour gas just as you pour water, if it is heavier than air. A heavy gas will stay in the bottom of an unstoppered bottle, and can be poured like water from one bottle into another. If the gas is colored, you can see it flowing just as if it were a liquid. On the other hand, a gas which is much lighter than air can also be kept in unstoppered bottles if the bottles are turned upside down; and the gas can be poured from one bottle into another; but it flows up, instead of down.

Chlorine gas was selected because it seemed to meet all requirements. For the gas attack a point was chosen where the ground sloped gently toward the opposing lines, so that the gas would actually flow downhill into them. Preparations were carried out with the utmost secrecy. Just under the parapet of the trenches, deep pits were dug about a yard apart on a front of fifteen miles, or over twenty-five thousand pits! In these pits were placed the chlorine tanks, each weighing about ninety pounds. Each pit was then closed with a plank, and this was covered with a quilt filled with peat-moss, soaked in potash, so that, in case of any leakage, the chlorine would be taken up by the potash and rendered harmless. Over the quilts, sand-bags were piled to a considerable height to protect the tanks from shell fragments. Liquid chlorine will boil even in a temperature of 28 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit; but in tanks it cannot boil, because there is no room for it to turn into a gas. On releasing the pressure at ordinary temperatures the liquid boils violently and big clouds of gas are produced. If the gas were tapped off from the top of the cylinder, it would freeze on pouring out, because any liquid that turns into a gas has to draw heat from its surroundings. The greater the expansion, the more heat it absorbs; and in case of the chlorine tanks, had the nozzles been set in the top of the tank, they would quickly have been crusted with frost and choked, stopping the flow.

But the Germans had anticipated this difficulty, and instead of drawing off the gas from the top of the tank, they drew off the liquid chlorine from the bottom in small leaden tubes which passed up through the liquid in the tanks and were kept as warm as the surround-

ing liquid. In fact, it was not gas from the top of the tank, but liquid from the bottom, that was streamed out, and this did not turn into gas until it had left the nozzle.

WAITING FOR THE WIND

EVERYTHING was ready for the attack on the British in April, 1915. A point had been chosen where the British lines made a juncture with the French. The Germans reckoned that a joint of this sort in the opponent's lines would be a spot of weakness. They had also very craftily picked out this particular spot because the French portion of the line was manned by Turcos, or Algerians, who would be likely to think there was something supernatural about a death-dealing cloud. On the left of the Africans was a division of Canadians, but the main brunt of the gas attack was designed to fall upon the Turcos. Several times the gas attack was about to be made, but was abandoned because the wind was not just right. The Germans wished to pick out a time when the breeze was blowing steadily—not so fast as to scatter the gas, but yet so fast that it would overtake men who attempted to run away from it. It was not until the twenty-second of April that conditions were ideal, and then the new mode of warfare was launched.

Just as had been expected, the Turcos were awe-struck when they saw, coming out of the German trenches, volumes of greenish-yellow gas, which rolled toward them, pouring down into the shell-holes and flowing over into the trenches as if it were a liquid. They were seized with superstitious fear, particularly when the gas overcame numbers of them, stifling them and leaving them gasping for breath. Immediately there was a panic, and they raced back, striving to outspeed the pursuing cloud. For a stretch of fifteen miles the Allied trenches were emptied, and the Germans, who followed in the wake of the gas, met with no opposition, except in the sector held by the Canadians. Here, on the fringe of the gas cloud, such a determined fight was put up that the Germans faltered, and the brave Canadians held them until reinforcements arrived and the gap in the line was closed. The Germans themselves were new at the game, or they could have made a complete success of this surprise attack. Had they made the attack on a broader front, nothing could have stopped them from breaking through to Calais. The valiant Canadians, who struggled and fought without protection in the stifling clouds of chlorine, were almost entirely wiped out. But many of them who were on the fringe of the cloud escaped by

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A GAS STORM COMING UP OVER THE AMERICAN TRENCHES

wetting handkerchiefs, socks, or other pieces of cloth, and wrapping them around their mouths and noses.

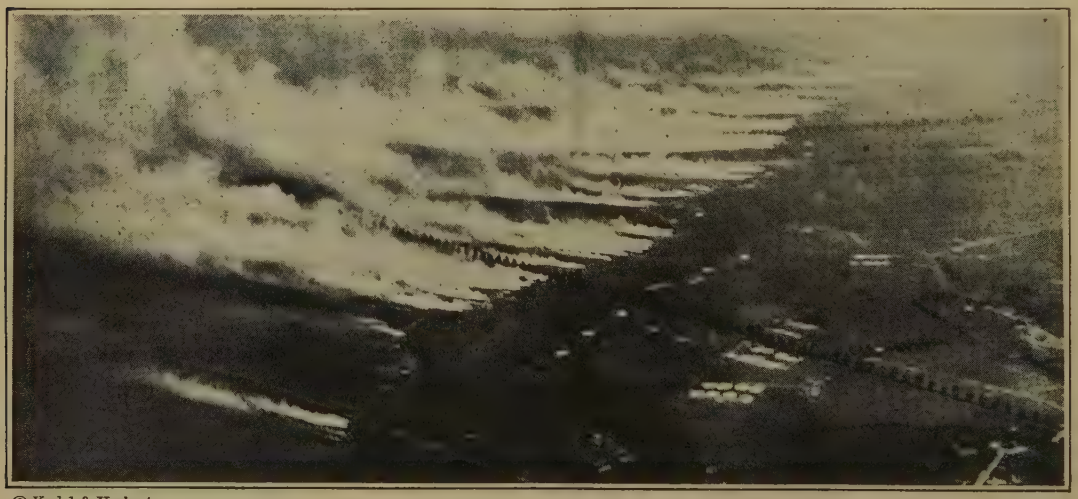
The world was horrified when it read of this German gas attack, but there was no time to be lost. Immediately orders went out for gas-masks, and in all parts of England, and France as well, women were busy sewing gas-masks. They were very simple affairs—merely a pad of cotton soaked in washing soda and arranged to be tied over the mouth and nose. But when the next attack came, which was not long after the first, the men were prepared in some measure for it, and again it failed to bring the Germans the success they had counted upon.

One thing that the Germans had not counted upon was the fact that the prevailing winds in Flanders blow from west to east. During the entire summer and fall of 1915, the winds refused to favor them, and no gas attacks were staged from June to December. This gave the British a long respite, and enabled them not only to prepare better gas-masks, but also to make plans to give the Hun a dose of his own medicine.

WHEN THE WIND PLAYED A TRICK ON THE GERMANS

There were many disadvantages in the use of gas-clouds, which developed as the Germans gathered experience. The gas started from their own lines in a very dense cloud, but the cloud grew thinner and thinner as it traveled toward the enemy, and lost a great deal of its strength. If the wind was blowing at more than fifteen miles an hour, it would swirl the gas around and dissipate it before it did much harm to the opposing fighters. If the wind was light, there were other dangers. On one occasion, in 1916, a cloud of gas was released upon an Irish regiment. The wind was rather fickle. It carried the gas toward the British trenches; but before reaching them, the cloud hesitated; the wind veered around, and soon the gas began to pour back upon the German lines. They were entirely unprepared for this boomerang attack. Many of the Huns had no gas-masks on, and those who had found that the masks were not in proper working order. As a result of this whim of the winds, eleven thousand Germans were killed.

While chlorine was the first gas used, it was evident that it was not the only one that could be employed. British chemists had suspected that the Germans would use phosgene, which was a much more deadly gas, and in the long interval between June and December, 1915, masks were constructed which would not only keep out the fumes of chlorine, but also the more poisonous phosgene. In one of their sorties, the British succeeded in capturing some valuable notes on gas attacks, belonging to a German general, which showed them that the Germans were actually preparing to use phosgene. This deadly gas is more insidious in its action than chlorine. The man who inhales phosgene may not know that he is gassed. He may experience no ill effects, but hours afterward, particularly if he has exercised in the meantime, he may suddenly fall dead, owing to the paralyzing action of the gas on the heart.



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AN AËROPLANE PHOTOGRAPH OF A FRENCH GAS-ATTACK, THE WIND CARRYING THE FUMES TOWARD THE ENEMY

FREEING THE BRITISH TRENCHES OF RATS

Phosgene was not used alone, but had to be mixed with chlorine, and this deadly combination destroyed all life for miles behind the trenches. However, the British were ready for it. They had been drilled to put on their masks in a few seconds' time on the first warning of an attack of gas. When the clouds of chlorine and phosgene came over No Man's Land, they were prepared, and except for casualties among men whose masks proved defective, the soldiers in the trenches came through with very few losses. All animal life, however, was destroyed. This was a blessing to the British Tommy, whose trenches had been overrun with rats. They had tried every known method to get rid of these pests, and now, thanks to the Germans, their quarters were most effectively fumigated with phosgene and every rat was killed. If only the "cooties" could have been destroyed in the same way, the Germans might have been forgiven many of their offenses.

Photograph by Kadel & Herbert

FRENCH SOLDIERS WEARING GAS-MASKS IN THE FRONT-LINE TRENCHES

The disadvantages in the use of gas-clouds became increasingly apparent. What was wanted was some method of placing the gas among the opponents in concentrated form, without wasting any of it on its way across from one line to the other. This led to the use of shell filled with materials which would produce gas. There were many advantages in these shell. They could be thrown exactly where wanted, without depending upon the fickle winds. When the shell landed and burst, the full effect of its contents was expended upon the enemy. A gas-cloud would rise over a wood; but with shell, the wood could be filled with gas, and, once there, it would lurk among the trees for days. Chemicals could be used in shell which could not be used in a cloud attack. The shell could be filled with a liquid, or even with a solid, because, when it burst, the filling would be minutely pulverized. And so German chemists were set to work devising all sorts of fiendish schemes for poisoning, choking, or merely annoying their opponents.

GAS THAT MADE ONE WEEP

One of the novel materials they used produced what was known as the "tear"-gas shell. This was filled with a liquid, the vapor of which was very irritating to the eyes. The liquid vaporized very slowly, and so its effect would last a long time. However, the vapor did not permanently injure the eyes; it merely filled them with tears to such an extent that a soldier was unable to see, and consequently was confused and retarded in his work. These "tear"-gas shell were marked with a "T" by the Germans and were known as "T"-shells.

Another type of shell, known as the "K"-shell, contained a very poisonous liquid, the object of which was to destroy the enemy quickly. The effect of this shell was felt at once, but it left no slow vapors on the ground, and so it could be followed up almost immediately by an attack. Later on, the Germans developed three types of gas-shell—one known as the "green-cross," another as the "yellow-cross," and the third as the "blue-cross," shell. The green-cross shell was filled with diphosgene, or a particularly dangerous combination of phosgene in liquid form, which would remain in pools on the ground, or soak into the ground, and would vaporize when it became warm. These vapors were deadly. One had

always to be on his guard against them. In the morning, when the sun warmed the earth and vapors were seen to rise from the damp soil, tests had to be made of the vapors to see whether it was mere water-vapor or diphosgene, before men were allowed to walk through it. These vapors were heavier than air and would flow down into a trench, filling every nook and cranny. If phosgene entered a trench by a direct hit, the liquid would remain there for days, rendering that part of the trench

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BRITISH GAS-MASKS FOR HORSES AND MEN

uninhabitable except by men in gas-masks. The infected part of the trench, however, was cut off from the rest of the trench by means of gas-locks—in other words, blankets were used to keep the gas out; and usually two blankets were hung, so that a man, in passing from one part of the trench to another, could lift up the first blanket, pass under it, and close it carefully behind him before opening the second blanket, which led into the portion of the trench that was, or was not, infected.

The Germans had all sorts of schemes for increasing the discomfort of the Allies, as when, to some of their other diphosgene shell, they added a gas which produced intense nausea.

The yellow-cross, or "mustard," shell was another fiendish invention of the Huns. It was not intended to kill, but merely to harrass the enemy. The gas had a peculiar, penetrating smell, something like garlic, and its fumes would burn the flesh wherever it was exposed to them, producing great blisters and sores that were most troublesome. The material in the shell was a liquid which was very hard to get rid of, because it would vaporize so slowly. On account of the persistence of this vapor, lasting as it did for days, most of these gas-shell were not fired by the Germans on lines that they expected to attack immediately.

The blue-cross shell was a comparatively harmless shell, although very annoying. It contained a solid which was atomized by the explosion of the shell, and which, after it got into the nostrils, produced violent sneezing. The material, however, was not poisonous, and did not produce any casualties to speak of. A storm of blue-cross shells could be followed quickly by an attack, because the effect of the shell would have been dissipated before the attackers reached the enemy, who would still be suffering from the irritation of their nostrils.

GAS-MASKS

As the different kinds of gas-shells were developed, the gas-masks were improved to meet them. In every attack there were "duds," or unexploded shells, which the chemists of the Allies analyzed; besides which they were themselves constantly experimenting with new gases, and often could anticipate the Germans. The Allies were better able to protect themselves against gas attacks than were the Germans, because there was a scarcity of rubber in Germany for the manufacture of masks. When it was found that phosgene was going to be used, the simple cotton-wad masks had to give way to more elaborate affairs equipped with chemicals that would neutralize this deadly gas. And later, when the tear-gas was used, which attacked the eyes, and the sneezing-gas, that attacked the nose, it was found necessary to cover the face completely, particularly the eyes, and so helmets of rubber were constructed which were tightly fitted around the neck under the coat collar. The inhaled air was purified by passage through a box or can filled with chemicals and with charcoal made of various materials, such as cocoanut shells, peach-pits, horse-chestnuts, and the like. Because the Germans had no rubber to spare, they were obliged to use leather, which made their masks stiff and heavy.

One of the greatest difficulties that had to be contended with was the covering of the eyes.

There was danger in the use of glass, because it was liable to be cracked and broken, letting in the deadly fumes and gassing the wearer. Experiments were made with celluloid and similar materials, but the finest gas-masks produced in the war were those made for our own soldiers, in which the goggles were of glass, built up in layers, with a celluloid-like material between, which makes a very tough composition that will stand up against a very hard blow. Even if cracked, this glass will not shatter.

The glasses were apt to become coated on the inside with moisture coming from the perspiration of the face, and some means had to be provided for wiping them off. The French hit upon a clever scheme of having the inhaled air strike the glass in a jet which would dry off the moisture and keep the glasses clear. Before this was done, the masks were provided with little sponges on the end of a finger piece, with which the glasses could be wiped dry without taking the mask off.

But all this time, the Allies were not merely standing on the defensive. No sooner had the Germans launched their first attack, than the British and French chemists began to pay back the Hun in kind. More attention was paid to the shell- than the cloud-attack, and soon gas-shells began to rain upon the Germans. Not only were the German shell copied, but new gases were tried. Gas-shell were manufactured in immense quantities. Then America took a hand in the war, and our chemists added their help, while our factories turned out steady streams of shell. If Germany wanted gas warfare, the Allies were determined that she should have it. Our chemists were not afraid to be pitted against the German chemists, and the factories of the Allies were more than a match for those of the Central Powers. When the Germans first started the use of gas, apparently they counted only upon their own success, which they thought would be immediate and overwhelming. They soon learned that they must take what they gave. The Allies set them a pace that they could not keep up with. Before the war was over, they were subjected to twice as much gas as they could deliver, and they had plenty of reason to regret their rash disregard of their contract at Hague Convention. In the battle of the chemists the Allies won out.

PLAYING MERMAID

"WELL, JOE MUST KNOW. HE WOULD STOP AT SECOND" (SEE PAGE 925)

WON BY MISTAKE

By LAWRENCE GILCHRIST

THIS was the moment Dick Macklim had been waiting for. Ever since cage practice had started in February, he had looked forward to it. This moment meant everything to him—so Dick thought. It meant the privilege of wearing a big white K on his sweater —a K for "Kemper Academy." And unadorned, too, without any B's or A's on each side of it. To be sure, Ketonic High fellows wore K's but they were red K's on black sweaters. His K would be white on a blue sweater. Those colors made all the difference in the world.

This moment had been a foregone certainty for a long time, according to Joe Langham. Joe was his chum and captain. But Dick himself had never been so sure of it. Joe had said Dick would get in for an inning or two at least. And that meant the coveted emblem. There was only one "letter game"—this one with Mowbray Academy.

But then, again, Mona, Joe's sister, had been perfectly sure Dick would "get in" in the Mowbray game. He had such handsome blue eyes. Still, after the Hampton game, Dick had graced the bench continually. Joe had always wanted Blakeney to get all the practice he could—he needed it, Joe said. Blakeney was the weakest person in the outfield.

At St. James the preceding Saturday Dick had been the glummest of glum persons. He had watched from the bench the defeat of St. James, and had afterward heard the coach praise the team's work. Blakeney had played very good ball.

So on the Friday night before the big game, there was not much to offer consolation to Dick. He had gone to bed early, with the team, but down in his heart he had known it mattered not if he never went to bed. He had wondered why Joe slept so peacefully when he, who was not going to play, could not close his eyes. He had felt angry at Joe, because he had wanted to ask Joe about that new rule and there Joe was asleep.

But here Gray, the coach, had just turned to him on the bench, where he had been sitting with his chin in his hands and with his eyes cast moodily to the ground, and had said in his cold, indifferent, matter-of-fact way, as if it did n't mean the world to the boy on the bench, "Macklim, you cover left field

next inning." Blakeney had just dropped a fly, letting in two runs.

Now the moment was come!

Dick turned and looked up at the throng. There was the blue-and-white of Kemper, and there the brown-and-black of Mowbray. And surely that was Mona over there in a certain corner of the grand stand. She would know he had won his K. He meant to earn it, too. He wished he were sure of a time at bat. Dick was glad now he had never missed a practice. He was glad he had listened greedily to every word Gray had spoken on or off the field. Gray had given every candidate a set of written rules at the beginning of the out-of-door practice. He had told the fellows to be sure to master those rules. He had let them know they would incur his displeasure mightily if they failed in doing so. Gray would forgive errors excusable and inexcusable, but never a foolish play. He wanted players who used their brains. Those rules should be mastered thoroughly or something would happen. Dick mastered those rules.

Somebody slapped him on the shoulder.

"Wake up, old man! What 'd I tell you! You play left field for the rest of the game!" It was Joe. "Honest, chum, I 'm awful glad."

"I 'm sorry for Blakeney, Joe."

"Oh, that 's all right, Dick. Of course it was a rank muff. It did n't help us any. But don't feel sorry for him. He 's got his letter. He did good work last year; and if we win this, the fellows will forget all about the play. There goes Hoyt! Come on! Out on the jump, fellows!" He gave Dick's hand an encouraging squeeze and ran to his position.

It was the first of the eighth inning. The score was four to three in Mowbray's favor. Coach Gray had no cause to be ashamed of his protégés. They had thus far acquitted themselves nobly. Savage was pitching well. The team had secured ten hits to Mowbray's five. Blakeney's unfortunate error was the only one chalked up against Kemper.

The line-up:

Mowbray	*Kemper*
Stanley, c.f.	Larned, c.
Cutler, 1st base	Agnew, 3rd base
Lexington, 3rd base	Savage, p.
Langdon, c.	Brokaw, 1st base
Annear, 2nd base	Edwards, r.f.
Crothers, s.s.	Langham, 2nd base
Smith, s.s. (substitute)	Blakeney, l.f.
Carter, p.	Macklim, l.f. (substitute)
Hammil, l.f.	Deacon, c.f.
Barker, r.f.	Hoyt, s.s.

Mowbray was blanked in the first inning. Kemper scored one run.

By Langdon's lucky slide at the home base, Mowbray evened the score in the first half. Kemper went out in one-two-three order.

Neither side scored in the third.

No member of the Mowbray team completed the circuit in the fourth. But, for Kemper, Langham reached first on four balls, and scored on Deacon's single over second, and Deacon came home on Larned's single past short. Two runs.

Both sides were blanked in the fifth.

In the sixth, Mowbray made another run, on Annear's Texas-Leaguer. He stole second. Savage passed Carter. Hoyt juggled Hammil's grounder, and Annear scored. Barker fanned.

"The lucky seventh" was indeed lucky, also, for Mowbray, as both Stanley and Cutler reached home by a base on balls, a single and the fatal error of Blakeney which let in the two runs. Kemper was blanked by a strike-out, a foul-out, and a caught fly to left.

Langham fanned; Blakeney fouled out; Deacon singled; Hoyt flied out to Stanley.

"Listen, Dick!" Joe was taking his position at second. The blue and white section was on its feet. Dick turned and looked. Wheeler and Martin were leading a cheer.

" *'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!* Kemper! Kemper! Kemper! Blakeney! Blakeney! Blakeney!" And then "Yea, Macklim! Yea, Macklim! Ye-eaaaa, Macklim!"

Dick smiled at Joe and ran to his position. How would he play? Let 's see. Carter was the next batter—Carter was a pitcher—he would n't play too far out.

Joe at second surveyed the out-field. The exuberance of Dick's spirits was causing him to jump up and down. Joe knew everything was right in left-field.

Carter stepped to the plate and struck out; Hammil hit a fly to center-field. Dick was standing beside Deacon when he caught the ball. Barker went out Savage to Brokaw. The team came in on the run.

Larned faced Carter with a "Yea, Larned!" ringing in his ears. Joe took a position back of first base.

"Come on, Jack! Do something! please do! Get here some way! Only get here!"

Larned hit a fast one to Annear; Annear threw low to Cutler. When Langdon had recovered the ball, Larned was on second. Agnew received a base on balls; Savage beat out an in-field hit to Lexington; Brokaw flied out to Stanley; Larned scored. Agnew was on third, kept close by Hoyt, who was

coaching. Savage was on second. But Carter steadied; Edwards fanned. Langham they beseeched to "knock her out," but Joe failed utterly. Annear gathered in his tall fly.

It was undoubtedly treasonable, but Dick rejoiced secretly that Joe had not done anything. On his way to the out-field he was guilty of a satisfied feeling. If they could only hold Mowbray down this half, he would do something. Everything was serene except that he wished—say, two fellows preceded him at bat. Then he could bring them both in.

Stanley, who headed the Mowbray batting-list, stepped to the plate. Dick moved back a little. Savage put two strikes over. Then Stanley hit it out past Edwards. It was a ripping double. The brown-and-black tried hard to rattle Savage.

"Steady, old fellow!" came from Hoyt, between second and third.

Brokaw took off his mitt, emptied it of some dirt, then put it back on his hand calmly and deliberately.

"Come on, Jack, this is the one you got last time. He fanned. Do it again!"

"We 're all with you, old fellow. He does n't get to first." From center and right Deacon and Edwards encouraged Savage.

Savage struck out Cutler with three pitched balls. Lexington beat out an in-field hit to Hoyt. Stanley went to third. Things looked serious for Kemper. It seemed as though Dick would n't bat next inning, after all. Langdon, the slugger, advanced to the plate. Langdon was always dangerous. In this ninth inning he was doubly so. Dick moved still farther back. Savage pitched the first ball. It was a strike. Lexington went to second. Savage pitched a second strike. Wheeler up in the stand was getting ready for a "Yea. Savage!" when crack! Savage had pitched the ball and Langdon had hit it a mighty whack. Out over Agnew it sailed, rising higher and higher. The crowd was on its feet. It saw Dick turn and run. Would he get under it? Dick, out in left-field, was wishing he were back on the bench and that Blakeney were the person chasing that fly. How in thunder was he to catch that ball? Why, it looked no larger than a speck!

A mist seemed to rise before his eyes—he was stumbling. Then he turned and saw the ball—very plainly he saw it, so plainly, that he knew it was his. Of course he would catch that ball. He stood waiting in the pose that characterized his waiting for a fly. He saw only the ball. He did n't see Gray jumping up and down and frantically waving his hands. He did n't see Stanley with one foot on third waiting to be off. He did n't see the crowd in the grand stand. He stretched out his hands for the ball. It fell through the two hands.

With a sob, he stooped and picked the ball from where it had fallen dead and threw it with all his might to Agnew. He guessed it was Agnew to whom he threw it—it might have been Hoyt. But it did n't matter; the game was lost now. Mowbray would be two runs ahead.

But who was this person running toward him? The game was lost. Why did n't the whole crowd come after him, and mob him? Why did this person stop back of third base? Was n't it Gray? It looked like Gray. He seemed to be hitting Agnew on the back. He did n't seem to be very angry. Why, there was Stanley still on third base; and Lexington on second. Why, that must have been a foul!

Then suddenly he remembered; he had done right in dropping that ball. If he had caught it, Stanley would have scored after the catch and Lexington would have gone to third. He remembered, too, Gray's rules had told him to drop a long foul in the ninth with none or one gone, the score tied and a man on third. Why, he had done exactly right without knowing it! Still, he did n't see why Gray should be so jubilant over it. The game was not won for Kemper yet.

When the cheering stopped, Dick saw Savage pitch the ball. Langdon struck out. Then the cheering started anew. Annear went out Langham to Brokaw. And Kemper up in the grand stand cheered the team.

At third base Gray congratulated Dick as a person who read his rules. They came in to the bench together. At the bench Joe and the team slapped him on the back until he wondered if this were always the penalty of greatness. His back was sore.

Gray was talking.

"Fellows, we have a chance now. In crises like this, the bottom of the batting-list always delivers the goods better than the top."

Dick's head was in a whirl. He wished he felt confident. Larned and Agnew did not seem to be insulted. Larned told him to look out for Carter's drop. Agnew selected a good bat for him. And then Joe sent him to the plate with a last whack on his back.

Carter did not look formidable in this last half of the ninth inning to Dick. Why certainly he 'd knock the cover off the ball! He was fresh, and Carter was dead tired. He forgot Gray's injunction to get to first on

four balls if possible. Dick whaled away at the ball and hit the air. Jimmie Towns, the team's little mascot, told Dick after the game that if he *"had* hit that ball, it 'd be going yet." That was balm in Gilead afterward; but now Dick gnashed his teeth and heard Joe speaking.

"Take your time, Dick. Just get to first, That 's all. We 'll get you around all right."

Carter was preparing to deliver the ball. Dick would be calm and take his time, and would probably place the ball neatly over Cutler's head. Or maybe over Lexington's. Now the ball was coming. Why, slowly—very slowly! Why, he could hit that ball a mile!

Dick hit the ball with all his might and heard the crowd yell. He started to run. The crowd continued to yell. Dick knew the ball was nearing the center-field fence by this time. He rounded first on his way to second, and heard Joe's voice telling him to "hold it!" That was funny. Well, Joe must know. He would stop at second.

He heard something fall to the ground back of him. He turned and saw that Annear had dropped the ball. He looked at the crowd back of first base. Gray was jumping up and down again and frantically waving his hands. He seemed crazier than he had been back of third. Joe, too, and the entire team, were crazy, judging from their actions. "Great work, Macklim!" he heard Gray yell. He wondered where the great work came in. He had hit the ball directly into Annear's hands, and Annear had muffed it. He had meant to knock a three-bagger at least. Then he heard Gray shout something about "he reads his rules," and remembered. Many other players at this time would have stopped on first or between the plate and first, thinking Annear would surely catch the ball. But Dick had n't. He had remembered one particular rule in that written list of Gray's. It read, "After knocking a high fly to an in-fielder do not stop at first. Go on to second. There is a chance that the fielder misses the catch, and you are on second instead of first. This getting the extra base has been known to win games."

"Play safe, old fellow! They 're all up in the air." Joe was coaching back of first.

Deacon came to bat. Carter pitched, and Dick saw the drop he had hit. No wonder the ball had n't gone over the fence. Deacon hit to Annear. Annear kept Dick on second, and then threw to get Deacon. Dick started for third. Lexington received the ball from Cutler just too late to get Dick. The blue-and-white section was on its feet again. Dick heard a "Yea, Deacon!" and a "Yea, Macklim!" Then he set his face toward home. Hoyt was the center of the team near the bench. The blue-and-white section implored Hoyt to do something. He hit the first ball to Smith. Dick started for home. Smith juggled the ball, got Hoyt at first, but the game was won and lost. Larned struck out.

In the demonstration following the game, Dick rode from the field to the gym on Joe's and Larned's shoulders, and from that vantage-point saw somebody over in a certain corner of the grand stand waving her pennant.

GRANDDADDY-LONG-LEGS

By GEORGE B. CARPENTER

Old Granddaddy-long-legs
  Wherever he goes,
Takes very long steps
  On the tips of his toes.
The Garden-hose River
  He daintily wades,
And crosses the lawn
  On the tips of the blades.

He climbs up the daisies
  To take in the sights,
From Pansy-bed Acres
  To Goldenrod Heights.
He stalks through the forest
  Of Peony Brake,
And crosses the ditch
  On the prongs of the rake.

He stops on a hummock
  To polish his shoes;
Or hides in the foliage
  When danger pursues;
He nibbles a daffodil leaf till it wilts,
And looks like a baby potato on stilts.

THE CAMERONS OF HIGHBORO

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

SYNOPSIS OF THE THREE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

ELLIOTT CAMERON, a petted American girl, has come to her uncle's in Highboro while her father goes to Europe for a year on war business for the Government. She did not wish to come, and she means to cut her visit just as short as the scarlet-fever quarantine at her Uncle James's house, which has banished her and her cousin Stannard to Highboro, will permit. Meanwhile, she cannot help liking Uncle Bob and Aunt Jessica and Laura and Harry and Gertrude and Tom and Priscilla. She even likes a boy, Bruce Fearing, who is n't a cousin at all, but who, with his brother Pete, now flying in France with Bob Cameron, was adopted by the Robert Camerons when the Fearings were children. But Elliott does not like life on a farm where girls and boys and grown-ups share the farm-work and coöperate in household tasks, and she vows that she never will like it. Pride makes her do her share in the house, but at out-of-doors she draws the line. One day a sudden emergency proves the stuff that Elliott is made of and interests her in spite of herself in the haymaking. After that, an enlightening conversation with Laura reveals to the visitor that the Cameron Farm has a direct part to play in winning the war and that Laura and Gertrude and the rest, though ununiformed, are "doing their bit." Elliott wonders whether she hasn't been unwittingly a bit of a slacker and sets about redeeming herself with a hoe. And then comes the news of the sudden death of Tom Gordon, a Highboro boy who is learning to fly, and for the first time the dark side of war touches the girl's bright young life.

CHAPTER VII

PICNICKING

"I FEEL like a picnic," said Mother Jess, "a genuine all-day-in-the-woods picnic!"

It was rather queer for a grown-up to say such a thing right out like a girl, Elliott thought, but she liked it. And Aunt Jessica was sitting back on her heels, just like a girl, too, looking up from the border where she was working. Elliott was surprised. Weeding a flower-bed when, as she happened to know, the garden beets were n't finished did not square with her notions of what was what on the Cameron farm.

"We usually have a picnic at this time of year when the haying is done," said the lady, and fell again to her weeding.

"These borders are sweet." The girl let her gaze wander up and down the curving lines of color splashed across the gentle slope of the hill. "But flowers don't stand much chance in a war year, do they? I know people at home who have plowed theirs up and planted potatoes."

"A mistake," said Aunt Jessica, shaking the dirt vigorously from a fistful of sorrel. "We have too much land in this country to plow up our flowers, yet a while. And a war year is just the time when we need them most."

"But they 're not *necessary*, are they?" questioned Elliott. "Of course, they 're beautiful; but I thought luxuries had to go, just now."

Mother Jess reached with her clawlike weeder far into the border. Her voice came back over her shoulder in little gusts of words as she worked. "Did you ever hear that saying of the prophet?—'He that hath two loaves let him sell one and buy a flower of the narcissus; for bread is food for the body, but narcissus is food for the soul.' That 's the way I feel about flowers. They are the least expensive way of getting beauty, and we can't live without beauty, now less than ever, since they have destroyed so much of it in France. There! now I must stop for to-day. Don't you want to take this culling-basket and pick it full of the prettiest things you can find for Mrs. Gordon? Perhaps you would like to take it over to her, too. It is n't a very long walk."

"But I 've never met her."

"That won't matter. Just tell her who you are and that you belong to us."

Elliott picked up the flat green basket, lifted the shears she found lying in it, and went hesitatingly up and down the borders. "What shall I pick?"

"Anything. Make the basket as pretty as you can."

Mother Jess gathered up gloves and tools and went away, tugging her basket of weed. Elliott reached in and snipped off a spire o larkspur from the very back of the border, then stood back to see what had happened. No, if you had n't known the stalk had been there, you would n't now know it was gone. Cautiously she selected a head of white phlox. The result of that operation also was satisfactory.

Up and down the flowery path she went, snipping busily. On the stalks of larkspur and phlox she laid a mass of pink snapdragons and

white candytuft, tucking in here and there sprays of just-opening baby's-breath to give a misty look to the basket. A bunch of English daisies came next. And ought n't there to be pansies? "Pansies—that 's for thoughts." Those wonderful purple ones with a sprinkling of the yellow—no, yellow would spoil the color scheme of the basket. These white beauties were just the thing. How lovely it all looked, blue and white and pink and purple!

But there was n't much fragrance. Heliotrope!—just a spray or two. There, now it was perfect. Anybody would be glad to see a basket like that coming. Only, she did wish some one else were to carry it. Why should n't Laura or Trudy take it? Elliott walked very slowly up to the house, debating the question. A week ago she would n't have debated; she would have said, "Oh, I can't possibly."

"How beautiful!" said Aunt Jessica's voice from the kitchen window. "You have made an exquisite thing, dear."

Elliott rested the basket on the window ledge and surveyed it proudly. "Is n't it lovely? And I don't think cutting this has hurt the borders a bit."

"I am sure not." Aunt Jessica's busy hands went back to her yellow mixing-bowl. "You know where the Gordons live, don't you?—the big brick house at the cross-roads."

"Yes," said Elliott, and her feet carried her out of the yard—stopping only long enough to let her get her pink parasol from the hall—and down the hill toward the cross-roads. It was odd about Elliott's feet, when she had n't quite made up her mind whether or not she would go. Her feet seemed to have no doubt of it.

It was only when she was walking up the graveled path to the door of the brick house that she remembered to compose her face into a proper gravity. She felt nervous and ill at ease. But she need n't go in, she reminded herself, just leave the flowers at the door. If only there were a maid, which there probably was n't! You could n't count for certain on getting right away from these places where the people themselves met you at the door.

"How do you do?" said a voice, advancing from the right. "What a lovely basket!"

The voice belonged to the biggest girl Elliott had ever seen, tall and fat and shapeless and very plain. She was all in white, which made her look bigger, and her skirt was at least three years old. There was a faint trickle of brown spots down the front of it, too, of which the girl seemed utterly unaware.

"You don't have to tell me where those flowers come from," she said. "You are Laura Cameron's cousin, are n't you? Glad to know you."

"Yes," said Elliott. "I am Elliott Cameron. Aunt Jessica sent these to your mother."

"They look just like Mrs. Cameron. Sit down while I call Mother. Oh, she 's not doing anything special. Mother!"

Elliott, conducted through the house to a wide veranda, sank into a chair, conscious, in every nerve, as Mrs. Gordon appeared, of her own slender waist-line. What must it feel like to be so fat? A minute later she seemed to herself to be engulfed between two mountains of flesh. What the woman said Elliott really did n't know; afterward, phrases of pleasure came back to her vaguely. She distinctly remembered the creaking of the rocking-chair and her own frightened feeling lest some vital part should give way under the strain.

After a time, to her consciousness, mild blue eyes emerged from the mass of human bulk that fronted her; gray hair crinkled away from a broad white forehead. Elliott felt a hysterical desire to giggle. The fact that it would be so dreadful to laugh in this house made the desire almost uncontrollable.

And then the fat girl did laugh about something or other, laughed simply and naturally and really pleasantly. Elliott almost jumped again, she was so startled.

"Has your aunt said anything yet about a picnic this summer?"

"I heard her say this afternoon that she felt just like one," said Elliott.

Mother and daughter looked at each other triumphantly. "What did I tell you!" said one. "I thought it was about time," said the other.

"Jessica Cameron always feels like a picnic in midsummer," Mrs. Gordon explained. "after the haying 's done. You tell her my little niece will want to go. Alma has been here three weeks, and we have n't been able to do much for her. Do you think you will go, too, Harriet?"

"I 'd rather not this time, Mother. Tell Mrs. Cameron we will send our limousine whenever she says the word." On the way back through the house she paused before the picture of a young man in aviator's uniform. "My brother," she said simply, and there was infinite pride in her voice.

Elliott stumbled down the path to the road. Were they limousine people? You would never have guessed it to look at them. Why, she knew about picnics of that kind!—motor-car, lunch-kit picnics! But what a shame to be so fat! Could n't they *do* something about

it? Good as gold, of course, and in such terrible sorrow! Queer how nice boys could have such frumpy people! And Ted Gordon had been a perfectly nice boy. The picture proved that. But Aunt Jessica had been right about flowers. Altogether Elliott's mind was a queer jumble.

"She said she 'd send back the basket to-morrow, Aunt Jessica," she reported. "Said she wanted to sit and look at it for a while just as it was. And Miss Gordon asked me to tell you that whenever you were ready for the picnic you must let her know and she would send around their limousine."

"If that is n't just like Harriet Gordon," laughed Laura. "She is always joking. Did n't you like her, Elliott?"

Elliott's eyes opened wide. "What joke is there in saying she would send their limousine?"

Jack snorted. "Wait till you see it!"

"Why, she meant their hay-wagon. We always use the Gordon hay-wagon for this midsummer picnic. That 's a custom, too."

Everybody laughed at the expression on Elliott's face.

"Not up on the vernacular, Lot?" gibed Stannard.

"Harriet Gordon is always saying things like that," said Laura. "Wait till you know her. When is the picnic to be, Mother?"

"How about to-morrow?"

"Better make it the day after," Father Bob suggested, and they all fell to discussing whom to ask.

As far as Elliott could see, they asked everybody except townspeople. The telephone was kept busy that night and the next morning in the intervals of Mother Jess's and the girls' baking. Elliott helped pack up dozens of turnovers and cookies and sandwiches and bottled quarts of lemonade.

"The lemonade is for the children," said Laura. "The rest of us have coffee. Don't you love the taste of coffee that you make over a fire that you build yourself in the woods?"

"On picnics I have always had my coffee out of a thermos bottle," said Elliott.

"Oh, you poor *thing!* Why, you have n't had any good times at all, have you?"

Laura looked so shocked that for a minute Elliott actually wondered whether she ever really had had any good times. Privately she was n't at all sure that she was going to have a good time now.

"Are n't you afraid it may rain to-morrow?" she asked.

"No, indeed! It never rains on things Mother plans."

And it did n't. The morning of the picnic dawned clear and dewy and sparkling, as perfect a summer day as though it had been made to the Camerons' order. By nine o'clock the big hay-wagon had appeared, driven by Mr. Gordon himself, who said he was going to turn over the reins to Mr. Cameron when they reached the Gordon farm. Two more horses were hitched on and all the Camerons piled in, with enough boxes and baskets and bags of potatoes, one would think, to feed a small town, and away the hay-wagon went, stopping at house after house to take in smiling people, with more boxes and baskets and bags.

It was all very care-free and gay, and Elliott smiled and chattered away with the rest; but in her heart of hearts she knew that there was n't one of these boys and girls who squeezed into the capacious hay-wagon to whom she would have given a second glance, before coming up here to Vermont. Now she wondered whether they were all as negligible as they looked. And pretty soon she forgot that she had ever thought they looked negligible. It was the jolliest crowd she had ever been in. One or two were a bit quiet when they arrived, but soon even the shyest were talking, or at least laughing, in the midst of the happy hubbub.

Then Mr. Cameron turned the horses into a mountain road and they began to climb. Up and up the wagon went with its merry load, through towering woods and open pastures and along hillsides where the woods had been cut and a tangle of underbrush was beginning to spring up among the stumps. And the higher the horses climbed, the higher rose the jollity of the hay-wagon's company. The sun was hot overhead when they stopped. There were gray rocks and a tumbling mountain brook and a brown-carpeted pine wood. Everybody jumped out helter-skelter and began unloading the wagon or gathering firewood or dipping up water, or simply scampering around for joy or stretching cramped legs.

It was surprising how soon a fire was burning on the gray stones and coffee bubbling in the big pail Mother Jess had brought; surprising, too, how good bacon tasted when you broiled it yourself on a forked stick, and potatoes that you smooched your face on by eating them in their skins, black from the hot ashes that the boys poked them out of with green poles. Elliott knew now that she had never really picnicked before in her life and that she liked it. She liked it so much that

she ate and ate and ate until she could n't eat another mouthful.

Perhaps she ate too much, but I doubt it. It may have been the pink ice-cream of the evening before; or that time in the celery patch, the previous morning, when she had forgotten her hat and would n't go back to the house for it because Henry had n't a hat on, and why should she need one? Or it may have been all those things put together—she had had a slight headache when she went to bed.

Whatever caused it, the fact was that on the ride home Elliott began to feel very ill. The longer she rode the worse she felt and the more appalled and ashamed and frightened she grew. What could be going to happen to her? And what awful exhibition was she about to make of herself before all these people to whom she had felt so superior?

"HOW GOOD BACON TASTED WHEN YOU BROILED IT YOURSELF ON A FORKED STICK"

Before long, people noticed how white she was; and by the time the wagon reached the brick house at the cross-roads, poor Elliott hardly cared if they did see it. Her pride was crushed by her misery. Mrs. Gordon and Harriet came out to welcome Alma home and they hesitated not a minute.

"Have them bring her right in here, Jessica. No, no, not a mite of trouble! We 'll keep her all night. You go right along home, you and Laura. Mercy me, if we can't do a little thing like this for you folks! She 'll be all right in the morning."

The words meant nothing to Elliott. She was quite beyond caring where she went, so that it was to a bed, flat and unmoving. But even in her distress she was conscious that, whatever might come of it, she had had a good time.

CHAPTER VIII

A BEE STING

Elliott was wretchedly, miserably ill. She despised herself for it, and then she lost even the sensation of self-contempt in utter misery. Mercifully nobody talked; they only moved about quietly and did things. They put her to bed and gave her something to drink. She felt worse and worse and then—oh, wonder!—she began to feel better. Actually, it was sheer bliss just to be quiet and feel how comfortable she was.

"I am so sorry!" she murmured apologetically to a presence beside the bed. "I have made you a horrid lot of trouble."

"Not a bit," said the presence, quietly. "So don't you begin worrying about that. Now I 'm going to telephone your Aunt Jessica that you feel better, and you just lie quiet and go to sleep. I 'll put the bell right here beside the bed. If you want anything, tap it."

The presence moved away, and Elliott out of half-shut eyes looked into the room—spotless and clean and countrified, the kind of room she would have scorned this morning; now she thought it the most peaceful place in the world. But she did n't intend to go to sleep in it. She meant merely to lie wrapped in that delicious mantle of well-being and continue to feel how utterly content she was.

But the first thing she knew she was waking up and the room was quite dark and she felt comfortable, but just the least bit queer.

A streak of light fell across the bed.

"There, you 've waked up, have n't you? I guess you 'll like a glass of milk now. You can bring it right here, Harriet. She 's awake."

The woman set down her lamp on a little table and lumbered about the room, adjusting the shades at the windows, while the lamp threw grotesque exaggerations on the wall. Elliott watched the shadows, a warm little smile at her heart. They were funny, but she found herself tender toward them. When the woman padded back to the bed the girl smiled, her cheek pillowed on her hand. She liked her there beside the bed, her big form totally obscuring the straight-backed chair. She did n't think of waist-lines or clothes at all, only of how comfortable and cushiony and pleasant the large face looked. Motherly—might not that be the word for it? Somehow like Aunt Jessica, yet without the slightest resemblance except in expression, a kind of radiating lovingness that warmed one through and through, and made everything right, no matter how wrong it might have seemed.

"I telephoned your Aunt Jessica," said the fat woman. "She was just going to call us, and they all sent their love to you. Here 's Harriet with the milk. Do you feel a mite hungry?"

"I think that must be what was the matter with me. I was trying to decide when you came in."

The large form shook all over with silent laughter. It was fascinating to watch laughter that produced such a cataclysm, but made no sound. In her absorption, Elliott forgot to drink.

"Mother," said Harriet Gordon, "Elliott thinks you 're a three-ringed circus. You must n't be so exciting till she has finished her milk."

Elliott protested, startled. "I think you are the kindest people in the world, both of you!"

"Mercy, child, anybody would have done the same! Don't you go to setting us up on pedestals for a little thing like that."

The fat girl was smiling. "Make it singular, Mother. I have no quarrel with a pedestal for you, though it might be a little awkward to move about on."

Mrs. Gordon shook again with that fascinating laughter. "Mercy me, I 'd tip off first thing, and then where would we all be?"

Elliott's eyes sought Harriet Gordon's. If she had observed closely, she would have seen spots on the white dress, but to-night she was not looking at clothes. She only thought what a kind face the girl had, and how extraordinarily pleasant her voice was, and what good friends she and her mother were, just like Laura and Aunt Jessica, only different.

"There!" said Mrs. Gordon. "You drank up every drop, did n't you? You must have been hungry. Now you go right to sleep again, and I 'll miss my guess if you don't feel real good in the morning."

She turned down the sheet under Elliott's chin, patted it a little, and asked, "Don't you want your pillow turned over?" Then, quite naturally, she stooped down and kissed the girl. "I guess you 're all right now. Good night."

And Elliott put both arms around her neck and hugged her, fat as she was. "Good night," she said softly.

The next time Elliott woke up it was broad daylight. As Mrs. Gordon had prophesied, she felt well, only the least bit wabbly.

She dressed as quickly as she could and went down-stairs. Harriet was shelling peas on the big veranda that looked off across the valley to the mountains. There must have been rain in the night, for the world was bathed clean and shining.

"Mother said to let you sleep as long as you would." Harriet stopped the current of apology on Elliott's lips. "Did you have a good night?"

"Splendid! I did n't know a thing from the time your mother went out of the room until half an hour ago."

"Did n't know anything about the thunder-shower?"

"Was there a thunder-shower?"

"A big one. It put our telephone out of commission."

"I did n't hear it," said Elliott.

"It almost pays to be sick, to find out how good it feels to be well, does n't it? Here 's a glass of milk. Drink that while I get your breakfast."

"Can't I do it, and save you more trouble?"

"Trouble? Forget that word! We like to have you here. It is good for Mother. Gives her something to think about. Can't you spend the day?"

Now, Elliott wanted to get home at once; she had been longing, ever since she woke up, to see Mother Jess and Laura and Father Bob and Henry and Bruce and everybody else on the Cameron farm, not omitting Prince and the chickens and the "black-and-whitey" calf; but she thought rapidly, "If it really made things any easier for the Gordons to have me here—"

"Why, yes, I can stay if you want me to." It cost her something to say those words, but she said them with a smile.

"Good! I'll let Mrs. Cameron know that we will bring you home this afternoon. Here comes Mother with an egg the hen has just laid for your breakfast."

"Just a-purpose," said Mrs. Gordon. "It 's warm yet and marked 'Elliott Cameron' plain as daylight. Is my hair full of straw, Harriet?"

"It is, straw and cobwebs. Where have you been, Mother? You know you have n't any business in the haymow or crawling under the old carryall. Why don't you let Alma bring in the eggs? She 's little and spry."

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Gordon, with one of her silent laughs. "Pooh, pooh! Alma is n't any match for old Whitefoot yet. You 'd think that hen kept awake nights thinking up outlandish places to lay her eggs in.—Two, dearie? I 'm going to make you a drop-egg on toast for your breakfast."

"Oh, no, one!" cried Elliott. "I never eat two. And can't I help? I hate to have you get my breakfast."

"Why, yes, you can dish up your oatmeal," calmly cracking a second egg. "'T won't do a mite of harm to have two. Maybe you 're hungrier than you think. Now, Harriet, the water, and we 're all ready. I 'll help you finish those peas while she eats."

The woman and the girl shelled peas, their fat fingers fairly flying through the pods, while Elliott devoured both eggs and a bowl of oatmeal and a pitcher of cream and a dish of blueberries and wondered how they could make their fingers move so fast.

"Practice," said Mrs. Gordon in answer to the girl's query. "You do a thing over and over enough times and you get so you can't help doing it fast, if you 've got any gumption at all. The quarts of peas I 've shelled in my lifetime would feed an army, I guess."

"Don't you ever get tired?"

"Tired of shelling peas? Land no, I like it! I can sit in here and look at you, or out on the back piazza and watch the mountains, or on the front step and see folks drive by, and I 've always got my thoughts." A shadow crossed the placid face. "My thoughts work better when my fingers are busy. I 'd hate to just sit and hold my hands. Ted dared me once to try it for an hour. That was the longest hour I ever spent."

Mrs. Gordon had risen to peer through the window after a rapidly receding wagon.

"There!" she said. "There goes that woman from Bayfield I want to sell some of my bees to. She 's going down to Blisses', and I 'd better walk right over and talk to her, as the telephone won't work. I 'most think one hive is going to swarm this morning, but I guess I 'll have time to get back before they come out. Hello, Johnny, how do you do to-day?"

"All right," lisped the small, solemn-eyed urchin who stood in the door hitching at a diminutive pair of trousers and eying Elliott absorbedly. "Gone!" he announced suddenly.

"What? One of your buttons?" Harriet drew him up to her. "I 'll sew it on in a jiffy. Don't worry about the bees, Mother. I can manage them if they decide to swarm before you get back; and while you 're at the Blisses', just telephone central our phone 's out of order; and oh, please tell Mrs. Cameron we 're keeping Elliott till afternoon."

Mrs. Gordon departed, and Harriet sewed on the button. "There, Johnny, now you 're all right. You can run out and play."

But Johnny dived into a small pocket and produced a note, crumpled and soiled, but still legible.

"If that is n't provoking!" said Harriet, when she had read it. "Why did n't you give me this the first thing, Johnny? Then Mother could have done this telephoning, too, at the Blisses'."

"What is it?" asked Elliott.

"A message Johnny's mother wants sent. She 's our hired man's wife, and I must say at times she shows about as much brains as a chicken. Where has your mother gone, Johnny?"

But beyond a vague "She wided away," he was noncommittal.

"She might have stopped somewhere and telephoned for herself, I should think," grumbled Harriet. "I 'll be back in a few minutes. Or will you come, too? If I can't 'phone from the Blisses', I may have to go farther."

"I 'll stay here, I think, and wash up my dishes. And after that I 'll finish the peas."

"Mercy me, I sha'n't be gone that long! We 're shelling these to put up, you know. Don't bother about washing your dishes, either."

"Who 's saying bother, now?" Elliott's dimples twinkled mischievously.

Harriet laughed. "You and Johnny can mind the place. The men are all off at the lower farm, and here goes the last woman. Good-by."

Elliott went briskly about her program. She found soap and a pan and rinsed her dishes under the hot-water faucet. Then she sat down to the peas. Johnny, who had followed her about for a while, deserted her for pressing affairs of his own out of doors. How long Harriet was gone!

She was thinking about this when she heard something that made her jump up hurriedly, spilling the peas out of her lap, and run out on the veranda. There was Johnny stumbling up the path, crying at the top of his lungs.

"Why, Johnny!" She ran toward him. "Why, Johnny, what is the matter?"

Johnny precipitated himself into her arms in a torrent of tears.

"Johnny! Johnny, *stop it!* Tell me where you 're hurt."

He could n't be in danger of death—could he?—when he screamed so. His legs worked, too, and his arms. They were digging into her now, with a force that almost upset her equilibrium.

"What 's the matter, Johnny. Stop crying and tell me."

Johnny's yells slackened for want of breath. He held up one brown little hand. She inspected it. Dirty, of course, unspeakably, but otherwise—Oh! there was a bunch on one knuckle, a bunch that was swelling.

"Is that where it hurts you, Johnny?"

Johnny nodded, gulping. "Bee stung Johnny. *Naughty* bee!"

A bee sting! What did you do for a bee sting? Mosquitos—hamamelis. But where did the Gordons keep their hamamelis bottle?

Johnny's screams, abated in expectation of relief, began to rise once more. He was angry. Why did n't she *do* something? His voice mounted in a long, piercing wail.

"Don't cry," the girl said nervously. "Don't cry. Let 's go into the house and find something."

Upstairs and down she hurried the shrieking child. At the Cameron Farm there were two hamamelis bottles, one in the bath-room, the other on a shelf in the kitchen. But nothing rewarded her search here. If only some one were at home! If only the telephone were n't out of order! Desperately she took down the receiver, to be greeted by a faint, continuous buzzing. There was nothing for it; she must leave Johnny and run to a neighbor's. But Johnny refused to be left. He clung to her and kicked and screamed with pain and the terror of finding his secure baby world falling to pieces about his ears.

"It 's a shame, Johnny. I ought to know what to do, but I don't. You come too, then."

But Johnny refused to budge. He threw himself on his back on the veranda and beat the floor with his heels and wailed long heart-piercing wails that trembled into sobbing silence, only to begin all over with fresh vigor. Elliott was at her wits' end. She did n't dare go away and leave him.

Never in her life had Elliott Cameron felt so insignificant, so helpless and futile as she did at this minute. "Oh, you poor baby!" she cried, and hated herself for her ignorance. Laura would have known what to do; Harriet Gordon would have known. Would nobody ever come?

"What 's the matter with him?" The question barked out, brusque and sharp, but never had a voice sounded more welcome in Elliott Cameron's ears. She turned around in joyful relief to encounter a pair of gimlet-like black eyes in the face of an old woman. She was an ugly little old woman in a battered straw hat and a shabby old jacket, though the day was warm, and a faded print skirt that was draggled with mud at the hem. Her hair strayed untidily about her face, and unfathomable scorn looked out of her snapping black eyes.

"It 's a—a bee sting," stammered the girl, shrinking under the scorn.

"Hee-hee-hee!" The old woman's laughter was cracked and high. "What kind of a girl are you? Don't know what to do for a bee sting! Hee-hee! Mud, you stupid you, mud!"

She bent down and scooped up a handful of wet soil from the edge of the fern bed below the veranda. "Put that on him!" she said, and went away giggling a girl's shrill giggle and muttering between her giggles: "Don't know what to do for a bee sting. Hee-hee!"

For a whole minute after the queer old woman had gone Elliott stood there, staring down at the spatter of mud on the steps, dismay and wrath in her heart. Then, because she didn't know anything else to do, and because Johnny's screams had redoubled, she stooped, and with gingerly care picked up the

lump of black mud and went over to the boy. Mud could n't hurt him, she thought, but could it help?

She sat down on the floor and lifted the little swollen fist and held the cool mud on it, neither noticing nor caring that some trickled down on her own skirt. She sat there a long time, or so it seemed, while Johnny's yells sank to long-drawn sobs and then ceased altogether as he snuggled forgivingly against her arm. And in her heart was a great shame and an aching feeling of inadequacy and failure. Elliott Cameron had never known so bitter a five minutes. All her pride and self-sufficiency were gone. What was she good for in a practical emergency? Just nothing at all. She did n't know even the commonest things, not the commonest.

"It must have been Witless Sue," said Aunt Jessica, late that afternoon, when Elliott told her the story. "She is a half-witted old soul who wanders about digging herbs in summer and lives on the town farm in winter. There 's no harm in her."

"Half-witted!" said Elliott. "She knew more than I did."

"You have not had the opportunity to learn."

"That did n't make it any better for Johnny. Laura knows all those things, does n't she? And Trudy, too?"

"I think they know what to do in the simpler emergencies of life."

"I wish I did. I took a first-aid course, but I did n't have stings in it, not so far as we 'd gone when I came away. We were taught about bandaging and splints and such things."

"Very useful knowledge."

"But Johnny got stung," said Elliott, as though nothing mattered beyond that fact. "Do you think you could teach me things now and then, Aunt Jessica? the things Laura and Trudy know?"

"Surely," said Aunt Jessica, "and very gladly. There are things that you could teach Laura and Trudy, too. Don't forget that entirely."

"Could I?" Useful things?" She asked the question with humility.

"Very useful things in certain kinds of emergency. What did Mrs. Gordon do for Johnny when she got home?"

"Oh, she washed his hand and soaked it in strong soda and water, baking-soda, and then she bound some soda right on, for good measure, she said."

"There!" said Aunt Jessica. "Now you know two things to do for a bee sting."

Elliott opened her eyes wide. "Why, so I do, don't I? I truly do."

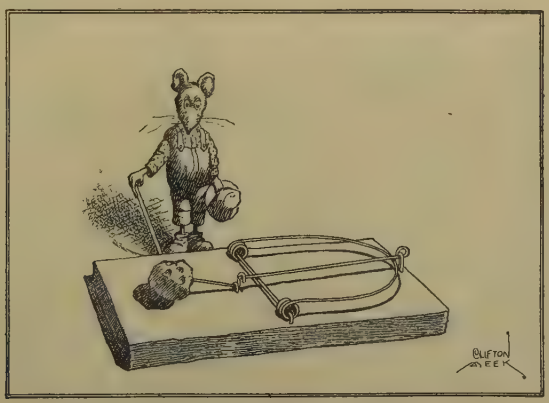
"That 's the way people learn," said Mother Jess, "by emergencies. Laura is helping Henry milk. Suppose you make us some biscuit for supper, Elliott."

Elliott started to say, "I 've never made biscuit," but shut her lips tight before the words slipped out.

"I will tell you the rule. You 'd better double it for our family. Everything is plainly marked in the pantry. Perhaps the fire needs another stick before you begin."

Carefully the girl selected a stick from the wood-box. "Just let me get my apron, Aunt Jessica," she said.

(To be continued)



JAKEY MOUSE: "WELL, WELL! IT 'S ALWAYS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS!"

IN MARK-TWAIN LAND

By ELIZABETH PALMER MILBANK

In Monroe County, Missouri, a road widens to make the little town of Florida. It is a one-bank, one-store, one-man town, picturesquely situated on Salt River—Salt River which, in

THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO MARK TWAIN IN HIS NATIVE TOWN BY THE STATE OF MISSOURI

the dreams of the settlers of 1840-50, was to be "widened and deepened and straightened that boats might come up from St. Louis and New Orleans," but which now is remembered chiefly as the "old swimmin'-hole."

The "oldest inhabitant" of the town points with pride to the inn where General—then Colonel—Grant spent a day and night during the Civil War, when out in search of bush-whackers, those irregular troops on the Confederate side engaged in guerrilla warfare. But what really keeps Florida on the map is the fact that here on November 30, 1835, Mark Twain was born.

The "one man" of the town, M. A. Violette, as modest about it as his name implies, is the philanthropist who purchased the house in which Mark Twain was born, restored it to order, furnished it in the style of a century ago, and has the yard full of the flowers that our grandmothers loved. In the window he has hung a Red Cross flag with two crosses on it, one for himself and one for Mark.

It is not a mansion that first sheltered this genius, but a very humble, slab-shingled two-room cottage. The floors are covered with "hit and miss" rag-carpet, which in turn is partially covered with braided rag rugs. The Declaration of Independence and Mark Twain's picture adorn the wall; a wooden mantel holds pewter basins, old brass candlesticks, and daguerreotypes; a muzzle-loading musket stands in one corner, and two spinning-wheels—a small one for flax and a large one for wool—are in another. A corded bed, hand carved from sugar-maple, spread with a blue-and-white woven coverlet, is flanked by splint-bottomed and Windsor chairs; a let-down-leaf table holds a candle-mold, a grease lamp, and a Paul Revere lantern. A secretary and a glass-knobbed bureau are said to be over one hundred and fifty years old, and "look their age."

Florida is not on a railroad, but many automobile tourists stop at "Mark Twain's House." As one steps over the threshold of this shrine, there comes to him a sense of intimate association with the well-beloved humorist, and a sudden hush of talk and laughter pays homage to Missouri's great writer, at whose feet fame laid her richest gifts, and whose name is known throughout the world.

MARK TWAIN'S BIRTHPLACE, FLORIDA, MISSOURI

FAIRYLAND FASHIONS

By TUDOR JENKS

For daytime, wings of butterflies,
Not too bright or extreme in size,
With dull moth-wings for evening wear
Are favored by the fairies fair.

Skirts may be made from poppies bright,
Or hollyhocks (if the shades be light),
Though the yellow rose or the aster may
Be chosen, perhaps, on a cloudy day.

Wands will be shorter yet, this year,
While golden stars on the top shine clear;
But younger fairies, if they choose,
Dull silver stars are allowed to use.

Our Queen is wearing a charming cloak
Of a scarlet leaf from the Magic Oak.
And while at Court, we are asked to say,
All elves *must* appear in green or gray.

"SKYSCRAPERS"

THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE TREATY AND THE LEAGUE

We are more concerned with the progress of affairs of general public interest and importance than with matters of party politics; but as our government rests on the party idea, it is impossible to escape occasional reference to the division of the party forces in Congress. The Republican senators were pretty well united in favor of having the League of Nations separated from the Peace Treaty. Senator Knox introduced a resolution calling for separate treatment of the two things. The chairman of the Republican National Committee gave it his official approval. Then, along toward the end of June, the Republican leaders abandoned the Knox idea in favor of the Root idea—to insist on amendment of the covenant before adoption.

The parties are now shaping their policies for the next Presidential campaign. Each party will adopt a platform for its candidates to stand on. The voters will choose between two men representing the two divisions of popular opinion. It is important for all Americans, young as well as old, to keep track of these matters. The next election will be extraordinarily important, because the problems of the coming years are unusually difficult.

IS RUSSIA MOVING TOWARD THE LIGHT?

Early in June, Admiral Kolchak, whose provisional government at Omsk seemed likely to prove the best nucleus of law and order in harassed Russia, asked the Allies for recognition and for assistance in the work of organization. On the twelfth of June, having given assurances that a representative assembly would be formed as soon as possible and that the states represented would acknowledge responsibility for the debts incurred up to the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution in November of 1917, he received from the Allies a promise to "extend support" to his government—a long step toward official recognition, though final action was to be withheld until affairs in Russia were straightened out.

Kolchak had been winning victories over the Bolsheviki, and he seemed to be the man most likely to get the great masses of peasant population organized for orderly government. His power began a few weeks before the armistice was signed. A number of small governments in Siberia were brought together, and placed the management of their affairs in the hands of a Directory, with a cabinet of ministers, in which Kolchak headed the war department. Then it was decided to abolish the Directory and substitute for it a single executive head, who should be also supreme commander of the military forces. This office was conferred upon Kolchak. A member of his government has explained that Kolchak is not a dictator, issuing decrees for the conduct of public affairs, but he has the power to confirm or veto the acts of the council.

U. S. Official Photo
ADMIRAL KOLCHAK

The first object of the Kolchak government is to destroy the power of the Bolsheviki; the second, to set up a stable, central Russian government. To do these things, it needs not so much further military reinforcement by the Allies, as help in supplies and financing.

Russia has been through a terrible experience, and she has a long road still to travel. But it seems reasonable to suppose that her troubles cannot last forever, that her people must acquire wisdom out of their sufferings, and that in the end she will settle herself in a position of more power and influence, and greater comfort and happiness, than she has ever held. The Bolshevik poison will not be fatal.

MEXICO

Somebody said that it was easier for Mexico to get back on a peace footing than for anyone else—because she never got off it. The remark is rather more humorous than logical, but everybody will "get" it.

In June, Mexico was disagreeing with itself in the same old way, with Villa and Angeles attacking the government forces. There was a flurry along the Border, and some United States troops were in readiness for a tussle. But the situation straightened itself out, much as Mexican situations do, and Uncle Sam went about his business pretty much as usual.

The more we see of other lands, the more glad we are to be Yankees!

UNREPENTANT GERMANY

Those who may have been watching for signs of repentance by the German rulers and people were disappointed by their behavior in June, as the time drew nearer and nearer at which the final settlement had to be made. The details of that month's events are still fresh in mind, and there is no need to rehearse them.

The true German character was shown in the endeavors of the German leaders to play upon the sympathies of the peoples whom they had themselves plunged into the sufferings of war and the hardships of after-war times. The final display of insolence and defiance came when the German crews of German warships sank them in an act of sheer defiance.

The old cabinet went out; a new one went in; and a vote of the Assembly decided upon signature of the treaty. Detestable in war, Germany was flatly contemptible in defeat. She signed, but left the world in doubt as to her sincerity of purpose.

Times Wide World Photo

"THE BIG FOUR"—LLOYD GEORGE, ORLANDO, CLEMENCEAU, PRESIDENT WILSON—ON THE STEPS OF THE "PARIS WHITE HOUSE"

SUFFRAGE

On the fourth day of June the United States Senate voted, 56-25, in favor of the Suffrage Amendment. The next day the amendment was signed by Vice-President Marshall, and was ready to go to the state legislatures for ratification.

The first states to ratify were Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. All three voted on June 10. In Illinois the Senate was unanimously in favor, and the vote in the House was 132-3. In Wisconsin the senators stood 23 for, to 1 against, while the Assembly gave a favorable vote of 54-2. Both houses of the Michigan legislature voted unanimously for ratification.

The amendment as passed by Congress was in the form given it in 1875 by Susan B. Anthony. The wording is simple and clear: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote

shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex."

The constitutional lawyers are pretty keen at finding ambiguities in almost any document, but it does seem as though that simple paragraph left no loopholes.

THE BULLET OR THE BALLOT?

THE "bomb outrages" early in June were worth while. They startled the American people into realization of the fact that this country has got to be on guard against invasion by the red firebrands of anarchy.

In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Paterson, and other cities attempts were made to blow up the residences of men who represent the authority of government. The home of A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney-General of the United States, was assailed in this way. Some of the other homes attacked were those of judges.

Such a day's work could have been done only by a group of law defiers working in concert and in accordance with a prearranged schedule. The wanton destruction of property and the reckless risk of murder of other persons in addition to those whose death was deliberately sought were an offense against the whole American people and everything we prize in our American democracy.

The United States statutes are not always written in simple language, but this paragraph can be understood by the boys and girls who read the WATCH TOWER:

> Criminal anarchy is the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force or violence, or by assassination of the executive head or any of the executive officials of government, or by any unlawful means. The advocacy of such doctrine, either by word of mouth or writing, is a felony.

The anarchists who were back of these crimes circulated a paper called "Plain Words," in which they used words as plain as these: "There will have to be bloodshed. There will have to be murder. There will have to be destruction. We will destroy to rid the world of your tyrannical institutions." The Reds have come out in the open, and they will be dealt with. There are lawless societies supported by funds, it is believed, from the treasury of the Russian Bolsheviki. They are conspiring against the peace and liberty of American citizens, and against those institutions for which freedom-loving Americans have fought and died. They would cancel all that Americans fought for in our Revolution, in the Civil War, and on the fields of France.

What shall we do with them? The answer is easy: We shall get rid of them.

We shall guard this fair land against all their evil plottings, as we would save her from any other invader. We shall defend our rights, the liberty in whose name these States were united and whose torch they have upheld before all the world.

The question has been put to us, fairly and squarely, "Are we to be ruled by the ballot or the bullet?" And there is n't an American too young, too inexperienced in affairs, to know the answer to that question!

IS JAPAN OUR FRIEND?

SENATOR PHELAN of California says that "our next war will be on the Pacific." That, of course, points at Japan.

But Ambassador Ishii, at a farewell dinner given him in June by the Japan Society at New York, renewed his earlier pledge of Japan's friendship.

Perhaps Senator Phelan was right, and perhaps he was wrong. Perhaps Ambassador Ishii was sincere, perhaps not. We believe the senator was unnecessarily excited, and that Mr. Ishii spoke honorably and with knowledge. But Japan does object to "race discrimination" in America, and there must be increasing trade rivalry between the two countries, across the Pacific. And that means that every Japanese and every American must be wise and careful—but not suspicious and distrustful.

SIXTEEN HOURS TO IRELAND

HAWKER and Grieve made a gallant attempt, but did not quite succeed. The Americans, flying under orders in a scientific rather than a sporting effort, got across. But to Great Britain went the honor of the first non-stop transatlantic flight. Early in the morning of June 15 two young British officers, Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Brown, landed at Clifden, in Ireland, after a flight of 1960 miles from Newfoundland.

Press Illus. Service
CAPTAIN JOHN ALCOCK

They traveled in a Vickers-Vimy biplane—if you call it traveling. It took them sixteen

hours and twelve minutes, flying at from 300 to 15,000 feet above the gray waters

Press Illustrating Service
LIEUTENANT ARTHUR W. BROWN

of the mist-cloaked Atlantic. A single "jump," and not a word from the intrepid navigators until they came down, after the greatest flight in the history of flying. Who said there was no more romance, no more adventure, in this worn-out old world?

Man has tried through all the centuries of his existence to overcome time and space and the forces of nature. Alcock and Brown probably do not call themselves heroes, but we are going to do it for them. Hawker and Grieve were heroes, and so were our own fliers. But Alcock and Brown were the first to get there. Our hats are off to them! And as this page goes to press the great English dirigible R-34 is nearing America.

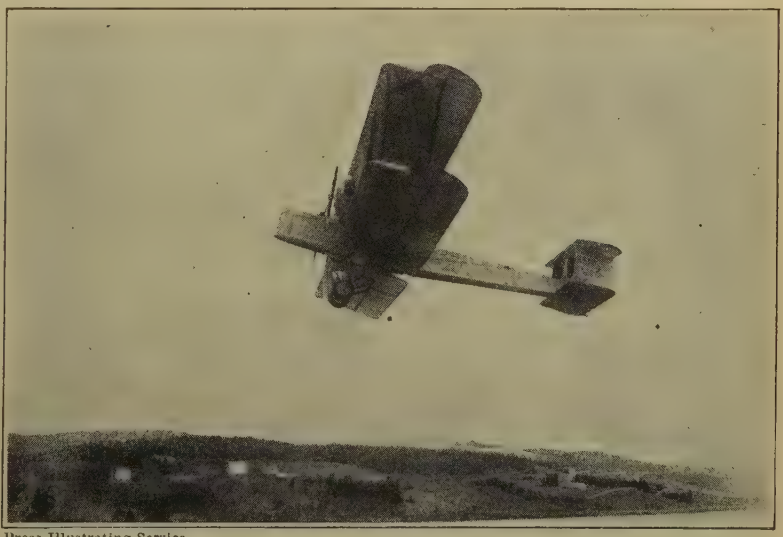
THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THERE was an election in the Philippines in June, and the candidates of the Nationalist Party won. This party stands for independence from the United States.

THE Shipping Board announced that sailings of the new fast through passenger-line of steamships direct from the United States to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro would begin November 1. The steamers used to be German, but they are now to fly the good old Yankee flag.

LITHUANIA, Ukrainia, and Esthonia asked the United States for recognition. In deciding whom to recognize, the larger Powers have almost as much of a problem as the new and smaller ones have in deciding how to use their young right of self-determination.

IN June it was the turn of the Turks to learn their fate from the Council of Four. Any one who felt himself in danger of becoming unpopular by being sympathetic with the representatives of Turkey had only to recall the fact that the Turks slew one-third of the Armenian people—one million out of three million. It is hard to see how any peace terms that make it easy for the Turks can embody a peace of justice—for Armenia.



Press Illustrating Service
THE VICKERS-VIMY BIPLANE STARTING ON HER TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT

PRESIDENT WILSON desired the treaty not to be published in this country until it had been

signed, but it was asserted that the official summary did not tell the whole truth, and the Senators who are fighting the President caused it to be printed in the "Congressional Record." The differences were so unimportant that the country refused to get excited.

THROUGH Senator Lodge, one of the leaders of the fight against the President, representatives of Fiume at the Peace Conference appealed to the United States Senate for recognition and support of Fiume's desire for annexation to Italy.

The same day it was reported that a popular vote in one of the large islands near Fiume ran in the proportion of five to three in favor of connection with Jugo-Slavia. The TELESCOPE shows a rather heavy mist over the North Adriatic.

THERE was a report that British commercial interests were deeply concerned in the future of Fiume. A British line was said to have received concessions which would give England control of the important trade that will come down to that port from the Jugo-Slav territories. The report would have been really alarming, instead of being merely interesting, if it had not been hitched up to a statement that rather than submit to this Italy would form an alliance with Austria, Germany, Russia, and Japan.

ON the eighteenth day of June Congress voted against the continuance of daylight saving. On the twenty-sixth day of October the clocks are to be set back—to stay. Probably the very persons who fought hardest against the change of time will be the severest critics of the return to the old arrangement.

IN June they started the first steamer from Chicago, the greatest railroad center, direct to the mighty port of Liverpool. And they ask us to get excited about it—in these days, when aëroplanes are skipping across the ocean in a dozen hours and a quarter! Why, we expect any day now to buy a ticket for an airship trip around the world between breakfast-time and dinner. No, we do not count on seeing much of the scenery, but we certainly shall "get there"—if we are lucky!

WHAT 's the use of our saying a word? The Boy Scouts "started something," and "put it over." That 's the way they do, you know! And as half our readers were in it, and the other half were doing something just as fine for the Girl Scouts—well, we 're back where we started: What 's the use of our saying a word?

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BOY SCOUTS PARADE IN CAMPAIGN FOR A MILLION NEW ADULT MEMBERS

"BLACKBEAR"

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

THE slyest, shyest, stillest of all the wood-folk, he yet lives among men, although his companions of a century ago, the gray wolf and the panther, have been long gone. Silent as a shadow, he dwells among us far oftener than we know. Only a few years ago bears were found in such a long-settled State as New Jersey, where they had lived in dense cedar-swamps, unsuspected by a generation of near-by farmers. In Pennsylvania and New York they are increasing, and I have no doubt that they can still be found in parts of New England, from which they are supposed to have disappeared a half-century ago. In fact, it is always unsafe to say that any of the shyer wild-folk have gone forever. I have lived to see a herd of seven Virginia deer feeding in my neighbor's cabbage-patch in Connecticut, although neither my father nor my grandfather ever saw a wild deer in that State. In that same township I once had a fleeting glimpse of an otter; and only last winter, within thirty miles of Philadelphia, I located a colony of beaver—and could not have been more surprised if I had found a herd of wood-bison.

Even where the black bear is common, one may spend a long lifetime without sight or sound of him. He can slip like a shadow through thick woods where a man would frighten everything wild within a quarter-mile radius. There may be half a dozen bear feeding in a berry-patch. You may find signs that they are close at hand and all about. Yet no matter how you may hide and skulk and hunt, never a glimpse of one of them will you get.

He who *has* glimpsed a wild black bear has had an adventure well worth remembering and which may never come again. It is easier to scent a black bear than to see or hear him. Twice in bear country I have smelt the hot, strong, unmistakable odor of a bear near at hand in the dense woods, but although Bruin was probably watching me all the time, I was unable to get sight or sound of him. In fact, I am ashamed to say that I have never had a good look at a wild black bear, although I have tramped and camped on both sides of the continent. Twice I have had glimpses. The first time was in what was then the territory of Washington. I was walking with a friend through a bit of virgin forest. The narrow path was walled in on both sides by impenetrable windbreaks and underbrush. As we suddenly and silently came around a sharp bend, there was a crash through a mass of fallen trees, and I almost saw what caused it. At least, I saw the bushes move. There, right ahead of us, in the mold of a torn and rotted stump was a footprint like that of a broad, short, bare human foot. It was none other than the paw-mark of Mr. Bear, who is a plantigrade and, unlike most other animals, walks flat-footed. Although I was sorry to miss seeing him, yet I was glad that it was the bear and not the man who had to dive through that underbrush.

Another time I was camping in Maine. Not far from our tent, which we had cunningly concealed on a little knoll near the edge of a lonely lake, I found a tiny brook which trickled down a hillside. Although it ran through dense underbrush, it was possible to fish it, and every afternoon I would bring back half a dozen jeweled trout to broil for supper. One day I had gone farther up the hillside than usual and was standing silently up to my waist in water and brush, trying to cast over an exasperating bush into a little pool beyond. Suddenly I smelt bear. Not far from me there sounded a very faint crackling in the bushes on a little ridge, about as loud as a squirrel would make. As I leaned forward to look, my knee came squarely against a nest of enthusiastic and able-bodied yellow-jackets. Instantly a cloud of them burst over me like shrapnel, stinging my unprotected face unendurably. As I struck at them with my hand, I caught just one glimpse of a patch of black fur through the brush on the ridge above me. The next second my eye-glasses went spinning into the brush, lost forever, and I was stricken blind. Thereafter I dived and hopped like a frog through the brush and water until I came out beyond that yellow-jacket barrage.

I never saw that bear again. Probably he laughed himself to death. A black bear thinks nothing of eating young yellow-jackets, likewise snakes, birds' eggs, bugs, nuts, worms, mice, carrion, and any other bric-a-brac which he meets with on his wanderings. Ever since I learned that a bear will dig up and eat the bulbs of the jack-in-the-pulpit, I have become

convinced that he is leather-lined, for said bulbs, and I speak from knowledge, affect a human tongue like a mixture of nitric acid and powdered glass. When Mr. Bear first gets up in the spring, and by the way he stays up later and rises earlier than Mrs. Bear, he eats for an appetizer quantities of the tight, green rolls of the skunk-cabbage leaves, which show above ground in March like green cigars. An entry in my nature notes reads as follows:

A BLACK BEAR TEASING OLD MAN QUILL-PIG TO MAKE HIM ROLL UP SO THAT HE CAN MANAGE HIM MORE EASILY

"Only a fool and a bear would taste skunk-cabbage."

My lips were blistered and tongue swollen when I wrote it. The fact that the black bear and the fisher, or black-cat, are the sword-swallowers of the animals confirms me in my belief as to the nature of their lining. They are the only two mammals which can safely kill and eat Old Man Quill-pig, alias porcupine. The dog, the lynx, the wildcat, and the wolf have all tried and died. Only the bear and the black-cat can swallow those fatal quills and live.

Last spring, in northern Pennsylvania, I found myself on the top of a mountain by the side of one of those trembling bogs, locally known as bear-sloughs. There I had highly resolved to find the nest of a certain Nashville warbler which kept singing near me in a most irritating manner his song, which begins like a black-and-white warbler and ends like a chipping-sparrow. I did not suppose that there was a bear within fifty miles of me. Suddenly I came upon a large, quaking-aspen tree set back in the woods by the side of the bog. Its smooth bark was furrowed by a score of deep scratches and ridges about five feet from the ground, while above them the tree had apparently been repeatedly chewed. I recognized it at once as a bear-tree. In the spring and well through the summer, certain trees are selected by all the male bears of a territory as a sign-post. To these all the gentlemen bears of the neighborhood resort to carve messages for friend and foe. No bear of any real bearhood would think of passing such a tree without cutting his initials wide, deep, and high for all the world to see.

Contradictory as it may seem, a black bear may be born brown, red, white or yellow—the cinnamon or brown bear being only a color phase of the black. Probably no other mammal of the size of a bear starts so small. Bear-cubs are born blind, hairless, and so tiny that three of them can be held at once in a man's hand.

Although an animal of peaceful ways, the black bear is a terrible fighter when cornered. Its great jaws, filled with sharp teeth, can crush and crunch the bones of man or dog. Its steel-shod forearms, however, ridged with muscles like the ribbed trunk of a tree and armed with sharp, curved claws, are the bear's best weapons. With them it can swing, parry, and counter with the lightninglike motions of a trained boxer. It is doubtful whether any animal on this continent, except perhaps the bison or the moose, can keep its feet against the terrible, ripping, smashing, full-swing stroke of a grown bear.

The first flurries of snow mean bedtime

for Bruin. He is not afraid of the cold, for he wears a coat of fur four inches thick over a waistcoat of fat of the same thickness. He has found, however, that rent is cheaper than board. Unless there comes some great acorn year, when the oak-trees are covered with nuts, he goes to bed when the snow flies. One of the rarest adventures in woodcraft is the finding of a bear-hole, where Bruin sleeps rolled up in a big black ball until spring. It is always selected with the utmost care and beautifully concealed, for the black bear takes no chances of being attacked in his sleep. Personally, I have known of but three cases where a real bear-hole has been discovered. Of course bear-dens, where bears make their headquarters through the summer, are found more or less frequently. The last bear-hole of which I have heard was not far from home. Two friends of mine were shooting in the Pocono Mountains with a dog, about the middle of November, 1914. Suddenly the dog started up a black bear on a wooded slope. After running a short distance, the bear turned and popped into a hole under an overhanging bank. Almost immediately it started to come out again, growling savagely. I am sorry to say that my friends shot it. Then they explored the hole, which he had evidently prepared for his winter quarters. It was beautifully constructed. The entrance was under an overhanging bank shielded by bushes, and it seemed unbelievable that so large an animal could have forced its shoulders through so small a hole. The burrow was jug-shaped, spreading out inside and sloping up, while a dry shelf had been dug out in the bank. This was covered with layers of dry leaves and a big blanket of withered grass. In the top of the bank a tiny hole had been dug, which opened out in some thick bushes and was evidently an air-hole. Just outside the entrance, the bear had piled an armful of dry sticks, evidently intending, when he had finally entered the hole, to pull them over the entrance and entirely hide it. The bear itself turned out to be a young one. An old veteran would not have made such a mistake, but would have died fighting before giving up the secret of his winter castle.

OUT OF THE BANK CAME A BIG BLACK BEAR (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Some years ago I was fishing for landlocked salmon through the ice in Maine in March. Just before I came to my winter camp, two small boys went out hunting from the nearest town with a single-barreled, muzzle-loading shot-gun between them. Over on the slope of Black Hill they noticed a little hole which seemed to lead in under a great flat rock. The snow had melted away, and there was a strong, gamy smell around the hole. One of the boys cut a long moose-wood pole and poked it in as far as he could reach.

"I think there 's something here," he remarked.

There was. In a second the whole bank burst outward, exposing the interior of a pear-shaped burrow.

Out of this came a big black bear. The boys felt like the man who spent three hours in trailing a bear and five minutes in getting home after he had found it. The boy with the pole retired behind the boy with the gun. Waiting until the bear was almost upon them, the latter fired at close range a charge of number-six shot into the bear's neck, just below the jaw, killing it instantly.

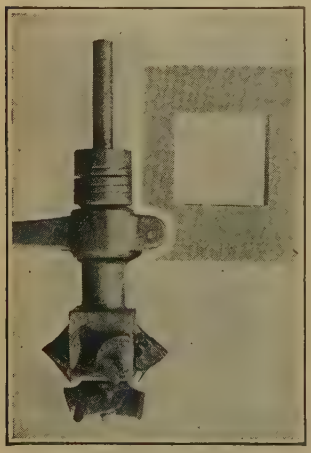
The only other bear-hole of which I have any record was one reputed to have been discovered by Great-great-uncle Jake, who was a Revolutionary soldier and a celebrated bear-hunter.

But this story I have already told in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS.

A NEW AUGER THAT BORES SQUARE HOLES

THAT metaphor for foolishness in the college class-room, jest of the machine-shop, and hazy dream of the serious, experienced engineers, an auger to bore square holes, has been perfected by Carl H. Schmidgall, a young inventor of Peoria, Illinois.

Not only has he completed the construction of a working model of his machine, which works its way by rotary motion through wood, iron, or stone, and obtained letters patent from the United States Patent Office, but engineers in one of the leading universities of the country have approved it as a practicable, cheaply manufactured, simple tool, and he has been offered a considerable sum for his patent rights.

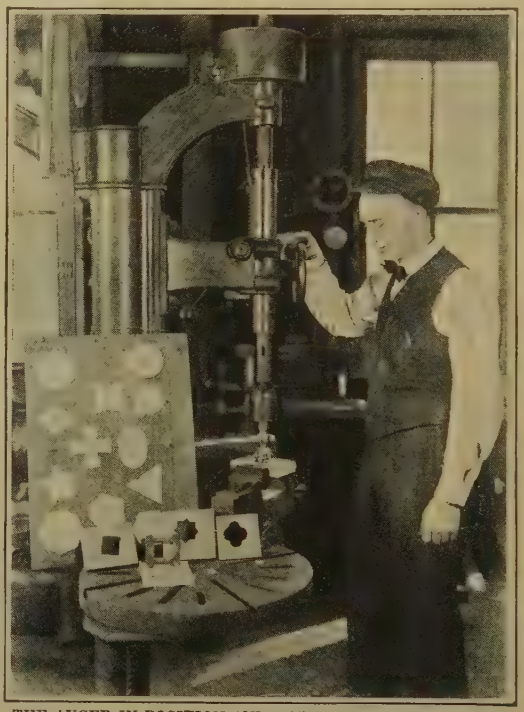


THE NEW AUGER

The tool is really five augers in one, four little conical rotary-cutters milling out the corners of the square as the main shaft sinks a hole through the lumber. In boring through iron or stone, two operations take place: first, a round hole is drilled through, and then the four rotary cutters mill out the corners at a single operation. Drilling a square hole through a one-inch piece of marble by the usual methods takes four hours or more of careful work by a skilled man. By the new invention it can be, and has been, done in five minutes.

And yet the square auger is a simple machine with only a dozen parts, carefully adjusted, and, according to experts who have examined and tested it, can be manufactured at a comparatively low price.

By making simple variations in the shape of the cutters, it is possible on the same principle to make the auger bore holes of almost any imaginable shape, key-holes for doors, ovals, many-sided and irregular holes. Its field of usefulness is bound to be a wide one.



THE AUGER IN POSITION AND HOLES OF VARIOUS SHAPES BORED BY IT

The inventor has been working upon his idea since he was twelve years old, while learning, at the same time, his trade of machinist in his father's blacksmith shop. He is now twenty-nine years of age and operates the biggest hand-made tool shop in Illinois outside of Chicago.

And here, from all parts of the United States, master mechanics have already been to visit him and see his square auger at work.

JAMES ANDERSON.

SOAP-BUBBLES A YEAR OLD

The transient existence of the soap-bubble is proverbial, but Professor J. Dewar, in a discourse delivered some months since at the Royal Institute, in London, explained how soap-bubbles could be made to last for months, and exhibited several specimens. The first requisite is that the air used in blowing the bubble shall be free from dust. In Professor Dewar's process the air was filtered through cotton-wool, and the bubbles blown by opening a stop-cock in the air-supply tube. To make the bubble durable, the small drop of liquid at the bottom was removed by means of suction through tubes applied from outside. The lecturer showed bubbles more than half a yard in diameter, blown in glass vessels containing pure air at atmospheric pressure. A little water is kept at the bottom of the vessel and a uniform temperature of about 50 degrees Fahrenheit is maintained. Some of Professor Dewar's smaller bubbles were nearly a year old.

Scientific American.

THE OLD SCYTHE

As one motors between Syracuse and Geneva the attention is attracted to an old buttonwood-tree which stands on the north side of the road about half-way between Geneva and Waterloo. An American flag always hangs from this tree, and it is not until one pauses and looks more closely that any reason can be seen for the flag. It would repay the tourist, however, to stop for a moment; and if the occupant of the near-by farm-house is at hand, he will gladly tell you the story.

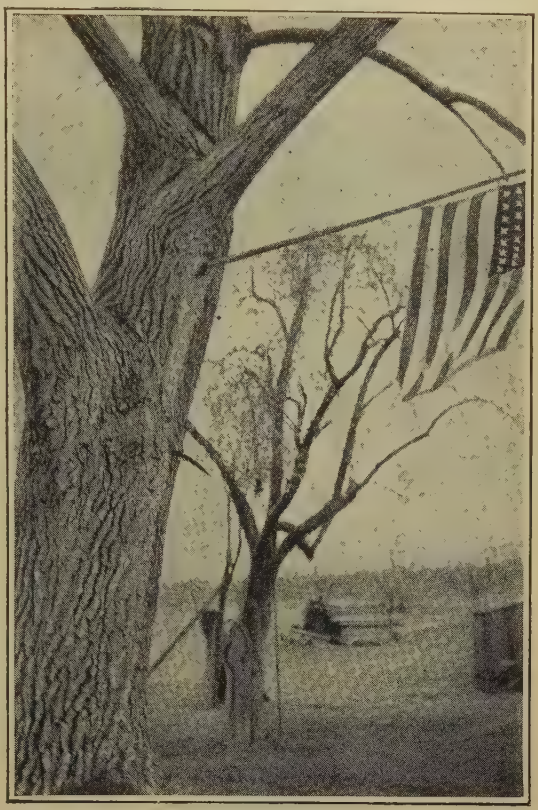
A few feet below the flag, at the base of the first crotch, can be plainly seen the point of a scythe-blade protruding from the trunk of the tree. It is this scythe-blade that the story really concerns.

When war broke out in 1861, a young man named Johnson was mowing with his scythe near this tree. The news had just come that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and young Johnson quickly decided that he was needed at the front. So, hanging his scythe in the tree (then a mere sapling), he rushed to the house, saying to his mother: "I am going to fight for Uncle Sam. Leave my scythe hanging there till I come back!"

That was the last seen of young Johnson. The anxious mother scanned the papers after every battle in the hope of finding some mention of her son; but the war finally ended, and he did not return.

Year after year went by, but the mother continued to watch for him and refused to allow the scythe to be removed.

The sapling gradually developed into a large tree, and the wood began to grow around the



THE SCYTHE TREE

The point of the blade is seen just below the lower branch of the tree in the background.

blade. The handle decayed, little by little, until it finally disappeared. To-day the tree is fully three feet in diameter. The heel of the scythe is deeply imbedded in the center of the tree, and about a foot or eighteen inches of the pointed end is all that can be seen.

Some three years ago the tree was injured by lightning, but it received prompt and expert attention, and the damage was so successfully repaired that its life has undoubtedly been prolonged for many years.

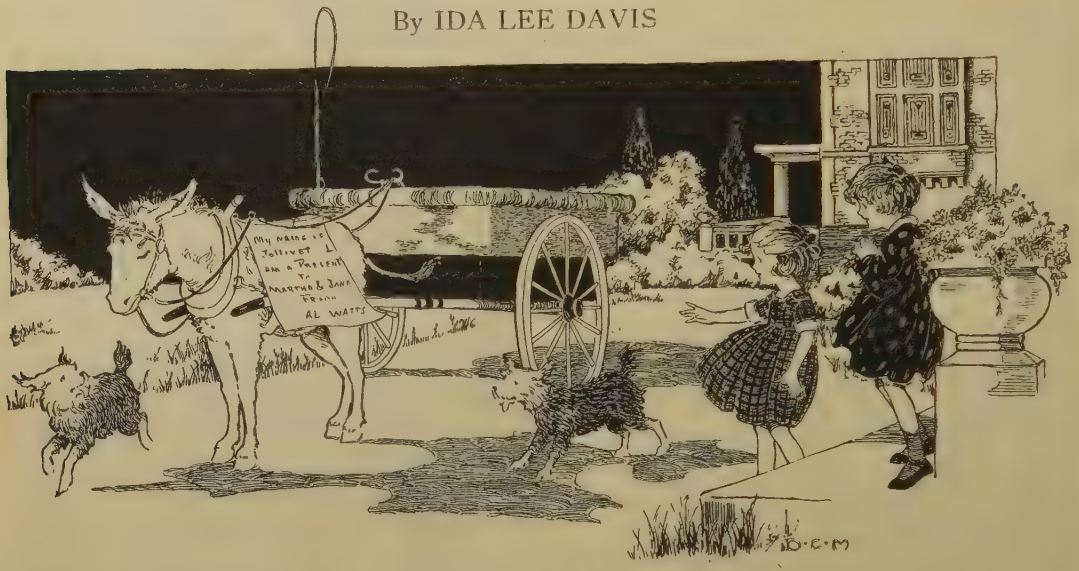
Of course the farm has changed hands many times since the Johnsons lived there; but each owner has respected the wishes of the mother and son, and leaves the scythe untouched. The present occupant keeps a flag flying above it to commemorate the deed, and on each Memorial Day replaces the old flag with a new one

Mary Richards Berry.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE COMING OF THE DONKEY

By IDA LEE DAVIS



THE donkey and his dear little cart were a surprise present.

One day, when Martha and Jane were wondering what to do next, Mother Dear called them to the front door, and what do you think they saw?

There, at the foot of the broad steps, stood a tired but stolid little donkey. He was harnessed into the dearest little cart you ever saw! On one side of the donkey's back was fastened a great brown paper, and as the little girls ran down the steps, some big black letters stared at them and Martha read excitedly:

"My name is JOLLIVET
I am a PRESENT to
MARTHA and JANE
from
Al. Watts"

Martha and Jane shouted with joy, while the peacocks and the Guinea-hens joined in the chorus.

Al. Watts was an old and kind friend. He seemed to know just what little girls wanted most. Many times he had played Santa Claus for Martha and Jane. But this was the most wonderful thing he had ever done. Martha and Jane thought they could never love him enough for it.

They climbed into the little cart, which wiggled and jiggled most delightfully, talking excitedly while they drove to the donkey-house. The donkey-house was new. Martha and Jane had watched the man build it, but they had not dreamed what it was for.

Jane immediately took the reins in her own little hands. She passed the whip to Martha. And that was the way they drove forever after.

Old Nell, the mastiff, ambled along at one side.

She poked up her old gray nose toward the little girls, wagging her tail questioningly, as much as to say, "Are you perfectly safe and happy, my dear little girls?"

Mother Dear and the man walked, in spite of the fact that little Jane had most cordially invited them to ride.

The advance guard consisted of Jack, the cocker-spaniel, Flyaway, the mischief, and all the cackling Guinea-fowl. The fowl were flying hither and thither, making all the noise they could. The little dogs were barking joyously right into the donkey's face. At times they would jump up and playfully try to nip his big nose with their sharp little teeth. Jill, (Jack's twin sister), the Countess of Warwick, Vagabond, Maria, and the peacocks, screaming at the top of their lungs, brought up the rear.

At the donkey-house some of the racket ceased, because Jollivet suddenly stopped. He seemed to know he had reached his home, or perhaps it was his custom to stop at anything that looked like a resting-place.

Martha and Jane scrambled out of the little carriage. Mary, the cook, came running from the kitchen. In one hand she held a carrot, and in the

SHE THOUGHT JOLLIVET WANTED TO BITE HER (SEE NEXT PAGE)

other were several bits of sugar. Everybody laughed when Jollivet stretched out his big nose toward cook as though she were an old and valued friend.

The man showed Martha and Jane how to unharness their new pet and put him in his stall. All this time the little girls were feeding Jollivet sugar and carrot. He flopped his big ears while he munched the nice red carrot, and sniffed eagerly toward the sugar, his big eyes looking very large and wise.

"He looks just as if he knew he had come to be our playmate!" cried little Jane, joyously.

Martha and Jane adopted him at once. Jollivet regarded them with a

tired but merry twinkle in his big, unblinking, black eyes, and he adopted Jane immediately in return. He allowed her to put her little arms about his thick neck, to rub his nose the wrong way, and to whisper in his long ears how beautiful she thought him.

He let Martha pat him on the back and feed him sugar. But when she timidly tried to pet him on the nose, and he found there was nothing in her warm little hand for him to eat, he put his long ears back, stuck out his head, raised his big upper lip, and showed all his great yellow teeth.

Martha drew back in alarm. She thought Jollivet wanted to bite her. But little Jane walked straight up to the rascal and gave him what she called a love-pat, right in the middle of his naughty nose.

"Don't you hurt my sister!" she cried. "If you do, we won't love you!"

Jollivet hung his naughty head. He looked ashamed, and so unhappy that little Jane threw her loving arms about his neck.

Jollivet eyed her gravely. Presently he cheered up. But he seemed to know that Martha was afraid of him, and that Jane was not. And so from that time on he minded little Jane and bullied Martha.

Jollivet was a trick donkey. One day he followed little Jane right up the long narrow flight of back steps. Into the kitchen he walked, as saucy as you please. Cook chased him out with the egg-beater, which she happened to have in her hand; but not before Jollivet had seen the little round cakes that she had just made.

Jollivet had been introduced to cake before. So he sniffed eagerly, then reached out his big nose, opened his great mouth, and seized one of those lovely little cakes. Jane thought it was such fun that she helped herself to another. And then the race began.

Out they ran. Little Jane was the quicker. She reached the door first. Jollivet clattered after, his little iron shoes making plenty of noise. Out of the corner of his eye Jollivet saw Cook wave the egg-beater, and he ran so fast that he nearly tumbled down the stairs head-first. Cook had a good chance to catch him—and she did!

She caught him by his little stringy tail and held on for dear life. Jollivet had an awful time. He tried his best to kick. But stairs are not good places to kick on. Jollivet nearly landed on his nose! But soon he reached the ground and made up for lost time.

Cook dropped the tail and backed up the steps. Jollivet wheeled about and looked at her wickedly. Then he held up his head and hee-hawed as though his very life depended on it. It was the most awful noise you ever heard.

Meanwhile, little Jane had not finished her cake. She held up the remaining bit, teasingly, dancing up and down, and daring cook to come and take it. But cook was wise. She was in a safe place, high on the steps, and had no desire to get within reach of Jollivet's little iron heels.

"I 'm too cross to bother wid yer!" she cried, trying to scowl. But little Jane only shrieked with delight, for she saw that cook could n't keep from laughing.

Just then Jollivet sidled up toward Jane, and before that little girl knew what was happening, her cake had disappeared down the donkey's throat!

Cook laughed so that she had to sit down on the steps. And presently Jollivet thought he would go up and sit beside her. But cook saw him coming and fled.

Just then little Jane caught sight of Dear Father and away she ran to tell him. And what do you suppose he told little Jane and Martha?

He said that once Jollivet had been an actor on the stage! That he had

"HE SEIZED ONE OF THOSE LOVELY LITTLE CAKES"

been taught to go up and down stairs. He told them that Jollivet had taken part in a great play called "Michael Strogoff," and knew many things that most donkeys did n't.

Jane immediately declared that Jollivet must first have been a trick donkey in a real circus. Father said that he knew nothing about that. So the next day little Jane asked Jollivet. He did n't deny it. He just bent down one ear, while putting his big head on one side, as if he were listening to what his little mistress was saying.

When little Jane had finished her whispering in Jollivet's ear, he pulled his head away and shook it vigorously, and whisked his funny little tail. He looked very wise, Jane thought. Martha said that she thought she saw him laugh. But if he did, he made no other reply. He just nosed little Jane's hand for sugar. When he found she had none, he looked disgusted. Then he turned and raised his great upper lip at Martha.

ST. NICHOLAS DAY

WHERE are you going,
My brave little man?
Oh where are you running away?
"To meet the old postman,"
He called as he ran,
"For this is ST. NICHOLAS Day."

J. L. Glover.

"HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY AIMÉE ELLIS, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOVEMBER, 1918.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

ALMOST all the great historic naval battles must have been included in the long list of prose compositions sent in by our League boys and girls this month on the subject, "A Famous Sea-Fight." The immortal stories of Nelson at Trafalgar, John Paul Jones and the *Bonhomme Richard*, Farragut at Mobile, Sir Richard Grenville and his little *Revenge*, the unique engagement of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, Dewey at Manila Bay—and a score of other celebrated contests, both ancient and modern—were recounted again and again by enthusiastic admirers of naval heroism. And youthful patriots who glory in the Anglo-Saxon dominion of the seas naturally reveled, also, in the stirring sea-fights of the Great War just ended—with its record of such exploits as that of the English sailors at Zeebrugge, and the many startling encounters between that lurking peril of to-day, the treacherous U-boat, and the valiant men of the American and British navies. Nor must we forget the many clever young folk whose essays were only semi-historic—if even that! Most of these were our youngsters of from ten to twelve,—bless their hearts!—but their stories had the true heroic fervor, however careless of actual ways of doing things! It is the privilege of these dear little narrators to be altogether scornful of bothersome facts or details; and we are grateful indeed to them for such offerings as that of a twelve-year-old chronicler on pages 955-6. This artless account of a combat between a "sub" and one of our transports succeeds in picturing a veritable thriller of a shindy in a way that makes delightful reading.

There remains room to say only: Don't fail to read this month's verse, either. We have grown used to finding genuine little poems in the LEAGUE pages every month. And of several printed in this number we ought to be, and are, very proud.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 234

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Gold Badge. **A. Appleton Packard, Jr.** (age 14), New York. Silver Badges, **Henry Hayman** (age 10), Pennsylvania; **Mary M. Graves** (age 15), New York.

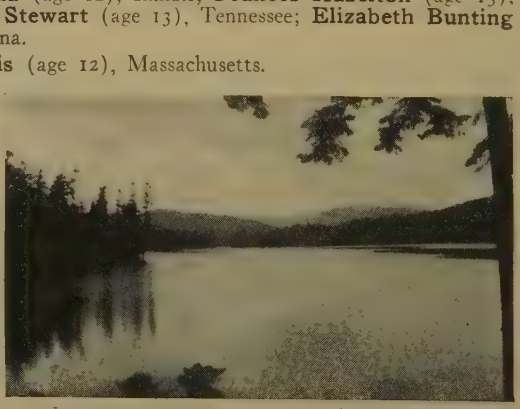
VERSE. Gold Badge, **Katharine Edwards Sheldon** (age 16), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Dorothea Smith** (age 16), California; **Muriel Stafford** (age 16), Connecticut; **Alice M. Clampitt** (age 15), Iowa; **Sam L. Simpson** (age 13), Canada; **Briton Niven Busch, Jr.** (age 15), New Jersey.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Aimée Ellis** (age 15), Connecticut; **Mary Evelyn Hoag** (age 13), Minnesota. Silver Badges, **Jean McIntosh** (age 14), Michigan; **John Doyle** (age 13), Colorado; **Gratia V. Kendall** (age 14), Canada; **Cora M. Clare** (age 11), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badges, **Virginia M. Burmister** (age 14), California; **A. Louise Campion** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Dorothy Tuska** (age 12), Illinois; **Frances Hazelton** (age 15), Vermont; **Carolyn Arnold** (age 13), Iowa; **Frances Stewart** (age 13), Tennessee; **Elizabeth Bunting** (age 10), Wisconsin; **Betty Margileth** (age 9), Indiana.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badge. **Norman Davis** (age 12), Massachusetts.

BY DOROTHY TUSKA, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY FRANCES HAZELTON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A QUIET SCENE."

BENEATH THE STARS.

BY MARY CANDACE PANGBORN (AGE 11)

(*Honor Member*)

THE goddess of night has lit her lamps, and they beckon from where they swing,
And her golden censer sheds its light on the short turf's fairy ring.
The tree-toads call from branch to branch, and the night has just begun.
Let us steal away on the moonlit path to the loom where the dreams are spun.

This is the way—where the elflets dance to the wind-swept hill on high,
And there you may see the magic loom against the blue-black sky.
The goddess sits at the fairy loom, and sings with a crooning sound
As she spins the gossamer web of dreams that is floating all around.

Hither and yon, in the silver light, the shimmering fabric flies;
And the hues that dance on its surface change before our wondering eyes.
It ripples the sound of the bubbling brook and reflects the pasture bars,
And the goddess sings her mystic chant as she spins beneath the stars.

But now she has seen where we stand and watch, and she laughs o'er her weaving light,
And she flings us a piece of the web that floats in the silvery, star-gemmed night—
A web that is sprinkled with star-dust fine and touched with a fairy wand—
And we make us wings of the web to fly to the Land of Dreams beyond!

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

BY RACHEL L. CARSON (AGE 11)

(*Honor Member*)

IT was the night of April 30, 1898. A long line of ships slipped silently through the quiet waters off Corregidor Island, near the entrance to Manila Bay. It was the American fleet, commanded by Admiral Dewey, with orders to capture the city of Manila.

The moon was hidden behind a bank of clouds, but occasional flashes of lightning helped to guide them past the islands near the entrance to the bay.

Although two batteries fired on them, the fleet passed safely into Manila Bay, the only light visible being one on the stern of each vessel, to guide the one behind.

When, at two in the morning, Admiral Montojo, Spanish commander, was informed that the American fleet was in the bay, he immediately hurried his men on board the ships to prepare for action.

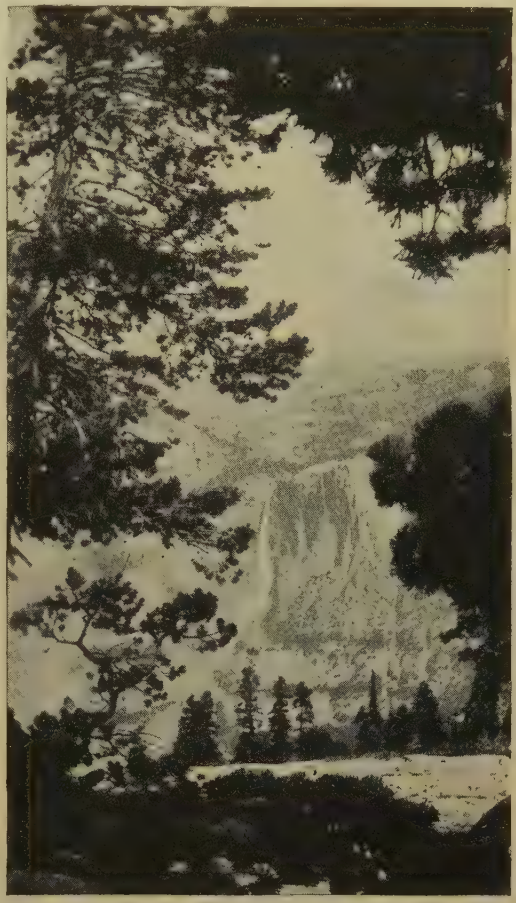
At five o'clock a large number of Spanish vessels were visible. The flag-ship *Olympia* headed for these, followed by the entire squadron, without a shot being fired.

At the signal, "Prepare for general action," the Stars and Stripes floated out in the early morning breeze from the twenty-six American ships.

As the sun rose over the hills, the first gun was fired from the *Olympia*. It was the signal for the fleet to begin firing.

Undoubtedly, the splendid American marksmanship won the battle for them, as almost every shot went home, while only a few Spanish shots struck our vessels. The *Baltimore* was struck five times, but no serious damage was done.

One by one the Spanish ships were sunk, or forced to retreat, and battery after battery was destroyed, until Admiral Montojo saw that he could no longer continue the battle, and, at twenty minutes before noon, raised a white flag in token of surrender.



"A QUIET SCENE." BY VIRGINIA M. BURMISTER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1917.)

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

BY HENRY HAYMAN (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

NAPOLEON was at the height of his career. England was in danger. What could save her from instant invasion by the French Emperor? Could her navy protect her? This was the question that Lord Nelson, the commander of the British fleet, asked himself. He decided that at all costs he would try to win.

So in his flag-ship he led the column of ships that were to save England that day.

At eleven o'clock the enemy fleet appeared off the Cape of Trafalgar.

The English ships immediately cleared for action and spread all sail to get into the fray. There was

hardly any wind, so the larger ships entered into the battle first.

As the *Victory,* Nelson's flag-ship, went into action he ran up that memorable signal, "England expects every man to do his duty."

It was answered by cheers from the other boats of the squadron.

An hour after the *Victory* fired her first shot, Nelson fell mortally wounded. But he did not fall until three of the enemy ships had sunk and four surrendered.

After he had been carried below, his captain came down at intervals to bring him news of the battle. At last he brought news of a crushing defeat for the enemy.

When Nelson heard these words he said, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" And with these words he died.

It was a splendid victory, but the rejoicing was only half-hearted, because with this victory England lost the greatest naval officer she has ever had.

BENEATH THE STARS.

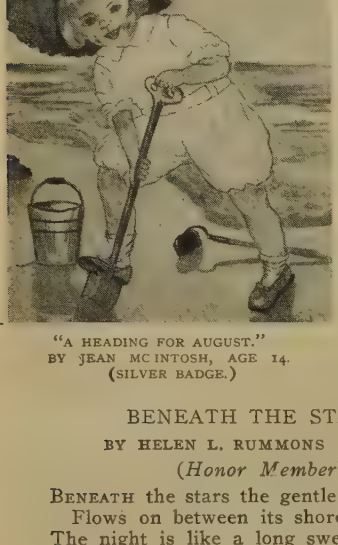
BY DOROTHEA SMITH (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

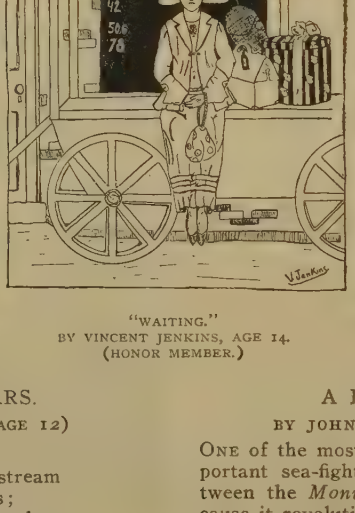
THE heavens are of indigo,
  A soft wind lightly stirs
The branches of the pepper-trees;
And from afar the mountain breeze
  Brings tidings of the firs.

The stars, the angels' jewels seem,
  Soft glittering and bright;
And, queenly over all, the moon
Seems brighter than the sun of noon,
  And lighter seems the night.

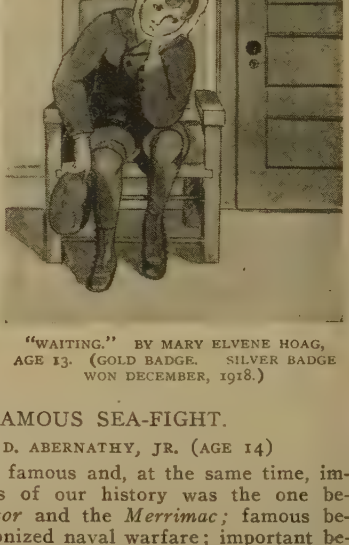
And yet again the branches stir!
  Again the soft winds bring
The fragrances of blossoms rare—
Of peach, of orange, and of pear—
  Beneath the stars, in spring!



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST."
BY JEAN MCINTOSH, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"WAITING."
BY VINCENT JENKINS, AGE 14.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



"WAITING." BY MARY ELVENE HOAG, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DECEMBER, 1918.)

BENEATH THE STARS.

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 12)

(*Honor Member*)

BENEATH the stars the gentle stream
  Flows on between its shores;
The night is like a long sweet dream
  To us who bend the oars;
We see the pale moon's silver beam,
And trembling stars' wan, feeble gleam,
  Fair Venus and red Mars.

Alas! Too soon the morning skies
  Will flame with crimson light!
Too soon the golden sun will rise,
  And end this fairest night!
Pure happiness, how soon it dies!
On wings less swift the night-bird flies
  When comes the morning light.

The moments fly on fairy feet
  To hide beyond the bars
Of Time, where centuries retreat—
  Past years of stress, and wars,
And hours of joy, like these, that fleet
Away to last forever—sweet
  As here beneath the stars.

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

BY JOHN D. ABERNATHY, JR. (AGE 14)

ONE of the most famous and, at the same time, important sea-fights of our history was the one between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac;* famous because it revolutionized naval warfare; important because of the issues depending upon the outcome. It occurred in the second year of the Civil War of 1861-65 in Hampton Roads, not far from Fortress Monroe. Here appeared a strange-looking craft, big and black and shining. It was the ironclad warvessel *Merrimac,* which had once belonged to the United States Navy. She had been sunk in the harbor, but the Confederates raised her, and fitted her out as a fighter. Her decks were covered with iron and were slanted so that cannon-balls would roll off and do no damage. A great iron beak was then fitted on her, making her a most formidable craft indeed.

This iron fiend sunk her first victim, the *U. S. S. Congress,* by ramming her with her iron beak and on the same day she sank the *Cumberland.*

Her next encounter was with the *Monitor,* another ironclad vessel, built by John Ericsson. The *Monitor* resembled a cheese-box on a raft. Her sides were flat, but in the center was a big, revolving

BY CAROLYN ARNOLD, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY A. LOUISE CAMPION, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1919.)

BY FRANCES STEWART, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY LOUISE HENRY ROBERTSON, AGE 15.

BY ANNE MORROW, AGE 12.

BY ELIZABETH BUNTING, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY FAITH H. POOR, AGE 12.

BY BETTY MARGILETH, AGE 9.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"A QUIET SCENE."

turret which contained two eleven-inch guns.

Up came the little *Monitor,* much like a hornet at a great bull. The *Merrimac* laughed; the *Monitor* looked so funny. But when the *Monitor* fired one of her guns, the *Merrimac* decided that she had an antagonist worthy of her consideration. The *Merrimac* did everything she could to get the advantage of her foe, but she was always at the mercy of those terrible guns. She tried to ram her adversary, but did not succeed. Finally, at the end of four hours' fighting, the *Merrimac* sailed away, still not understanding how the little *Monitor* had beaten her.

BENEATH THE STARS.

BY ELIZABETH H. HART (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

Long dead Elaine, the Queen, and Lancelot;
The Table Round is gone, and Arthur's court;
O'erthrown the towers of ancient Camelot.
But yet, when star-shine silvers green-black trees,
And midnight silence hushes human shout,
When eery mists float over lonely fens,
When pipe gaunt winds above deserted hills—
In deepest forest, where the oaks bend down
Green boughs, protecting her, and creepers throw
Their slender spirals forth in guidance, strays
Blue-eyed Elaine, Elaine of Astolat.
Her comb-slipped hair like pale gold sunbeam glints;
Her footstep scarcely moves the grasses' heads.
And ne'er she rests, by fern or rivulet,
But through the forest wanders all the night,
To wake sad echoes, crying, "Lancelot!"

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

BY SILVIA WUNDERLICH (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

Near Flores, in the Azores, in 1591, a small English fleet lay at anchor. They had been sent to cut off Spanish treasure-ships. As they lay there, a ship came sailing toward them to warn them that an armed Spanish fleet of fifty-three ships was approaching. The English fleet was in a bad shape. Half her men were either on shore or sick. Lord Thomas, thinking he had no possible chance, ordered his ships to sail away. One, however, remained. Sir Richard Grenville, commander of the *Revenge,* rather than bear the disgrace of fleeing from the oncoming Spaniards, resolved to remain and fight. Ninety or more of his men were sick, leaving about one hundred to man the ship.

The little ship sailed away from Flores and met the Spanish fleet. One against fifty-three! But nothing daunted the *Revenge;* she ran right into the heart of the foe. Up came the *San Philip* and poured a broadside into the *Revenge.* The *Revenge* in turn fired back, and the *San Philip* withdrew.

For a day and a night they fought. By this time the *Revenge* was in a sorry condition. Her masts were gone, she was almost on a level with the ocean, and her crew were nearly all wounded, Sir Richard Grenville included. The Spaniards were willing to make terms, but Sir Richard said, "Master Gunner, sink her, split her in twain, we will yield to the mercy of God and to none other." However, his seamen surrendered, and the Spaniards carried Sir Richard to one of their own ships, where they treated him with great respect. He died soon after.

And thus occurred one of the noblest sea-fights ever fought, although the *Revenge* was defeated.

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

BY MARY M. GRAVES (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

It was a dripping night, and a bank of fog was steadily advancing toward the little harbor of Zeebrugge. Suddenly the wind shifted, the fog rolled back, and there, exposed to the everwatchful eyes of the Germans, lay a fleet of British cruisers.

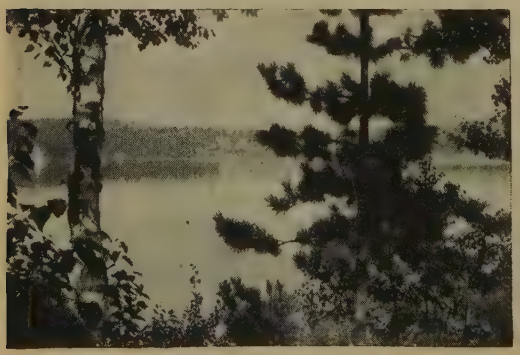
A moment of silence, then the guns ashore roared out, star-shells gleamed overhead, and the searchlights flashed toward the stealthily advancing fleet.

No wonder Zeebrugge awoke so quickly, for was it not the most important U-boat base on the North Sea? Was not the concrete mole, which protected the canal, down which the newly manufactured submarines came to enter the North Sea, just bristling with guns to give the Allies a hostile reception?

Under the unremitting fire, the fleet advanced. One ship dropped anchor at the mole. Her attacking forces, composed of sailors and marines, quickly disembarked and were soon engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the foe. In this manner they partially distracted the enemy's attention from the main fleet.

With shells bursting all around, three cruisers, their holds filled with concrete, quickly detached themselves from the other ships, and, following one after the other, were speedily sunk by their commanders in the mouth of the canal.

Of course, the world was thrilled, for in an hour these audacious Englishmen had effectively blocked a canal which had aided the Germans for four years in sending their U-boats into the ocean to do their deadly work.

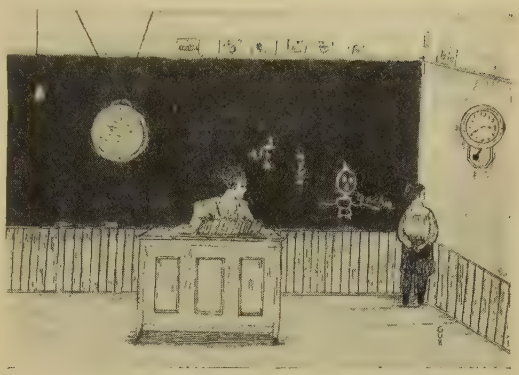


BY ELINOR GOLDMARK, AGE 13.

BY SALEM HYDE, AGE 14.

"A QUIET SCENE."

BY JOHN DOYLE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GRATIA V. KENDALL, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"WAITING."

BENEATH THE STARS.

BY KATHARINE EDWARDS SHELDON (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October,* 1918)

NIGHT'S silence reigns. All is serene and still.
The golden moon's soft, iridescent beams,
Reflected in the brooklets and the streams,
Create a thousand lights. The lark's last trill
Sounds and reëchoes from a distant hill
Into the night. Each starry pathway seems
To call me, lure me to my land of dreams,
To bid me follow Fancy and her will.
Across the silvery surface of the grass
I glide, as on the ev'ning wind I 'm borne.
The dewdrops sparkle in the starry light,
A million crystal blades rise as I pass,
To beautify and bless the coming morn.
God's heaven is on earth on such a night!

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

(*A True Story*)

BY A. APPLETON PACKARD, JR. (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge, Silver Badge won January,* 1919)

ONE of the most famous sea-fights in history is that of the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* off Flamborough Head, England, September 23, 1779. It was all the more remarkable because it had so many spectators.

The battle began by the English commander's asking, "What ship is that?" and he received his answer: a storm of shot and shell from the mouths of a score of cannon.

The principal disaster to the American ship was that of the bursting of several of its best guns, and also the mushiness of the wood of which the old hulk—for it was really nothing better—was made, and through which the enemies' cannon-balls easily penetrated.

The fight had raged with great intensity for several hours, and the Englishmen were so confident of victory that they called out, "Have you struck?" And the reply from the indomitable Jones was, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Shortly after this, in the various twistings and turnings of the two ships, the *Serapis'* bow swung across the deck of the *Bonhomme Richard,* and it was quickly attached to the American ship. The Americans boarded the enemy, and for two hours a terrific hand-to-hand fight ensued.

An American sailor had climbed into the shrouds of the American ship, and choosing an opportune moment, he threw down some bombs on the *Serapis,* which fell in some powder, which exploded and killed a score of men. The concussion caused by this explosion broke the already tottering mainmast of the Britisher, and the captain was thus forced to surrender.

Thus was ended one of the greatest sea-fights in history, and to John Paul Jones belongs the just reward.

UNDERNEATH THE STARS.

BY MURIEL STAFFORD (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

SOFTLY, gently has the twilight
Deepened; it is night.
Dusky shadows all about me
Waver in the pale moonlight.
To the nodding flowers the breezes
Breathe a lullaby;
And o'er the murmuring brook the willows
Droop and softly sigh.
Here all is tranquil, all secure.
No rude sound the calmness mars.
Dear familiar scenes around me;
And up above—the stars!

Far away they glimmer softly,
Sprinkled thickly through the sky,
Thousands, millions, billions, trillions!
And below—just I.
What am I? They are so many
One can't comprehend them all;
And oh, amid these whirling worlds,
I am so small—so small!
And suddenly I 'm sore afraid;
But not for long. I know
That He who made it all, and rules it,
Made and cares for me below.

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

BY MARGARET VAN ORDEN (AGE 12)

THE *Lincoln* was steaming noisily out of New York Harbor. There were two thousand troops aboard the great transport, all of whom were going to help "clean Fritzie up." They had all been warned by the mate to keep a watch for submarines.

It was midway between the United States and France that the periscope of a dreaded "sea-mon-

ster", a submarine, was sighted. Then the commotion began; orders were shouted, but unheeded, guns were hurriedly manned, and then all was still.

Slowly, but surely, the periscope grew taller. The deck of the submarine was sighted, till the whole thing showed itself. Everything was as still as death on the great transport. Then suddenly the deep voice of the captain of the submarine rang across the waters: "Surrender, or we fire!"

"Surrender, or *we* fire!" called back the transport's admiral, mockingly. That threw them both into a rage, and they opened fire together.

"Bang! Bang! Boong! Biff!" and the great guns banged away; the fight was a tie!

Suddenly the tide turned—the submarine sank out of sight. When she came up, a white flag was run up the staff, and she tipped 'way over to one side. The men jumped into the water to escape being borne down, and the transport's life-boats were sent out.

The transport's hull was slightly damaged, but it was soon fixed. The Germans were brought in, warmed up, and fed. They were soon singing their native songs, and seemed very willing to be under the protection of "Old Glory."

BENEATH THE STARS.

BY ALICE M. CLAMPITT (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

BENEATH the stars the world rests peacefully;
The air is cool and sweet, and all things sleep;
No sound is heard except a gentle murmuring,
As leaves hold converse in the forest deep.

The white moon sheds her soft beams over all;
And 'neath the trees the velvet depths of night
Lie dark and dense, and awesome silence reigns.
The land in slumberous costume is bedight.

Perhaps the night-song of a whippoorwill
Floats through the forest on a midnight breeze;
Or by low hoot the heart of some great owl
Proclaims its lonely sadness to the trees.

And so, beneath the stars, the whole night through,
This mystic stillness reigns supreme o'er all,
While whirl the myriad worlds and suns through space!
How vast creation seems, our life how small!

THE LAND BENEATH THE STARS.

BY SAM L. SIMPSON (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

BENEATH the stars there lies a land
Where slaves shall e'er be free;
A land where right shall triumph,
The Land of Liberty.

A land of men of courage,
Of women true and brave,
Best of Liberty's children,
By air and shore and wave.
A land of great traditions;
Of a people great and proud,
Who ne'er shall bow to a tyrant,
But leave him beaten, cowed.

And thus when Freedom called them
To battle with the Hun,
Their answer was the millions
That fought for right—and won!

"A QUIET SCENE." BY FRANKLIN BOYER, AGE 14.

BENEATH THE STARS.

BY BRITON NIVEN BUSCH, JR. (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

BENEATH the radiance of the quiet stars
The earth lies beautiful as in a dream,
With lawn and vale and fields, across the stream,
Dappled with moonlight in slim silver bars,
And splotched with clumps of pine-trees, dark and still,
That cast deep shadows on the old road's white
Thin ribbon as it winds on through the night
To vanish in a curve above the hill.
And as I gaze at this familiar scene,
Its very loveliness doth sadden me,
Reminding of those lands beyond the sea
That once were fair as this—as rich, as green.
And now, where smiling landscapes used to be,
The torn earth gapes with hideous wounds unclean!

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

VERSE

Eleanor Slater
Dorothy Eckard
Florence C. Crosby
Marion W. Smith
Mary H. White
Virginia R. Wilde
Eleanor C. Johnson

PROSE

Mary M. Carter
Katharine Sprague
Harry Clemenko
Ruth Nicoud
Edith Maxwell
Ruth Gardner
Helen G. Craig
Anita R. Cardozo
Ruth H. Thorp
Agnes Peters
Katherine A. Frederic
Margaret Mackprang
Marie L. Burton
Edward Fitzhugh, Jr.
Helen B. Hayes
Asenath Zarembeau
Alison B. Nott
Mary A. Fuertes

DRAWINGS

Worthen Bradley
W. W. Burgess, Jr.
J. Asher
Camille E. Girardey
Florence Daly
Grace F. Holcomb
Bernard Sheridan
Elizabeth Hale Tarbell

PHOTOGRAPHS

Ruth L. Davidson
Roydon Burke
Alice B. Womble
Sarah McFadden
Mary B. Hicks
Mary L. Love
Aileen Ryan
Elizabeth Williams
Holland L. Smith
Constance Reynolds
Anna Cooke
George Knorring
Robert L. Kelly
Grace F. Ludden
Katherine J. Russell
Nancy A. Houghton
Florence E. Finley
Mary C. Hamilton
Betty Fowler
Margaret Olmsted
Matilda Sommerfield
Joseph D. Elder

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Helen Durick
Edith Bennett
Esther McCartney
Margaret Durick
Elizabeth D. Levers
Dorothy Hart
William N. Jones, Jr.
Estelle Osborne
Louise Watkins
Isabelle T. Ellis
Charlotte Raymond
Margaret Buell
John McCarthy
Florence Brewer
Zita Doyle
Eleanor Byers
Eugenia Watson
Dorothy Kleitman
Jack Lignell
Mary Moore
O. P. Metcalf, Jr.
Anne Waldron

Bradford Hutchins
Victoria Yeager
Norma Nearing
Dorothy E. Quinn
Frances Jacque
Mary V. Ryan
Helene Cahn
Christine Douglas
Elizabeth Judd
Mildred Miller
Sally L. Holcomb
Elizabeth Robbins
Mary E. Herr
Dorothy Turman
Sarah E. Brown
Kathleen E. Delehanty
Charles R. Nelson, Jr.
John C. Ferenbach

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARJORIE L. HENDERSON, AGE 14.

Rital A. Salomon
William W. Pinkerton
Dorothy J. Miller
Helen Potts
Jeannette N. Robinson
Dorothy M. Jones
Charles Stengel
Dorothy Stratton
Leona Bowman

VERSE

Clarke Allen
Virginia Ralston
Wellesley P. Davis
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Natalie Hall
Algernon A. Finley
Mary E. Ellinwood
Marshall Shafer
Helen Pancoast
Henry Dreyfuss
Louise L. Blanchard
Mary J. Robertson
Helen S. Inness
Marian Gould
Margaret C. Cass
Marjorie A. Bly
Catherine Ridgway
Charlotte E. Young
Fanny Rich
Dorothy Wilkins

PHOTOGRAPHS

John Adams
Dorothy Hillman
Julia Polk
Marjorie R. Edwards
Margaret Bennett
Ellen Hallowell
Ada H. Beckman
Downing Tompkins
Sewall Emerson
Mary Hoffman
Caroline Barnes
Gladys Dixon
Georgia Ludlum
Catherine Barnes
Elizabeth D. Saxe
Blanche Brown
Martha F. Waugh
Emily Mott

PUZZLES

Lillian Stark
Dorothy Bowen
W. Otis Sage
Emily Pendleton
Annabel Lombard
Bainbridge C. Davis

"WAITING." BY CORA M. CLARE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Jean Harper
Edna Senior
Alice Hooper
Jane B. Bradley
Sylvia Lewis
Mary R. Evans
Mary McCullough
Helen Kieffer
Virginia H. Orr
Annie H. Medary
Dorothy O. Smith
Eleanor L. Scott
May W. Wilson

DRAWINGS

W. M. Randol, Jr.
Winnifred Macdonald
Nancy Riggs
Sarah B. Ferguson
Ida M. Wilson
Helen M. Furst
Kate Welles
Ruth T. Baker
Mary E. Green
Ada K. Rew
Katherine Baskerville
Duane Squires
Doris Sylvester
William A. Dalton
Betty S. Hungerford
Muriel Roe
James Houghton
Frances Downer
Dorothy Burns
Barbara Hodgkins
Arthur Hitchcock
Edith Read
Mary E. Longworth
Juliet Danziger
Albert A. King
Sallie T. Stevens
William Painter
Samuel Lovenstein
Louise J. Talma
Dorothy L. Wheelock
David S. Gifford
Eleanor Alexander
Ruth Johnson
Eloise Johnson
Katherine E. Marshall
Margery Dwyer
Aurelia L. M. Tetze

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 238

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of the readers of the St. Nicholas Magazine.

The League motto is, "Live to learn and learn to live."

The League emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

The League membership button bears the League name and emblem.

The St. Nicholas League, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the greatest artistic educational factors in the world.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Competition No. 238 will close **August 24.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in St. Nicholas for **December.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "When Christmas Chimes Are Ringing."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Christmas Home-coming," or "Home for Christmas."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "My Favorite Negative."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Familiar Object," or "A Heading for **December.**"

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nicholas. Must be addressed to The Riddle Box.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

Any reader of St. Nicholas, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

SAO PAULO, BRAZIL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read your magazine very much. I read it from cover to cover. I was surprised to see in your February number a story about the youngest soldier in the Revolution, whose name was Holden and who was twelve years old. I am sorry to say that the author was mistaken. If you look in July, 1884, of your back numbers, you will see an article by W. W. Crannell about "The Youngest Soldier of the Revolution." Richard Lord Jones enlisted when he had just passed his tenth birthday.

I am interested in this because I am Richard Lord Jones's great-great-granddaughter. My great-uncle's name was Richard Lord Annesley, and my brother's is Richard Lord Waddell.

The three-dollar bill that is mentioned in the ST. NICHOLAS of July, 1884, still exists in our branch of the family and is carefully preserved by my grandmother.

My great-great-great-grandfather, Captain Jeremiah Clarke, was the commander of the guard-ship in Providence River during the Revolution. My great-great-grandfather Barhyte was the first American soldier "over the top" of Breyman's redoubt at Bemis Heights.

From your very interested reader,

MARY BARHYTE WADDELL (AGE 11).

WE thank our young correspondent for reminding us of the article which ST. NICHOLAS printed in 1884. But in the story, "A Boy of Long Ago," published in our February number of this year, the statement "He is the youngest soldier in the army" appears only once, and then, in quotation, as a remark of General Knox. Of course, it is possible that General Knox might not, at that time, have known or heard of young Richard Lord Jones.

PACIFIC, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the White River Valley between Seattle and Tacoma at the foot of the Western Hill, and I think it is very beautiful indeed —at this time of year especially, for it is just covered with lilies, and up on top of the hill there are two very beautiful lakes, Five Mile Lake, the largest, and Trout Lake.

Looking to the eastern side, we see nothing but trees, but when we reach the top of the hill, we see before us Lake Taps, the second largest water-power plant in the world. It furnishes Tacoma and this valley with electricity.

On very bright days we can see Mt. Rainier.

From a new and interested reader,

HATTIE WEBB (AGE 13).

SEOUL, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Most of those who read ST. NICHOLAS know that the Koreans asked for independence on March 1st. On that same day Mama, Elizabeth (my oldest sister) and I were out on the streets and so heard them shouting. There is a nice school for foreign children with two nice teachers from America. On April 7th, when we had gone home for lunch, the Japanese police and gendarmes surrounded our school while they searched some buildings near it. The Noble twins, when coming back to school after their lunch, were stopped and made to stand in a corner in the rain for a little while, after which they were sent home to stay. One policeman was very nice and came in and talked with us and played on the organ. He said to Katherine Smith, whose hair is dark and straight, "Why is n't your hair like hers?" pointing to mine, which is light and curly. We played games inside, as it was raining very hard outside. At 3:30 Mr. Smith, a Japan missionary, Katherine's father, came and asked the chief of police to let us go. He came, looked us over, and let us go. Elizabeth and I live far from school and have to take our lunch, so we saw the whole thing through.

Most truly yours, LOUISE KOONS (AGE 9).

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I am sending you this poem that I made one morning. My eyes are brown, and my brother's eyes are blue.

I am seven years old, and I can't read all your stories yet, but some day I will.

When the cock crows in the morn
"Cock-a-doodle-do!"
Says little Brown-eye to little Blue-eye
"I'm awake! Are you?"

Your loving friend,

ROSAMOND LOMBARD.

Rosamond's mother writes this for her, because she is ill. We have had a good time, though, reading our old ST. NICHOLASES.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have been reading you with the greatest pleasure ever since I was eight years old, I have never written to you.

I live in Nevada, but go to school in California. Last summer, while home, I had a very interesting experience — I went down the famous Comstock mines in Virginia City. After driving up a grade full of "thrills," we went into two large rooms and put on miners' suits. Then we were crowded into a cage, and down we went. The cage went by jerks, and I was in mortal terror lest it break.

We stopped at a pumping-station after letting others slip up. The miners work here with very little on, as it is so steaming, and in some places cold-water showers play upon them. One room we went into was over 180°. I can assure you I did not stay there a great length of time.

We walked down long aisles. The time I was n't thinking about the heat I was thinking how nice it would be to find a lump of silver! We were down about an hour, but a whole week's pleasure was crowded into that short space of time.

We are about fourteen miles from Lake Tahoe. It is very beautiful there. The lake sometimes looks like a sapphire in a green setting.

MARJORIE COHEN (AGE 17).

LINCOLN, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought maybe that your many, many readers would like to hear about my little wrens. I have a wren house, and every summer the same wrens come to live in it. Last year they had three little babies. They were *very* cute. I would sit for hours and watch them.

From your loving reader,

RUTH E. MCCONNELL (AGE 9).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. R. 2. Con. 3. Rowan. 4. Nat. 5. N. II. 1. K. 2. Man. 3. Raven. 4. New. 5. N. III. 1. R. 2. Ton. 3. Robin. 4. Nib. 5. N. IV. 1. N. 2. Ban. 3. Nasal. 4. Nat. 5. L. V. 1. L. 2. Tab. 3. Labor. 4. Bog. 5. R. VI. 1. L. 2. Web. 3. Lever. 4. Beg. 5. R. VII. 1. L. 2. Rob. 3. Loser. 4. Bet. 5. R. VIII. 1. N. 2. Tam. 3. Natal. 4. Mar. 5. L.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, Bolsheviki; finals, G. Cross-words: 1. Bowling. 2. Opening. 3. Leaving. 4. Shining. 5. Heeding. 6. Evening. 7. Veiling. 8. Ironing. 9. Killing. 10. Imaging.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. 29—Sherman, Sheridan, Grant, Meade, Hancock, McClellan, Jackson, Johnston, Burnside.

WORD-ADDITIONS. 1. Fir-kin. 2. Bur-row. 3. Car-boy. 4. Cob-web. 5. Tar-tar. 6. Pea-nut. 7. See-saw. 8. Dot-age. 9. Ten-ant. 10. Fur-row. 11. Sol-ace. 12. Son-net.

CHARADE. Sal-ute.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Diagonals, German. Cross-words: 1. Giving. 2. Pepper. 3. Marrow. 4. Hammer. 5. Rattan. 6. Norman.——CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Sumter.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Nathan Hale.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Relic. 2. Evade. 3. Lapel. 4. Ideal. 5. Cello. II. 1. Vista 2. Impel. 3. Spend. 4. Tense. 5. Alder. III. 1. Olive. 2. Lines. 3. Inert. 4. Verse. 5. Estes.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO. 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full,* following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were duly received from Gwenfread E. Allen—Helen H. McIver—Florence S. Carter—"Allil and Adi"—"Three M.'s"—L. A. C. and M. C. C.

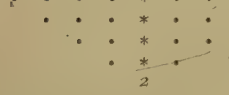
ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN THE MAY NUMBER were duly received from Albert Bole, 9—Mary Catherine Hamilton, 8—Barbara Beardsley, 8—M. Hadlock and J. McConnell, 8—Mary T. Arnold, 7—Elizabeth Faddis, 7—Margaret O'Gara, 7—Miriam J. Stewart, 6—Helen Adda Vance, 6—Alice Poulin, 6—Julian Phelps, 5—Elizabeth Cheatham, 5—Florence and Frank, 5—Elizabeth Kirkwood, 5—Elizabeth G. Darragh, 4—Katherine Kridel, 4—Ruth E. Fiscus, 3—Betty Sharp, 3—Valentine R. Levine, 3—Sybil and Herlinda, 2—James C. Perkins, Jr., 3—Marjorie E. Thomas, 2—Angeline Rice, 2—No name, Savannah, 2—Charlotte Life, 2—Helen Crowley, 2—Agnes Barnard, 2—E. E. Pierson, 1—K. Campbell, 1—S. L. Curry, 1—R. O'Bryan, 1—E. A. Colton, 1—F. Marx, 1—M. F. Bond, 1—H. L. Bailly, 1—M. Duncan, 1—J. G. Livingston, Jr., 1—M. H. Stoddard, 1—W. S. Bachman, Jr., 1—M. E. Lichti, 1—A. Gould, 1.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A vital organ. 2. Weird. 3. Eagerness. 4. Unlawful disturbances of the public peace by lawless persons. 5. Concise.

ANNE C. TERWILLIGER (age 12), *League Member.*

DIAMOND



READING ACROSS: 1. In sane. 2. Consumed. 3. To imagine. 4. Imploring. 5. A day of the week. 6. To stroll. 7. To try the flavor. 8. An animal. 9. In sane. Central letters, from 1 to 2, the surname of an author who was greatly beloved.

JOHN H. SHERBURNE, JR. (age 15), *League Member.*

UNFINISHED WORDS

* A N *

By replacing the stars before and after A N with certain letters, words may be formed which answer the following definitions:

1. Distinction. 2. Particles of stony matter. 3. Sound in mind. 4. A goodly number. 5. A new engine of war. 6. A buffoon. 7. To rave in extravagant language. 8. Lean. 9. Part of a limb. 10. A bundle of yarn. 11. A sheet of glass. 12. A walking-stick. 13. Solid earth. 14. A shore. 15. A narrow passageway. 16. A throe. 17. Drooped. 18. Penury. 19. A sharp flavor. 20. Poison. 21. To gasp. 22. The long hair growing on the neck of a horse. 23. A feminine name. 24. A company. 25. An inhabitant of Denmark. 26. A long, pointed tooth. 27. To suspend. 28. To lessen. 29. Reverberated. 30. A squad. 31. Uttered melodious sounds. 32. A weathercock. 33. Moist. 34. A temple. 35. A common nickname for an American soldier.

ALMA MILLER (age 14), *Honor Member.*

A "PROPER NAME" ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters, and all are proper names. When rightly guessed and written, one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The sister of Orestes. 2. The surname of a President. 3. An island belonging to Denmark. 4. A famous queen of Palmyra. 5. A city of Georgia. 6. The first people to surrender. 7. A great nation. 8. The chief hero of Attica. 9. The abode of the Muses. 10. A country that suffered much in the great war. 11. A beautiful island of the North Atlantic. 12. A city of North Carolina. 13. Famous games of the ancient Greeks. 14. A painter of shepherds and shepherdesses. 15. A famous waterfall. 16. A title borne by certain Spanish princesses. 17. The Empire State. 18. An unpopular country.

MONA MORGAN (age 15), *Honor Member.*

PICTURED ANSWERS

A NUMBER of objects are shown in the above picture. Among them may be found the answers to the four following riddles:

I. Turn it upside down and you reduce it by one third;
Cut off its head, and you reduce it to one;
Cut off its tail, and you reduce it to nothing.

II. They rise, but never from the ground;
Climb heavenward; and often crowned
With something that goes round and round.

III. It has no brains inside its head;
Nor bones beneath its skin.
From part of it the life has fled,
But that is stronger when it's dead,
Though dry and pale and thin.

IV. Its growth is downward, and it thrives
When other things lie dead.
Though hard, it 's made of something soft,
To see it, you must look aloft,
Not on the ground you tread.

RICHARD PHILLIPS.

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE COMPETITION)

EXAMPLE: Quadruply behead reasonable, and leave proportion. Answer, mode-rate. Not all of the words have the same number of letters.

1. Quadruply behead to abolish, and leave a means of entrance.

2. Quadruply behead to revert to the state, and leave to consume.

3. Quadruply behead a set of shelves to contain articles of value, and leave a snare.

4. Quadruply behead at whatever time, and leave always.

5. Quadruply behead to surmise, and leave the reddish yellow coating formed on iron when exposed to moist air.

6. Quadruply behead massacre, and leave epoch.

7. Quadruply behead a woman who keeps boarders, and leave a woman of refined manners.

8. Quadruply behead to protect, and leave to watch over.

9. Quadruply behead one who travels in strange lands, and leave edge.

10. Quadruply behead leaping, and leave an emmet.

11. Quadruply behead part of the day, and leave twelve o'clock.

12. Quadruply behead to subdue, and leave a number.

When these words have been rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name and rank of a famous man of the Civil War.

NORMAN DAVIS (age 12).

NOVEL ACROSTIC

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will name a famous author who was born in August, 1771; another row of letters, reading downward, will spell another famous author of the same nationality.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A husk. 2. Having an uneasy sensation of the skin. 3. A fortification. 4. Undue anxiety. 5. A common fruit. 6. Narrow country roads. 7. Concise. 8. A musical "study." 9. A memorial. 10. A pile of hay. 11. Those who prepare food. 12. An animal with webbed feet. 13. Reverses. 14. Stretched tightly.

EDWARD FLEMING (age 13), *League Member*.

BROKEN NAMES

The names of certain mythological personages have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, ten names will appear.

CAN, PI, NUS, RY, POL, NO, MIN, AN, HE, VES, MER, VA, BE, TER, A, TA, JU, ER, DI, LO, CU, VUL, A, VE, JU.

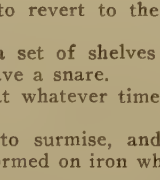
GWENFREAD ALLEN (age 13), *Honor Member*.

CHARADE

SOMETIMES my *first* denotes relief.
Again, it tells of joy or grief;
My *second's* song is full of cheer;
My *whole* was perilous to hear.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

CONNECTED SQUARES



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A conjunction. 2. A word expressing negation. 3. To color. II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An exclamation of disgust. 2. A large monkey. 3. To chop. III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Era. 2. A Turkish title of honor. 3. A kind of willow. 4. Inexpensive. 5. Musical instruments. IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An exclamation of disgust. 2. Veneration. 3. A common biped. V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A masculine nickname. 2. A common verb. 3. Encountered.

EMILY PENDLETON (age 16), *Honor Member*.

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Photograph by Gramstorff Bros.

"THE WAVE." FROM THE PAINTING BY DAVID JAMES

If you saw a big, white-capped wave in the distance, and it seemed to be coming toward you and finally to rise up like this one and climb right into your boat, you would feel that the distant wave had traveled toward you, would n't you? But you would be wrong; it was a mere optical illusion. The waves you saw in the distance remained where they were. A wave only travels forward when it "stubs its toe" on the beach, as this one is doing.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVI SEPTEMBER, 1919 No. 11

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THE MACHINERY OF THE SEA

By ARTHUR HALLAM HAWKSWORTH

NOTHING looks more aimless, more unorganized, perhaps, than the long turmoil of the waves of the sea which begins in late autumn and continues through the winter months.

If, with your nose well over the edge of a cliff, you look straight down, you will see something like this: With every forward leap of the surges, the waters are divided and entangled among the rocks, and division after division is beaten back by the upright wall in front and the broken blocks of stone on this side and on that. Oncoming waves, met by those recoiling, rise into writhing, mountainous, struggling masses of wild fury. The whole affair seems to be as clear a case of wasted energy as a South American revolution.

A little careful observation, however, will disclose, underlying and controlling this apparent anarchy, the wonderful engineering by which the machinery of the sea works out its appointed tasks in the economy of nature. It is when the earth has gathered its harvests and laid down to its winter sleep that the sea begins gathering harvests of its own, grinding up the rocks for food for the plants in its gardens, for new clothes for its shell-fish, new soil for earth harvests in millenniums yet to be.

Note, first of all, that while the water is divided into myriads of waves, each is working in connection with some other; each is part of the whole machinery; each receives, uses, and transmits its power with reference to its adjoining wave or whirlpool or current, as the case may be, so that there is no lost motion. Some of these water-wheels turn vertically, some horizontally, so that you have a mechanical arrangement like the stem-winding device of a watch; what the mechanical engineer calls a "bevel-gear."

And not only is there, in the machinery of the sea waves, this nice adjustment between the "water-wheels," but each wave, big and little, from the huge November rollers of the Atlantic to the tiniest ripple playing on a summer beach, runs on roller-bearings, or, to speak more technically, "ball-bearings." These balls are the particles of water of which the wave is made. The wave itself—to borrow another word from the mechanical engineer—may be said to be the "cage" for these bearings, as the hub-cage of the motor contains its roller-bearings.

But, unlike the bearings of the motor-car, which revolve only on their axes, the bearings of the wave have a double motion, like the earth in its orbit, turning on their axes and also revolving in circular and elliptical orbits within the wave.

At the top of the wave these orbits are circular; but as the depth increases, they become more and more elliptical, until at the bottom they flatten out and entirely disappear. Even in the severest storms and with the highest waves, the water in the depths is, consequently, but little disturbed. We can imagine the fish who occupy the region just below the storm waves—for different kinds of fish keep pretty strictly in given zones—exclaiming:

"What a row those people are kicking up again in the top flat!"

But how can a wave be taken apart, so to speak, so that one may see its "works"? Here is one of the many valuable opportunities, in which the experimental study of science

abounds, to exercise your own invention. How would *you* make visible the machinery and action of a wave? Of course it must be a little wave and one of your own making. You may be surprised to see how simply the thing is done. It is something like studying the domestic life of the bee—you do it under glass. Take a box with glass sides, put some water in it containing very fine particles of sand, tilt the box back and forth so that waves are created, and then watch the "movie show," the motion of the sands.

But in quite another sense the waves are like the movies. Like the figures in the movies, they *seem* to go forward when they really don't. One form simply succeeds another.

And yet this apparent forward motion of the wave seems even more real, in certain circumstances, than the motions at the show. If, for example, you happened to be out in a skiff and you saw a big white-cap in the distance apparently making for you on the gallop and finally rising up before you and climbing right in and turning you bottom side up, you would feel sure the distant wave had traveled toward you; would n't you?

You are wrong. The wave you saw in the distance never got to you at all. You were upset not by that distant wave itself, but by one of its great-great-grandchildren! The wave in the distance rose and fell in the same spot, like the waves of a flag. And, like the flag-waves, the water-wave, as it fell, passed its motion on into the wave mass just in front of it, and so created another wave. The motion of the second wave was translated—as the "waveologists" express it—into a third wave, and so on up to you.

Have n't you ever noticed, when you were fishing on a windy day, how your cork rose and fell as the waves drifted past; moving forward a little on the wave crest and backward the same distance when in the trough? The cork was simply diagraming for you the motion of the wave; for its real motion is just that—it moves up and down and slightly forward and back, much like the head of a hobby-horse. The movement of water-waves has been well compared to the waving of a field of wheat in a summer breeze. Don't you remember:

> A light wind blew from the gates of the sun
> And waves of shadow went over the wheat.

I wonder if Shakspere understood the real nature of wave motion. For instance, he says:

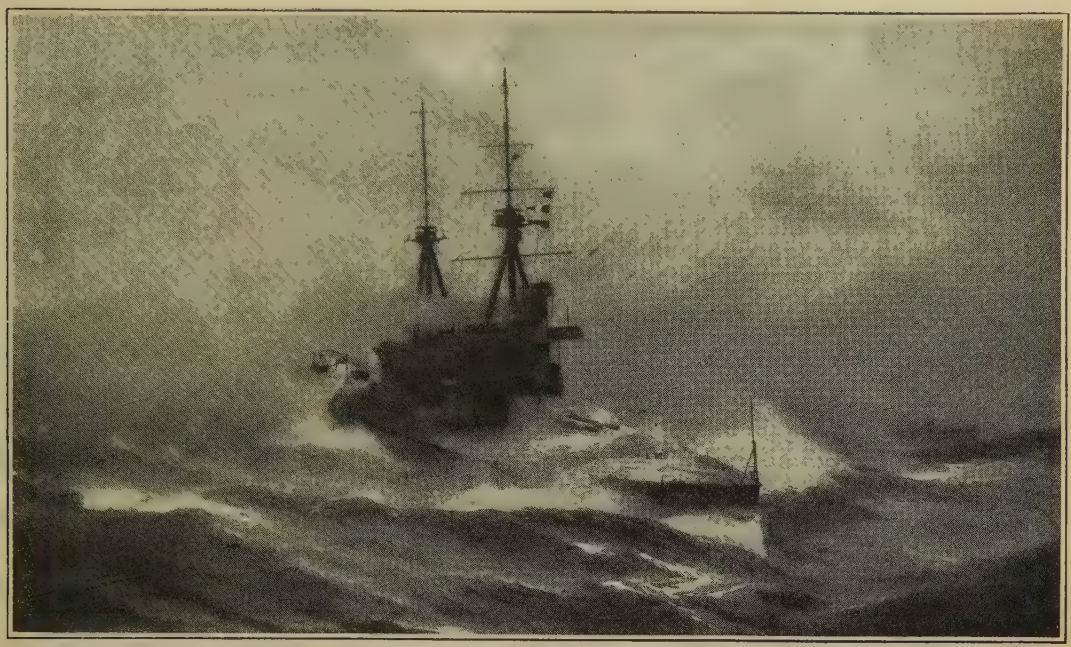
> Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
> Each *changing place* with that which goes before,

thus comparing the passage of time to the succession of waves.

© Curtis and Cameron Painted by Frank Briggs

"THE SURF AT ROCKPORT, MAINE"—THE ROCK-MILLS OF THE SEA

When you watch the surf breaking among boulders like these, the waves may seem as idle as your mood, but they are really hard at work, grinding up the pebbles and cobblestones and boulders. With similar primitive machinery those high granite cliffs on the right were ground out in the primeval water-mills.



© Hildesheimer & Co., London

Painted by Montague Dawson

"IN THE NORTH SEA"

The waters of the North Sea, where the grim sentinels of the Grand Fleet kept their ceaseless vigil during the Great War, are nearly always rough. In these comparatively shallow waters the waves are short and broken and the waters consequently grow more "angry" with less provocation than in the open ocean. Yet the waves here never reach the height of those of the deeper seas.

Certainly he came pretty close to the fact; but a wave, as we have just seen, does n't exactly "change place" with the one that rises just ahead of it. Is n't it rather a case of resurrection of the motion, the life of a dying wave transmitted to its successor? Another fact about the "pedigree" of waves we might notice here is that a new wave follows, and yet goes ahead of, the old one; it follows as far as time is concerned, but goes ahead in the "procession." And that 's an interesting thing, too. Don't you think so?

In more ways than one the sea talks poetry, and the great poets have simply written it down. Coleridge tells in beautiful lines how the Iliad and the Odyssey rose to the chanting of the waves. Can't you hear this majestic chant in such lines as this:

They smote with their well-ordered oars the gray-green brine of the ocean.

Not only has the very rhythmic action of poetry its analogy in the regular, rhythmic action of the waves, but the sound-waves that carry the music of the poet's lines to your ear come under the same law. I remember, in an address before the Royal Geographical Society on wave-motion, Mr. Harding-King pointed out the absolute identity between sound waves and sea waves in their regularity and also in the fact that in both the wave motion is transmitted by the interaction of particles. Moreover, he might have added, air waves are formed by the alternate forward and backward motion of these air particles, and the orbits of these air particles are spherical. It sounds rather odd to say, in any sense, that sound is round, does n't it? Yet there you are!

But now, having proved an "alibi," as the lawyers say, for the wave that you thought upset your boat, I am bound to admit that some waves do travel. In deep water the motion of waves is only of the wigwag order, but when a wave comes into shallow water the case is different; for then the bottom of the wave drags on the shelving beach, and the friction, of course, is greatest in front. The front of the wave, therefore, is checked more than the rear, which not only overtakes it, but climbs up on its back, as it were. As water is incompressible,—or compressible only to a slight degree,—the wave thus increases in height as well as leans forward. The undertow from the preceding wave on the beach also helps, as it flows back, to trip up its successor.

Yet, you see, it is only when a wave "stubs its toe" and so falls forward that it really travels, resembling somewhat our own locomotion, since walking is a series of falls in which, by advancing the foot, we catch ourselves just in time.

Bearing in mind, now, that I am again speaking of the travel of the wave *form* in the open sea, and not of such forward movements of the wave itself, careful observation has shown that this takes place at the rate of forty to sixty miles per hour; and the bigger the wave, the faster it travels, because a big wave means there is a big wind behind it. Some waves are nearly or quite two miles wide at the base and 1500 feet long. It is waves of such dimensions that strike the sixty-mile gait.

Although often in poetry and in fiction waves may be of any height, in reality they have never been known to exceed fifty feet.

The most curious thing about the height is that members of what appear to be the same family differ greatly in size. In a series of waves you will sometimes notice every so often there is a wave higher than the one just ahead of it and just behind it. You would naturally suppose that the same wind, acting on a uniform medium, like water, would produce waves of the same height, and so it would. But, as a matter of fact, these waves of different heights are of different families. They originate in different parts of the ocean and are created by winds of different degrees of power, but they happen to meet in one locality, like fishing-smacks and ocean-liners coming into port together.

It was a motley crowd of this kind, no doubt, that Dickens had in mind when he described—in "David Copperfield," is n't it?—how "the breakers rose and, looking over one another, bore one another down and rolled in in interminable hosts."

The sea is never entirely still. There are always ripples breaking on the beach, and often huge waves come heaving in from the sea even when you cannot feel the slightest breeze. Waves of this kind have round, shiny backs and wear no white caps, because there is no wind to make crests and whip them into foam. They are waves from storms that are raging, or have raged, far out at sea. Viscount Bryce, formerly English ambassador to the United States, tells us in the story of his travels in South America that on the coast of Peru, where gales are very rare and hurricanes unknown, there is usually a pretty heavy swell, and when there has been a storm two hundred or even three hundred miles out in the Pacific, the great rollers make such a disturbance in the harbors that landing is difficult. In hurricanes, destructive waves sometimes travel a thousand miles beyond the storm and do great damage, as on the coast of New Jersey in 1889, when a hurricane struck the South Atlantic.

As the sea covers three quarters of the globe, storms are always raging somewhere, and in the trade-wind belt you can always see, along the horizon, waves six hundred to eight hundred feet in thickness traveling in unending procession, their huge backs bobbing up and down like a line of gigantic elephants.

When you think how little friction there must be between air and water, it is surprising how quickly big waves are formed. But the grip of wind on wave is probably like that of the ball player who moistens his palms and then presses them into the dust so as to present a rougher surface to the handle of the bat. The wind at first only wrinkles the surface of the sea; but these wrinkles give it a better hold, and so the water piles up into a wall which the wind strikes as it does the sails of a vessel. The waves grow in size up to a certain point, when the mass of water so sustained is all that the wind can carry.

But even with the fiercest wind, it takes time to build up the biggest waves. Thunderstorms that are over in a few hours churn the water into foam; but as soon as the storm is over, it is surprising how quickly the waves subside. When, however, a northeaster puts in an appearance and keeps its shoulder to the task from Wednesday night to Sunday morning, the waters pile up into those huge, engulfing monsters that are the terror of small vessels.

In the severest storms you can hardly see the waves for the spray, and sometimes, as you notice in the painting, "The Life Savers," this spray is actually torn from the wave on which it is produced and goes whirling through the air like snow in a blizzard. Often, also, the storm-clouds hang so low that sky and water literally meet, and the wind tears away pieces of both cloud and wave. So Shakspere's "sea mounting to the welkin's cheek" is no exaggeration.

Less violent winds make what we call "white-caps," and it may be interesting to note here where the white-caps get their whiteness. As a matter of fact, the little bubbles of which these caps are made are not white. If you could catch one of them all by itself and let the sun shine on it, you would find it as many-

Courtesy of the Boston Museum of Art

Painted by Winslow Homer

"THE FOG WARNING"

What a fog means to a sailor only a sailor knows. It is a "sea monster" all fishermen fear. This famous picture shows a cod fisherman hurrying back to his ship before the fog, the outlines of which you see in the background, can overtake him.

colored as a soap-bubble; but these bubbles are in such masses that all their colors mingle. And all colors put together, you know, make white. The same thing is true of snow. Each flake is in reality a little prism, and shows on the edges the colors of the rainbow, while, taken in the mass, these flakes show white.

But there are times when you can see the rainbow colors in the waves. When a vessel is plowing through high waves and the wind carries the spray aft, the sun will frequently make you a rainbow. Often there are groups of these baby rainbows in this wind-whipped mist.

As if not satisfied with all the varieties of waves and cross-waves made by the winds, a vessel makes several varieties of wave trouble of its own. As these, like the wind-made waves, furnish conditions with which the sailor and the naval architect have to deal, they have been classified into four distinct types. When a vessel is going at slow speed, the resistance is mostly due to "skin" friction, that is the friction between her hull and the water particles; but when she is going at high speed, the resistance comes mainly from the waves, part of which are of her own making. Through this study of the relation of the vessel to the waves and wave-motion, builders determine from experiments with models what the full-sized vessel will do.

But the strangest part of the story of the waves is that of the invisible waves that you can feel, but cannot see. They seem to clutch and hold the vessel back, but there is little or no indication of them on the surface.

This occurs near the mouths of large rivers emptying into the sea. (What large rivers of that kind do you recall? Look at your geography maps.) The fresh water, being lighter, flows on top of the heavier salt water and hides any disturbance that may be going on in the sea due to the vessel's own motion or to swells coming in from a distant storm. The ancients were familiar with this curious fact, but could n't explain it; so they either attri-

Photograph by Gramstorff Bros. "THE LIFE-SAVERS" Painted by Georges Hacquette

In this storm scene is shown, among other things, a striking example of what are called "cross seas." On the open ocean, waves run with the wind, as a rule, but a sudden shifting of the wind sets other waves across them. When the wind not only shifts, but suddenly increases in force, the tops of the waves are torn off, as in this picture, and scattered in the fine spray sailors call spoon-drift, filling the air with a white mist, while the surface of the water becomes a seething caldron.

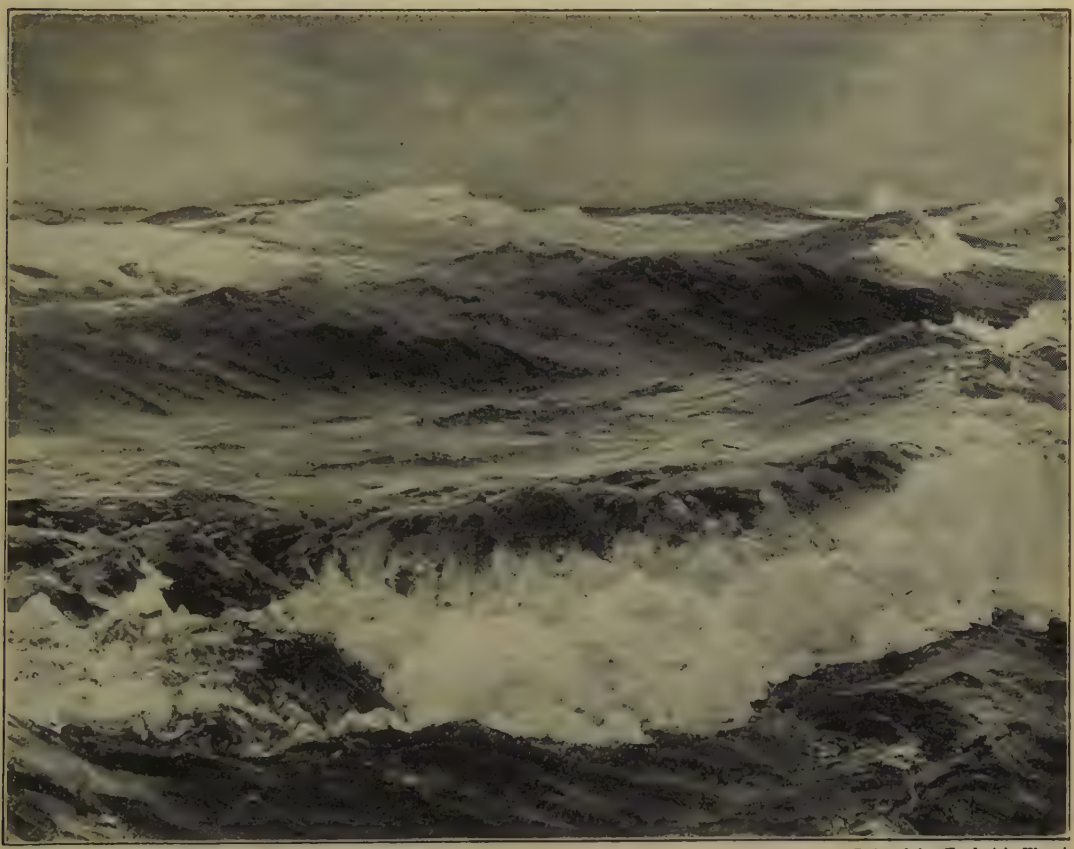
buted it to the peevishness of a water-god or imagined some submarine monster gripping the keel. You may recall that *The Ancient Mariner* says:

> . . . some in dreams assured were
> Of the spirit that plagued us so;
> Nine fathom deep he had followed us
> From the land of mist and snow.

If you will now re-read this fascinating story of the old man with the glittering eye, you will perhaps appreciate its wonderful pictures of the action of wind and wave for having had this brief insight into the machinery of the sea. For all this is only a hasty glance. If you read and observe, you cannot fail to see additional examples of similarity between the machinery of the sea and the machinery of men; how the sea uses the principle of the lever in raising mountains on its shores; its use of compressed-air in boring into rocks and in recovering its tools when digging sea-caves; its reproduction of the back-and-forth motion of the engine-crank in turning its water-wheels, and many more.

Possibly, as the result of such study, you may some day solve the problem that has so far baffled the ingenuity of man—how to put the sea to work, as he long ago did the waterfalls, the rivers, and the wind. In the various attempts to make use of the power of the waves, the great difficulty has been the wide range in the force with which they strike. If the machinery is light enough for average weather conditions, the storm waves smash it to pieces; if it is heavy enough to resist these, it is too heavy for ordinary waves to work.

So there you are. While this Old Man of the Sea works so hard, works on a prodigious scale, and works incessantly, he objects to being harnessed.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York — Painted by Frederick Waugh

"THE ROARING FORTIES"—THE NOTABLY ROUGH PART OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC BETWEEN THE FORTIETH AND FIFTIETH DEGREES OF NORTH LATITUDE

"In the trade-wind belt you can always see, along the horizon, waves six hundred to eight hundred feet in thickness traveling in unending procession."

THE LONE TRACK

By JOE MILLS

PART TWO

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

CATTLE had disappeared mysteriously from the Adams ranch, and no trace or tracks of them could be found. Andy Adams, a cow-boy, went with his father and the sheriff to help ride the range in search of the stolen cattle. While the "punchers" scouted the wide country east and south, Andy worked into the bad lands, the rough country to the west, and found a lone track. He followed the track, read its story, and traced it until it led him to other tracks. He solved the mystery of the cattle's disappearance—and tumbled headlong into trouble.

IT was long past noon when Andy wakened and started to his feet with an exclamation of surprise. He had overslept and was vexed at himself. In following rustlers, hours count; and he had lost about five precious ones. He called Scud, and hearing an answering whinny farther down the wash, he hurried on. Mounting, he made haste as fast as he could down the twisting, turning wash, and by sundown had worked his way well out of the bad lands.

From the top of the slight elevation of one of the little hills he looked out across the prairie. Angling across toward him was a covered wagon, which was evidently circling the ranch and coming from town. Scud pricked his ears sharply forward as he caught sight of it. As only their heads were above the crest of the hill, Andy had no fear of being seen. After a moment, though, he dismounted and led Scud back behind the base of the hill and returned to the top to watch the wagon. Just why he was concerned about the presence of the wagon, he could not tell; but he had a feeling that it was in some way connected with the cattle-rustlers.

With his glasses, he watched the wagon approach. Half a mile away it turned and paralleled the edge of the bad lands, going south. Tied behind, Andy discovered an extra horse, saddled and bridled. A little beyond was a big bunch of cattle feeding. They had been drifted toward the bad lands, because almost every one at the ranch was of the opinion that the rustlers raided from the open country to the east or south.

Presently the wagon stopped, and through the glass Andy saw two men making camp. Soon one of them mounted the saddle-horse, and rode rapidly in the direction of the ranch. When he reached the top of the low divide, two or three miles away, he turned south along its top, and, after passing the cattle herd, turned west to the edge of the bad lands and then north, heading toward the camp. In the clear evening light Andy saw the man dismount and heard the far-away crack of a rifle. Adjusting the glass, he saw the man lifting something across the saddle. Surely it could not be an antelope, for there were only a few left in the region. Still, there was nothing else the man could be hunting there; and hunting was the only possible excuse they could have for being on the cattle-range.

The man rode slowly back to camp with his burden across the saddle in front of him. As it grew darker, Andy cautiously advanced toward where the wagon still showed dimly, leading Scud and keeping out of sight. Halfway to camp he tied Scud behind a knoll out of sight and went on alone, advancing slowly, keeping the wind in his face and listening always for the thud of horses' feet.

Darkness had fallen, and it enabled him to approach quite near the camp. By the light of a lantern and a feeble camp-fire, the strangers were dressing a calf. That was what the man had shot, and they were making all haste to get it dressed and out of sight. When they had finished skinning it, one of the men brought a shovel from the wagon and dug a hole beside the fire; they were burying the evidence—the calf-skin with the Diamond-H brand that Andy knew so well. His father owned a thousand cattle bearing the same brand.

The lantern was turned out, and the camp-fire moved and rekindled over the spot where the skin had been buried. The men were taking every precaution to conceal the evidence. Andy edged nearer until he was within ear-shot of where the men sat cooking their supper and smoking. To his disappointment they seemed to be talking of nothing in particular; but he lay close and waited.

After what seemed to him a very long time, one of the men got up.

"Don't you reckon it 's about time we let the boys know the coast is clear?" he asked.

Andy hugged the ground like an Indian. At last something was going to happen. He strained his ears and edged a bit nearer. The man still sitting down looked at his watch by the flickering firelight.

"We 've got five minutes yet," he answered.

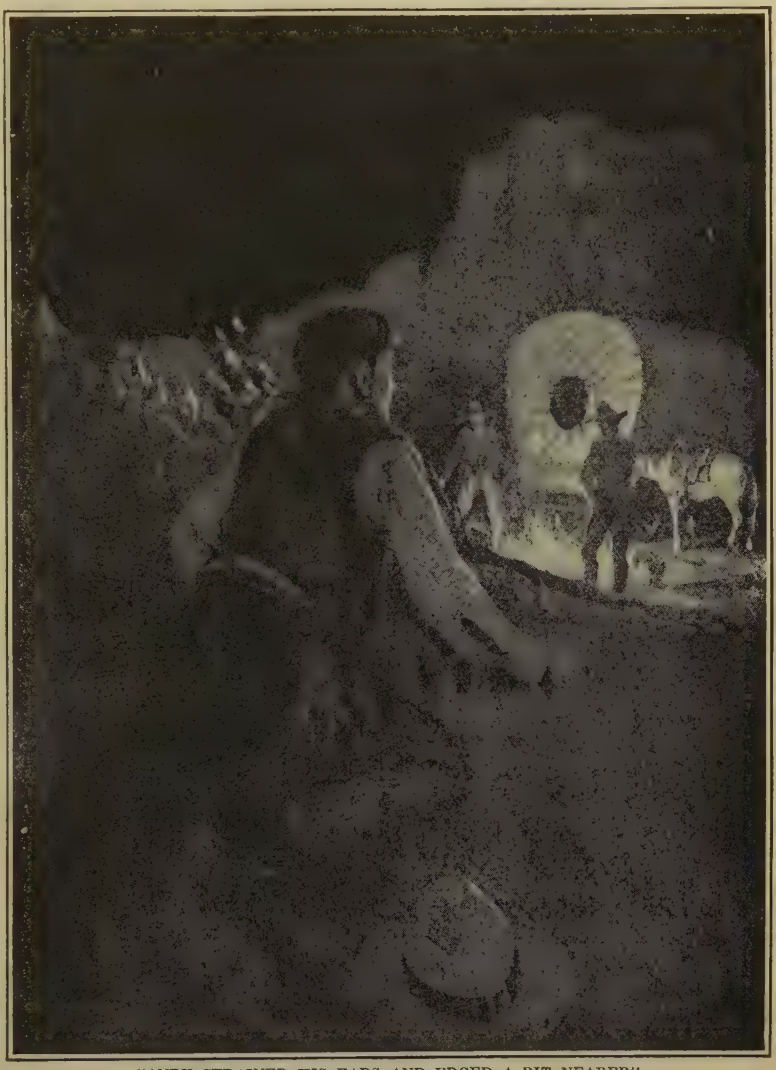
At this the man standing up laughed. "Oh, well, I guess a minute or two ahead won't matter; the boys 'll be waiting anyhow, and the sooner we get started, the sooner we 'll get this thing through." He walked to the wagon and began rummaging for something in the darkness.

Andy heard the crackling of stiff paper; then the man turned from the wagon and walked straight toward the spot where he lay concealed. It was a critical moment. He could, no doubt, spring up and dash to safety in the darkness before the men could catch him or shoot; still, if he did this, it would betray his presence and probably prevent an exceptional opportunity to capture the rustlers red-handed. These things went through his head like a flash; so he lay still, flattening himself and drawing his body into the smallest possible space. The man stopped within ten feet of him and knelt down. Breathlessly Andy waited, his heart pounding.

There was the swish of a match being drawn swiftly across the man's trousers, and suddenly a tiny blaze flared up. Andy half rose; then sank slowly back to the earth again—the man's back was toward him. With a spring that landed him almost on top of Andy, the man leaped back; and as he did so there was a great flare of light that showed everything for a hundred yards around.

At the flash Andy leaped to his feet and started to run. As he did so, one of his spurs caught in his chaps and threw him heavily. Instantly he was up again, but the man was upon him. He fought desperately, having no time to draw his gun; and even if there had been time, he would not have done so, for he had no desire to shoot the man. Squirming and kicking, he almost wrenched himself free of the man's grasp, and only the arrival of the other man prevented him from getting away.

When he realized that he was captured, he ceased struggling and permitted the men to lead him to the fire. Piling on fresh fuel, brought from the wagon, they looked him over critically and plied him with questions.



"ANDY STRAINED HIS EARS AND EDGED A BIT NEARER"

Cold from lying on the ground, and trembling with fear and excitement, he could give no coherent answer, and this very fact was in his favor. After a time the men began to laugh and assure him that they were only hunting and would not hurt him. They had mistaken him for a lost boy, and he was quick to catch the cue and to follow it. He played lost boy with all his energy, and the appetite with which he attacked the supper they offered him proved to them that he had surely been lost and without food as he said.

Supper consisted chiefly of "antelope," but Andy was too familiar with veal to be fooled; besides, he had witnessed the dressing of the calf not an hour before. While he was eating, the men did not talk to him and he had a few minutes to think. At first, things went through his head in a whirl; then he controlled himself. He half decided to make a dash into the darkness and give the alarm. Still, if he did this, the men would have a long start and would likely get away. Then, too, he wanted to help capture the others, "the boys" that he had heard the men talking about. In the end he decided to stay, and slip away later without any one knowing it.

The three of them sat by the fire in silence for half an hour. At last Andy yawned and stretched himself.

"Turn in any time you are sleepy," said one of the men.

"I guess I 'd better, because I did n't sleep any last night," said Andy. But he did n't tell them the reason why.

They had taken pains to make his bed comfortable in the wagon. They wanted him to sleep soundly, and thus be out of the way. The bed did feel good, too, after the two nights he had shivered over sickly little fires that died out every time he dozed. He crept into bed fully dressed. As soon as he heard the men beside the fire again, he threw off the covers and unbuttoned his coat. He did not dare get too comfortable, for fear of dropping off to sleep.

The men sat close together in the dim light of the fire, talking in undertones. Except for an occasional word, Andy could hear nothing. He made out four words that gave him a clue to the night's program, "not long—boys—midnight," but he supplied the rest. The raid was to be at midnight, which was not long now, and the boys would soon be there. Of course "the boys" meant the other rustlers to whom the signal had been flashed. The two men had undoubtedly driven out from town that day after learning that the sheriff had gone south. They thought to take advantage of the absence of the riders from the ranch and make another raid.

Andy waited a long time; then crept cautiously out of the back of the wagon. Just as he was about to step down, the saddle-horse tied there jumped back with a snort. He had forgotten about this horse—his first serious mistake. He had seen the others picketed near by and had supposed that the saddle-horse was with the team. He fumbled with the wagon cover in his haste to get back inside; but this only frightened the horse the more. Tugging at the rope, the animal dragged the wagon slowly backward, until, at a desperate lunge, the rope parted and the horse bounded away.

The men reached the wagon in time to see the frightened animal disappear in the darkness.

"What 's the matter?" Andy asked, feigning a sleepy voice.

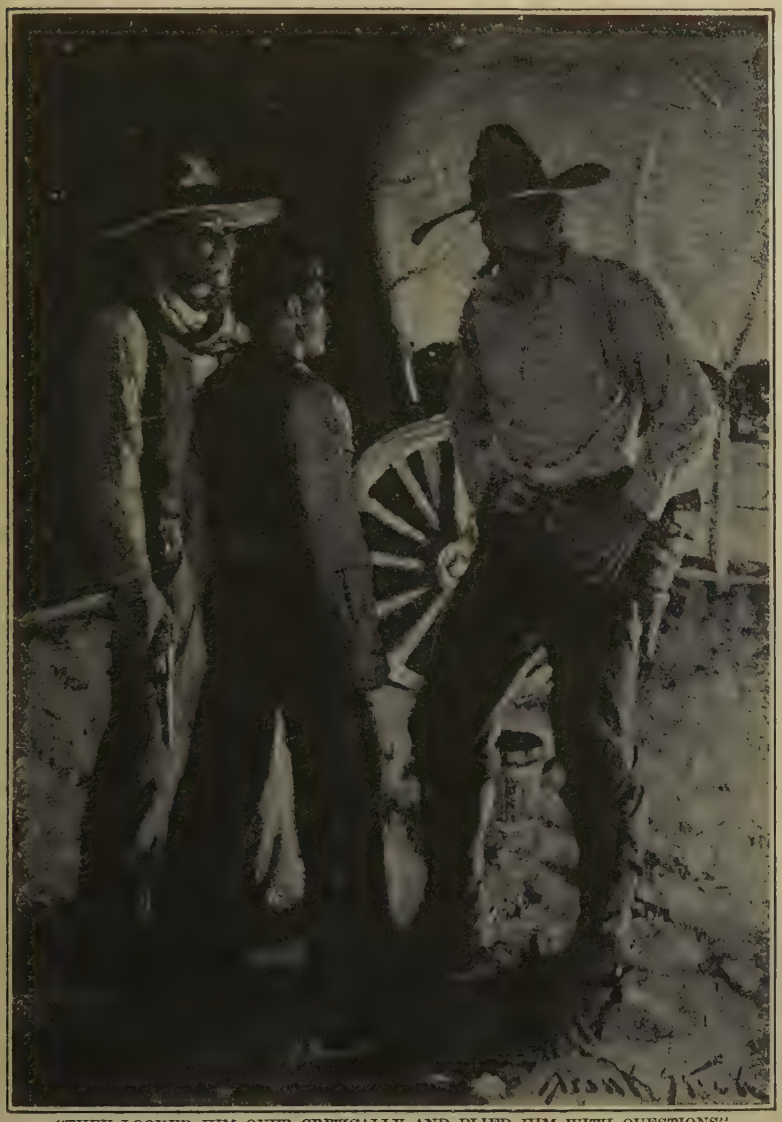
"Oh, nothing," replied one of the men, "except a fool horse!"

In his struggles the horse had dragged the wagon farther from the fire, and Andy could no longer catch an occasional word of the conversation between the men. Bundling up a bag of grain he found in the wagon, he rolled it into his bed and covered it carefully. If the men felt for him, they would no doubt be satisfied that he was sleeping soundly.

When things had quieted down again, he dropped noiselessly to the ground, and, with a backward glance at the dark figures by the dying fire, slipped silently away into the darkness. But he had to go slowly in spite of his great haste. The deep arroyos made a dark pitfall on every hand. The moon was obscured by heavy, dark clouds.

Scud gave a low whinny at his approach, and a few minutes later Andy had mounted and was riding rapidly toward the ranch. He was on safer footing, now that they were out of the bad lands and upon the cattle-range, so he let Scud have full rein and choose his own gait. The horse seemed anxious to get home, too; for he swung into his long, swift gallop that carried them over the ground at ten miles an hour. The last two miles, after they struck the trail, Scud fairly flew, and Andy talked encouragingly and let him run. Straight to the corral gate ran the horse, stopping suddenly, stiff-legged, when within twenty feet of it. It was midnight, but there was still a light shining in the ranch-house. Leaving Scud at the gate, Andy ran as rapidly as he could to the house. He was the last of the outfit to report.

The punchers who under Boss Bill had ridden east had reached the ranch at sundown, and the sheriff's party had come in before dark. Andy's father and the riders with him had not arrived until nine o'clock. All had finished supper, but most of them were still lounging about, discussing their failure to find the cattle or to locate the rustlers' trail.



"THEY LOOKED HIM OVER CRITICALLY AND PLIED HIM WITH QUESTIONS"

At Andy's step on the porch, his father sprang up and flung open the door. "Well, boy, what news?" he inquired; but as the light fell on Andy's face he recognized instantly that something had happened. "What is it, Andy?" and he drew the boy forward.

"Father, the rustlers are coming at midnight!"

Nothing in the world could have caused a greater commotion. Punchers sprang to their feet and crowded about him, each with a question. His father silenced them.

"Wait, boys," he said, "there 's no time to lose." He turned to Andy. "What is it—quick, now, if they 're coming at midnight?"

"Just at dark I saw two men in a covered wagon come out from toward town. One of them, on an extra horse, rode along the divide and kept stopping to look toward the ranch. On his way back he shot one of our calves, and I watched them dress it and bury the skin. As it got darker I crawled close to their camp and heard them talking about a raid to-night at midnight. The cattle are right at the edge of the bad lands, and I found where they had driven the others up the old creek-bed toward the mountains. They set off a flash to signal the other rustlers that everything was all right, and then they saw me. I 'd have got away, though, if my spur had n't caught and tripped me."

The punchers were staring open-eyed, with mouths a-gape. "And they caught you, boy?" asked Boss Bill, incredulously.

"Yes," said Andy; "but I played lost boy, and they put me to bed in the wagon. I had to lose an hour before I could get away and find Scud. Don't think they 'll miss me, though, for I left a sack of grain covered up in my bed."

The punchers broke into a roar of laughter, which the sheriff stopped instantly.

"Come, boys," said Andy's father, "there 's not a minute to lose. If we don't get there before they get into the bad lands, we 'll have a hard time. Hurry the horses!"

At this order the men rushed out, and for ten minutes there was wild excitement. Horses in the corral were roped, saddled, and led outside. The boss himself saw to it that Andy had the pick of the bunch.

Fifteen minutes after Andy had arrived, the entire outfit of the Diamond-H ranch was riding westward at a wild gallop. The sheriff and his deputies and even the Mexican cook were all well mounted, and, pressing close behind, were the punchers.

"Keep close together, don't make any more noise than you can help, and stop at the top of the divide!" It was Boss Bill's voice booming out in the darkness.

At the head of the flying group rode Andy and his father, Monty the sheriff, and ranch-boss Bill. Riding close together, they planned the capture of the rustlers. Of the number they would have to handle, they could not guess. Andy could tell them only of the tracks he had seen following the cattle in the dry creek-bed and of the two in the wagon. "At least six," he said, "and likely more that we don't know about."

"Six rustlers on a night like this," said the sheriff, "are sure to make a nasty fight. I 'm afraid some of the boys won't be able to ride back. Look here, Adams," and he faced Andy's father, "I 'm sheriff, and my deputies here are sworn to enforce the law. They knew before I swore them in what chances they 'd have to take; now I 'm going to ride ahead with them—the rest of you stay behind until I signal for you."

"Oh, no you don't, Monty!" protested Andy's father and big Bill at the same time. "You 're white, all right, Monty, but the rest of us are not going to play quitters just because there 's a scrap ahead in the dark."

"But, I tell you—"

Here Mr. Adams silenced him. "It 's no use, Monty; don't argue. Let 's plan the fight and tell the boys what 's expected of them."

Sheriff Monty Attell fell silent for a few minutes. He knew that Mr. Adams had spoken sincerely and that, in spite of all he could do, he would ride straight into the rustlers' midst. The whole herd was n't worth the chances—he knew that; so did every other man; but principle was at stake, and there was not a man among them but would dare anything in order to capture the rustlers.

"Father, I have a plan," said Andy.

"Well, what is it, boy? You 've certainly outdone all the rest of us so far; let 's hear it."

"It 's so dark I can't make out Monty, there, and he 's not ten feet away. Instead of going at the rustlers pell-mell, as the boys want to do, and shooting as fast as we can, why not pick two men to follow along behind the herd and slip up quietly, whenever they get a chance, and get the drop on one rustler at a time. They 'll likely be riding a good bit apart to keep the cattle moving, because they won't dare shout at them. The rest of us can trail along behind and take care of the men as fast as they 're captured."

"There 's sense in that idea, boy," said Monty; "and if it stays cloudy this way, it 'll work surer than shooting, and be a good deal better, too!"

Big Bill laughed and slapped his leather chaps with his bridle-reins.

"I believe Andy 's right, Monty!" said Mr. Adams. He was always last to speak in matters of importance; but he was generally first in ideas.

"Then the plan goes," stated Monty, finally. "Bill, drop back and tell the boys."

At the top of the divide they halted, their horses blowing hard and covered with sweat.

"Now be quiet, men," cautioned Monty; and they started southward along the crest of the low divide.

"It was about four miles south that I saw the herd at dark," said Andy.

"*Sh-h-h!*" warned Monty, who dismounted quickly and placed his ear to the ground. "They 're moving the herd," he said, with his ear still low.

"Get below the top of the divide," came the sheriff's order; and the men quickly leapt from their saddles and led their horses a short distance from the slope, so that, if any of the rustlers were scouting, they would not stand silhouetted at the top of the divide.

Ten minutes later the dull tramping of many cattle could be heard—or felt, rather—and presently the sharp clicking of many horns and the rattling of hoofs came clearly on the still night air. Each man placed a hand on his horse's muzzle to prevent a possible whinny giving the alarm.

The cattle were many and moved slowly. To Andy, who was panting with excitement, it seemed the herd would never pass the point where they were waiting. But at last the sheriff walked, stooping, over the ridge and dropped from sight beyond. Breathlessly they waited, expecting every moment to hear a shot fired which would stampede the punchers

"THE MAN ON THE EXTREME LEFT OF THE LINE SUDDENLY BROUGHT HIS GUN INTO PLAY." (SEE PAGE 977)

into a wild fight. Andy had visions of their daring charge among the rustlers, and he feared that they would mistake each other in the dark; if they did, he knew the results would be awful.

A low, stooping figure topped the crest of the divide and disappeared again. It had been so quickly swallowed up in the darkness that Andy was not sure which way it had passed until the sheriff strode up through the darkness.

"It 's them, all right, men. Now be careful —no noise and no shooting unless I pass the word."

They passed over the divide and dropped

silently down the other side into the deeper darkness. Ahead, the cattle could be plainly heard as they were driven slowly in a compact body.

"Bill," said Monty, "come with me; you other men follow up, but don't get any closer. If shooting starts, come up quick, all together, and we 'll get in line and go at them in a bunch."

Bill detached himself and rode forward. Together the two figures disappeared in the direction of the herd. This time the suspense was terrible. While they had waited for Monty before, Andy had thought the time would never pass until he returned; but now the silent wait was almost unbearable.

"It 's all right, Andy," said a quieting voice, and his father's hand was placed upon his shoulder. The low words close to his ear and the pressure of the strong hand reassured him. "It 's a waiting game, boy,—your game,—and I believe it 's going to be a great success, too." This diverted Andy and broke the awful spell, relieving him as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Would Monty and Bill never come back? What had happened to them? Andy was feeling the strain of waiting tightening upon him again.

"Father, do you suppose—"

The tightening hand on his shoulder stopped him. "Look, Andy!" said the voice in his ear.

Outlined in the darkness, a huge figure had loomed close at hand, and, distinct from the rumble of the herd, they made out the near-by thud of horses' feet. The dark bulk came on straight toward them, and ten yards away they made out three forms close together. Instinctively the men fell apart, and the silent three passed between the ranks. Midway they halted, and the circle closed about them.

"All right, boys; we picked him off without a hitch; be gentle with him while Bill and me go for another. Take care of this, one of you," and he handed over the rustler's gun.

Again the two rode forward into the gloom. But this time there was a rustler in their midst to divert their attention, and the wait was not so hard. They tied the rustler to his saddle and passed the rope from his horse to the horn of a puncher's saddle. On either side stood a puncher fingering his gun-butt lingeringly.

Monty and Bill again approached the herd from the rear, moving cautiously, bending low over their horses' necks to make themselves less visible. The swish of a rope, swung whip-like across the cattle's backs, attracted them, and they angled forward in the direction of the sound. Dimly they made out a man's form riding close upon the heels of the steers. Separating, Bill and Monty approached from opposite sides. The rustler, busy with the driving, paid no attention to a figure on his left that was edging slowly toward him, shoving the cattle forward and swinging a rope, but uttering no word. Presently the cold muzzle of a huge six-shooter was pressed against the rustler's face by Monty, who approached unseen from the right.

"Don't move!" said Monty, in a voice that had struck terror to so many wrong-doers; and, leaning over, he lifted the rustler's gun from its holster. At the same instant the strong hand of Bill relieved him of the bridle-reins and the trio dropped back.

They met the others following at a safe distance, and turned over the second rustler to them.

"Now," said Monty, "I want two of you boys to come along with us and take these fellows' places, so the cattle won't scatter and make the other rustlers miss their pals."

This time, four men went forward into the night. Monty placed the two punchers at the rear of the herd, where he and Bill had picked off the rustlers, and then they rode slowly around the herd. As soon as they had located another of the band, Monty dropped back and circled to the right as usual, while Bill edged his way unobtrusively along behind the herd and attracted the man's attention. For the third time the plan worked successfully, and ten minutes later they had delivered their man safely to the impatient followers of the herd.

A fourth man was found and captured on the extreme right of the cattle. They had dropped back with him, and were just turning him over for safe-keeping when, from the direction of the herd, a shot broke the quiet of the night. What had happened? For a moment they waited; perhaps, after all, it had only been an accidental discharge by some careless rider or a prearranged signal to turn the herd in a certain direction. So they sat still for a moment and listened, every man tense and eager.

The rush of stamping cattle came to them like a storm wave at sea, and, puncturing the roar, was a ripping sound that they knew was a six-shooter being fired rapidly.

Sheriff Attell was in action instantly. "You deputies stay with the prisoners. Don't leave this spot. Answer the signal of two shots repeated. Ready, now, the rest of you—at 'em! Hold on there, you men on the right;

keep in line! Don't shoot till we locate the other boys at the herd."

They rode forward wildly, but kept in close order. The punchers they had left at the herd were waiting, and, spurring forward as the charging horses passed, took their places in the line. It was a wild ride. Cattle were scattered everywhere. With their guns ready for instant action they held them high, pointing straight up.

"Swing over to the left!" Bill's voice boomed out above the uproar, and the line of riders swerved quickly toward the bad lands. "They 'll likely cut for the rough country as soon as they know we 're after them, and it 's a race now whether we get in range of them or not."

As if in answer to the boss's doubt, the man on the extreme left of the line suddenly brought his gun into play, ripping out three shots close together. From ahead there was an answer, six shots from an automatic, coming like one prolonged *r-i-i-i-i-p*. Twelve ready guns barked instantly at the flash of the gun, and the line converged toward the point from which the firing came.

"Hands up!" came an imperative order from the sheriff, who was riding at the center of the line. Some one had killed a rustler's horse, and Monty had detected the rider trying to escape being seen by crouching flat on the ground. Two men halted with the sheriff, while the others went on, sweeping the prairie in search of the other thieves. In response to the sheriff's order the crouching figure arose, with hands extended high over his head. Dropping from his horse, the sheriff relieved him of his gun and turned him over to the two men who had halted with him. These two dropped their ropes over the rustler and gave him a dignified escort between them back to where the deputies were waiting with the four men who had been captured before the fight started.

But the plain was empty, and the riders found no one else. Half an hour later they all answered the sheriff's two shots and returned. Wearily they rode slowly to the ranch, sending ahead the cook to prepare breakfast for them.

It was a tired procession that reached Trinidad late that evening. At the head of the strange procession rode Andy beside Sheriff Monty Attell. Behind them came riders three abreast—each rustler between two punchers. Behind, came the sheriff's new car with the deputies. Before the court-house the procession stopped, and the rustlers were escorted inside.

Going down a side street, Andy saw a familiar covered wagon that had just come into the town from the north. However, the direction from which it came did not allay his suspicion or deceive his recognition.

"Monty," said he, grasping the sheriff's arm, "that 's the covered wagon I saw last evening on the cattle-range."

Without a word to the others, the two of them dashed after it. Inside were two dust-covered, weary men; the team they drove bore evidence of a long, hard journey. From the rear axle there hung a bit of freshly broken rope, and Andy smiled with the remembrance of the horse he had frightened.

"Just a minute, men," said the sheriff, stopping directly in front of the team.

The men raised their voices in loud protest at thus being stopped. Riding forward, Andy turned his head and recognized them.

"They 're the ones, Monty."

Instantly the sheriff's heavy gun flew out. "Hands up!" he thundered, and the rustlers obeyed with alacrity.

THE END

THE FIRST LOVE

By HARRIET CROCKER **LEROY**

THE dolly they gave to the dear little girl,
The day she was six years old,
Was blue-eyed and dimpled, with loveliest curls
That shone in the sun like gold.
She was pink-cheeked and dainty and had a silk gown,
And every one said 't was the sweetest in town.

The little girl played with her all the day long,
With eyes full of gladness and heart full of song.
She named her Elfrieda Mehitable Prue,
And loved her as dearly as *real* mothers do.

But what do you think! When the birthday was past—
The long, happy day—and 't was bedtime at last,
And the little girl, sleepy as sleepy could be,
Had drifted to Slumberland, what did they see,
Close snuggled beside her, but faithful old Polly,
Her raggedest, oldest, and homeliest dolly!
And away in the corner sat, all the night through,
Poor lonely Elfrieda Mehitable Prue!

THE WING

By HILDA W. SMITH

Down in the dust, a shining thing,
I found a little silver wing,
A maze of elfin patterning.

I stooped and held it in my hand,
And gently brushed away the sand;

And oh, I wished that I could see
The fay whose wing blew down to me!

But I shall keep it, until I
Can sew it on, so he can fly;

And everywhere I go, I must
Look carefully in all the dust,

And then perhaps sometime I 'll see
A wingless fairy needing me.

Marion T. Justice

THE ADVENTURE OF COLL THE JUGGLER

(THE WONDERING BOY: FOURTH BALLAD)

By CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

Coll of Collfrewi . . . was one of the chief enchanters of this island, and his magical arts wrought amazing wonders.
—From the notes to Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the Welsh Tales of Arthur.

DANCING under a green-sprigged bough, he tosses his bubbles in air,
Coll, the juggler of charms and spells, of things neither Here nor There:
In cap and doublet of greenish yellow and hose of yellowish green,
He can make himself to be seen at will, or at will can see, unseen.

"From the cave in the west, where King Arthur waits, I sailed in a crystal sphere;
For the cry of a child came over the hills, and Arthur is quick to hear.
See how I toss these balls in air—purple and green and blue!
Now what is the danger to English folk? and what can the Juggler do?"

This was the plague upon England's peace: there were strangers in the land:
And though a man and his neighbor stood with hand close-clasped in hand
A wind blew coldly between their lips, as they whispered there alone,
And, borne on the wind to the strangers' ears, every secret was straightway known

'Now who is he that will lure these spies where my spells in the air I spread?"
The Wondering Boy on his tiptoes stood, and the Juggler nodded his head.
"You must know the true from the false," said he, "through every shimmery charm;
Find it and seize it and hold it fast, and nothing can work you harm."

"A GNARLED AND TWISTED AND WIZARD WOOD, WITH BRANCHES CROOKED OUT TO SEIZE."

Upward a great green bubble sailed, then spread in a mist through space:
And lo, the Juggler and balls were gone, and a forest grew in their place.
With ears that listened, with tattling lips, with curious squinting eyes,
Came the throngs of the alien Spying Folk, and they wavered in slow surprise.

Into the wood went the Wondering Boy, with no fearful look behind.
The strangers whispered and wagged their heads, and followed in evil mind.
A gnarled and twisted and wizard wood, with branches crooked out to seize!
The Boy could scarce tell the trees from the Folk, or tell the Folk from the trees.

Eagerly then, for the one thing true, he searched upon every side;
In vain he plucked at each magic flower that instantly drooped and died.
Deeper and denser grew the wood, and fast came the stranger Folk;
When sudden he saw, and he seized it straight, the tiniest sprig of oak.

The forest vanished! High overhead hung a bubble of purple mist;
A palace grew from its gleaming depths of pearl and of amethyst.
There cloudy columns stood row on row, with a core of purple fire;
And upward, piercing the faery sky, rose tower and dome and spire.

The Wondering Boy 'neath the portal sprang, through the amethystine door,
While close at his heels came the Spying Folk, with their hands stretched out before.
Glamour and glamour all around, but where was the one true thing?
And now to his little flying cloak he could feel their fingers cling.

Then at his feet rolled a tiny stone. He caught it up in his hands;
And lo! a bubble of foamy blue floated o'er yellow sands.
A ship lay there on a faery sea, outbound for some port afar,
Whence never a spying wind can blow—some dim and alien star.

Still came the strange Folk close behind, and the Boy sprang swift aboard.
They followed after in leaping haste, a pale and a panting horde.
Where, oh where, was the one true thing? The sails were spread for flight:
"Haste! make haste!" cried a voice at his ear, and he glanced to left and right.

Nothing he saw but a tiny shell that lay on the sandy shore.
He sprang off and snatched it.—The ship was gone with the strangers forevermore!
The boy was back at the Juggler's side; gone was each magic spell!
But still in his hand was a sprig of green, a pebble, a curving shell.

MOLLY'S HEALTH-AND-WEALTH COMPANY

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THE first letter that Nick Bryant's father received from the delicate child whom he had sent north for a winter's setting-up (as told in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS) caused that parent to open his eyes and whistle at the endurance of semi-invalids. It ran:

DEAR DAD:

Miss Molly says to tell you right at the beginning that I'm very well, so that you won't be scared when you read the rest. For you ought to have seen the awful storm we got caught out in. It snowed so hard that we were stuck in the drifts, and Miss Molly dug a cave where we spent part of the night. We kept warm making believe it was a tropic island; but it 's no use pretending you are n't cold after you get to a certain point, and we 'd have been frozen if it had n't been for Old Bell,—he 's our horse,—who went to a lumber-chopper's house and asked for help. At least, I mean, he went and nayed and nayed till the lumber-chopper got out of bed and hunted us up by firing off a gun. Only he'd never have found us if Miss Molly had n't had a revolver her major friend gave her. I wish you 'd get me one like it.

There was lots more in the letter, for Nick had to tell of the way they spent their days in Molly's valley—snow-shoeing through the quiet woods while the snow sifted down, leaving most of itself on the close-gathered balsams, or coasting down the great northern pasture-slope of the valley on a toboggan when the last snow had become wind-packed. There was one hill, beginning with an abrupt drop, on which they had so many falls that Nick called it Humpty Hill, after Mr. Dumpty. And because both he and Molly did not like to be conquered by anything they gradually scooped out, patted down, and walled up a safe coast down this particularly exciting incline. In the evening Nick studied a little with Molly and then tumbled off to bed. Molly's mother enjoyed the boy, who reminded her of her two sons still in France. He was great company for Molly, who had never earned money in a more delightful way. As for the boy, he thought the valley was Paradise, and that his friends were Paradise's proper inhabitants. It was a happy company.

Yet not altogether happy, either, for Molly had discovered a secret, during their enforced stay at the lumber-camp, which made her heart heavier than lead whenever she thought about it. The man in charge had told her that the lumber company he worked for was about to commence operations in her valley which would take about three years and not leave a whole tree upon the mountain-side. She had felt faint when she heard it. Her valley, her beautiful mountain-sides, stripped of their forest—burned bare, likely enough! It was incredible, horrible! Yet here were strangers already encamped, preparing to destroy her home.

During the days that she tramped up Humpty Hill with Nick, she revolved all sorts of schemes in her mind as to how to save her beloved woodland. But she was helpless, entirely helpless. This problem was so much larger than any that had ever come to her that her mind refused to work seriously at it for long at a time, yet the worry was always there. And when she wrote to the major about it, he, for once, had nothing to suggest. Her mother and the valley people were equally worried and indignant. But the land had been leased by the company. The company was within its rights and going ahead. Molly was to be a spectator, evidently, of the slow torture and deforming of the great flanks of Noonmark, Giant-of-the-Valley, and the rest of the splendid fellowship of the range.

One day Nick received a telegram: "Coming up for a week's visit to you and Miss Molly. Meet me January 20 or wire. Love. Dad."

They made great preparations for his coming. Molly's mother spent the days baking, Molly and Nick on Humpty Hill, hauling buckets of water to freeze the banked curves. They left no stone uncovered to mar the royalty of their sport. Nick went to bed uncomplainingly at seven; partly because he was a tired log, partly because he wished to present himself to his astonished dad as the model of extreme health which the valley, his own valley now, was to have the credit for.

On a morning that shone with the enamelings of zero weather they set out in the big sleigh upon their happy errand—the meeting of a delighted father. He was on time and his joy in seeing them was sufficient to satisfy their most extravagant hopes. He had an apple for Old Bell and candy for Molly and praise for the beauties of the valley and the most minute curiosity about everything. He had to be told all over again the tale of their casting away upon the tropic island in the blizzard, and he made jokes until the tears rolled down Molly's cheeks and froze on the lap-robe.

At sunset they came to the great view where the Giant-of-the-Valley lifted a pale, steel-blue flank into a lavender sky. The endless forest of balsam spires pointed up at an orange Jupiter swimming in that sky. Molly motioned to the forest and swallowed hard. "They are going to destroy it," she said.

"Never!" exclaimed Mr. Bryant. "You can't mean that. It must n't happen."

Molly, encouraged by his sympathy, told him of the lumber company's plans to use the entire growth of the valley for paper-pulp. Mr. Bryant said little. The sun set in a clear ocean of crocus-colored atmosphere in which floated a single swordfish of a cloud, gleaming vermilion for a moment before diving into the shadow of night. Silence closed about them, except for the sound of an occasional rapid in the Ausable. As they rounded the last curve Mr. Bryant said, "Well, Miss Molly, we 'll have to think of some way to prevent the destruction of so much beauty"; and the girl felt a vague sense of relief, as if help, however far off, was on the way.

The merry times of the next few days drove her fears still farther into the background. Mr. Bryant, learning that Molly or her valley had never seen skis or ski-bobs, ordered some up from New York, and soon had initiated her into the blithest sport of all. Molly, on the other hand, entranced him with her trails through the snow-burdened forest; and Nick, the timid city-lad, piloted his father, now really astonished, down the breath-dispelling slopes of Humpty Hill. It took considerable skill, too, to keep one's head during the first plunge into the gulf, to fly into the ravine in such a way that one took the curve at the best angle for the following fall. And Mr. Bryant, quite unprepared for the immense speed of their iced path, left, as he said, long streamers of prayer floating out behind. But they arrived safely, a trifle breathless and wholly white with snow-dust, but jubilant at the long flight's end, and the father, looking for the first time in his life in awe at his boy said, "Well, Nick, you 're a man!"

"Then so 's Molly," Nick replied, laughing. "But that 's nothing. Wait till we get the jump made!"

The week's visit lengthened to a fortnight,—a fortnight to be remembered,—and on the drive out, Mr. Bryant, who insisted on holding the reins, could not praise the life enough. As they neared the parting he said: "Now, Molly, you must promise me one thing—not to worry about the lumber company. They can't do much harm the rest of this winter, and before next season I will have a plan working which may save the valley. You 've done a lot for me in taking Nick, and I never forget a favor. But I can't swing the proposition without your help. I think you 'll have to sell your valley."

Molly, relieved, thought he was joking, and laughed. "I 'll take your order now," she said. "How much will you have?"

But he was n't joking. "I mean just that. In this world you have to sell something in order to buy something else that you want. You want your valley's beauty. You 'll have to sell something else to pay for it."

"There is n't anything to sell," she replied, soberly, "nothing but a little sugar in the spring, a few crops in the summer, a little hunting in the fall."

"But in the winter?"

"Air and snow and scenery," she said, with a sweep of the hand. "Now let me take your order."

But still he did not laugh in return. "Just that!" he exclaimed. "Delicious air, beautiful snow, magnificent scenery — all going to waste."

"Air by the pint or breath? Scenery by the look or by the pound? How am I going to put them on the market?" asked Molly, curious to know his thought.

"How many people can you and your friends put up if I bring in a crowd of city people? How many women here can cook as well as your mother?"

"I can prepare for almost anything, if I know in time," Molly answered, with a return of her fighting pride. "You instruct, and I 'll follow."

"I 'll write you," he said, as he took her hand, "and we 'll save your valley yet by selling air, scenery, and snow. Good-by, Molly; good-by, Nick!"

The stage-sleigh started, and two quiet young people turned Old Bell toward home.

But their quiet did not last long, and life got constantly more exciting. Within the week came a telegram for Molly: "Prepare quarters for eight men and twelve ladies. They must be comfortable, at any cost to me."

Then followed a consignment of sporting goods—skis, toboggans, a couple of ski-sails, snow-shoes, a pack-basket, thermos flasks, skates.

The next day brought a special-delivery letter: "To-morrow ten workmen will arrive, with instructions to obey your orders. Have them clear a rink on the lower lake, build a small ski-jump, not over six feet high; we don't want to kill any of our future stock-

holders. Then have them spend the rest of the time making Humpty Hill safe and exciting." Molly and Nick were now busy co-directors.

And finally came the last telegram: "The twenty-one of us arrive to-morrow. Have the

"'WE 'LL SAVE YOUR VALLEY YET BY SELLING AIR, SCENERY, AND SNOW'"

sleighs, foot-warmers, thermos flasks, and lunch ready as directed. Good luck to the valley."

Meanwhile, miracles had been going on. With lots of building material at hand in the way of snow, and a temperature that varied from ten above to ten below zero, the workmen had quickly put through the rink job and the ski jump and then devoted interested energies to the great Humpty Hill run. It began high on the mountain shoulder in a ravine naturally free of trees. The ravine dropped swiftly and opened out upon a broad pasture. Crossing this, the course led through a woodlot on a lumber-road, dropped again into a second ravine, which curved as it fell. This was the magnificent moment of the course, for the speed of the tobogganers was now so great that the wide board raced near the top of the twenty-foot embankment, and it felt as if one were being swung out into space on the end of a rope held by a giant. Then, the curve successfully accomplished, you fled out upon a gently dropping meadow that brought you back somewhere near the starting-place; finally, a stiff climb—and you did it all over again. It was a wild pleasure indeed.

To insure the safety of the sliders, a man with field-glasses was to be stationed at the head of the slide. He could not see it all—in fact, only the first drop, the entrance to the great curve, and the meadow run. His orders were to prevent anybody starting until he had seen the last party safe upon the meadow. His position was so important that Molly had to try out several men before she found one reliable enough to entrust with the party's safety. One of the men, a gruff, ragged, drinking man whom nobody liked, was so insolent that she had to discharge him. He left, threatening to "get even with her and her kind." Molly was

so busy that she thought little of this occurrence at the time and worried less. Even when there came reports that he had not left the neighborhood she felt no fear. Not all events throw their shadows far before.

The great day came, and punctually with it the party of twenty-one for which a dozen housewives had been in a constant stew and fry and bake and scrub for a week of wash-days. They came in such furs as Molly had never dreamt of—beautiful women, in skirts of many colors and girdles of others; fine-looking men, most of whom Nick knew, who laughed a great deal—a thing that Molly noticed because the valley men rarely laughed. A wave of gaiety seemed to have surged into the valley, and little ripples of jokes and tricks sparkled among the party, as on a breezy lake in the sun. The still, intense cold, the glorious colorings of the day-end, the magic of winter mountains, got into their blood. And the next day their enjoyment in the sports knew only the bounds of meal-time and of bed. Day after day it was the same. Only of Humpty Hill did they stand in awe. Nick was employed most of the day taking people down on his toboggan. Molly was praised for the engineering feat she had overseen. Mr. Bryant was delighted at the success of his little scheme. He was about to make his great *coup*. Molly had, in his phrase, already sold them the valley. His task was to close the deal, which meant getting these wealthy friends of his sufficiently interested in winter sports and in the valley which made so beautiful a setting for them. If interested sufficiently, he knew that they would never permit its ruin by the lumberers. After he had explained it all to Molly, he said: "So all we have to do is send them home happy, Molly. Then they 'll come back, and not leave their check-books behind them. But I 'm afraid of Humpty Hill a little. If any one should get hurt on it, all our good work might be undone. People who have all they want are more unreasonable than reasoning."

"Nick and I 'll take care of Humpty," responded Molly. And they did. In a day or so the big party split up into little ones. Some took long rides in fur-lined sleighs. Others practised ski-running along the forest aisles. A few took their fun at sliding over the ski-jump and getting unscrambled in the white depths below it afterward. But Humpty Hill was the popular rendezvous until it got too dark for the starter to see the meadow, when it became no longer safe. Once or twice Molly heard tales of her discharged employee still threatening "to get even," but nothing could disturb the pleasure she was having, surrounded by these pleasant people to whom gaiety and banter seemed life's daily bread, and conscious all the while that things were working out well toward the salvation of the beauty of her valley. Nick, too, loved it. His few weeks of winter had not only set him up, but transformed him into a sort of cautious daredevil. He could do things. He alone could achieve the ski-jump three times out of four. He could run half a day in the woods on snow-shoes and still be fairly fresh. And while his skill on Humpty, both with toboggan and the swift, but deadly, flexible-flyer, was remarkable to all, to his father it was a lasting joy. And to Nick, whom the valley and Molly had re-made, was to come the chance to pay back the debt to Molly and the valley.

It happened in the late afternoon of the guests' last day. Humpty's lead in popularity over the other sports had increased. Nearly everybody wanted a last slide. Both Nick and Molly were just a bit tired and blessed the deepening twilight that was to relieve them. Molly was loading her toboggan for the positively last time, and, as she was about to push off, Nick had taken the field-glasses for a last survey of the course. With a slight start, he discovered a figure where no person had any proper reason for being—at the entrance to the dangerous curve. In the dusk he could not guess what was going on, but it looked as though the man was dragging a small fir-tree across the slide.

"Wait a moment, Molly, something 's wrong!"

But Molly could not wait. She had given the final shove. "Stop!" shouted Mr. Bryant after her; but once launched on that first drop, one might as easily request the Yellowstone Falls to hold up a minute. Nick took one more look through the glasses. *There was something across the track, and Molly might be killed!*

Nick stopped thinking, and all that he was gathered together within him and began to act. He picked up his light flexible-flyer, ran, and in an instant was dropping down the track with twice the speed that Molly had led off with. His instinct was to outrace her and dislodge the obstacle before she could reach it. His father, looking down into the dusk, wondered if he had gone crazy, knowing only that on a single speedway a sled was overtaking a loaded toboggan.

Down the ravine Nick fell. If he could pass Molly on the pasture, it would yet be well.

"THEN, LOOKING AHEAD, HER PASSENGERS SAW THE SLIM FIR-TREE ACROSS THE TRACK" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

But she was tearing through the wood-lot, unconscious of danger ahead, her passengers holding tight in the half-smother of snow. Below them, a fir-tree waited. And the coward who had put it there, shaking his fist at the swift-coming figure of his former employer, slunk back into the wood.

Across the meadow Nick raced. He could see the toboggan now. He neared it. He flew, yelling. Molly cast a startled glance behind—saw him flaring out of the darkness—swerved! In the instant he had passed her, running high on the side with the utmost skill—the skill that she had taught him!

"*Stop!*" he shouted. She could not stop, but she could let her body drag, could press her toes into the iced snow; and this she did—wondering.

Then, looking ahead, her passengers saw and screamed, saw the low black bulk of a slim fir-tree across the track; saw the lithe sled dropping toward it—reach it, almost; saw the boy raise the runners at the supreme moment, and strike it full, as an angry buck might rear and strike a crouching panther; saw the blow swerve the tree part way around, then saw no more! For at that instant Molly guided the still swiftly flying toboggan through the aperture, and they swept on.

And Nick? He had shot high into the air, and had fallen huddled, tumbling, rolling, still, beyond the parapet of ice-rim into a cold oblivion of snow. While far-off, through the forest aisles, not daring to look back or even listen, ran a man.

Nick was not hurt. Although he had performed a beautiful rainbow arc when his sled had hit the prostrate fir, in his attempt to save Molly and her toboggan-load from the like disaster, the depth of snow had saved him. Shooting clear over the rim of the slide, rolling in the smothering whiteness, he lay still a few moments to ease up the whirl of things. The snow was very soft and very comfortable, and he was thinking how good it felt to be there, with nothing that had to be done right away, when he heard Molly's voice,—low, clear, near by, calling softly, "Oh, Nick! Nick, boy! where are you?"

Waking himself with a huge sigh he sat up in his drift and called back, "Hello, Molly-O; did you get 'em down safe?"

"Nick! Not hurt a bit? Oh! I 'm so glad!" She scrambled over the ice-rim and floundered to him. "You 're the bravest boy in the world, Nick! You 're sure you don't hurt, anywhere?"

"Gee! it was n't much, after all. You steered out just right, Molly. If you had n't, that man—say, Molly, we 've got to keep it dark about him. Let 's pretend the tree fell there. It 'd scare them something awful to think there was a man like that about."

Mr. Bryant and others came slipping down the track, calling.

"We 'll not mention the man, Molly?"

"All right, Nick. The valley first, and punishment any other time." And that was where they might have made a great mistake, even though their object was to make others more comfortable, had not the miscreant, terrified at what he had done, vanished from the neighborhood.

That night, at Molly's home cottage, was a time of gaiety such as had never been seen there before. Nick was a hero, Molly a heroine, and Mr. Bryant, who had a startling proposition up his sleeve, had arranged things to make a dramatic surprise for the valley girl, whom he loved as if she were his daughter. So, after a supper of venison and Adirondack griddle-cakes with maple syrup,—or wild-strawberry jam if you preferred,—he gathered his party about a maple-log fire—which is a very cheerful sort — and began the first speech in a little by-play which he had rehearsed with a couple of the financiers in his party:

"Fellow-skiers, snow-shoemen, and Humpty-Hillers, you have drunk toasts in the best cider ever ground out of apples to Miss Molly of the valley and to the lad she has trained to be a hero. I have one more toast to propose—The Valley!"

With more jokes, they drained the yellow nectar. Mr. Bryant proceeded. "I propose the valley because it is the most lovely spot on the planet, because it has given you the time of your lives, and because"—and here he sounded very sober—"because there won't be any valley next winter."

"Prophesying earthquakes?" asked an irreverent financier.

"Worse!" replied Mr. Bryant. "Earthquakes are harmless as kittens compared to lumbermen. Fellow ski-bobbers, hockey-fiends, and other sportsmen, I 've shown you the promised land. Now I must tell you that it 's promised to some one else—a lot of lumbermen, who are not going to let one tree stand beside another; who 'll leave mounds of slash for forest fires; who 'll turn this valley into a desert, unless—" and here he lowered his voice "unless you all turn in and help me buy the rights. You owe the good time you 've

been having to Miss Molly and her valley. Will you pay up?"

That request was the cue for one of the financiers. He said, "Out with your plan, you Old Nick; you always have one!"

There was a twinkle in Mr. Bryant's eye. "The plan, fellow-skaters, tobogganners, *et cetera,* is simple and as follows: I have drawn up papers for a company, to be known as Molly's Health-and-Wealth Company, — that will attract outsiders, you see, because everybody will want to belong to a health-and-wealth company,—which will buy out the lumbermen, preserve the beauty of this valley, organize winter sports here, sell the snow, the air, and the scenery at high prices to those who don't own stock, and—pay dividends to those who do. The subscription blanks are made out, the certificates are ready, and all I need,—just think of it, fellow *et ceteras,* all I need is—subscribers." He paused expectantly.

"Put me down for ten thousand dollars," spoke up one of the coached financiers, smiling self-consciously.

"Same," said his wife, as if speaking a part.

"Same," "Same," "Same," came from others of the flannel-shirted, gay-sweatered crowd. Mr. Bryant held up his hand.

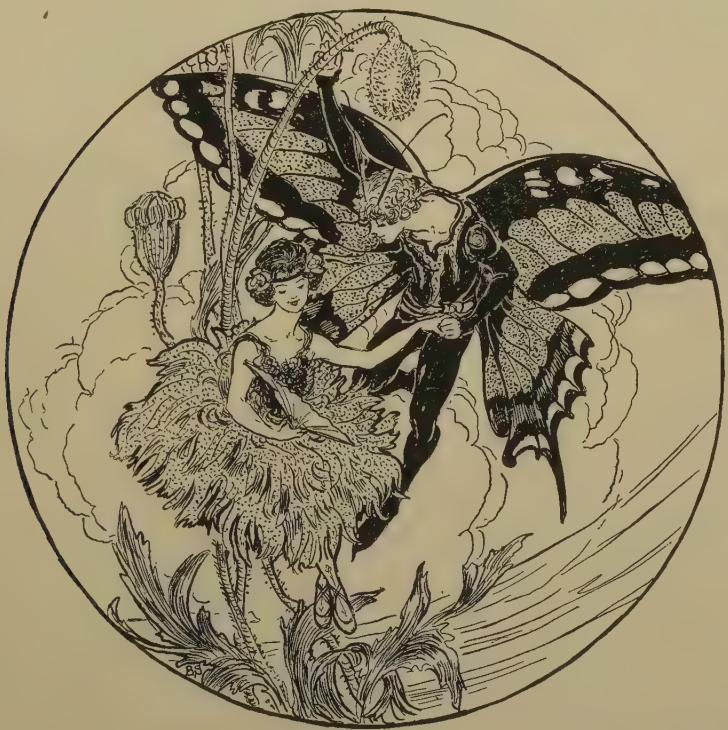
"The stock is sold out," he said, "except one block of one thousand dollars, which I am presenting to Miss Molly—with the best wishes of Nick."

It was all so sudden, so pretty, that she had not breath at first for even the barest thanks.

"Don't be too serious, Miss Molly," suggested one of the new shareholders. "It 's only paper."

"That 's all the forest is—wood-pulp, paper," retorted Mr. Bryant. "Go on, Molly, look at your certificate, and don't hesitate to assess the man for contempt of cash. You 're president."

Molly looked. There it glowed in gold letters: MOLLY'S HEALTH-AND-WEALTH CO., with her name beneath as president and Mr. Bryant's as treasurer. She was forced to believe her eyes. She flushed with the happiness of it, though, unreasonably enough, tears came to her eyes. For it meant that she was to oversee the building up of a business that even in the dead of winter would bring prosperity to her people—that her valley was saved from destruction!



A BUTTERFLY BEAU

"THE GROVE JOKES"

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

Ben Ranney was reading the sporting page of the Rockton "Herald," a paper published in the town of Rockton, fifteen miles away from the little country village of Grove.

"Fellows," Ben said looking up at his friends, "we have n't any sports here at school. Let 's get up a baseball team and try to get two games with Rockton High."

The other boys who were seated near Ben looked up in surprise. They knew that in their little high school there were only twelve boys; and to get up a good team—well, could it be done? Their eyes showed their interest.

"We can fix up the field near the building," Ben went on thoughtfully, "and we can play there—"

"But we have n't any suits and stuff," said little Stacey, who always took a gloomy view of any project and yet was the hardest worker for anything the others undertook.

Suggestions came fast after that; it was a challenge. Could the little high school put out a team that could tackle Rockton's fast team? Ben put the matter to a vote; and eleven voices shouted "Yes!" Grove was to have a high-school team.

"Now, how are we going to get suits?" was the next question.

They decided to see Mr. Beecher, the chairman of the school-board, and see if any money could be given the team. Immediately, they hurried down to his store. He was in the office, and Ben went in.

Mr. Beecher listened to what Ben had to say; then he rubbed his mustache nervously in a way he had and shook his head. "There is n't a cent to be spent on such foolishness; and besides, you can't beat such a team as Rockton's!"

"We can try, sir," Ben said quietly; but Mr. Beecher shook his head and turned to his work.

Ben told his mates of the result of the visit.

"Then we can earn the suits!" said fiery "Red" Ryan. "Each chap earn his own. We can practise just the same before the suits come. Call practice to-morrow afternoon, Ben?"

Ben agreed, and the first practice came. The teacher of the high school, Mrs. Young, the boys liked, but of course she could not coach them; so they tried to get along as best they could. "Red" Ryan had played the game quite a little before he came to Grove, and was a good catcher. He told the others what he knew; and as all had played "catch," they got along fairly well. It was evident, however, to Ben, who was elected captain, that they would never know the fine points of the game—the points that make it a battle of brains as well as brawn—without a coach; but they had no way of getting one. They would have to do the best they could.

Little Stacey, who could throw the fastest ball of all, was made pitcher; and Ryan showed him how to throw an out-curve. No one knew just how the other curves were thrown.

The short-stop position was a difficult one to fill; and perhaps it could not have been filled if "Frenchie" Sinotte had not come back to school as soon as he heard a team was being organized. His father had settled on an old farm; he was poor, and Frenchie had given up school; but, as he explained to Ben, his father told him to come back if he wanted to.

And then big, hulking Dorr walked into school one morning. Mrs. Young smiled to see him, for she had tried to keep him interested. Now, baseball might induce him to seek an education.

The suits came, and the practice on that day was much more enjoyable. The team worked together fairly well, and the players began to feel confident.

Then came the fateful day on which they went to Rockton.

The result can be swiftly told. They found themselves on a smooth, hard diamond, facing a large cheering crowd of Rockton High School pupils and townspeople, batting against a pitcher who threw deceptive curves, and playing against a team that knew more baseball.

Ben thought it was the bitterest two hours of his life. He saw little Stacey throwing a ball so fast it looked like a white streak—but the ball was hit. He saw the ball break through his players. Frenchie had been taken ill and could not come; and the player in his position seemed to be afraid of the hard bounding balls that came to him from the Rockton bats.

But it all had to end—with the score 25-0 in Rockton's favor. As Ben walked to the

dressing-room he heard the laughing comments of the crowd: "A joke team," "The Grove Jokes," and others.

His team was a quiet lot as it left for home. On the street, as they were walking toward the conveyances that brought them down, Ben saw Mr. Beecher, who smiled sarcastically.

"Well, fellows, want to call it off?" Ben asked them, just before they started. "The Rockton manager said they wanted us just for the practice, and they 'd play us again in two weeks if we wanted to play."

Little Stacey's tired face was grim. "Give me just one chance more, Ben."

Big Dorr, who had struck out all afternoon, was the next to speak. "I 'm going to the sporting store and buy the biggest bat I can find. You fellows need n't wait for me; I 'll walk home."

Ryan said just this: "If you won't play them, I 'll play them alone."

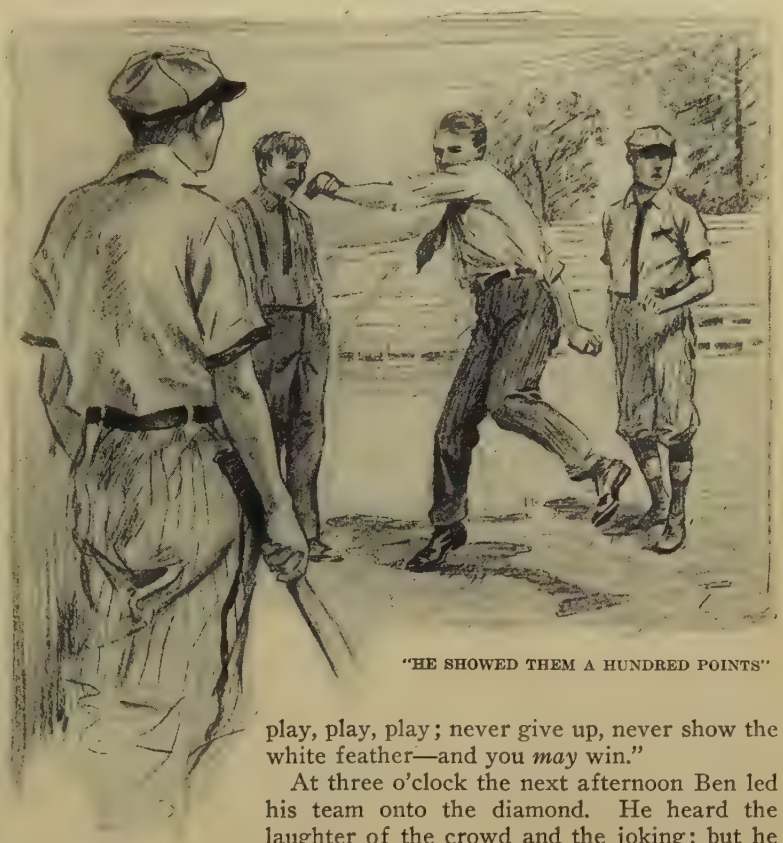
They were all trying to talk; so Ben said quietly, "Practice Monday afternoon."

It was on that afternoon, while they were hard at work, that an automobile stopped in the road, and a man in the car watched them with interest. Then, after a little, he came out to the field.

"Want me to show you boys a few points?" he asked Ben, and Ben answered him with a hearty affirmative.

The man said his name was Brown—that was all they knew about him. But he knew baseball. He showed them a hundred points they could never have picked up alone. Little Stacey was shown how the in-curve and drop-curve are thrown, and how to work the corners of the plate. The "hit-and-run" game, the handling of the bat, bunting, playing signals—these and many other phases of the game they learned.

The two weeks drew to a close on Friday night; and their coach told them what the situation was. "You play much better ball than you did, but you are going to play a fine team. They think you are easy, so you must take them by surprise. I can't go to the game with you; but I 'll talk it over with Ben. Now, the chances are that you will lose, but it will be by a smaller score, I know. You must play, play, play; never give up, never show the white feather—and you *may* win."



"HE SHOWED THEM A HUNDRED POINTS"

At three o'clock the next afternoon Ben led his team onto the diamond. He heard the laughter of the crowd and the joking; but he only smiled back.

Stacey stepped into the box, swung in his wind-up, and the ball sped to the plate, to be batted hard at Frenchie, who, coming in fast, missed it, and it rolled to left-field, while the fast runner raced to second.

The crowd laughed and cheered. Frenchie trotted back, shaking his fist. Twice Stacey pitched the ball, twice it was hit, twice errors were made, and two runs went over the plate to the laughter and cheers of the crowd.

Ben walked out as Ryan came up to Stacey.

"Throw my signal, Stace. Come down to earth!" Ryan said angrily.

Ben put his hand on Stacey's shoulder and found the shoulder trembling. "Old fellow, Brown said you were fit to beat them. Now, take your time and show them!"

Stacey smiled, and stepped into the box. Ben saw him carefully study the batter, and then send the ball to the plate. The ball took a sudden twist, and the batter missed it. Stacey, poor chap, had been so nervous that he had forgotten the curves he had learned.

The next ball the keen-eyed batter met fair and hard, and it shot down the diamond, but Frenchie, his bow legs twinkling, came charging in, and Ben, with a shout in his heart, felt the ball settle in his glove at first base, far ahead of the runner.

Once more the ball went sizzling down to Frenchie; once more he scooped it up and threw the runner out at first. On the next ball, the third Rockton runner was thrown out by Stacey. The inning was over, with Rockton two runs ahead.

Grove's turn came at bat. The cool, smiling Rockton pitcher struck out the first two batters; then Frenchie, slamming a hard-hit ball to second base, was thrown out.

Again Rockton was at bat, but the grim-faced, unsmiling team, the "Grove Jokes," as they had been called, played with all the skill they knew, and Rockton did not cross the plate.

The innings went by. Again and again Rockton batted so hard as to put runners on the bases; but as luck would have it, again and again Frenchie, tearing in on his twinkling bow legs, grabbed the ball, and with his quick, jerky motion shot it to Ben. Ungainly Dorr, showing astonishing speed in left-field, pulled down long and hard hits.

The eighth inning came, and Grove's turn at bat. Ryan was the first. He picked up his bat and scowled at the others. "If I get on, will you fellows bat me in?" he asked, his Irish eyes on fire.

Frenchie grinned. "Get on—and see!" and his teeth showed.

Ryan, his red hair flaming, walked to the plate. The crowd had ceased some of its laughter, but they "jollied" the red-headed player. The laughter stopped—short—as they saw the short bat suddenly shoot out, sending a whirling bunt along the first base-line, and a short figure speed to the white bag as if flying.

"Safe!" shouted the umpire.

"Red" shook his fist good-naturedly at the Rockton pitcher, and then called to his team, "Come on—show your nerve!"

But Red stood grimly on the bag at first base while two of his team struck out.

Then Frenchie, grinning with delight, came wobbling to the plate. He let two balls go by; the third he seemed to step out to meet, for the ball rose in a graceful curve over the second baseman's head. Red, his head lowered, was driving his short legs with all the speed there was in them toward second. At second base, he astounded the Rockton's players by keeping right on, his red head down, his chunky legs working hard, and diving, he slid to third safely in a cloud of dust. Frenchie, seeing the Rockton team so interested in the unusual effort of Ryan to go from first to third on a single hit, promptly scooted to second.

Silence fell on the field. The Rockton team looked at one another, and the pitcher rubbed the ball nervously. Something in the Grove team—something in the grim way they had hung on, refusing to consider themselves beaten, was beginning to worry the Rockton players.

Then Dorr stalked to the plate, his big bat carried at a threatening angle. But he had struck out twice before—too eager. Ben had warned him. Standing quietly at the plate, he let the first ball go by; the next he fouled. The next was the one that was to tell, probably.

Ben saw the ball come; he saw the broad, powerful shoulders set; he saw the bat swing, and heard a savage, sharp crack. The ball went like a shadow to the short-stop, and driven by the desperate strength of the big fellow, it tore through the short-stop's hands, and, hardly losing any of its speed, shot on, to rip its way through the left-fielder's glove as, coming in fast, he tried to gather it in.

At the crack of the bat, Ryan and Frenchie started at full speed; and before the ball could be relayed in, Red, with Frenchie fast on his heels, had crossed the plate for the two runs that tied the game. Dorr ended a wild sprint at third base.

Ben picked up his bat and walked to the plate. As he walked, he thought. He was not a strong hitter, but he felt sure he would not be struck out. Besides, his team did not know much about the game—at least, he knew the Rockton players held that opinion. He knew, too, that Rockton was nervous, surprised by the sudden turn of events.

He lifted his bat and rubbed the handle twice—a signal to Dorr that he would try to hit the first ball thrown, and that Dorr must start as the ball was pitched. It was a last hope, for the batters following Ben were too weak to be of use.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Ben saw Dorr creep off his base, the line of his jaws white with determination.

The ball came down to Ben fast, and with

a thrill of a second he felt the bat meet the ball; turning, he drove himself to first, and heard back of him Frenchie's high, shrill shout.

Ben heard himself called out, but he knew that Dorr had crossed the plate with the winning run before he himself was out; so the run counted, leaving the score 3-2 in Grove's favor.

"Now, fellows, hold 'em!" Ben said to his players. Frenchie winked in reply as he trotted out.

THE WINNING RUN

Ben caught Stacey's arm. "Stace, they are better than we; we 've got to beat them by out-guessing them. You have n't used that drop-curve—"

"Use it? I 'm afraid I can't—"

"Stace, it 'll come as a surprise to them. Use it!" Ben said sharply.

The little pitcher hurried out.

Good luck is a good friend to those who think hard, toil hard, and refuse to give up. The Rockton batter, his face set, swung at a ball that looked like others he had hit, and saw it take a sudden twist away from his bat; and before he knew it, he was struck out. He walked away, dazed, from the plate. The next batter, a little wiser, waited, to see Stacey shoot across two straight balls for two strikes; then the batter, thinking evidently that the sharp curve that struck out his playing mate was an accident, swung hard at the next ball, and saw that he was batting at a deceptive drop-curve—and saw it too late. The third player sauntered to the plate, smiling confidently; but all afternoon he had been batting at certain balls, and now he was to meet a new ball. He met it, but it rolled to Frenchie, who tore down upon it with a yelp of joy, and flashed it to first!

One more surprise awaited Ben. After he had left the grounds, accepted the compliments of the Rockton men, who stopped to shake hands with his team, after the cheer had been given, he suddenly saw Mr. Beecher, standing aside and rubbing his mustache as usual.

Mr. Beecher beckoned him. "Saw the game, Ben, I and some of the men from town. Now, we 're—er—er proud of you boys—and—er—er we 're going to raise money to—er—er—fix up the field—and—er—do other things. I guess—you can have the—er—er town hall for basketball this winter—too."

Ben listened, dumfounded. "You mean—"

"We 'll get a coach. How 'd you like Brown? He 's a famous college pitcher—"

"Do you know him?" Ben asked, still more astonished.

Mr. Beecher caught his mustache. "I—er—ah—did n't intend to say—er—anything about him. I—ah—er—hired him to help you boys. You deserved it."

With that parting statement, Mr. Beecher turned and walked rapidly away, leaving Ben possessed not only by his astonishment, but also by a desire to toss his cap and cheer right there in that most decorous street of Rockton.

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER XXX

THE FATHERLESS OF FRANCE

THE next morning, after many inquiries, we found the Abbé Chinot, in a cellar, surrounded by a score or more of children. At sight of me, his face brightened, and he came to me quickly with outstretched hand.

"It is Jeannette de Martigny!" he exclaimed. "I am right glad to see thee, child."

We talked a little of what had happened since last I had seen him, and he found words of comfort and encouragement. I told him of how Grandpère had thought of him at the end, and he was much touched.

"And so, Monsieur l'Abbé, I have returned to Rheims. What is there for me to do?"

"That is the right spirit, my daughter," he said, gravely. "There are no sorrows that cannot be eased by well-doing. And the work is here at your hand." He made a motion to indicate the half-lighted cellar. "I have been at my wits' end to know how to arrange for these little ones. This is one of my schools, but it has been impossible for me to take charge of them every day, and they are without any other teacher. They shall be yours, Jeannette. You must be mother and nurse and teacher to them, all in one. Some are without parents. I think none has a father living. Their mothers are at work every day, earning money to preserve their little homes. Could you ask for any better mission?"

"I shall be glad to do what I can, Monsieur l'Abbé," I answered, remembering Grandpère's words to me.

"You will do very well, I 'm sure," he replied with a smile, and then turned to the children. *"Mes enfants,* here is your new teacher. She is Mademoiselle Jeannette, and I promise her you will do as she bids you. Come and I will tell her your names."

They formed in line, and one after another curtsied to me.

"This is Paul Guyotte, Mademoiselle," the abbé began his introduction as the first boy stepped before me. "He is the oldest here, and, you will find, a great help. Paul teaches the little ones their A-B-C's, don't you, Paul?"

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé," the boy answered with a bright smile, and he held himself very straight, looking up at me with a frank gaze that won my heart on the instant.

"And this is little Alice," the abbé went on, as a tot toddled up to us. "And this is Marie, a very lively child, Mademoiselle, but somewhat venturesome. You must have an eye on Marie; she does not understand danger. And this is Philippe, who knows his arithmetic excellently, but spells, I am sorry to say, in a way that is entirely his own. He is trying to improve, are you not, Philippe?"

"Indeed, yes, Monsieur l'Abbé," the boy answered with a blush.

"This girl, my daughter," the abbé continued, picking up the smallest of the children, "is the little Fleurette. You will find her mostly in your lap. She is but two and a half and all alone in the world. You will not mind having her in your arms, Jeannette. She is very small and needs some one's love. I am sure she will find it."

I sat down on the instant and had the baby in my arms. As the abbé predicted, she was there most of the time thereafter.

So it went, this introduction to my new charges, until the last one had come before me, and then, with scarcely a word of my duties, the abbé and Madame Garnier disappeared through the door in the pavement. There I was, with a room full of shy children, feeling much embarrassed myself, but knowing well that I was helping, not only in what I might do for the children, but also by permitting the abbé to attend to more urgent work.

I put as brave a face upon the matter as I could, but what a funny little school it was! There were only a few chairs, and most of the children sat about on boxes of one kind or another. Our books were very scarce and had to be shared. The room itself was badly lighted and none too large for the twenty or more who spent their days there. But I was to find that schools were something more than desks and slates and pencils. All such things we lack to this day; but we learn in spite of what we lack, I as well as the children.

On that first morning I looked about me rather helplessly, not knowing where to begin, and then Paul said the word that set the days

going. I soon found that Paul was my right-hand man.

"If Mademoiselle pleases, we can start," he said. "Monsieur l'Abbé had just come, but already it is late."

"How do we begin, Paul?" I asked.

"Why, Mademoiselle, with the Marseillaise!" he exclaimed, as if not to know that was to confess the very depth of ignorance.

"Of course!" I answered; "let us sing it at once. Altogether now."

I had no need to prompt them. They lifted their child voices, and it was all I could do to keep back the tears. I had heard that song of France, oh, how many times! but never had it so touched me as when my children sang it with their whole souls in that miserable cellar in Rheims. Poor little victims of a cruel nation, all fatherless, chanting the battle-song of France.

"Amour sacré de la patrie!"

I lifted up my voice with them. I was one of them. Like them, those I loved most had died for France. We were orphans together. The little Fleurette at my side lisped the words softly, as if whispering a secret to herself. Had she found already that sacred love of country of which she sang? Perhaps. She, too, had made the sacrifice.

At the end there was a momentary stillness, and then with one voice they shouted, *"Vive la France!"* Surely, that was a good way to begin our day!

But we were to have little school that first morning. It was necessary that we become acquainted, and how better than to tell each other what our experiences had been in this war. They saw my black dress and knew what it meant. They expected that I should let them share my sorrows. In our common suffering we were drawn close together. We did not hide the cause of our heartaches, rather we talked of them, finding consolation in our bond of sympathy. We spoke with dry eyes, proud of the brave deeds of those who had given up their lives. I had thought before that I had seen courage and fortitude; not till I knew my children did I realize how close to the people of France was the glorious spirit of Jeanne d'Arc. Her faith was here, and surely the angels were never far away.

They heard the story of my papa, quietly, but with understanding. Indeed, they knew. Their little hearts beat as one with mine; but none said a word that was an expression of regret.

"My father had the honor to die for France at Charleroi," said Paul, when I had finished.

"And mine at the Marne."

"Mine also at the Marne."

"My father died at Soissons, but one week ago."

"My father died fighting with the British at Mons."

"My papa was killed on his horse near—near—" it was the baby Fleurette.

"It was in Alsace, Mademoiselle," Paul explained. "Her poor maman died at the news. The little Fleurette has no one but us, Mademoiselle. She is very young, so please excuse her if she forgets. We shall see that she remembers where her father died."

Each had a tale to tell, some with but a word or two, others, more voluble, with details that wrung the heart; and no one interrupted. Each felt for his companion and recognized his or her right to recount the honor that had been won by death. The honor to die for France!

It is not to be thought that these were bitter moments when we talked over among ourselves the brave deeds of those we loved. No, indeed! we were proud, all of us, and shared their glory and our sorrow.

Nor was all our interest centered in the things that were of the past. The present concerned us no less.

"It is a funny school, is it not, Mademoiselle," Marie remarked in a pause.

"I have never seen anything like it before," I replied, smiling.

"It is better than no school," Paul said, a little severely, though I had not detected a hint of criticism in Marie's tone.

"We should be very thankful for everything that we have," I hastened to add, fearing perhaps that I was the one Paul wished to admonish.

"That is true, Mademoiselle," he agreed.

"My papa told me how the *poilus* lived in the trenches," Henriette ventured timidly. She was a fair-haired child of eight years, whose mother sewed all day. "You know, Mademoiselle," she went on at a nod of encouragement from me, "very often they have nothing to eat for many days *là bas*, and it is very dismal and cold, with much water in the trenches. It is not we who should complain."

"We do not complain," Marie maintained stoutly.

"That is as it should be," said Paul. I was beginning to see that he was a young man who took his responsibilities seriously. "I have heard of people who grumbled because they had no butter for their bread or sugar for their coffee. They were not of us, Mademoi-

selle. They did not have one who had died for *la patrie.*"

As if to emphasize his remarks, a shell burst close to us and we felt the jar of it through our cellar.

"*C'est les Boches,*" ("It is the *Boches,*") one of them remarked indifferently. "I wonder where it hit? I should like to see."

"It is nothing!" Alice said, with a scornful laugh. "The *Boches* are crazy. They shoot their cannon because they are in an ill humor. Let us talk of something else."

"You know, Mademoiselle," Paul began, and it was evident that he had something of interest to say, because his eyes were shining, "do you know that I have been adopted by a good American. Marie also, and Henriette."

"Adopted?" I echoed, for I had not heard of this fine remembrance of the children of France by the children of that great country across the seas.

"Do you not know?" cried Marie. "See, Mademoiselle." She held up her leg to show me a thick woolen stocking, of which she was very proud. "They came last week, with money and two handkerchiefs and—"

"But tell me about it," I interrupted, turning to Paul, from whom I thought I should get the most lucid explanation.

"It is that we are adopted by some kind Americans, I, Henriette, and Marie," he began. "They send us letters and presents, and sometimes there is money, too—which we give to our mamans. They are our godparents. Is it not wonderful, Mademoiselle, that there are people such a long way off thinking of us?"

"It is splendid!" I exclaimed.

"At Christmas they sent us each a warm dress," Henriette put in gently. "They are very beautiful, but much too good except for fête days. Marie and I pray for our godparents every night."

"And so do I," Paul hastened to say. "Every night on my knees I say to *le bon Dieu* 'Please bless Miss Constance E. Lewis, of New York, U. S. A.' I ask him this just before I say 'God save France,' which is at the end always. You think *le bon Dieu* will know where it is, Mademoiselle?" he asked, with an appealing look at me.

"I 'm sure of that, Paul," I answered.

"Because," he went on, "New York is a great way off and—and sometimes I have been afraid he may not understand the address as I give it. I am very particular to say U. S. A."

"You need not fear, Paul. I am sure *le bon Dieu* will heed the prayer for your kind godmother."

"It is a comfort to know that," he sighed. "We have talked of it, Marie, Henriette, and I, but we have feared to speak to Monsieur l'Abbé. He might think—I do not know what he might think, but we were afraid. You know how it is with an abbé, Mademoiselle."

I laughed a little, and this set them all giggling except Paul, who was still quite serious about his godparent.

"You cannot know how good they are to us, Mademoiselle," he went on earnestly, "and all we can do is to write to them. I have a letter now that I would like you to look at if you will, please. You know Miss Constance E. Lewis, of New York, U. S. A., has told me that she is practising her French in writing to me and that my answers help her. Did you know that they talk English in America, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, I know."

"So you see, then, how important it is that my letters should be correct," he continued. "If I am to help her, I must be very careful."

"Bring the letter, Paul and I will see if it is all right."

He went off and rummaged in a box, returning presently with the following, very painstakingly written out, and which, in English, would read:

My dear Godmother:

The money and the beautiful scarf that you sent reached me yesterday. I thank you many, many times for them. It is because my brave papa had the honor to die for France at Charleroi that you are so generous. That I understand. I am grieved that I cannot tell you better how much I thank you. I love best the scarf, because you have made it. My maman tells me to say that each stitch is a link in the chain of friendship between our two dear countries.

Dear Marraine, I hope you will not be angry that I gave to my maman all the money you have sent. I am all the man she has to care for her since Charleroi. That is bad for her, because I am too little to do much. I do not need toys, because I have the little Fleurette to play with, and maman needs money very much. Last year I won a prize in school. It is buried in our house which the *Boches* have blown down. I do not think a school in the cellar will give prizes, but if I get one I shall send it to you.

Your very affectionate godson,

PAUL GUYOTTE.

"It is a very nice letter indeed, Paul," I told him, "and I am sure Miss Constance will like it."

Then Marie and Henriette begged that I should look over theirs, and I was soon to find that superintending this correspondence was not the least of my tasks. And oh, how gladly I did it! Many times have I wished to write

myself to tell these kind godparents how much joy and comfort and encouragement they are giving my little charges here in France. The day a letter came for either of the three, school was forgotten till it was read, and re-read, and talked of, and speculated about by all of us. Oh, if only those who write could see the joy their remembrances bring! If but once they could behold the dancing steps of little Marie as she runs into our hole in the ground with her letter clasped to her breast; or the shy glances of Henriette on her day of rejoicing; or the manly, upright figure of Paul, old beyond his ten years, as he lifts his head and says, "Mademoiselle, I have another letter from Miss Constance E. Lewis, of New York, U. S. A."!

I have wished many times that all my little scholars could have been so fortunate as to find godparents in that beautiful land of America, not for the presents that would come to them, much as they would help; but because there would come also into their hearts the knowledge that a land of which they knew little was inhabited by kindly people like themselves, whose hearts ached for the sorrows of France. It is well for the children to learn that upon this earth there are no others like the Germans.

Much of that first day was spent in talking of these American friends, whom I later came to know as well as did the children.

Miss Constance wrote now and then, and some of the things she told us over-topped our imaginations.

"She lives in a house of seventeen stories," said Paul one day. "That would be as high as the cathedral, Mademoiselle. Do you think it could be possible?"

"I am sure it is, if she says so, Paul," I replied.

"But seventeen stories, Mademoiselle!"

"She is doubtless very rich," I suggested.

"'MY FATHER HAD THE HONOR TO DIE FOR FRANCE AT CHARLEROI,' SAID PAUL"

"Of that there is no doubt," he answered rather proudly; "but seventeen stories!"

It was a matter to be accepted wholly on faith, of which Paul had an abundance, and we all shared his belief.

Before that first day ended I knew that I had found my work for France. My heart had already gone out to these forlorn, brave children. I think, too, they had begun to look upon me as a friend.

CHAPTER XXXI

AN OFFICER OF INTELLIGENCE

IT was not very long before I had settled down to our underground life in Rheims as happily and with as contented a mind as was possible in the circumstances. For this I had most to thank my little ones in the school. All the week-days I was with them, going on Sundays to the military hospital for visits with Mademoiselle Peters and her wounded *poilus*.

The long and bitter winter passed, spring came into our hearts and we began to talk of the day when the *Boches* would be driven out of France and when we should come out of our holes in the ground forever.

"And yet it has never been gloomy in our cellar," Henriette remarked one day, with a shy smile at me.

"Will you teach us when we go back, Mademoiselle?" Paul demanded.

"Of that I cannot be sure," I told him. "Perhaps Monsieur l'Abbé will find a proper teacher."

"In that case I should rather stay here," he declared, and the others echoed his words so heartily that I felt very proud.

"We shall always be firm friends no matter what happens?" I said, and hugged the little Fleurette for them all.

I could tell a hundred tales of my dear children, who grew to love their teacher and made allowances for her failings. Perhaps I was more of a nurse than anything else, nevertheless we made progress with our lessons, and, as Henriette had said, it was never gloomy in our cellar.

One evening, as I was returning to Eugénie after having seen my charges safely home, I was passed upon the street by two *poilus*, with a man in a French officer's uniform between them. As I glanced up, I saw that this man in the middle was a prisoner, and, looking into his face, I recognized Léon Guyot.

So surprised was I that I could not speak. Our eyes met and I think he would have hailed me, but the soldiers, with a gruff command for silence, hurried him along. I stood for a moment watching them, wondering what it all meant.

A little thought convinced me that Monsieur Léon had been arrested as a German spy; but feeling satisfied that he could easily prove his loyalty, I had no uneasiness on his account and began to speculate upon the chances of his having recovered the sandal of Jeanne d'Arc, wishing that I could see him to hear what had befallen him since we parted.

After dinner Madame Garnier went out upon some business of importance,—back to the hospital I think, though I cannot be certain now,—and Eugénie, overcome by fatigue and old age, settled herself before the little stove and went to sleep. I was busy writing a letter to Heloise, for we had kept up a regular correspondence since I had returned to Rheims, and save for the scratching of my pen, the room was quiet.

I was absorbed in telling Heloise the latest stories of my children, when a faint sound at the door attracted my attention and I lifted my head to listen. After a moment there came a gentle knock, as if one outside feared to make too great a noise.

With a glance at Eugénie, I tiptoed up the steps to the door and opened it. By the light of the lamp below, I saw dimly a face peering down and recognized Paul.

"I have a note for you, Mademoiselle," he whispered, and thrust a piece of crumpled white paper into my hand.

"Come in," I answered in a low tone, and together we descended into the cellar. Then I went to the lamp to read the message:

Dear Mademoiselle:

I am in a somewhat tight corner or I should not trouble you. When I saw you to-day I was on my way to prison, and to-morrow they will shoot me as a spy. The matter is too complicated to explain here, but if you could see the general commanding in Rheims and tell him what you know of me, it might set me free. No one believes that I am what I really am, and they will not take the time to find out, so certain are they that I am a German. I do not fear, Mademoiselle; but I have information that I should like our officer to credit before I go. Also, I do not want to die a *Bache*. That is too much, for, as you know, I am a good Frenchman. If Mademoiselle can help, she will win the gratitude of

LÉON GUYOT.

"Where did you get this, Paul?" I asked hurriedly, still in an undertone.

"A *poilu* gave it to me, Mademoiselle," he answered. "He thrust it into my hand after asking me if I could read, and cautioned me to deliver it secretly. Then he disappeared. I had never seen him before, but your name was written upon the paper, and so I came here."

There was only one aim in my mind, but I was not so certain that I should be able to accomplish it if Eugénie waked. She, I knew would put every obstacle in the way of my leaving the house that night, and I meant to go, then and there.

I tiptoed across the room, and, getting my hat and coat, motioned to Paul to follow, and we went out into the street.

"Paul," I began, when we were outside, "do you know where the commanding general is living?"

"Oh, yes, Mademoiselle," he answered readily. "All in Rheims know, but one never speaks of it. The *Boches* might learn and send a shell into the house."

"Can you show it to me?"

"Easily, Mademoiselle."

We started off, and I may say it was a good walk. We went mostly in silence, for my thoughts were full of what was before me. At length we came to the headquarters, and the sentry stopped us with an abrupt *"Halte-la!"*

"I wish to see the general," I said, quietly.

"It is impossible, Mademoiselle," he answered with a shrug.

"But this is not a matter that can wait!"

"Nevertheless it must wait, Mademoiselle," he replied good-naturedly. "The general cannot be seen by a child at this late hour."

"It is a matter of life and death," I burst out, exasperated at this stubbornness.

"Oh, la, la! What is life and death in these days, Mademoiselle?" he answered. "It may all be over for any of us to-morrow. Why, even now a shell might send us three to heaven on the instant. That is a smaller matter, life and death!"

"But I must see the general," I insisted.

"There are many who say that and yet do not see him," was the calm reply. "If you had a pass, I might admit you. Otherwise—" He shrugged again.

"Where can I get a pass?" I demanded.

"From those in authority. From colonels and captains—oh, from many, but a pass you must have. Something to show me that you are loyal."

For a moment or two I was at my wits' end. There was nothing, apparently, that would move the man. He had his orders and he would adhere to them. Then, of a sudden, I remembered the ribbon pinned upon my dress and opened my coat.

"See," I said, earnestly, "here is proof of my loyalty."

He held up the lantern, and when he saw the Cross he saluted gravely.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, that is not worn by traitors. I salute him who won it."

"It was my father," I murmured, "and it is to save another Frenchman that I am here."

"What is it all about, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"A man who is not a spy is to be shot in the morning. He is a good Frenchman, as I know, but he is a stranger in Rheims. I am the only

"IN ANOTHER MOMENT LÉON WAS BROUGHT IN" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

one who can save him. He does not fear to die, but he does not wish to be remembered as a German."

"That I can well understand," the *poilu* answered soberly. "To die is nothing. To be thought a German! Bah! Enter, Mademoiselle. *Bonne chance* to your mission!"

With a word of thanks to Paul and a warning that he should go home at once, I went through the barrier toward the dimly lighted house ahead of me, and came at length upon an officer.

He was, I concluded, an aide to the general, a middle-aged man with a kindly, gentle manner which I thought sat strangely on a soldier. He looked a scholar rather than a fighting man, and he spoke in a voice more used to the quiet of a dim retreat than the brazen blare of the battle-fields.

"And how may I serve you, Mademoiselle?" he asked, when I had gone timidly into his little office.

"I wish to see the general at once, please," I answered, my Cross ready in my hand.

"Is it so urgent?" he remarked mildly. "I wonder if you could tell me about it?"

"Would it do any good?" I questioned, without thinking how this might sound.

"You never can tell," he responded gravely. "I can say, however, that I am quite in the general's confidence."

"It is not that I do not trust you, Monsieur," I replied, "but I feel sure that it will be necessary for me to see the general. It concerns a man who has been taken as a spy—Léon Guyot. He is not a German."

"Ah, indeed," he remarked. "I take it you have proof of what you say, Mademoiselle de Martigny."

He spoke my name as if entirely familiar with it, though I had not told him who I was.

"How did you know my name?" I demanded.

"It is my business to know, Mademoiselle," he replied, a little wearily. "Since you came to Rheims it has been my pleasure to keep track of your doings. Mine is not a particularly congenial task, but somebody must do it. I am obliged to pry into the affairs of all who are in Rheims. Now as to Léon Guyot—"

"I assure you, Monsieur, he is not a German!" I interrupted.

"Excellent!" he murmured, as if greatly pleased. "Tell me all you know of him from the beginning: where you met him; what you have learned of his family; how long you have been acquainted with him; what proofs you have of his innocence. In a word, Mademoiselle, his history, as it has touched your life. I shall listen without interrupting. I have learned to do that."

I began my story with a growing sense of its inadequacy, yet trying with all my might to make a favorable impression upon the officer.

"A most interesting account, Mademoiselle," he murmured when I finished, "but no proof! So far as I understand it, you know nothing of this Léon Guyot except what he himself has told you. I am correct in that, I think?"

"Yes, Monsieur, but—"

He raised his hand to silence me, and I saw him press a button on his desk. An instant later a soldier came in.

"Please bring in that prisoner we have in the other room," he remarked casually to the *poilu*, who saluted and went out at once.

"Is Monsieur Guyot here?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, indeed, yes!" he answered lightly. "And when he comes in, Mademoiselle, please, for his sake, do not say a word either to him or to me until I give permission. You will, I am sure, have sufficient intelligence to do as I ask."

I bowed my head, and in another moment Léon was brought in.

He seemed in no wise depressed, and his face lighted as he recognized me. Neither of us spoke, however, and after dismissing the guard, the officer addressed Léon.

"Please sit down," he began, and Léon obeyed promptly. "Now," he went on, "so far as your account of yourself is concerned, it has been corroborated by Mademoiselle de Martigny. But you must agree with me that it would be no difficult matter to arrange all this. In other words, if you were a German spy, Mademoiselle's story would be just the same, seeing that you told it to her. Am I correct in this?"

"Quite correct," Léon answered cheerfully. "I understand your position perfectly."

"One circumstance interests me particularly," the officer continued. "If you could satisfy me in regard to the sandal of Jeanne d'Arc, of which you have both spoken. I understand that it was to return it that you came back to Rheims?"

"Yes, Monsieur," Léon answered. "I should have come into our lines in any case, but I should have entered through Soissons had it not been for the sandal."

"I see," the officer nodded slowly; "but how can I be sure of this? It is hard to believe that, once a German prince has his clutches on anything, it can be taken from him. That part

of your story is too extraordinary. And yet on it hinges the whole matter between us."

"Monsieur, suppose I show you the sandal," said Léon quietly.

"Do you mean it, man?" The officer raised his voice excitedly, half rising from his chair.

"If you will send a man," Léon began, "between the villages of ——— and ——— on the road to Metz, you will find underneath a stone bridge a pile of hay. Beneath the hay, Monsieur, there is a leather bag belonging to the prince. It was lost out of his automobile, you understand, and I have heard the prince was very angry about it. There are others of us over there, and one, a friend of mine, is a servant to the prince. That is how the matter was arranged. I found the bag and secreted it at the place I have mentioned. To bring it back to Mademoiselle was the errand that caused me to come through Rheims on this trip. It will take half an hour by automobile to find the bag."

The officer jumped to his feet.

"Come!" he cried to Léon, "we will go together. Mademoiselle will please stay here until we return. If the sandal is found, I can safely promise that the matter will be referred to Paris. Otherwise—that is, if we do not find the sandal—I am afraid we shall have to determine the case here. Come!"

He grasped Léon by the arm, and ere I well understood what was going on, he had dragged him hurriedly from the room and I was left alone.

(To be concluded)

Photograph by Peter Juley

"THE JADE BOWL" PAINTED BY DINES CARLSEN, AGE 16

Awarded the Third Hallgarten Prize at the spring exhibition of the New York Academy of Design. This is said to be the first time in the history of the Academy, organized in 1825, where a prize has been given to so young an exhibitor.

THE SOLDIER WHO "STUCK"

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

He was a very quiet and retiring man—was Sergeant Murray. He occupied the "upstairs" bed of a double-decked bunk near the end of a long line of such bunks, in a frame barracks "shack." Of course it was in France, and the men in that barracks were all going to a school—a school for men who had "made good" and who, on graduation, were to receive commissions.

Among all the men in Barracks B, Sergeant Murray was probably the quietest and most modest. In fact, hardly any one noticed him particularly—which seemed to suit him exactly.

But one day, when I was passing his bunk, where he was going over some papers, I noticed that he had dropped one on the floor. Picking it up, I saw at once that it was a certificate, or whatever you call it, for the Distinguished Service medal.

He was horribly embarrassed when I handed it to him, and still more when I asked him how he got it.

"And that is n't all he has, either," said a man in an adjoining bunk; "he 's got the *Croix de Guerre,* too!"

At that Sergeant Murray, a slightly built, dark-haired man, was more confused than ever, and seemed to shrink into the back of his bunk.

"Well," I demanded, "what I want to know is, how did you get all these crosses and medals! Let 's have the story. There 's a good chap!"

"It was n't anything!" he declared, blushing; "nothing at all! Nothing!"

"No escape that way," said I; "come on, now. I 've always wanted to know how people got these things—in case *I* might have a chance some day! Come on. Let 's have the story!"

"It was n't anything at all!" insisted he. "You see—I was just *there*—"

"Where?" I demanded.

"Why—*there*—you know," said he. "I was just there and kind o' stayed there—and that 's all there was to it!"

"This man is going to drive me frantic!" I exclaimed. "You don't escape like that! So you might just as well tell *where* you were, and how you happened to stay, and what happened when you *did* stay, and so on!"

But I could do nothing with him at all. All I could learn was that he had been somewhere, and had remained there. Finally up spoke the man in the neighboring bunk.

"If Murray won't tell you—then I will," said he.

And despite Murray's protests, this is the story the other man told me.

It seems that Murray, at that time a simple private, was in the half-company that had been given a series of shell-holes to defend against attack. They were connected by trenches and were supplied with machine-guns and grenades, and, of course, many of the men had their rifles. They were to hold this position for several hours, until reinforcements came up.

It seems, too, that Fritz wanted to break through just at this spot, and it annoyed him very much that men with machine-guns should

be holding those shell-holes and trenches. So Fritz shelled and bombed that position. Then he tried to rush it, failed, ran back, and shelled and bombed it again. In between times, he deluged it with machine-gun fire. It was an abominable place, but the men stuck it out. But they lost, and lost heavily. One by one their officers were either killed or wounded, and after some hours there was not one officer, not even a corporal, able to take command. Not only that, but many of the men were wounded or dead, and it looked as though the few remaining might become disorganized. And then, of course, Fritz, on his next rush, could break through!

So Private Murray, seeing the situation, went from shell-hole to shell-hole, organized the remaining men into new squads, appointed new squad leaders, distributed such ammunition and food as remained, encouraged everybody, and he kept this up, beating off attack after attack, despite shells and gas and grenades, with an ever-decreasing number of men, until finally, long after they had been expected, came the reinforcements, and Fritz was definitely driven away.

"But it was nothing!" little Murray insisted, "nothing! For, you see, I was just *there*, you know, and just kind o' *stuck* there—and that 's all there was to it!" And, much embarrassed, he put away his papers, took his cap, and scuttled out of the barracks!

And, do you know, I think that even in those few words Sergeant Murray put the whole secret—the only method by means of which anything that is worth while can be put through. You see, all you have to do is *to be there* and to *stick!*

NATIONS THAT NEVER GREW UP

By ARCHER P. WHALLON

Tucked away in odd corners or in inhospitable mountain-ranges in Europe live some thousands of people, the citizens of six states too small to have had an effective part in the World War, although, with one exception, they were among its victims, and their fate will never be a matter of great concern to any society or league of nations. That these small states have till now had their independence may be attributed to the mutual jealousy, or, in some cases, to the good nature, of their great neighbors, and to the fact that the poverty of their territory protected them. Of them all, only Luxemburg is regarded at all seriously in remaking the map of Europe.

Although much the largest of these small states, Luxemburg is not very large, as nations go, having an area of 988 square miles, or, in other words, somewhat more than three fourths the area of Rhode Island. It has a population of 250,000. Its iron mines constitute the source of its greatest wealth and furnish employment for eight thousand people. The steel-mills and foundries have an annual production of goods to the value of $28,000,000.

The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, its official title, is a constitutional monarchy, the present ruler being the Grand Duchess Charlotte, sister of the former grand duchess, Marie Adelaide, who, being accused of pro-German sympathies, abdicated at the request of the Luxemburg Chamber of Deputies. Both of these rulers are young, Marie Adelaide, the older, being but about twenty-three. In peace times Luxemburg had a national army of 150 men and a police force, or gendarmerie, of the same strength. At the outset of the war the grand duchy was overrun by the German armies against the protest of the Luxemburg Government, which was, of course, powerless to resist; and but little was heard concerning conditions in the little country during the German occupation. Since the signing of the armistice, Luxemburg has been occupied by American forces. As might be expected, the language of Luxemburg is mixed, French being the language of the educated, and a mixture of French and German that of the peasants.

The history of Luxemburg has been eventful. From being one of the petty states of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans, in 1443 it came under the rule of Spain, passed to Austria in 1713, and was ceded to France in 1797. It became a grand duchy in 1815, being under the sovereignty of the king of the Netherlands. When Belgium became an independent kingdom in 1831, Luxemburg was divided between Holland and Belgium, and in 1839 was reunited to form the present grand duchy, being made a neutral, sovereign state in 1867. Its future status is problematical. The people are unquestionably anti-German, and within the duchy there have been formed six political parties, three of them representing, respectively, independence, a French pro-

tectorate, and a Belgian protectorate; and with factions either favoring or opposing the retention of the duchess. The strategic position and the iron mines make the fate of Luxemburg a matter of concern to its neighbors, and it will never again be left in a position of unprotected neutrality.

Next in extent of territory comes the Republic of Andorra with 175 square miles, nestling up among the Pyrenees, between the French departments of Ariège and Pyrénées-Orientales and the Spanish province of Lérida. This little nation, with a population of about 5500, while commonly called a republic, has, as its executive authority, two *"viguiers,"* one of whom is nominated by the bishop of Urgel and the other by France. There is also an elective council of twenty-four members.

The independence of Andorra is said, by tradition, to date from the days of Charlemagne (542-814), and that it has preserved its independence is largely due to the divided suzerainty between the bishops of Urgel and the counts of Foix, it being through the latter that France obtained her interests in the country. Andorra remained neutral during the war. About the only news coming from the country was the report of a state of prosperity induced by a profitable trade in smuggling Spanish horses and mules into France, a practice not hindered by the French authorities.

The Principality of Liechtenstein, next in order, is but little more than a third the size of Andorra, having an area of 68 square miles. The population is given at over 9600. Liechtenstein is eleven miles long, and from 1200 feet to six miles wide. It is a mountain valley between Switzerland and the Austrian province of Tyrol, and a little south of the Lake of Constance. Liechtenstein has been more or less independent since 1719. It was a part of the Holy Roman Empire until 1806, and of the old German Confederation from 1815 to 1866, from which it withdrew at the same time as did Austria. Vadun, with a population of 1100, is the capital, but the prince resides most of the time in Vienna. There is a standing army of 62 men while on a peace footing. In the war, Liechtenstein was an ally of Germany and Austria, and we read of the American minister to Belgium turning over the representation of the Liechtenstein interests, along with those of other nations, to the Spanish Legation, before his departure from Brussels.

On the Allies' side of the fight, just where the oldest republic in the world should be expected to be, is San Marino. Of all the dwarf nations of the world, the little Republic of San Marino, high up at an altitude of 10,000 feet among the Apennines, between the Italian provinces of Forli and Pesaro-Urbino, is the best known and has had the most interesting history. The republic has an area of but 23 square miles of mountainous soil, but its population numbers around 10,000, and it claims to be able to put in the field an army of 1200 men, virtually all the men and boys between the ages of 16 and 60. However, the standing army in peace times is a militia of 60 members.

San Marino takes its name from that of a Dalmatian mason who, in the fourth century, quarried stone from Mount Titanus. He was an ardent Christian, and the mountain became a refuge for the then persecuted sect. Two or three centuries later the descendants of Marinus and his followers transformed their mountain monastery into a fortress, and San Marino has been independent ever since. The governing bodies are a general council of sixty, elected for life (the council electing its own members whenever vacancies occur), a smaller council, or kind of senate, of twelve members, and two captains regent that serve for terms of six months only. It is recorded that in 1797 Napoleon sent an envoy to San Marino with the greetings of the new French Republic and a present of four guns; but the guns were declined with thanks, as the citizens of the little republic explained that they were a peace-loving people and had no use for them. This reply is, in fact, descriptive of the character of the people of to-day, who farm, raise cattle, and make wine and pottery. Early in the war there appeared in American newspapers a small item to the effect that Austria had expelled the consul of San Marino, with the statement that "Austria considers herself at war with San Marino."

Considerably smaller in territory is the Principality of Monaco. Located on the shores of the Mediterranean, surrounded on the land side by the French department of Alpes-Maritimes, between Nice and the Italian frontier, Monaco is a peninsula two and a quarter miles long, with a width of from 165 to 1100 yards, and having an area of eight square miles; but the total population is about 19,000. Within its limits is located Monte Carlo, the most notorious gambling resort in the world. The citizens of the principality, however, are not permitted even to enter the rooms where the games are carried on. The ruler of Monaco, Prince Albert, spends a large part of his time in Paris, and much of his means in the interesting pursuit of ocean exploration. He maintains his fine yacht largely for this purpose.

Built into the rocks of Monaco is the famous oceanographic museum, in which are preserved specimens of the strangest creatures in the world—deep-sea fishes, or, as they are called, "members of the abysmal fauna," some of them from a depth of nearly five miles. Early in the war, Prince Albert of Monaco attracted some attention because of the vigorous protest which he addressed to the Kaiser against the atrocious conduct of the German troops in their invasion of Belgium and northern France; and more recently the prince has given to the public press accounts of conversations which he had with both the ex-kaiser and the crown prince previous to the war, which most strikingly exhibit the criminality of the Hohenzollern mind.

MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE SIX LITTLE STATES

Now, at the end of the list, we have the smallest nation of them all, Moresnet Neuter, located four miles southwest of Aix-la-Chapelle, bordering on Germany, Holland, and Belgium, with a total area of only 1400 acres.

Moresnet, or, as it is also called, Kelmis or Altenburg, might as well be called a republic as anything else. Before the war it was governed by two burgomasters, one named by the German and the other by the Belgian government, there being also a council of ten members. Of the inhabitants, who number 4400, about 2000 are German, an equal number Belgian, and only 400 "Neuters." For an individual to be called a "Neuter," it must be proved that his family have resided in Moresnet for a hundred years.

This little territory owes its independent and neutral position to a zinc mine, once the largest in the world, and long the bone of contention between Holland and Germany, neither being willing for it to become the possession of the other. It has been neutral territory from 1815 to the present time, but has now been awarded to Belgium by the Peace Conference.

The part taken by these small states in the Great War was, of course, not an important one, but it is reported that San Marino, while her troops did not get into action, is now financially embarrassed by her war debt, and also by being the recipient of a modern light field-gun which, unfortunately, has a range far beyond her frontiers, and which, accordingly, cannot be fired without bombarding the territory of her ally, Italy, the donor of the gift.

With the breaking up of the old political structures of Austria-Hungary and of Russia, there have been heard the pleas of several small communities of peoples, distinct in race and customs from the peoples that surround them, for independence—some of them adding "with American protection." It is doubtful if any of these desires can be realized—and just how we would go about "protecting" a Lilliputian nation of Germans, say, isolated from their race in the young Slavic nation of Jugo-Slavia is a problem of statesmanship that would tax the tact of the most tactful of diplomats.

But of those small democracies of the "society of nations" who have for centuries persisted through the vicissitudes of—may we not well say—an "anarchy of nations," it is reasonable to expect that the future will be as kind as has the past. They are political curiosities that mankind can well afford to protect.

THE SLIPPER POINT MYSTERY

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "Three Sides of Paradise Green," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST TWO INSTALMENTS

THE two girls, Doris and Sally, who have met and become acquainted on the shore of the little Manituck River and share the secret of a mysterious cave which Sally had discovered on its banks, decide to investigate it further. They set forth one morning, accompanied by Sally's small sister, Genevieve, to saw into the wooden floor of the cave and dig underneath for possible hidden treasure, as they suspect the place may have been a smuggler's retreat in former days.

Instead of discovering treasure they find an opening leading into a long tunnel, and, following this to its end, they are astonished to find themselves in the cellar of Miss Camilla Roundtree's house. That lady is as surprised as themselves at the discovery and knows of no explanation of the strange passageway, except that it may have been constructed by her father, who was an ardent abolitionist, for the concealment of runaway slaves. But when the girls show her the curious scrap of paper they have found in the cave, she exclaims that it is in the handwriting of her brother, who disappeared many years before and has never since been heard from.

CHAPTER VI.

LIGHT DAWNS ON MISS CAMILLA

"SALLY CARTER, I have a new idea!" It was Doris who spoke. The two girls were sitting in the pine grove on the heights of Slipper Point. Each was knitting—an accomplishment they had recently learned. Genevieve was paddling in the water on the golden sand-bar below.

"What is it?" asked Sally, scowling over her work. She had come to some difficult purling in the khaki sweater and wished Miss Camilla were near to help her out. It was Miss Camilla who had taught them to knit, urging that every one should be so occupied in strenuous war time.

"It 's nearly a month now," went on Doris, "since that day you gave the paper to Miss Camilla, and she 's never said a word about it since. And she asked us not to mention the subject any more and forgive her silence, as the matter seemed to concern something that was painful to her."

"Yes, I know," agreed Sally, breathing a sigh of relief as she managed successfully to pick up the dropped stitch; "and she kept the paper, though I 'm positively certain she has never been able to puzzle it all out; and all our hopes of finding buried treasure are over!" she ended with a regretful smile. "But what 's your big idea?"

"Why, it 's just this," explained Doris. "She said that paper was in her brother's handwriting. Now, ever since then, I 've supposed it must be a note or something that he left for her. It 's quite natural that he would have wanted to leave her *something* to explain things, is n't it?"

Sally agreed.

"And, of course, he would want to do it in a way no one else would understand. There may have been an important reason for it at the time. Well, all along, I 've been thinking that scrap of paper was the *note*—and now I 'm just sure it is n't!"

Sally stared. "What in the world is it, then?" she demanded.

"I read a book once," went on Doris, with apparent irrelevance, "a detective story. I never thought of it till to-day, but it had a lot in it about a secret *code* by which people could communicate with each other, those who understood it, and no one else could guess what the writing was all about. The code was n't a bit like this thing," she pulled the bit of paper from her pocket, "but it started me to thinking that this might be a code to read a note by, and not the real note at all."

Sally grasped the idea at once and jumped up in wild and admiring excitement. "Oh, Doris, you 're a wonder to have thought of such a thing! But how can we ever puzzle it all out, and where do you suppose the real note is?"

"Miss Camilla must have the note somewhere, if there really is one," admitted Doris, "and the only way I can see to puzzle it out would be to put the two together and try and make some sense out of them."

"But how are we going to do that?" demanded Sally. "Certainly we could n't very well ask her to let us see it, especially after what she said to us that day."

"No, we could n't, I suppose," said Doris, thoughtfully. "And yet,—" she hesitated,—"I somehow feel perfectly certain that Miss Camilla does n't know the meaning of all this yet, has n't even guessed what we have about this paper. She does n't act so. Maybe she

does n't even know there *is* a note—you can't tell. If she has n't guessed, it would be a mercy to tell her, would n't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," admitted Sally dubiously. "But I would n't know how to go about it. Would you?"

"I could only try and do my best, and beg her to forgive me if I were intruding," said Doris. "Yes, I believe she ought to be told. You can't tell how she may be worrying about all this. She acts awfully worried, seems to me. Not at all as she did when we first knew her. I believe we ought to tell her right now. Call Genevieve and we 'll go over."

Sally called to Genevieve, who was playing in the boat on the beach below, and that young lady soon came scrambling up the bank. Hand in hand, all three started to the home of Miss Camilla, and, when they had reached it, found her sitting on her tiny porch knitting in apparently placid content. But true to Doris's observation, there were anxious lines in her face that had not been seen a month ago. She greeted them, however, with real pleasure, and, with her usual hospitality, proffered refreshments, this time in the shape of some early peaches she had gathered only that morning.

But Doris, who with Sally's consent had constituted herself spokesman, before accepting the refreshment began:

"Miss Camilla, I wonder if you 'll forgive us for speaking of something to you? It may seem as if we were intruding, but we really don't intend to."

"Why, speak right on!" exclaimed that lady in surprise. "You are too well bred to be intrusive, that I know. If you feel you must speak of something to me, I know it is because you think it wise or necessary."

Much relieved by this assurance, Doris went on, explaining how she had suddenly had a new idea concerning the mysterious paper and detailing what she thought it might be. As she proceeded, a new light of comprehension seemed to creep into the face of Miss Camilla, who had been listening intently.

"So we think it must be a code,—a secret code,—Miss Camilla. And if you happen to have any queer sort of note or communication that you 've never been able to make out, why, this may explain it," she ended.

When she had finished, Miss Camilla sat perfectly still—thinking. She thought so long and so intently that it seemed as if she must have forgotten completely the presence of the three on the porch with her. And after what seemed an interminable period, she did a strange thing. Instead of replying with so much as a word, she got up and went into the house, leaving them open-mouthed and wondering.

"Do you suppose she 's angry with us?" whispered Sally. "Do you think we ought to stay?"

"No, I don't think she is angry," replied Doris, in a low voice. "I think she is so—so absorbed that she hardly realizes what she 's doing or that we are here. We 'd better stay."

They stayed. But so long was Miss Camilla gone that even Doris began to doubt the wisdom of remaining any longer.

But presently she came back. Her recently neat dress was grimy and disheveled. There was a streak of dust across her face and a cobweb lay on her hair. Doris guessed at once that she had been in the old, unused portion of her house. But in her hand she carried something, and resuming her seat, she laid it carefully on her knee. It was a little book about four inches wide and six or seven long, with an old-fashioned brown cover, and it was coated with what seemed to be the dust of years. The two girls gazed at it curiously; and when Miss Camilla had got her breath, she explained:

"I can never thank you enough for what you have told me to-day. It throws light on something that has never been clear to me—something that I have even forgotten for long years. If what you surmise is true, then a mystery that has surrounded my life for more than fifty years will be at last explained. It is strange that the idea did not occur to me when first you girls discovered the cave and the tunnel, but even then it remained unconnected in my mind with—this." She pointed to the little book in her lap. Then she went on:

"But now, in the circumstances, I feel that I must explain it all to you, relying still on your discretion and secrecy. For I have come to know that you are both unusually trustworthy young folks. There has been a dark shadow over my life, a darker shadow than you can, perhaps, imagine. I told you before of my father's opinions and leanings during the years preceding the Civil War. When that terrible conflict broke out, he insisted that I go away to Europe with my aunt and stay there as long as it lasted, providing me with ample funds to do so. I think he did not believe at first that the struggle would be so long.

"I went with considerable reluctance, but I was accustomed to obeying his wishes implicitly. I was gone two years, and in all that time I received the most loving and affectionate letters constantly, both from him and from my brother. They assured me that every-

thing was well with them. My brother had enlisted at once in the Union army and I had learned that he had fought gallantly through a number of campaigns. My father remained here, but was doing his utmost, so he said, in a private capacity to further the interests of the country. Altogether, their reports were glowing. And though I was often worried as to the outcome and apprehensive for my brother's safety, I spent the two years abroad very happily.

"Then, in May of 1863, my first calamity happened. My aunt died very suddenly and unexpectedly, while we were in Switzerland, and, as we had been alone, it was my sad duty to bring her back to New York. After her funeral, I hurried home here, wondering very much that my father had not come on to be with me, for I had sent him word immediately upon my arrival. My brother, I suspected, was away with the army.

"I was completely astounded and dismayed, on arriving home, at the condition of affairs I found here. To begin with, there were no servants about. Where they had gone or why they had been dismissed, I could not discover. My father was alone in his study when I arrived, which was rather late in the evening. He was reserved and rather taciturn in his greeting of me, and did not seem very much pleased to have me back. This grieved me greatly, after my long absence, but I could see that he was worried and preoccupied and in trouble of some kind. I thought that perhaps he had had bad news about my brother Roland, but he assured me that Roland was all right.

"Then I asked him why the house was in such disorder and where the servants were, but he only begged me not to make inquiries about that matter at present, but to go to my room and make myself as comfortable as I could, and he would explain it all later. I did as he asked me and went to my room. I had been there about an hour, busying myself with unpacking my grip, when there was a hurried knock at my door. I went to open it, and gave a cry of joy, for there stood my brother Roland.

"Instead of greeting me, however, he seized my hand and cried: 'Father is very ill. He has had some sort of a stroke. Hurry downstairs to him at once. I must leave immediately. I can't even wait to see how he is. It is imperative!'

"'But, Roland!' I cried, 'surely you won't go leaving Father like this!' But he only answered. 'I must, I must. It 's my duty!' He seized me in his arms and kissed me, and was gone without another word. But before he went, I had seen—a dreadful thing. He was enveloped, from head to foot in a long, dark military cape of some kind, reaching almost to his feet. But as he embraced me, under the light of the hall lamp, the cloak was thrown aside for an instant and I had that terrible glimpse—my brother was wearing *a uniform of Confederate gray* under the concealing cloak!

"I almost fainted at the sight, but he was gone before I could utter a word, without probably even knowing what I had seen. This then, was the explanation of the mysterious way they had treated me. They had gone over to the enemy. They were traitors to their country and their faith, and they did not want me to know. For this they had even sent me away out of the country!

"But I had no time to think about that then. I hurried to my father and found him on the couch in his study, inert in the grip of a paralytic stroke that had deprived him of the use of his limbs and also of coherent speech. I spent the rest of the night trying to make him easier, but the task was difficult. I had no one to send for a doctor, and could not leave him to go myself, for, of course, the nearest doctor was several miles away. There was not even a neighbor who could be called upon for assistance.

"All that night, however, my father tried to tell me something. His speech was almost absolutely incoherent, but several times I caught the sounds of words like 'note-book' and 'explain.' But I could make nothing of it, and in the early morning he passed away very quietly in my arms.

"I can scarcely bear, even now, to recall the days that followed. After the funeral, I retired very much into myself and saw almost no one. I felt cut off and abandoned by all humanity. I did not know where my brother was, could not even communicate to him the death of our father. Had he been in the Union army I would have inquired. But the glimpse I had had that night of his rebel uniform was sufficient to seal my lips forever. There was no one in the village whom I knew well enough to discuss any such matters with, nor any remaining relative with whom I was in sympathy. I could only wait for my brother's return to solve the mystery.

"But my brother never returned. In all these years I have neither seen him nor heard of him, and I know beyond doubt that he is long since dead. And I have remained here by myself like a hermit, because I feel that the shame of it all has hung about me and enveloped me, and I cannot get away from it.

Once, a number of years ago, an old village gossip here, now long since gone, said to me: 'There was something queer about your father and brother, now was n't there, Miss Camilla? I 've heard tell as how they were Rebs on the quiet during the big war awhile back. Is that so?' Of course, the chance remark only served to confirm the suspicions in my mind, though I said to her that it was impossible.

"I also found to my amazement, when I went through the house after all was over, that many things I had loved and valued had strangely disappeared. All the family silver, of which we had had a valuable set inherited from Revolutionary forefathers, was gone. Some antique jewelry that I had picked up abroad and prized highly was also missing. But chief of all, my whole collection of precious porcelains and pottery was nowhere to be found. I searched in every conceivable nook and cranny in vain. And at last the disagreeable truth was forced on me that my father and brother had sold or disposed of them, for what ends I could not guess. But it only added to my bitterness to think they could do such a thing without so much as consulting me.

"But now, at last, I come to the note-book. I found it among some papers in my father's study desk, a while after his death, and, I frankly confess, I could make nothing of it whatever. It seemed to be filled with figures, added and subtracted, and, as my father had always been rather fond of dabbling with figures and mathematics, I put it down as being merely some calculations of his own that had no bearing on anything concerning me. I laid it carefully away with his other papers, however, and there it has been, in an old trunk in the attic of the unused part of the house all these years. When you spoke of a 'secret code,' however, it suddenly occurred to me that the note-book might be concerned in the matter. Here it is."

She held it out to them, and they pressed eagerly to her side. But as she laid it open and they examined its pages, a disappointed look crept into Sally's eyes.

"SHE LAID IT OPEN AND THEY EXAMINED ITS PAGES"

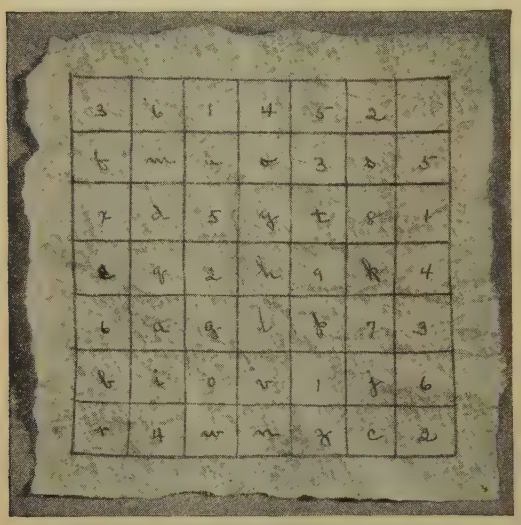
"Why, there 's nothing here but *numbers!*" she exclaimed. And it was even so. The first few lines were as follows:

56+14—63+43+34+54+64+43+16—
52+66+52+15+23—66+24—15+44+43—
43+64+43+24+15—61+53—36+24+14
51+15+53+54+43+52+43+43+15—
16+66+52+36+52+15+43+23—

And all the rest were exactly like them in character.

But Doris, who had been quietly examining it, with a copy of the supposed code in her other hand, suddenly uttered a delighted cry:

"I have it! At least, I think I 'm on the right track. Just examine this code a moment, Miss Camilla. If you notice, leaving out the line of figures at the top and right of the whole square, the rest is just the letters of the alphabet and the figures one to nine and another 'o' that probably stands for 'naught.' There are six squares across and six squares down, and those numbers on the outside are just one to six, only all mixed up. Don't you see how it could be worked? Suppose one



THE KEY TO THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE

wanted to write the letter T. It could be indicated by the number 5 (meaning the square it comes under according to the top line of figures) and 1 (the number according to the side line). Then 51 would stand for letter T, would n't it?"

"Great!" interrupted Sally, enthusiastically, who had grasped the method even more quickly than Miss Camilla. "But suppose it worked the other way, reading the side line first? Then T would be 15."

"Of course, that 's true," admitted Doris. "I suppose there must have been some understanding between those who invented this code about which line to read first. The only way we can discover it is to puzzle it out both ways, and see which makes sense. One will and the other won't."

It all seemed as simple as rolling off a log, now that Doris had discovered the explanation. Even Miss Camilla was impressed with the value of the discovery.

"But what is the meaning of these plus and minus signs?" she queried. "I suppose they stand for something."

"I think that 's easy," answered Doris. "In looking over it, I see there are a great many more plus than minus signs. Now, I think the plus signs must be intended to divide the numbers in groups of two, so that each group stands for a letter. Otherwise they 'd be all hopelessly mixed up. And the minus signs divide the words. And every once in a while, if you notice, there 's a multiplication sign. I imagine those are the periods at the end of sentences."

They all sat silent a moment after this, marveling at the simplicity of it all. But at length Doris suggested:

"Suppose we try to puzzle out a little of it and see if we are really on the right track? Have you a piece of paper and a pencil, Miss Camilla?" Miss Camilla went indoors and brought them out, quivering with the excitement of the new discovery.

"Now, let 's see," began Doris. "Suppose we try reading the top line first. 56 would be 1 and 14 would be 2. Now, if that is 'twelve' it may stand for a word or it may not. Now let 's try it the other way. Side line first. Then 56 is m, and 14 is y. 'My' is a real word, anyway, and not a number, so perhaps we 're on the right track. Let 's go on."

From the next series of letters she spelled the word "beloved" and after that "sister." It was plain beyond all doubting that at last they had stumbled on a wonderful discovery.

But she got no farther than the words, "My beloved sister," for no sooner had Miss Camilla taken in their meaning than she huddled back in her chair and, very quietly, fainted away.

CHAPTER VII

WORD FROM THE PAST

NONE of the three had ever seen any one unconscious before. Sally stood back, aghast and helpless. Genevieve expressed herself as she usually did in emergencies, with a loud and resounding howl. But Doris rushed into the house, fetched a dipper of cold water and dashed it into Miss Camilla's face. Then she began to rub her hands and ordered Sally to fan her as hard as she could. The simple expedients worked in a short time, and Miss Camilla came to herself.

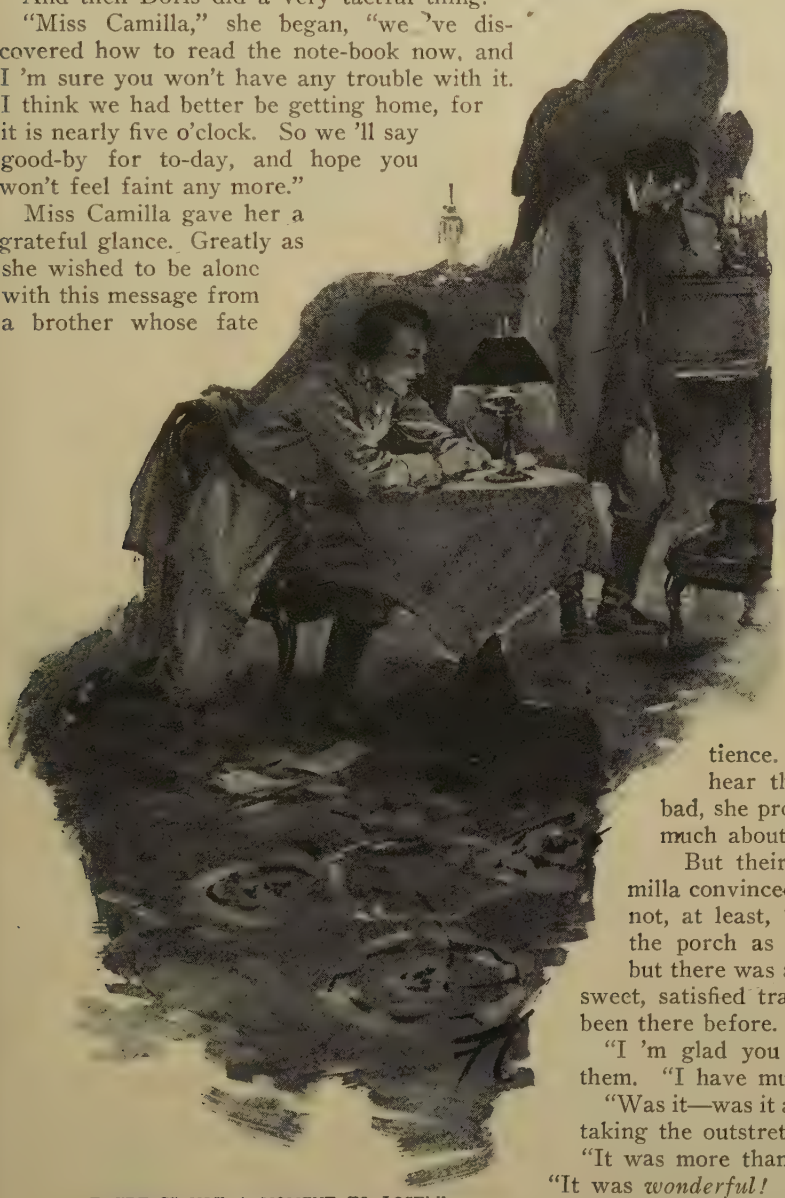
"I—I never did such a foolish thing before!" she gasped, when she realized what had happened. "But this is all so—so amazing and

startling! It almost seemed like my brother's own voice, speaking to me from the past." Again she sat back in her chair and closed her eyes, but this time only to regain her poise.

And then Doris did a very tactful thing.

"Miss Camilla," she began, "we 've discovered how to read the note-book now, and I 'm sure you won't have any trouble with it. I think we had better be getting home, for it is nearly five o'clock. So we 'll say good-by for to-day, and hope you won't feel faint any more."

Miss Camilla gave her a grateful glance. Greatly as she wished to be alone with this message from a brother whose fate



"'THERE IS NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE'"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

she did not dare to guess, yet she was too courteous to dismiss these two girls who had done so much toward helping her solve the problem. And she was more appreciative of Doris's thoughtful suggestion of departure than she could have put into words.

"Thank you, dear," she replied, "and come again to-morrow, all of you. Perhaps I shall have—something to tell you then."

And with many a backward glance and much waving of hands, they took their departure across the fields.

It was with the wildest impatience that they waited for the following afternoon to obey Miss Camilla's behest and "come again." But promptly at two o'clock they were trailing through the pine woods and the meadow that separated it from the Roundtree farmhouse.

"Do you know," whispered Sally, "crazy as I am to hear all about it, I almost dread it too. I 'm so afraid it may have been bad news for her."

"I feel just the same," confided Doris, "and yet, I 'm just bursting with impatience. Well, let 's go on and hear the worst. If it 's very bad, she probably won't want to say much about it."

But their first sight of Miss Camilla convinced them that the news was not, at least, "very bad." She sat on the porch as usual, knitting serenely, but there was a new light in her face, a sweet, satisfied tranquillity that had never been there before.

"I 'm glad you 've come," she greeted them. "I have much to tell you."

"Was it—was it all right?" faltered Doris, taking the outstretched hand.

"It was more than 'all right'," she replied. "It was *wonderful!* But I am going to read the whole thing to you. I spent nearly all last night deciphering the letter,—for a letter it was,—and I think it is only right you should hear it, after what you have done for me." She went inside the house and brought out several large sheets of paper on which she had transcribed the meaning of the mysterious message.

"Listen," she said. "It is as strange as a

fairy-tale. And *how* I have misjudged him!" and she read:

"My beloved Sister:

"In the event of any disaster befalling us before your return, I want you to know the danger and the difficulties of what we have undertaken. It is only right that you should, and I know of no other way to communicate it to you than by the roundabout means of this military cipher which I am using. You are far away in Europe now, and safe, and Father intentionally keeps you there, because of the very dangerous enterprise in which we have been and still are involved.

"Contrary to any appearances, or any thing you may hear said in the future, I am a loyal and devoted soldier of the Union. But I am serving it in the most dangerous capacity imaginable—as a scout or spy in the Confederate army, wearing its uniform, serving in its ranks, but in reality spying on every move and action and communicating all its secrets that I am capable of obtaining to the Government and our own commanders. I stand in hourly danger of being discovered—and for that there is but one end! You know what it is. Of course, I am not enlisted under my own name, so that if you never hear word of my fate, you may know it is the only one possible for those who are serving as I serve.

"Father is also carrying on the task, but in a slightly different capacity. There is a set of Confederate workers up here, secretly engaged in raising funds and planning new campaigns for the South. Father has identified himself with them, and they hold many meetings at our house to discuss plans and information. Apparently he is hand in glove with them, but in reality is all the while disclosing their plans to the Government. They would doubtless kill him without scruple if they suspected it, and get away to the safety of their own lines unscathed before anything was discovered. So you see, he also stands hourly on the brink of death.

"For nearly two years we have carried on this work unharmed, but I suppose it cannot go on forever. Some day my disguise will be penetrated, and all will be over with me. Some day Father will meet with some violent end when he is alone and unprotected, and no one will be found to answer for the deed. But it will all be for the glory of the Union we delight to serve. Now do you understand the situation?

"I do not get home here often, and never except for the purpose of conveying some message that will best be sent to headquarters through this channel. My field of service is with the armies south of the Potomac. But while I am here now, Father and I have consulted as to the best way of communicating this news to you and have decided on this means. We cannot tell how soon our end may come. Father tells me there are rumors about here that we are serving the Confederate side. Should you return unexpectedly and find us gone, and perhaps hear those rumors, you would certainly be justified in putting the worst construction on our actions.

"So we have decided to write and leave you this message. It will be left carelessly among Father's papers, and without the cipher code will, of course, be unreadable by any one. But we have not yet decided where to conceal the code where there is no danger of its being discovered. That is a military secret, and, if it were disclosed, would be fatal and far-reaching in its consequences."

Miss Camilla stopped there, and her spell-bound listeners drew a long breath.

"Is n't it wonderful!" breathed Doris. "And they were loyal and devoted to the Union all the time. How happy you must be, Miss Camilla!"

"I am happy—beyond words!" she replied. "But that is not quite all of it. So far, it was evidently written at one sitting, calmly and coherently. There is a little more, but it is hasty and confused and somewhat puzzling. It must have been added at another time, and, I suspect now, probably just at the time of my return. There is a blank half-page, and then it goes on:

"In a great hurry. Most vital and urgent business has brought me back to see Father. Just learned you were here. There is grave, terrible danger. The rebels are invading. I am with them, of course. Not far away. Must return to-night, at once, to lines, if I ever get there alive. Have a task before me that will undoubtedly see the end of me. In this rig and in this place am open to danger from friend and foe alike. But there is no time to change. Hope for best. Forgive haste, but there is not a moment to lose. Father seems ill and unlike himself. He saw two or three Confederate spies at the house to-day. Always suspect something is wrong after such a meeting. Don't be surprised at state of the house. Unavoidable, but all right. Father will explain where I have hidden this cipher code.

"Always your loving brother,

"Roland."

"And there is one more strange line," ended Miss Camilla. "It is this:

"'In case you should forget, or Father does n't tell you, right-hand side from house behind 27.'"

"That is all."

Then she quietly folded up the paper and sat looking away over the meadow, as did the others, in the awed silence that followed naturally the receipt of this message of long ago from one whose fate could be only too well guessed.

"And he never came back?" half whispered Doris, at last.

"No, he never came back," answered Miss Camilla, softly. "I have n't a doubt but that he met the fate he so surely predicted. I have been thinking back and reading back over the events of that period, and I can pretty well reconstruct what must have happened. It was in the month of June, 1863, when Lee suddenly invaded Pennsylvania. From that time until his defeat at Gettysburg, there was the greatest panic all through this region, and every one was certain that it spelt ruin for the entire North, especially Pennsylvania and New

Jersey. I suppose my brother was with his army, and had made his way over home here to get or communicate news. How he came or went, I cannot imagine and never shall know. But I can easily see that his fate would be certain were he seen by any of the Federal authorities in a Confederate uniform. Probably with many of them no explanation would save him; for that was the risk run by every scout—to be the prey of friend and foe alike unless he could get hold of some high authority in time. He has doubtless lain for all these years in an unknown grave, either in this State or in Pennsylvania."

"But—your father?" hesitated Sally. "Do you—do you think any thing queer—happened to him?"

"That I shall never know, either," answered Miss Camilla. "His symptoms looked to me like apoplexy, at the time. Now that I think it over, they might possibly been caused by some slow and subtle poison having a gradually paralyzing effect. You see, my brother says he had seen some of the Confederate spies that day. Perhaps they had begun to suspect him and had taken this means to get him out of the way. I cannot tell. As I could not get a doctor at the time, the village doctor, who had known us all our lives, took my word for it next day that it was apoplexy. But, whatever, it may have been, I know that they both died in the service of the country they loved, and that is enough for me. It has removed the burden of many years of grief and shame from my shoulders. I can once more lift up my head among my fellow-countrymen."

And Miss Camilla did actually seem to radiate happiness with her whole attractive personality.

"But I cannot make any meaning out of that queer last line," mused Sally after a time. "Will you read it to us again, Miss Camilla, please?"

And Miss Camilla repeated the odd message: "'In case you should forget, or Father does not tell you, right-hand side from house, behind twenty-seven.'"

"Now what in the world can that mean?" Sally demanded. "At first, I thought perhaps it might mean where they had hidden the code; but that could n't be, because we found that under the old mattress in the cave. Your brother probably went out that way that night, and left it there on the way."

"Wait a minute," suddenly interrupted Doris. "Do you remember, just before the end he says: 'Do not be surprised at the state of the house. Unavoidable, but all right.' Now what could he mean by *that?* Do you know what I think? I believe he was apologizing because things seemed so upset and—and many of the valuable things were missing, so Miss Camilla said. If there was such excitement about and fear of Lee's invasion, why is n't it possible that they *hid* those valuable things somewhere, so they would be safe, whatever happened, and this was to tell her, without speaking too plainly, that it was all right? The brother thought his father would explain; but in case he did n't, or it was forgotten, he gave the clue where to find them."

Miss Camilla sat forward in renewed excitement, her eyeglasses brushed awry. "Why, of course, of course! I 've never thought of it—not once since I read this letter. The other was so much more important. But naturally that is what they must have done—hidden them to keep them safe. They never, never would have disposed of them in any other way or for any other reason. But where in the world can that place be? 'Right-hand side from the house behind twenty-seven' means nothing at all—to me!"

"Well, it does to *me!*" suddenly exclaimed Sally, the natural-born treasure-hunter of them all. "Where else *could* they hide anything so safely as in that cave or tunnel? Nobody would ever suspect in the world! And I somehow don't think it meant the cave. I believe," —and Sally's voice trembled with eagerness, "—I believe it means somewhere in the tunnel, on the right-hand side as you enter it from the cellar."

"But what about twenty-seven?" demanded Miss Camilla. "That does n't seem to mean anything, does it?"

"No, of course it does n't mean anything to you, because you have n't been through the tunnel and would n't know. But every once in a while, along the sides, are planks from that old vessel, put there to keep them more firm, I guess. There must be seventy-five or a hundred on each side. Now I believe it means that if we look behind the twenty-seventh one from the cellar entrance, on the right-hand side, we'll find the—the things hidden there!"

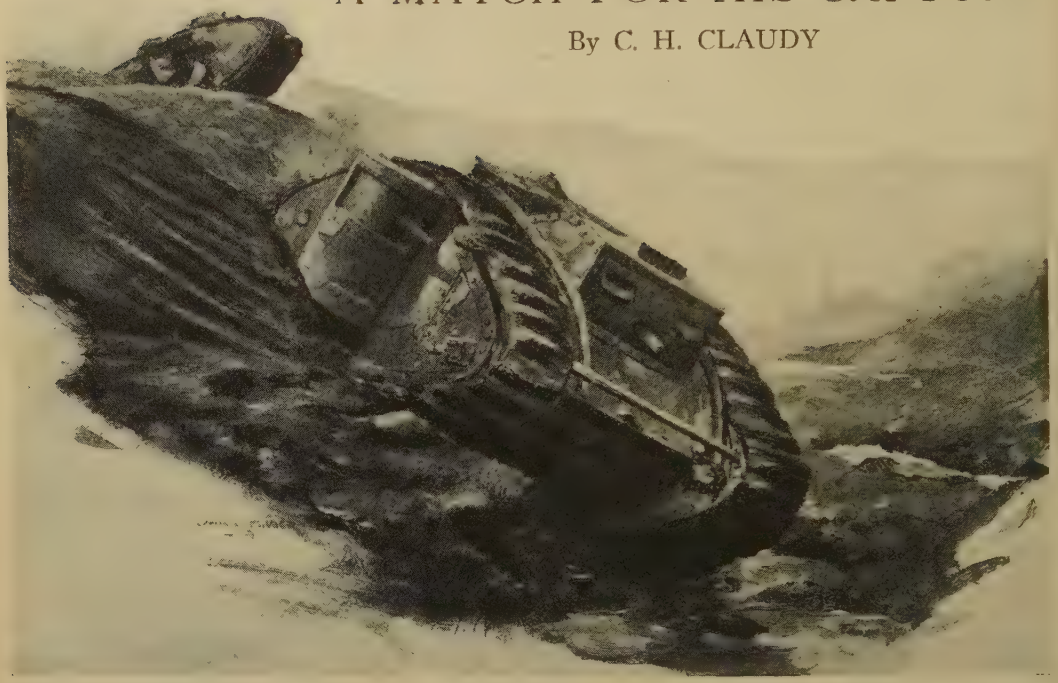
Then Miss Camilla rose, standing erect and alert, the light of younger days shining adventurously in her eyes.

"If that 's the case, we 'll go and dig them out to-morrow!" she announced gaily.

(To be concluded)

A MATCH FOR HIS CAPTORS

By C. H. CLAUDY



CUTEY stood on her ear. Then she slithered sidewise down a mud-bank, waddled over its top, and stuck her nose down a ditch-side, into which, after pausing inquiringly, she dropped with a squashy, squelching sound of oozy mud and slime.

Cutey—Little Cutey, to give her full name—apparently liked her mud-bath and her acrobatics. But those who found refuge from mud, now, and would from shells and bullets, later, in the cavernous, clanking complication which was at once One-Sixty-Seven's interior department, engine-room, and fighting-top, had no appreciation of the beauties of *Little Cutey's* performance.

"The main—dif-ference," grunted Sandy McTodd, "between *Cutey* and—a bucking broncho—oh! is that—you can—get off a broncho—when you—want to—ugh!"

Punctuated with lurches, words shaken from him with vibration, interrupted with the inferno of noise which is inseparable from the operation of the best-brought-up tanks, Sandy voiced the feelings of all her crew. As Sergeant Dill said,—of course he was "Pickles" when off duty!—"It is n't as if we did n't know how to run the old girl! Here we 've been training and trailing around in the mud for *years,* posilutely, and no action! Are n't they *ever* going to let us get in the scrap?"

They wanted to get "in the scrap" very badly. All the "tankers" did. But the military powers-that-be had a pale idea that those tanks which stayed longest in the mud-wallows and had the greatest amount of instruction from competent tank officers would probably do the most damage when, indeed, it did finally come their turn to go "over the top." And so the tanks—which had numbers officially, but were affectionately known to their crews as *Little Cutey,* and her sister *Mischievous Maud,* and their near relatives *Go Get 'em* and *Huncatcher* and *The Peacemaker* and *Skiddoo Bill*—wallowed around in the great mud-fields of the training-camp and learned to crawl uphill and down ditches, and tumble into deep trenches, and fall into shell-craters and claw their way up again, and to face about with the quickness of a scared cat (no automobile can turn around so quickly), and to retreat with the speed of chilly molasses flowing uphill. Meanwhile, the human occupants of these most curious of war's new weapons learned to use their cumbersome vehicle and shoot machine-guns, take care of the mechanism and keep their feet and not get seasick, no matter what didos the state of the terrain and the orders of the day caused their moveable forts to perform, and not to fall into the machinery, and keep

their faces away from gun-slits when duty did n't call them there, and understand signals which could n't be heard, and not mind living all day in a noise like a boiler-factory.

Except for the impatience of waiting for that day when their training should bear fruit in action, the tanks corps as a whole and the crew of *Little Cutey* in particular were a happy lot. They believed in a great many things with a belief which simply could n't be shaken. Starting with the Stars and Stripes, and Wilson and Pershing, and the Allies, and the undoubtedness of that sight-seeing trip to Berlin they had promised themselves, they kept right on believing that of all armies there was none as good as the U. S. Army, of all tank corps there was none like theirs, and of all tanks there was none quite so good and obedient and mudworthy and handleable and impregnable as *Little Cutey*. Even Sandy McTodd believed these things, although he was stubborn when it came to saying that a Scottish regiment was n't just as good as any in the world. Sandy was a good American, but he had a weakness for the kilties of his ancestors. Not that he had very much trouble with his mates on that score—the war record of the kilted soldiers from Bonny Scotland needed no defense from any one!

What Sergeant Dill did want to quarrel with Sandy about rather often was Sandy's pipe. Not that Pickles had any objection to the pipe as a pipe, or to Sandy as a smoker thereof—something must be conceded to the best tank engineer in the outfit.

"But inside *Cutey* is no place for it, Sandy, and you know it. It would n't be so bad if she was filled from outside. But you know as well as I do that it 's dangerous to have matches around gas-tanks. Suppose some one left the cap off? Now you mark my words—you keep on getting caught smoking in here, and I 'll have you sent to the rear!"

And Sandy would smile gently and put out his pipe, only to light it again the next time Pickles was absent.

"What makes you so stubborn, Sandy?" asked Reddy Baldwin, the youngest and most enthusiastic member of One-Sixty-Seven's enthusiastic crew, late in afternoon. "Pickles 'll blow up some day, and then we 'll go into action without you!"

"Well, would 'nt you like that?" countered Sandy. "You 'd be chief engineer then!"

"Like fun I would! Me, with only three months tanking behind me? No, I 'd rather have you boss the job until I learn more. Why was n't *Cutey* built to fill outside, like *Maud?*"

"Ask the man who made her! Experimental, all these—"

"Hi—inside! Tumble out! Captain 's inspecting!"

It was a voice through a slit, and *Little Cutey's* crew crawled out to stand at attention by the little iron door while Captain Hammond looked them over. Then he motioned and they made way for him to go inside. He went in alone, presumably looked the complicated interior arrangements over at his leisure, and then crawled out.

"Very clean and orderly. But I found this!" Captain Hammond held up a half-filled, somewhat dirty, box of ordinary safety-matches. "I don't know whom it belongs to. I don't want ever to find its mate. It 's against orders in any tank—particularly in this one. If I find this again, One-Sixty-Seven will lack a member of her crew."

No one said anything. There was nothing to say. And Captain Hammond passed on to look into *The Peacemaker,* standing at attention a score of yards away, and left *Little Cutey's* crew to jump, as one man, on poor Sandy.

"You see?"

"Crazy Scot—want to bust up the crew?

"If I catch you doing that again, I 'll lick you myself—

"Pickles 'll whale you if I can't—

"Here, lay off me, you fellows!" cried Sandy. "They must have fallen out of my pocket. I did n't—

"You 'd no business with them in your pocket, and you know it! Think they make the rule for fun?"

Sandy said no more. But there was no more smoking that day, nor for several days thereafter.

Reddy was glad of it. He liked Sandy, and he knew the man for a capable engineer, brave to the point of foolhardiness and cool-headed. Too young himself to have had much experience of the world, Reddy could n't understand why "an old man like Sandy" (Sandy must have been all of thirty-five!) could n't appreciate the danger of matches in a tank. Even he knew that! Gasolene will leak sometimes, and shells have been known to puncture tanks; and matches and gasolene together in the inside of an iron box out of which you cannot get without being shot to small pieces do not make a happy combination. Every man of the crew, of course, would infinitely prefer being killed with Hun bullets to roasting to death inside their own tank, but that was n't the last of the argument. If the tank was to be abandoned

it might easily be captured by the gray-clad host across No Man's Land, and used against the Allied line.

"And all so you can have a forbidden smoke inside, off duty!" stormed Pickles, when he had heard of Captain Hammond's leniency. "Well, he did n't want to know, and, though I do know, I won't ask. But if I catch any one with matches inside again, I 'll report him as sure as my name 's Dill! Now that's flat and final, and you all hear me. And if I don't, then some of you report me for neglect of duty!"

And Pickles stalked away in wrath.

"You won't any more, will you, Sandy?" asked Reddy, after mess. "I—I don't want to be chief. I 'd rather fight under you!"

"Humph! Listen to the kid!" mocked Sandy, puffing, puffing (it was not forbidden outside). But his eyes were not mocking.

But two days later the whole matter was forgotten. For in place of morning practice in the mud, came a messenger for Sandy to report at headquarters, and when he returned, his face told the news long before his joyous shout.

They were going into action!

It is a strange thing, but a true one, that even when soldiers know that their branch of the service is unusually dangerous, and that the thing they are going to do is as likely as not to result in painful wounds, death, capture, suffering, they hail with delight the chance to do it. No lad gets in a tank corps without knowing that while a tank *may* go through a battle unscathed, she may be disabled in the field and her entire crew wiped out. But there was none of that knowledge evident in the grins which all *Cutey's* crew wrapped round their faces, and which lasted during the journey to the lines, slow, tedious, interminable. Not even the sound of the guns, hourly clearer and clearer, the filling of the ammunition racks, the last inspection, the filling of the fuel- and oil-tanks, the final grooming of the machinery, could make other than joyous impress on these hardy sons of the service, the motto of which is, "Treat 'em rough!"

The attack was to be at daylight. "We 're *all* going!" Sergeant Dill told them at the last mess—a difficult mess, for it was a dark one, eaten in the shelter of a little patch of woods too thin to permit a fire. "Yes, *Maud* 'll be on our left an' *Peacemaker* to the right. Now boys, for heaven's sake, remember what we 've been taught and don't go making any bulls. You, Ben, if I see you so much as raise your head to look out, I 'll brain you! Sandy, for the love o' Bonny Scotland, have your oil hot and keep the old bus going. Reddy, don't forget to repeat every order whether Sandy gets it or not. Ellis—" and so on and so on to the point of weariness.

But they listened and liked it and nudged one another and grinned in the darkness, nor thought at all of the possible horrors of the day to come.

At the moment of going into battle there may have been some blanched faces. If there were, it was from excitement, not fear. They were wild to go. But the last hour of waiting is trying, and the guns were very loud and—no one knew what the day might bring forth.

But when they were actually over and into No Man's Land, then there was no fear. The battle sounds were dimmed by the rattle of the machinery—even the guns are muffled by the boiler-plate noise of a tank. Then the shells began to come, and they knew they were sighted. Their own machine-guns began to talk; *Maud* and *Peacemaker* rolled snare-drums to right and left—some grenades jarred on top of *Cutey*, and the noise became homogeneous—a mere blare of sound filling ears and brain, completely swallowing any extraneous impression. Literally deafened with din, *Cutey's* crew kept cool and calm, read arm-signals, did their duty, tended guns and engines as if in training and wallowing around in no danger. Such is discipline.

Reddy wondered at his own coolness. He even smiled a wry smile and shook his head as his eye lit on a box of the forbidden matches reposing on a ledge near the exit. How very far away it all seemed now—Sandy's besetting sin, Captain Hammond's threat, and Pickles's proposal to report! And what did it matter? They were in action! There—something hit! He could feel the blow—how he wished to look! Were *Maud* and *Peacemaker* and the rest still near? Or were they going on alone? Some craters under tread—it was hard to keep one's feet—Sandy and his matches! He 'd steal those matches and throw them out when they got back—save old Sandy a wigging. When they got back—if they got back—

And meanwhile, oil in an oil-cup, hand to a bearing, watchful eye on mechanism and on Sandy, just as if at practice—

"Ah!" One-Sixty-Seven toppled head first into a hole, crawled up, staggered, stopped. A burst from the machine-gun, then a motion from Pickles, and the engines stopped. Instantly, as if plugs of cotton had been pulled from their ears, came the sound of bullets on

the iron tank, of explosions in the distance, of the machine-guns somewhere near. And through it all, Dill's voice, a whisper, though he shouted:

"Stalled! They 've trapped us—run us up an incline! Treads off ground—"

It was true—too true! Sandy was for going out and tackling the obstruction with a crowbar or a grenade. But Dill would n't let him. It was simply suicide. And there might be a chance, after dark—

It was a long, long day. Crowding the slits, careless of stray bullets, they watched the tide of battle recede, watched the enemy in the distance, saw him surround them, saw there was no chance. "Of course, we can kill a few when they come to us—but they 'll blow us to bits if we do—hear that 'plane overhead? Better surrender while we can, and hope for a new attack and escape later—"

It was a despondent crew which marched out of One-Sixty-Seven, hands over heads. Gray-clad captors crowded about, curious rather than hostile. Of course, their clothes were taken from them, their shoes, their arms—even Pickles had to smile at the appearance of his crew when it was dressed in German nondescript and worn-out clothing. But it was a wry smile.

Taken to a dugout and herded in like cattle, unfed, thirsty, their lot was not a happy one. Then came an officer, demanding in precise English, "Which of you is engineer?"

Sandy and Reddy stepped forward. "Both of us—why?"

The officer looked them both up and down. Sandy was tall, athletic, strong. Reddy small, wirey, compact. "You," said the officer to Reddy, "Come."

"'IF I FIND THIS AGAIN, ONE-SIXTY-SEVEN WILL LACK A MEMBER OF HER CREW'"

A guard put forth a hand and Reddy, wondering, followed. They led him to the tank—and Reddy saw with interest that the sand-bags on which they had stuck had been removed.

"Inside!" commanded the officer, and Reddy crawled obediently in.

"Now," began the officer, "we want to know how this thing works. Explain, please."

Reddy looked around. There were two other men besides the officer—strong-looking young fellows, each with a rifle in his hand. The officer had an automatic at his hip.

"You want me to show you how the tank works? So you can use it against us?" asked Reddy, slowly. "I 'll see you—further first!"

The officer smiled. "Oh, I guess you will!" he answered. "Of course, we can puzzle it out for ourselves. But that means getting engineers here, and we want to use this now—

to-night. There are two methods I can use to make you talk. This is one," and he tapped his automatic, "that is the other," he pointed to the door. "Show us the whole thing, work it for us, make us its masters, and—you can go."

"I 'll—" Reddy stopped. His eye fell on that box of matches. A wild scheme flashed through his head.

"I 'll—I 'll do it!" he stammered. "You must close the door."

"Do it!" was the command.

Reddy closed it, fastened it elaborately, showing just how the operation was accomplished. He picked up a handful of oily cotton-waste and wiped the handle, striving to do it casually. As casually, the oily-waste went into a pocket of the nondescript prisoner's clothing he wore. A sidelong look told him no one noted anything strange in the apparently natural action. Reddy sighed, internally. The first step in a hazardous plan was a success.

Then Reddy began. As if he liked the job, he told the story of *Cutey*. He took the officer from stem to stern, explaining the mechanism, told how it was run and started and steered. He showed one man where he stood to oil, the other how the machine-guns were operated, and answered their questions, asked in broken, but understandable, English, with perfect freedom. He smiled grimly to himself at the officer's look of contempt, and his resolution hardened. Finally, he started the engine and let it warm up.

"Better hold on when I start her," he yelled above the sound of the engine. "Tanking is right rough going—"

Would his scheme succeed? Could he do it? Would the men—ah! Reddy concealed his exultation. Both the guards laid down their rifles, the better to hold on. What had they to fear from an unarmed man—three to one?

Very slowly Reddy moved *Cutey* forward and demonstrated how she was steered.

The two guards, with their faces to slits, watched *Cutey's* slow progress over their own ground. And they did n't see, or, if they did, sensed no danger in, a careless hand which swept the box of matches from its resting-place to another pocket. The second step was taken.

Nor did the officer suspect when Reddy stopped One-Sixty-Seven and directed his attention to the gasolene tanks. "They 're filled *here*" said Reddy, pointing; "wait, I 'll show you."

He unscrewed the filling top, and held it while the officer looked. The men were still gazing from the slit.

"Now I 'll show you where they are drained," said Reddy, easily. But his heart was in his mouth. Would he have an instant—just one instant—unobserved?

The officer turned away. Two hands flashed rapidly for an instant—Reddy had put the top to the gasolene inlet back. But he had not screwed it home.

The third step had been taken.

"They are drained here." Reddy pulled open a pet cock. Gasolene spurted out in a stream.

"Yes, I see. Shut it off! It smells."

Reddy shut it off.

"Now, we 'll go back," announced the officer.

"When do I go free?" asked Reddy.

"Why, when the war is over, of course!" laughed the officer. "Did you think I meant *now?*"

"I know darn well you did n't!" said Reddy, to himself. But he let his face fall as if disappointed.

"I forgot to tell you one thing," he went on, "you know if a match should light this gasolene, you 'd burn to death, or it would blow up and kill you that way. I let out too much gasolene. And the tank is open. And—" Reddy drew the match-box from his pocket and struck a match as he spoke—"Hands up, *quick*, or I drop it!"

He held the lighted match with one hand and lifted the cap with the other. And he shook inside, but the flame burned steadily in fingers that never trembled.

"Here—you—what—"

"Hands up!" commanded Reddy, and his voice was exultant. "See it? The tank 's open! This match—" he waved it as he spoke. It blazed, potent of a terrible death, in hands which were steady. "I drop it in the tank—see?" The match was close to the opening. "We 'll all burn together! Back—*quick*—"

The officer's automatic was in his hand, but Reddy expected that. "Shoot, and the match drops in the gas on the floor!" he cried—"to kill me is to kill yourselves—"

The officer hesitated,—probably Reddy had never been closer to death,—but he might well hesitate; the prospect of being locked in an iron box full of burning and probably exploding gasolene is not a pleasant one. It was this that Reddy had calculated upon. Had all three been armed, he would n't have dared it. But the two guards had laid their rifles down the better to hold on. Had they pos-

sessed pistols, they would probably have shot. But the quicker intelligence of the officer saw that to shoot was to precipitate the result of Reddy's threat. As far as he was concerned, a lighted match dropping in gasolene from the hand of a dead prisoner was just as much to

another from it. "Now," he commanded. "*You*—drop that gun—"

It waved in the air.

"But—"

"I *mean* it!" Reddy cried. "One move, and we burn together. I give you another five

"HE HELD THE LIGHTED MATCH WITH ONE HAND AND LIFTED THE CAP WITH THE OTHER"

be feared as a live prisoner doing the same thing. Besides, it may have occurred to him that the flash of his pistol would be very likely to ignite the spilled gasolene.

"I 'll give you five seconds—" Reddy calculated the length of the burning match. It all happened in half the time it needs to write it. "Three seconds—one, two—"

Horror shone on three pale faces. But, as if moved by a single spring, three pairs of hands rose in the air—one of them held an automatic; Reddy's courage flamed high, even as the match scorched his fingers.

But before he pinched it out he quickly lit

seconds—one—two—three—four—" The gun fell with a sharp clang, at the same time the officer spat out a command in German.

"Stop it! You 'll talk English! Kick that gun over here, you—"

"You 'd—you 'd never burn yourself—"

"Would n't I? Do you think your filthy German prison camps have such a reputation I want to go to one?" demanded Reddy. "If that gun is n't kicked over to me before I say 'five,' you can kiss yourself good night—one, two, three—"

But Reddy had won. In response to a shove of the foot, the gun slithered to Reddy's feet.

"Turn your backs!" was Reddy's next move. Again the match burned his fingers, again he lit another and pinched out the first.

Three gray-clad backs were presented to him.

Reddy stooped swiftly, picked up the gun, and heaved a sigh of relief. Then he picked up the rifles and felt better.

"Now we are more comfortable!" he remarked. "You, with the shoulder-straps! Take off your belt and tie your friend's arms behind his back. See you tie him up tight! Don't make any mistake. I 'll shoot a heap more readily than I 'd have dropped the match!"

"But you can't escape! It will be very difficult for you. When they break in, you will be shot, you know!" The officer's protest lacked sincerity in Reddy's ears.

"There 'll be four of us shot, then!" he grinned cheerfully. "And where do you get that 'can't escape' stuff? Get busy and tie him up!"

Well, it sounds absurd to think of one American lad bossing three German soldiers around that way, with their own guns, in their own lines. But believing, as most people do, that a match and gasolene *always* mean an explosion, what else could they do? Probably the danger was less than the officer thought it, but a terrified man does not stop to reason.

And so the officer laced one guard's hands behind his back with a belt, and the other guard tied the officer's hands behind *his* back, and Reddy made the third lie down, after first taking off his belt, and attended to that job himself. After which he dragged them, with difficulty, to a little group in the center of the tank, just forward of the engine, set them back to back, and fastened them all together with wire from the pipe-cleaning coil!

Then Reddy started the engine again, *Little Cutey* moved off slowly, and ambled back over No-Man's Land to her own lines! Not until she was half-way across did it occur to the Germans outside, apparently, that something was wrong. Then the rattle of rifle-bullets, the sound of a few grenades, but made Reddy smile. And by the time the distant artillery had been informed and had got into action, Reddy had climbed over his own front-line trench, waddled on and on and on until a fringe of wood hid him from possible visual gun-brackets—and the thing was done!

THERE was another attack that night. All the lost ground was recovered, and most of the prisoners the Germans had made were rescued. *Mischievous Maud* and *Peacemaker* played a heroic part in the rescue, and the latter was the better for an extra engineer, who was allowed to go, apparently, as a reward for bringing home his captured tank and three German prisoners. But the reward that pleased him most was not the special mention he received, but the look on the faces of the crew of *Little Cutey* when they were once more inside their own little inferno of steel plates, smelly oil and gasolene, and reverberatory noise.

"Reddy," asked Sandy McTodd, "if the Germans had come at you when you threatened, would you have dropped the lighted match in the tank?"

"Don't ask me," laughed Reddy. "I *looked* as if I would, anyhow!"

"Reddy," asked Pickles, hearing the story in detail, while taking notes for the daily record, "*whose* were those matches?"

"Don't ask me, Sergeant" smiled Reddy. "If I tell, you 'll have to can him. And suppose it was me?"

"Humph! Where is discipline going, I 'd like to know? I think I 'll have to have *Little Cutey* rechristened. How would *Matchless* do for a name?"

"Reddy," asked Captain Hammond, who heard him, "how did you dare hold a match so close to the open tank? Did n't you think you ran a hundred to one chance of an explosion from gasolene fumes?"

"No, sir!" answered Reddy, demurely. "You see, sir, that handful of oily waste—well, I *stuffed it down the filling neck when he was n't looking!* He thought the match would drop into the tank. But—I did n't want to burn *Cutey* up if I could help it!"

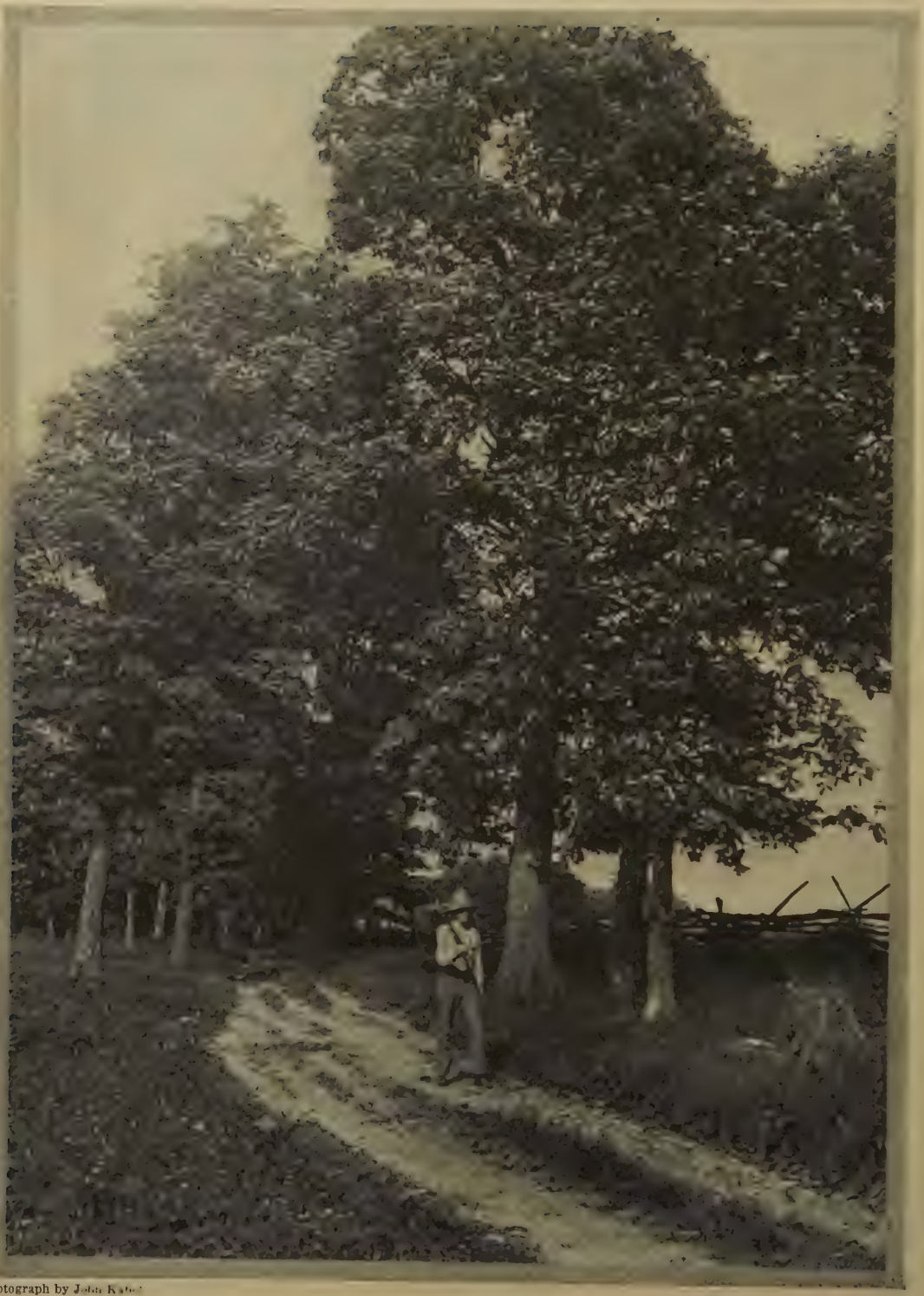
"Certainly *not!*" agreed Captain Hammond, solemnly, and said never a word about the forbidden matches!

But under his breath he made the remark which did, indeed, rechristen *Little Cutey*. To the rest of the corps she is now known by the striking appellation of "*Some* Bluff!"

Very Stirring

Molly's gone a-camping:
The cooking's left to her;
Which isn't right—
Her skirt's so tight
That she can hardly stir!

G.O.BUTLER



Photograph by John Kabel

THE PATH AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

GIRLS IN THE WOODS

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THERE are camps and camps and camps, soldiers' camps, boys' camps, girls' camps, grown-men-off-for-a-complete-rest camps, and more besides!

It is pleasant to think of all the delightful girls' camps that line our Eastern lakes, rivers, or coasts. I saw last year one that possessed a full amount of interest and attractiveness, with many educational advantages.

It was near a certain lakeside town of New York State where in colonial days Indians lived in the neighboring woods. And here to-day there is a chartered tribe known as the Pathfinders' Lodge, a girls' camp which opened this summer its second season. The happy campers knew the birds and the animals and the flowers and the trees, and they knew how to build fires without matches, and to ask the help of Nature, who will help us in so many ways if we will only ask.

And so where once the red man pathfinders learned of the woods, girls are learning of them. Where once the Indians found out the secrets which the birds and the trees and the animals and the insects have to tell us, girls, regular girls, are learning about and loving these things.

They study music, too, and dancing; they learn to speak, to express themselves; they learn to act and to sing and to be mannerly, but not self-conscious. They learn to swim, to dive, to play games which are endlessly entertaining, but which cost no money. Rather an advantage in these days—days when everything costs so much! And they 're jolly good games to know, too.

But I 'm going ahead too fast!

At the end of last season I went to visit the camp and to spend several days as a guest there.

I have passed many summers near this lake, and I have gone off into the woods myself and stopped to hear a vireo's sweet voice; but I had n't had companionship on these walks, and I had n't some one to help me and tell me what things were. I had to find them out alone. How the naughty goldfinch, who changes the color of his plumage in the autumn, did puzzle me! For ever so long, I thought he was a different bird each time!

I once asked Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton what made him think of such things as boys' camps and girls' camps, and some of the reasons back of them, and he told me of a talk he had had with a boy out west, a boy in whom romance and the love of the wild was deeply rooted, but, he thought, only to be suppressed and crushed.

This boy felt he had been born too late. He wished he might have been born when there was a frontier, before all this teeming civilization had crept in. So Mr. Seton talked to him and told him he had n't been born too late. He explained that each century was apt to think the previous one had contained more romance; how, even in the days of the glory of Rome, they looked back with envy to the days of the glory of Greece.

"But," Mr. Seton said to him, "as long as there are human beings, there will be romance and the love for the beautiful."

"And look about you," Mr. Seton continued; "if we will only look at it aright, is n't every aspect of nature full of wonder, or interest, or beauty?

"The French naturalist, Fabre, has shown that there is romance, mystery, interest in the life of a bug crawling on the wall.

"In our Woodcraft League, one of our main principles is to develop in our members this love of beauty, to show how it can be found, where to look for it, how to know it. And we never start with the idea that we are going to suppress badness in the boys who come to us. No, they are good, and we must bring out the good in them; and if they seem to be bad, we must guide and bring out that good which really lies within them. Two thirds of the boys and three fourths of the girls of to-day long for romance," he ended.

In the city, too, they have their meetings and their trips and their studies. It was a lad who had been born on the lower East Side of New York, who knew nothing of the leaves nor of the birds, nor even of animals,—except, possibly, the alley cats,—who knew only of life's crimes and ugliness, who brought home to the leaders of the league the need for these meetings. He had n't been paying much attention, nor taking much interest in things when Mr. Seton began to show the lines of a leaf, explaining its wonderful traceries. A flash of kinship showed in the boy's eyes.

"Say, guy," he remarked to Mr. Seton, "I know all about them things. They took mine down to the Tombs." He was thinking of

finger-prints, and that his had been taken when he had been in prison! So for these boys, too, there will be something else besides the knowledge of the grimy streets; the beauty of the world will be shown to them.

The girls in the summer camps are usually from families comfortably off and well-to-do, but lacking, so often, in the knowledge of the happiness and joy to be derived from the simple things, just as much as their poorer city cousins. Many of them, brought up in luxury, have never known what it is to sleep in the open, to go off on all-day hikes, to know how to cook out of doors, to build a fire without matches.

There are certain regulations and a certain routine which are usually followed each day, such as military drill and the salute to the flag, and after that a morning dip in the lake, and breakfast—and such breakfasts and such good meals as they do have! And there are hikes and out-of-door nature studies, illustrated by the things themselves! In the Woodcraft League, when Mr. Seton comes to visit the camp, there are special meetings and special hikes, and the usual routine is somewhat changed. For then the "Big Chief" is constantly teaching and showing and telling stories, and there are no "compellery" things to do, as one wee girl expressed it.

In the various tents, wash-stands, a few trunks, and comfortable cots are on wooden floors, and the sides of the tents are open wide. So here, at night, the lapping of the water on the shore's pebbles and the music of the murmuring of the trees lull the young campers quickly to sleep, and the stars look down through the dark woods just to see that all is well.

After thirty nights spent in this way in the open, sleep becomes sound, peaceful, dreamless.

In the council-ring in the deep woods, where they have councils and high councils, the girls give scout reports, telling of what they saw and followed and studied on a hike or by observing some bird build its nest or by following the trail of some animal. It is required that every scout report which stands, or which is written into the tally-book, shall be complete and thorough.

Here the council-fire is built without matches, in a part of the woods which has been cleared of its underbrush by the girls; and here the different bands of the camp are all represented. And from the center fire are four smaller fires which represent the laws of woodcraft: fortitude, beauty, truth, and love; and from these four fires radiate the twelve golden rules of woodcraft.

And the sun shines and dances and plays at hide-and-seek through this wooded council-ring, while the birds chirp and chatter and sing, and the world seems very beautiful, very full of good things, very well worth while to be born into, and to live in for a good long time.

There are canoe-tests and swimming-tests and honors to be won, as one advances in swimming prowess, until she can take another girl out in a canoe without an older person, because she has passed tests of dives of many kinds, of swimming fully dressed in water, of knowing how to rescue a drowning person, and of swimming long distances.

Plays, too, are given down by the water's edge, with a glowing sky as a more radiant illumination than any foot-lights, and one of the characters, perhaps, in a canoe out in the lake; and poetry and beauty and the days of old and the present days seemed exquisitely blended together, while the wholesome freshness of Nature, of the wind and the water and the woods, bring healing and peace to every heart.

Here, too, they cannot forget that in other parts of the world there are those less fortunate. They worked like beavers for the Red Cross, they adopted several French orphans, and they have many beneficent schemes for the coming season.

The girls were taking a sun-bath after a dip when I was leaving the camp. They were lying on the shore, when suddenly some one called out "Look! look!" and pointed upward. I thought it might probably be an airplane—but no, nothing half so modern! A hawk was flying high above, uttering his wild call. The girls all answered it, for they know the calls of many birds.

And it seemed to me that here was something soaring, not in the sky alone, but soaring in their hearts, something of beauty and romance, goodness and loveliness, and yet—their feet were on the ground, too. For they had learned, and were learning, to blend the things of this earth, which are so often unseen because we have n't the eyes to see, with the things seen, and to bring out of the woods that peace and stillness and beauty and worship of the Great Spirit of All which they had so happily found in their camp by the lake.

A BOY AGAIN

SOMETIMES when I forget myself,
And perch upon some mental shelf
That 's quite apart from any möil,
And disassociate from toil,
I like to think of boyish things
Like bluebirds' eggs and robins' wings;
Of crow and frog calls, and the hoot
Of owls that through the midnight scoot;
Of swimming-pools, and of the sound
That nuts make, tinkling to the ground;
Of all the harum-scarum joy
Of being once again a boy!

Of scented haymows far aloof,
Where raindrops patter on the roof
Like fairies' feet; of orchard aisles
Where the round, mellow pippin smiles
Like a small moon amid the boughs;
Of the home-coming of the cows
At twilight o'er the dew-wet grass,
Through which, bare-footed, one may pass
Gay-whistling to the supper seat
Where wait delicious things to eat;
Of life that 's quite without alloy—
Of being once again a boy!

Clinton Scollard

THE ELVES DEFEND THEIR SUPPLY BASE AGAINST THE "HUN-NY" BEES

THE CAMERONS OF HIGHBORO

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter."

SYNOPSIS OF THE FOUR PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

ELLIOTT CAMERON, petted American girl, came to her Uncle Bob's in Highboro while her father went overseas for a year on business for the Government. She had not wished to come, and she planned to go away again just as soon as the scarlet-fever quarantine, which had banished her and her cousin Stannard to Highboro, should be lifted from her Uncle James's house. But in spite of herself, she could not help liking the people at Cameron Farm; and when she realized what it stood for, she grew to appreciate the farm and to wish to take her place with the rest in the "green trenches" that all through the war ran behind the fighting front. She discovered how likable even unprepossessing people may be, like Mrs. Gordon and Harriet, whose brother Ted had just been killed at an aviation camp. She discovered things about herself, too,—startling things about how useless she was in certain common emergencies, like Johnny's bee-sting,—and with Aunt Jessica's help she set about curing her uselessness.

CHAPTER IX

ELLIOTT ACTS ON AN IDEA

SIX weeks later a girl was busy in the sunny white kitchen of the Cameron farm. The girl wore a big blue apron that covered her completely from neck to hem and hummed a little song as she moved from sink to range and range to table. There was about her a delicate air of importance, almost of elation. You know as well as I where Elliott Cameron ought to have been by this time. Six weeks plus how many other weeks was it since she left home? The quarantine must have been lifted from her Uncle James's house for at least a month. But the girl in the kitchen looked surprisingly like Elliott Cameron.

Though she was all alone in the kitchen, washing potatoes too, she did n't appear in the least unhappy. She went over to the stove, lifted a lid, glanced in, and added two or three sticks to the fire. Then she brought out a pan of apples and went down cellar after a roll of pie-crust. She had three pies in the oven when Stannard found her.

"Hello!" he said with a grin. "Busy?"

"Indeed I am; I 'm getting dinner all by myself."

"Guess I 'll take to the woods."

"Better not. If you do, you will miss a good dinner. Mother Jess said I might try it. Boiled potatoes and baked fish—she showed me how to fix that—and corn and things."

"H'm," said Stannard. "We feel pretty smart, don't we? Well, maybe I 'll stay and see how it pans out. A fellow can always tighten his belt, you know."

"Are n't you horrid!" She made up a face at him, a captivating little grimace that wrinkled her nose and set imps of mischief dancing in her eyes.

Stannard watched her as with firm motions she stripped the husks from the corn, picking off the clinging strands of silk daintily. "Gee, Elliott!" he exclaimed, "do you know, you 're prettier than ever?"

She dropped him a curtsey. "I must be, with a smooch of flour on my nose and my hair every which way."

He grinned. "That 's a story. I never saw you when you did n't look as though you had come out of a bandbox."

"Think again, Stannie, think again. But why all these compliments?"

"Compliments? A fellow does n't have to praise up his cousin, does he? When are you going home?"

"Not just yet. Your mother has too many house-parties."

"That won't make any difference."

"I would n't think of imposing on a busy hostess."

"I might say something about it. I 'm going home myself day after to-morrow."

Hastily Elliott set down the kettle in her hands. "Are you? That 's nice. I mean, we shall miss you, but of course you have to go sometime, I suppose."

"It won't be any trouble at all to speak to Mother."

"Stan," and the color burned in her cheeks, "will you *please* stop fiddling around the kitchen? It makes me nervous to see you."

"Never expected to rattle you, Lot. Mother 's ready for you all right, though. Says so in this letter. Here, I 'll stick it in your apron pocket. Oh, I 'm going. Better come along with me day after to-morrow."

The minute Stannard was out of the door Elliott did a strange thing. Reaching with a wet pink thumb and forefinger into the depths of the blue apron pocket, she extracted

the letter and hurled it across the kitchen into a corner. "There!" she cried disdainfully, "you go over there and *stay* a while, horrid old letter! I 'm not going to let you spoil my perfectly good time getting dinner."

But it was spoiled. No mere words could alter the fact. The fine thrill of the enterprise was gone. Laura came out to help her, and Elliott's tongue tripped briskly through a deal of chatter, but all the while underneath lived a little undercurrent of uneasiness and anxiety.

"What 's this," Laura asked, spying the white envelop on the floor, "a letter?"

"Oh, yes," said Elliott, "one I dropped a little while ago."

And she tucked it in the pocket of the white skirt that had been all the time under the blue apron, giving it a vindictive little slap as she did so.

And all through dinner she sat and laughed and chattered away, exactly as though she were n't conscious, in every nerve, of the letter in her pocket, though she did n't know a word that it said. But she did n't eat much—the taste of food seemed to choke her. Her gaze wandered from Mother Jess's face to Father Bob's and back again, around the circle of eager, happy, alert faces. And she felt, poor Elliott, as though her first discontent on coming here had been a boomerang now returned to stab her.

"This is Elliott's dinner, I would have you all know," announced Laura, when the pie was served.

Father Bob laid down his fork, looking pleased. "Is it, indeed? Now this is what I call a well-cooked dinner."

"I 'll give you a recommend for a cook," drawled Stannard, "and eat my words about tightening my belt, too."

"Some dinner!" Bruce commented.

"Please, I 'd like another piece," said Priscilla.

"Me too!" chimed in Tom. "It 's corking."

Laura clapped her hands. "Listen, Elliott, listen! Could praise go farther?"

But Mother Jess, when they rose from the table, slipped an arm in Elliott's and drew her toward the veranda. "Did the cook lose her appetite getting dinner, little girl?"

"Oh no, indeed, Aunt Jessica! Getting dinner did n't tire me a bit. I just loved it. I—I did n't seem to feel hungry this noon, that was all."

Mother Jess patted her arm. "Well, run away now, dear. You are not to give a thought to the dishes. We will see to them."

At that minute Elliott almost told her about the letter in her pocket that lay like a lump of lead on her heart. But Henry appeared just then in the doorway and the moment passed.

"Run away, dear," repeated Aunt Jessica, and gave the girl a little push and another little pat. "Run away and get rested."

Slowly Elliott went down the steps and along the path that led to the flower borders and the apple-trees. She was n't really conscious of the way she was going; when she came out among a few big trees, with a welter of piled-up crests on every side, she was really astonished. "Why," she cried, "why, here I am on the top of the hill!"

A low flat rock invited her. She sat down and drew Aunt Margaret's letter out of her pocket and read it. Very nice, but somehow without any tug to it. Phrases from a similar letter of Aunt Jessica's returned to the girl's mind. How stupid she had been not to appreciate that letter!

But had n't she felt something else in her pocket just now? Conscience pricked when she saw Elizabeth James's handwriting. The seal had n't been broken, though the letter had come yesterday. They were putting up corn, and she had tucked it into her pocket for later reading, and then had forgotten it completely.

"You poor abused dear!" wrote Bess. "Whenever are you coming home? Those letters you wrote were the most *tragic* things. I should n't have been a bit surprised any time to hear you were sick. *Are* you sick? Perhaps that 's why you don't write or come home. Wire me the minute you get this. Oh, Elliott darling, when I think of you marooned in that awful place—"

There was more of it. As Elliott read she did a strange thing—she began to laugh. But even while she laughed she blushed, too. *Had* she sounded as desperate as all that? Suppose she should write, "Dear Bess, I like it up here and I am going to stay my year out." Bess would think her crazy; so would all the girls, and Aunt Margaret, too.

And then suddenly an arresting idea came into her head. What difference would it make if they *did* think her crazy? Elliott Cameron had never had such an idea before; all her life she had in a perfectly nice way thought a great deal about what people thought of her. This idea was so strange it set her gasping. "But how they would *talk* about me!" she said. And then her brain clicked back, exactly like another person speaking:

"What if they did? That would n't really *make* you crazy, would it?"

She sat on her mossy stone a long time Was there anything in the world to stand in the way of her staying her year out, the year she had been invited for, except her own silly pride? What a little goose she had been! She sat and smiled at the mountains and felt very happy and fresh and clean-minded, as though her brain had finished a kind of house-cleaning and were now put to rights again, airy and sweet and ready for action.

The postman's wagon flashed by on the road below. How late he was! Nothing to hurry for. A letter perhaps, but not from Father. His had come yesterday. She rose after a while and drifted down through the still September warmth, as quiet and lazy and contented as a leaf.

Priscilla's small excited face met her at the door.

"Sidney 's sick! We just got the letter. Mother 's going to camp to-morrow."

"Sidney sick! Who wrote? What 's the matter?"

"He did. He's not much sick, but he does n't feel just right. He 's in the hospital. I guess he can't be much sick if he wrote himself. Mother was n't to come, he said, but she 's going."

"Of course." Nervous fear clutched Elliott's throat, like an icy hand. Oh, poor Aunt Jessica! Poor Laura!

"Where are they?" she asked.

"In Mumsie's room," said Priscilla. "We 're all helping."

Laura was the only person in Aunt Jessica's room when they came to it. She sat in a low chair by a window mending a gray blouse.

"Elliott 's come to help too," announced Priscilla.

"That 's good," said Laura. "You can put a fresh collar and cuffs in this gray waist of Mother's, Elliott,—I 'll have it done in a minute,—while I go set the crab-apple jelly to drip. And perhaps you can mend this little tear in her skirt. Then I 'll press the suit. There is n't anything very tremendous to do."

It was all so matter-of-fact and quiet and natural that Elliott did n't know what to make of it. She managed to gasp, "I hope Sidney is n't very sick."

"He thinks not," said Laura, "but of course Mother wants to see for herself. She is telephoning Mrs. Blair now about the Ladies' Aid. They were to have met here this week. Mother thinks perhaps it will be best to arrange an exchange of dates, though I tell her, if Sid 's as he says he is, they might just as well come."

Elliott, who had been all ready to put her arms around Laura's neck and kiss and comfort her, felt the least little bit taken aback. It seemed that no comfort was needed. But it was a relief, too. Laura *could n't* sit there, so cool and calm and ordinary looking, sewing and talking about crab-apple juice and Ladies' Aid, if there were anything radically wrong.

Then Aunt Jessica came into the room and said that Mrs. Blair would like the Ladies' Aid herself that week; she had been wishing she could have them; and did n't Elliott feel the need of something to eat to supplement her scanty dinner?

That put to rout the girl's last fears. She smiled quite naturally and said without any stricture in her throat at all, "Honestly, I 'm not hungry. And I am going to put a fresh collar in your blouse."

"What should I do without my girls!" smiled Mother Jess.

It was after supper when the telegram came, but even then there was no panic. These Camerons did n't do any of the things Elliott had once or twice seen people do in her Aunt Margaret's household. No one ran around futilely, doing nothing; no one had hysterics; no one even cried.

Mother Jess's face went very white when Father Bob came back from the telephone and said, "Sidney is n't so well."

"Have they sent for us?"

He nodded. "You 'd better take the sleeper. The eight-thirty from Upton will make it."

"Can you—?"

"Not with things the way they are here."

Then they all scattered to do the things that had to be done. Elliott was helping Laura pack the suitcase when she had her idea. It really was a wonderful idea for a girl who had never put herself out for any one else in her life. Like a flash the first part of it came to her, without thought of a sequel, and the words were out of her mouth almost before she was aware she had thought them.

"You ought to go, Laura!" she cried. "Sidney is your twin."

"I 'd like to go." Something in the guarded tone, something deep and intense and controlled, struck Elliott to consternation. If Laura felt that way about it!

"Why don't you, Laura? Can't you possibly?"

The other shook her head. "Mother is the one to go. If we both went, who would keep house here?"

For a fraction of a second Elliott hesitated. "*I* would."

The words, once spoken, fairly swept her out of herself. All her little prudences and selfishnesses and self-distrusts went overboard together. Her cheeks flamed. She dropped the brush and comb she was packing and dashed out of the room.

A group of people stood in the kitchen. Without stopping to think, Elliott ran up to them. "Can't Laura go?" she cried eagerly. "It will be so much more comfortable to be two than one. And she is Sidney's twin. I don't know a great deal, but people will help me, and I got dinner this noon. Oh, she must go! Don't you see that she must go?"

Father Bob looked at the girl for a minute in silence. Then he spoke. "Well, I guess you 're right. I will look after the chickens."

I 'll mix their feed," said Gertrude. "I know just how Laura does it, and do the dishes."

"I 'll get breakfasts," said Bruce.

"I 'll make the butter," said Tom. "I 've watched Mother times enough."

"I 'll see to Prince and the kitty," chimed in Priscilla, "and do—oh, lots of things!"

"I 'll be responsible for the milk," said Henry.

"I 'll keep house," said Elliott, "if you leave me anything to do."

"And I 'll help you," said Harriet Gordon.

"Are you sure, dear, you want to do this!" Mother Jess asked.

"Perfectly sure," said Elliott. She felt excited and confident, as though she could do anything.

"It won't be easy."

"I know that. But please let me try."

"And there are the Gordons," said Mother Jess, half to herself.

"Yes," echoed Elliott, "yes, there are the Gordons."

When the little car ran up to the door to take the two over to Upton, and Mother Jess and Laura were saying good-by, Laura strained Elliott tight. "I 'll love you forever for this!" she whispered.

Then they were off, and with them seemed to have gone something indispensable to the well-being of the people who lived in the white house at the end of the road. Elliott, watching the car vanish around a turn in the road, hugged Laura's words tight to her heart. It was the only way to keep her knees from wobbling at the thought of what was before her.

"I 'M GETTING DINNER ALL BY MYSELF"

CHAPTER X

WHAT 'S IN A DRESS?

OF course, Elliott never could have done it without Harriet Gordon. Elliott and Harriet made the crab-apple juice into jelly; Mrs. Gordon sent in bread and cookies, and both stood behind the girl with their skill and experience, ready to be called on at a moment's notice.

Other people than the Gordons sent in things to eat. Elliott thought she had never known such a stream of generosity as set toward the white house at the end of the road, intelligent generosity, too. There seemed a definite plan and some consultation behind it. Just when Elliott was thinking that the pantry was looking empty and that she must begin to cook, something was sure to rattle up to the door in a wagon or roll up in an automobile or travel on foot in a basket.

"Gee, and I 've thought some of those folks were pokes!" said Henry.

"So have I," said Elliott, feeling very much ashamed of her hasty judgments.

"You never know how good people are till you get into trouble," was Father Bob's verdict.

But even with competent advisers within call and all the aid that came from the neighbors, and with the best family in the world, all eagerness to be helpful and to "carry on" during Laura's and Mother Jess's absence, Elliott found that housekeeping was n't half so simple as it looked.

Life still had its moments, it proved, and she was in the midst of one of the worst of them now.

The letter from Laura had come just as they were finishing dinner, for the postman was late. Mother Jess had written the day before that the doctors thought Sidney was better; there had been a telegram to that effect, too. Father Bob read Laura's letter quite through before he opened his lips. It was n't a long letter. Then he said: "The boy 's not so well to-day. Bruce, we must finish the ensilage. Come out as soon as you 're through, boys. Tom, I want you to get in the tomatoes before night; we 're due for a freeze, unless signs fail." Not another word did he speak about Sidney, but he rose quickly and went right out of the room.

Elliott picked up the letter Father Bob had left beside her plate. She dreaded to unfold the single sheet, but what else could she do with all those pairs of anxious eyes fixed on her?

She steadied her voice and read slowly and without the slightest trace of expression:

"Sidney had a bad time in the night, but is resting more easily this morning. Mother never leaves him. Every one is so good to us here. His officers seem to think a lot of Sid. So do the men of his company, as far as we have seen them. I don't know what to write to you, Father. The doctor says, 'While there 's life there 's hope,' and that our coming was the only thing that has saved Sid so far. He says that he has seen the sickest of boys pull through with their mothers here. We will telegraph when there is any change. Love to all of you, dear ones, and tell Elliott I shall never forget what she has done for me.

"LAURA."

The room was very still for a minute. Elliott kept her eyes on the letter to hide the tears that filled them. Sidney was going to die; she knew it.

Slowly, silently, one after another, they all got up from the table. The boys filed out into the kitchen, washed their hands at the sink, and, still without a word, went about their work. Gertrude and Priscilla began mechanically to clear the table. A plate crashed to the floor from Gertrude's hands and shattered to fragments. She stared at the pieces stupidly, as though wondering how they had come there, took a step in the direction of the dust-pan, and, suddenly bursting into tears, turned and ran out of the room. Elliott could hear her feet pounding upstairs, on, on, till they reached the attic. A door slammed and all was quiet.

Down in the kitchen Elliott and Priscilla faced each other. Great round drops were running down Priscilla's cheeks, but she looked up at Elliott trustfully.

And then Elliott failed her. She knew herself that she was failing. But she wanted to cry. It seemed as though she just could n't keep from crying. "Oh dear!" she sighed; "oh dear, is n't everything just *awful!*" Then she did cry.

And over Priscilla's sober little face—Elliott was n't so blinded by her tears that she failed to see it—came the queerest expression of stupefaction and woe and utter forlornness. It was after that that Elliott heard Priscilla sobbing in the china-closet.

Her first impulse was to go to the closet and take the child out. Her second was to let her stay. "She may as well have her cry out," thought the girl, unhappily. "*I* could n't do anything to comfort her." Which shows how very, very, very miserable Elliott was herself.

The world was topsy turvy and would never get right again.

Instead of going for Priscilla, she went for a dust-pan and brush and collected the fragments of broken china. Then she began to pile up the dishes, but, after a few futile movements, sat down in a chair and cried again. It did n't seem worth while to do anything else. So now there were three girls crying all at once in that house, and every one of them in a different place. When at last Elliott did look in the closet, Priscilla was n't there.

The appearance of that usually spotless kitchen had a queer effect on Elliott. She saw so many things needing to be done at once that she did n't do any of them. She simply stood and stared hopelessly at the wreck of comfort and cleanliness and good cheer.

"Hello!" said Bruce, at the door; "want an extra hand for an hour?"

"I thought you were cutting ensilage," said Elliott. It was good to see Bruce; the courage in his voice lifted her spirits in spite of herself.

"I 've left a substitute." The boy glanced into the stove and started for the wood-box.

"Oh dear! I forgot that fire. Has it gone out?"

"Not quite. I 'll have it going again in a jiff."

He came back with a broom in his hands.

"Let me do that," said the girl.

"Oh, all right." He relinquished the broom and brought out the dish-pan. "Hi-yi, Stan, lend a hand here!"

The boy in the doorway gave one glance at Elliott's tear-stained face and came quietly into the room. "Sure," he said, picking up a dish-cloth and gingerly reaching for a tumbler; "which end do you take 'em by, top or bottom?"

Stannard wiping dishes, and with Bruce Fearing! The sight was so strange that Elliott's broom stopped moving. The two boys at the dish-pan chaffed each other good naturedly; their jokes might have seemed a little forced, had you examined them carefully, but the effect was normal and cheering. Now and then they threw a word to the girl, and the pile of clean dishes grew under their hands.

Elliott's broom began to move again. Something warm stirred at her heart; she felt sober and humble and ashamed and—yes, happy, all at once. How nice boys were, when they were nice!

Then she remembered something. "Oh, Stan, was n't it to-day you were going home?"

"Nix," said Stannard. "Guess I 'll stay on a bit. School has n't begun. I want to go nutting before I hit the trail for home."

It was a different-looking kitchen the boys left half an hour later, and a different-looking girl.

Bruce lingered a minute behind Stannard. "We have n't had any telegram," he said; "remember that. And as for things in here, I would n't let 'em bother me if I were you! You can't do everything, you know. Keep cool, feed us the stuff folks send in, and let some things slide."

"Mother Jess does n't let things slide."

"Mother Jess has been at it a good many years, but I 'll bet she would now and then if things got too thick and she could n't keep both ends up. There 's more to Mother Jess's job than what they call housekeeping."

"Oh, yes!" sighed Elliott, "I know that. But just what do you mean, Bruce, that I could do?"

He hesitated a minute. "Well, call it morale. That suggests the thing."

Elliott thought hard for a minute after the door closed on Bruce. Perhaps, after all, seeing that the family had three meals a day and lived in a decently clean house and slept warm at night, necessary as such oversight was, was n't the most imperative business in hand. What came into her mind when she thought of Aunt Jessica was different, like the way Aunt Jessica had sat on her bed and kissed her that homesick first night; Aunt Jessica's face at meal-time, with Uncle Bob across the table and all her boys and girls filling the space between; Aunt Jessica comforting Priscilla when the child had met with some mishap. Priscilla seldom cried when she hurt herself—"Mother kisses the place and makes it well." The words linked themselves with Bruce's in Elliott's thought. Was that what he had meant by morale?

Elliott hung up her apron and mounted the stairs. There was a door at the head of the attic stairs. Elliott pushed the door open. On a broken-backed horsehair sofa Gertrude lay, face down, her nose buried in a faded pillow. In a wobbly rocker, in imminent risk of breakdown, Priscilla jerked back and forth. Gertrude's hair was tousled and Priscilla's face was tear-stained and swollen.

"Don't you think," Elliott suggested, "it is time we girls washed our faces and made ourselves pretty?"

"I left you all the dishes to do," Gertrude's voice was muffled by the pillow. "I—I just could n't help it!"

"That 's all right. They 're done now. I

did n't do them, either. Let 's go downstairs and wash up."

"I don't want to be pretty," Priscilla objected, continuing to rock. Gertrude neither moved nor spoke again.

"We have n't had any telegram, you know," said Elliott. Nobody spoke. "Not having had a telegram means a lot just now."

Priscilla stopped rocking.

"I 'm going to believe Sidney will get well," said Elliott. It was hard work to talk to such unresponsive ears, but she kept right on. "And now I 'm going downstairs to put on one of my prettiest dresses so as to look cheerful for supper. You may try whether you can get into that blue dress of mine you like so much, Trudy. I 'm going to let Priscilla wear my coral beads."

"The pink ones?" asked Priscilla.

"The pink ones. They will be just a match for your pink dress."

"I don't feel like dressing up," said Gertrude.

"Then wear something of your own. It does n't matter what we wear, so long as we look nice."

Mercurial Priscilla was already feeling the new note in the air. Elliott would n't talk so, would she, if Sidney really were not going to get well? And yet there was Gertrude who did n't seem to feel cheered up a bit. Pris's little heart was torn.

Elliott tried one last argument. "I think Mother Jess would like to have us do it for Father Bob's and the boys' sake—to help keep up their courage."

Priscilla bounced out of the rocker. "Will it help keep up their courage for us to wear our pretty clothes?"

"I had a notion it might."

"Let 's do it, Trudy. I—I think I feel better already."

Gertrude sat up on the horsehair sofa. "Maybe Mother would like us to."

"I'm sure she 'd like us to keep on hoping," said Elliott, earnestly. "And it does n't matter what we do, so long as we do something to show that 's the way we 've made up our minds to feel. If you can think of any better way to show it than by dressing up, Trudy,—"

"No," said Gertrude. "But I think I 'll wear my own clothes to-day, Elliott. Thank you just the same. Some day, if Sid—I mean some day I 'll love to try on your blue dress, if you will let me."

Three girls, as pretty and chic and trim as nature and the contents of their closets could make them, sat down to supper that night. It was not a jolly meal, but the girls set the pace, and every one did his best to be cheerful and brave.

Half-way through supper Stannard laid down his fork to ask a question. "What 's happened to your hair, Trudy?"

"Elliott did it for me. Do you like it?"

"Good work!"

Father Bob, his attention aroused, inspected the three with new interest in his sober eyes. He said nothing then, but after supper his hand fell on Elliott's shoulder approvingly.

"Well done, little girl! That 's the right way. Face the music with your chin up."

Elliott felt exactly as though some one had stiffened her spine. The least little doubt had been creeping into her mind lest what she had done had been heartless. Father Bob's words put that qualm at rest. And of course good news would come from Sidney in the morning.

But courage has a way of ebbing in spite of one's self. It was dark and very cold when a forlorn little figure appeared beside Elliott's bed.

"I can't go to sleep. Trudy 's asleep. I can hear her. I think I am going to cry again."

Elliott sat up. What should she do? What would Aunt Jessica do?

"Come in here and cry on me."

Priscilla climbed in between the sheets and Elliott put both arms around the little girl. Priscilla snuggled close.

"I tried to think—the way you said, but I can't. *Is* Sidney—" (sniffle)—"going to die"—(sniffle)—"like Ted Gordon?"

"No," said Elliott, who a minute ago had been afraid of the very same thing, "No, I am perfectly positive he is going to get well."

Just saying the words seemed to help somehow.

Priscilla snuggled closer.

"You 're awful comforting. A person gets scared at night."

"A person does, indeed."

"Not so much when you 've got company," said Priscilla.

The warmth of the little body in her arms struck through to Elliott's own shivering heart. "Not half so much when you 've got company," she acknowledged.

(To be concluded)

THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE TREATY, THE LEAGUE, SHANTUNG, AND "RESERVATIONS"

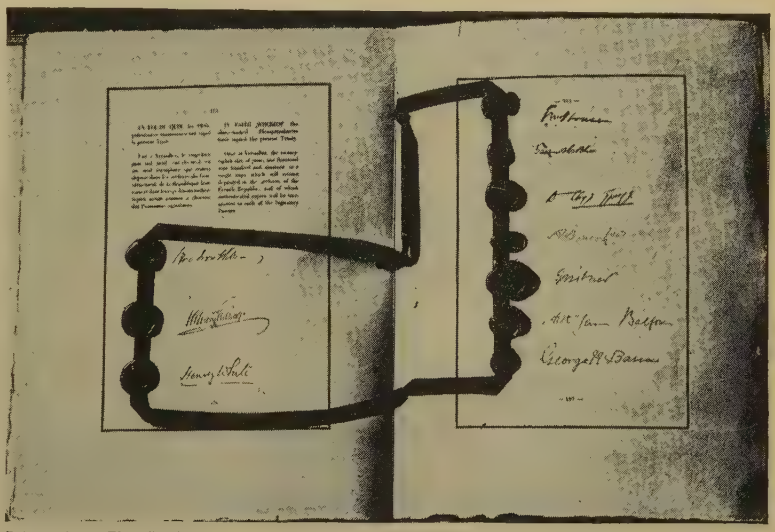
After the war between Japan and China, in the 1890's, the European Powers vied with one another in the attempt to gain a foothold in China. The great empire was weak and helpless, and could make no defense against those who sought to take sections of her territory and use them as centers for their trade in the Far East.

In 1897 Germany demanded of China reparation for the murder of two of her citizens. She took an indemnity, seized Kiaochow, and exacted a ninety-nine year lease of Tsingtau and Kiaochow Bay. Thus she acquired a valuable port; and for its defense she built strong fortifications.

Early in the War in Defense of Civilization England found it necessary, for the safety of her troop transports, to have this powerful German base destroyed. Would Japan undertake it? Japan would —for a price; and Great Britain and France, hard put to it, agreed to pay for Japan's help by promising her, if she succeeded, the trade rights in the Shantung peninsula that had been held by Germany.

Japan took Kiaochow and Tsingtau—and claimed her reward. After the war, the Peace Conference took up the matter of Shantung. Had there been no pact with Japan, the territory would have been restored to China. But Japan insisted that the promise made by England and France must be kept. If it were not, she would not enter the League of Nations. She had been fighting for recognition of racial equality; that is, for admittance of her people to rights of citizenship in white countries. This point she finally yielded, in return for cession to her of Germany's former privileges in Shantung.

When President Wilson returned from Paris, to take up in America the fight for the treaty and the League, Shantung was one of the first questions raised. What becomes of "self-determination" in this case, was asked.



International Film Service

FACSIMILE (GREATLY REDUCED) OF THE LAST PRINTED PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL COPY OF THE GREATEST DOCUMENT IN HISTORY—THE PEACE TREATY. IT SHOWS THE SIGNATURES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH DELEGATIONS

Can two wrongs make a right? The best answer that could be made was that the arrangement was temporary, and that the matter would be finally settled by the nations in the proposed League, of which Japan would be one—and subject to the majority decision.

Now, the President could not commit America to the treaty. Treaties made by the Chief Executive are not effective until ratified by the Senate. After much heated discussion, the debate settled upon the possibility and advisability of signing "with reservations." That is to say, the Senate might agree to the terms of the treaty except for certain clauses, defining our position in regard to certain points and expressing our interpretation of the wording of the greatest document in history.

There is, of course, no question that America—every last American of us all!—wants to do the wise, fair, and honorable thing. We want to use our power for good, but we will not surrender our own right of self-determination. To ratify the treaty with "reservations" would have the effect of making several treaties, and would by so much break the desirable unity among the nations entering the new and greater alliance. To ratify it as it stood and to accept the Covenant of the League as drawn up at Paris might involve a surrender, in greater or less degree, of our independence.

The present reorganization of international affairs is the biggest thing ever done on earth. Perfection is not achieved easily or quickly. What a wonderful opportunity Japan had—and rejected or postponed—to perform a noble act! It is not impossible that, even in a practical business sense, it would have been in the end more to her advantage to have yielded her claim to "economic control" of the Shantung peninsula. Perhaps by the time you have read this she will have done so.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES

IN the summer there were many strikes both here and in England. They were caused by local outbreaks of a widespread spirit of restless discontent. British miners and other laborers were striking. In Boston the car men quit work and held up the city's passenger service for several days. There were strikes in many of our cities; so many of them, in fact, that it seemed as if the local authorities were trying to handle a situation which really called for general action by the Federal Government. The cost of living rose higher and higher, and people wished that Congress might find a way to check the ascent.

But Congress was floundering through an endless debate on the Treaty and the League. President Wilson said in his second inaugural address that he would have to count upon united support, "an America united in feeling, in purpose, in its vision of duty, and its opportunity of service." But after the armistice, that united support failed to continue. A united opposition might have been more helpful than the division of opinion at Washington. It would have been a definite force, at least. Perhaps the President was wrong; not, surely, in his ideals, but in his methods. He did, however, offer a program, while his opponents were trying to devise one.

But the political situation is not the subject of this article. It is concerned only with the spirit and acts of the nation as a whole, and especially with our feeling and conduct toward England.

Great Britain came out of the war—like all the others!—with serious problems to be solved. There was unrest in India, trouble in Egypt, and the old conflict with Ireland. On July 24 Mr. Bonar Law announced that "the whole force of the British Government" would be exerted "to protect the people from undue pressure" by those who were agitating against the existing order. Without challenging the forces of disorder, the British Government wished to make it perfectly clear that it would sternly repress profiteering and disloyal acts.

England and the United States must stand together. They and France are the bulwark of civilization. Other countries may combine forces in one way or another as their interests dictate, but these three are mankind's best defense against the powers of darkness.

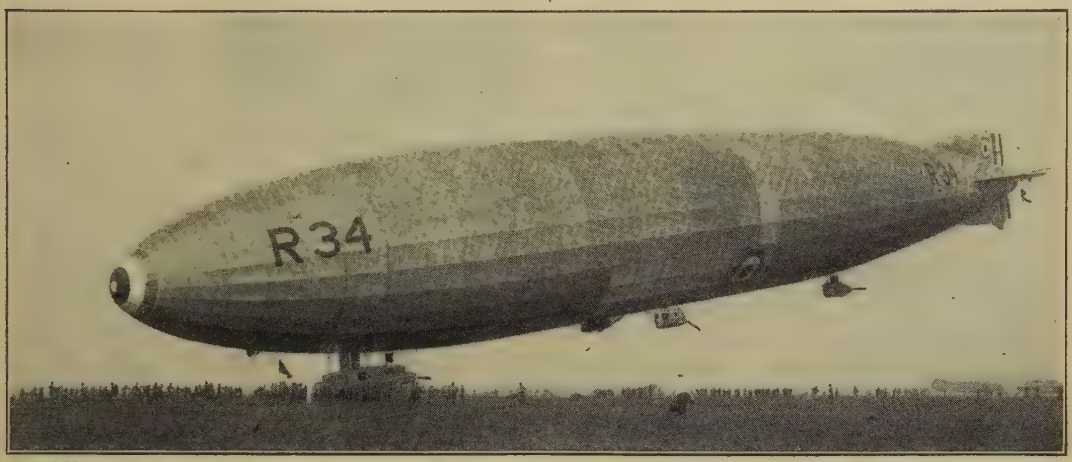
ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER

IF it is true that 217 Americans have been killed in Mexico in the last eight years, as was averred in July, how much longer should we continue the policy of "watchful waiting?" Whether the figures are exactly correct is immaterial; what matters is that the life of any American citizen in another country is permitted to be unsafe.

The condition of Mexico since Porfirio Diaz died has been one almost of anarchy. Diaz was virtually a dictator; he ruled, as they say, "with an iron hand." His government was very far from the American ideal; but, whatever injustices it may have visited upon its own people, it did manage to fulfil its responsibilities when dealing with other governments.

Since the days of Diaz, Mexico has been distressed by the strife of factions. Huerta might have been another Diaz, but we refused to recognize his government, and Carranza became president of the disorderly republic. Presumably, there is something more to life in Mexico than constant battling between government troops and bandit forces. There must be a large body of citizens living a peaceful life. But they are not the ones with whom we have to deal. The Government is responsible for the acts of its citizens. If Mexico has not a government that can maintain order, it is a menace to the Family of Nations and needs to be dealt with sternly. Perhaps we are waiting for the League to send a big policeman to knock at the door and say that the squabbling must be stopped.

During the war the "Mexican problem" had to wait, but it cannot wait much longer. German propaganda was used skilfully to make Mexico hate the United States more. Possibly some American citizens have in one way or another given the Mexicans too much reason to distrust us. There must be a way—bless you, we don't know just what, but brighter minds can surely find a way—to diagnose the case and prescribe the proper remedy.



Central News

THE R-34 LANDING AT MINEOLA, LONG ISLAND, AFTER HER 3200-MILE JOURNEY

FROM CONTINENT TO CONTINENT AND BACK IN A "BLIMP"

MANKIND is moving on!

The first bicycles had no pedals. The rider, astride the frame of his machine, ran a little distance, then coasted. After that came the "high" bicycle, then the "safety," and now the motor-cycle.

The telegraph began, as an invention of practical usefulness, with such experiments as that of Professor Joseph Henry, who sent messages from the college laboratory to his home on the Princeton campus. Now cables are laid across the ocean bottom, and words travel hundreds of miles through the air without wires to conduct the electric flash.

Travel on land and water—and under the surface of each—has advanced from slow and clumsy methods to those of marvelous ease and speed; and there is no reason to doubt that, in spite of all its difficulties, travel in the air will develop correspondingly. Heavier-than-air machines, airplanes driven by light, but powerful, engines, and balloons with propellers and rudders—dirigibles—compete for first place in usefulness.

The first summer after the war brought thrilling news of triumphs of flight. Icarus, of the Greek legend, is outdone. The dream of *Darius Green* is realized, with something thrown in for good measure. Dr. Langley, the Wright brothers, and Glenn Curtis wrote one chapter in the history of aërial navigation, and Read, Hawker, Alcock, and Major Scott wrote another. Major Scott's name brings us to the voyage of the "blimp," R-34.

R-34 started about two o'clock in the morning of July 2, from East Fortune, in Scotland. And *what* an airship! Length over all, 643 feet; beam, 71 feet; four propellers; four car-bodies, one forward for the captain and pilot, two amidships for passengers and crew, and one aft for the engines. Each of the five engines had a horsepower of 275.

The great airship carried a personnel of ten officers and twenty-one men. The pas-

sengers were an American navy officer, invited by the British Admiralty; a stowaway, and the engineer's cat. The stowaway was a young Briton, originally a member of the crew. The commander of the blimp did n't know that young Mr. Ballantyne was going till he 'd gone. Mr. Ballantyne, disappointed by not being assigned to the ship for the historic voyage, stowed away among the sandbags, and came out to be fed and put to work after the air cruiser was safely out at sea. It was reported that his pride in having made the voyage far outweighed the dread of military punishment. Most boys will think he showed a pretty good sense of values.

Everybody read the story of that wonderful voyage, across the Atlantic and back: how the good ship reached Newfoundland on the Fourth; how the unlucky Handley-Page bombing-plane, setting out with her for the last leg of the journey, was wrecked; how, battling against head winds, R-34 wirelessed, when nearing Cape Cod, reports of an alarming shortage of fuel and gas; how she landed at Roosevelt Field, Mineola, Long Island, at ten o'clock in the morning of July 6, 108 hours and twelve minutes out; how Major Pritchard, Executive Officer, dropped to the field in a parachute—it took him two full minutes to come down!—to superintend the landing, and how at last the huge airship was safely moored. And she had fuel aboard for not more than another half-hour of flight!

Did you read the splendid story of the long flight as told in the radio officer's diary? If you did, perhaps you got a good mental picture of the monster blimp shooting along over the gray Atlantic—and the crew having breakfast while the phonograph played jazz music! Leagues and peace treaties were minor "current events" while R-34 was on her way.

A BRAVE WOMAN AND HER WORK

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw died in July. Opponents as well as friends of woman suffrage had admired her courageous and unrelaxing efforts to win the electoral franchise for women. The end of her brave life was made beautiful by the assurance of victory for the cause to which she had devoted herself.

Dr. Shaw worked her way up the ladder of life. While still only a girl, she taught in a country school for two dollars a week and her board. She entered college with eighteen dollars in her pocketbook and no more "in sight." She went to a theological seminary, the only woman in her class; and, as a Boston newspaper tells us, she "lived in an attic and often went hungry." When she was ready to be ordained, the Methodist Conference feared that she might become a charge upon the church, but she answered the objection by showing that she made more money than some of the doubting gentlemen themselves.

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW

Dr. Shaw studied medicine as well as theology. It was a good combination, for souls are healthier if they have sound bodies to live in. Dr. Shaw was practical, wise, eloquent, and efficient. She worked hard and faithfully for suffrage, but had no sympathy for those who tried to gain it by violence. Her logic and her sense of humor made her more influential than a regiment of militants.

In the story of her life, American girls have an example as inspiring as Theodore Roosevelt's for the boys.

THE RACE RIOTS

The news reports from the capital of the United States of America, in July, were not such as Americans could read with pleasure. Negroes had committed crimes which aroused the wrath of white citizens. Some angry men had taken the law into their own hands, and attacked negroes. There was fighting in the streets, and finally patrols of cavalry and infantry had to be sent out to help the police.

Race riots are peculiarly ugly affairs. To have them occur in the seat of our national Government is so disgraceful a thing that many people wondered why the city was not put more quickly under military control. Such outbreaks of disorder must be suppressed promptly, and dealt with most firmly. They grow easily to proportions beyond the power of an ordinary police system to cope with. But a rioter who will not run from a policeman's club has a wholesome respect for an army uniform and a rifle, and a prompt settlement was assured as soon as military control was established. It ought to have been established much sooner than it was.

Then at the end of July, for the same reason, Chicago also had to be put under martial law. The situation was serious enough, but foreigners, reading the reports, probably stretched the story till they imagined the United States racked by an armed revolution.

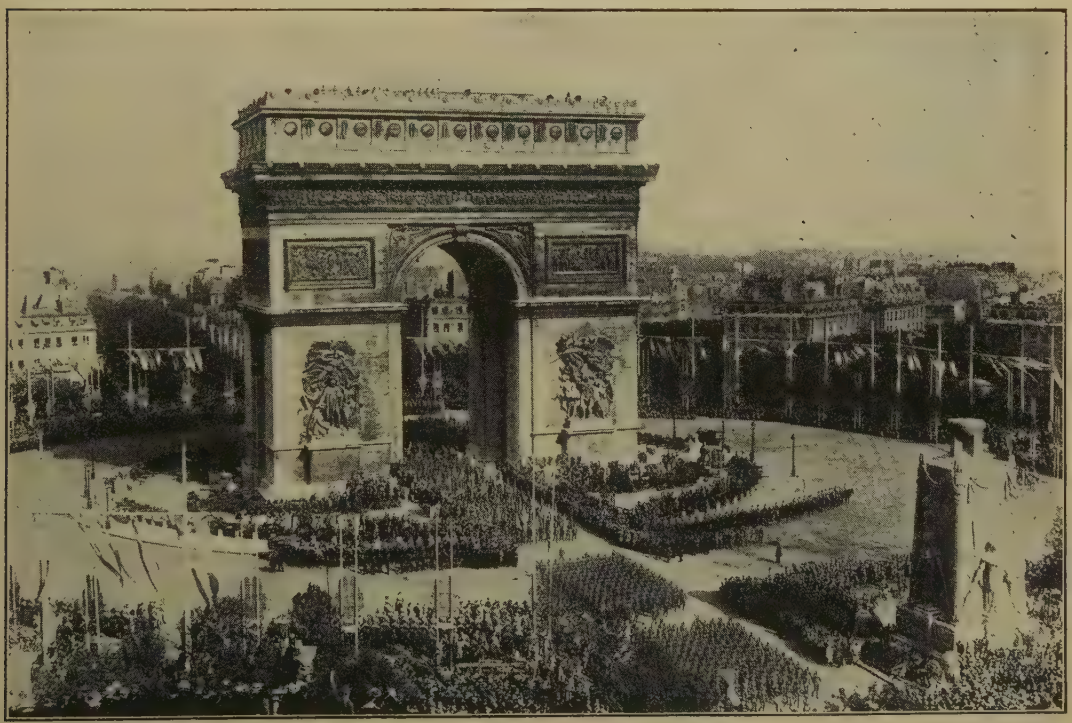
THROUGH THE WATCH-TOWER'S TELESCOPE

In the war years the cost of living increased, in Italy, 400 per cent.; in France, 350 per cent.; and in England, 250 per cent. We do not know the figures for Germany and Russia, but in the United States the increase was 200 per cent. Such are the consequences, to the whole world, of a war caused by one nation's madness. Those few years of war caused the destruction of materials that would have supplied normal needs for probably twenty years.

The organization of the Peace Conference included among its many component bodies a Commission on Aëronautics. This commission drew up a code of laws providing for the creation of a permanent international commission and establishing for control of the ships of the air rules similar to those which govern the ships of the sea. Aircraft will have to be registered and inspected for flight-worthiness, pilots will have to be licensed, rules of the road must be enforced, and special weather reports provided for the navigators of the air. (Shall we call them avigators?)

Please look up "rider" in your dictionary. When you have done so and know what the word means in the legislative sense, come back to The Watch Tower, and consider the fate of the attempt by Congress to repeal the daylight-saving law. That repeal was a rider on the Agricultural Appropriations bill. To save daylight-saving, President Wilson vetoed the entire bill. Perhaps sometime the procedure in federal and state legislatures will be amended so that the President or Governor will not have to hold up a whole bill in order to "kill" a rider. Congress fell short of the two-thirds vote needed to cancel the veto, and so daylight-saving survived the attack made upon it.

The Fourth of July was well observed by the French people, and the Fourteenth of July by Americans. Of course The Watch Tower man need not explain what the Fourteenth of July is, nor why Bastille Day deserves recognition by all lovers of liberty.



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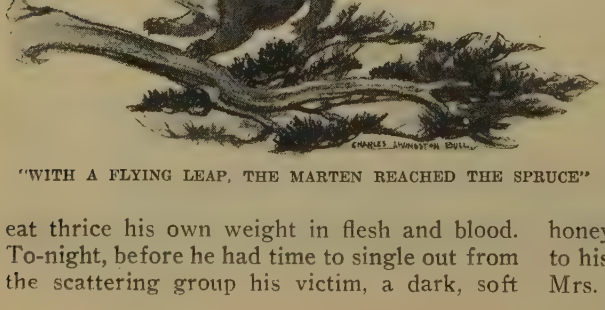
THE AMERICAN COLORS BEING CARRIED THROUGH THE *ARC DE TRIOMPHE*, PARIS, DURING THE BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATION, JULY 14, 1919

THE BLACK-CAT

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Above the afterglow gleamed a patch of beryl green. Etched against the color was the faintest, finest, and newest of crescent moons. It almost seemed as if a puff of wind would blow it, like a cobweb, out of the sky. As the shifting tints deepened into the unvarying peacock-blue of a northern night, the evening star flared like a lamp hung low in the west. The dark strode across the shadows of the forest, which lay cobalt blue against the drifted snow. As the winter stars flamed out, a tide of night life flowed and throbbed under the silent trees. One by one the wild-folk came forth to live and love and die in this their day, even as we humans in ours. On the edge of the woods the white-footed mice crept up the dry weed-stalks from their tunnels beneath the snow, and frolicked and feasted on the store of seeds scattered and piled by the wind in every cranny of the vast whiteness. Their backs were the color of dry pine-needles, and they wore silky, snowy waistcoats and stockings. Sniffing blindly, a fierce fragment of flesh and blood, with a muzzle like a tiny tapir and a crooked crocodile jaw filled with keen teeth, rushed with amazing swiftness toward a near-by group of feasting mice. Covered with gray, plushy fur, the strange head of the beastling showed no signs of eyes or ears. Although far larger, the mice scattered before him as man would before the rush of a tiger, for it is the doom of the blarina shrew that every twenty-four hours he must eat thrice his own weight in flesh and blood. To-night, before he had time to single out from the scattering group his victim, a dark, soft shadow flapped across the snow like some gigantic moth. It hung for a moment over the scurrying little throng—and fell. When it lifted, the shrew was gone. In the starlight the snow told the story. At the end of the burrowing, tunnel-like trail of the blarina was stamped in the snow a great X, which is the sign and seal of the owl-folk, just as a K is the signature of the hawk-people. There the trail of the blarina stopped, while a tiny spot of blood put a period to the last snow-story that the blarina would ever write. From a tree-top beyond, sounded the dreadful voice of the great horned owl.



"WITH A FLYING LEAP, THE MARTEN REACHED THE SPRUCE"

Long after the twilight had dimmed into a jeweled darkness, opalescent with the changing colors of the northern lights, from the inner depths of the woods there came a threat to the life of nearly every one of the forest-folk. Yet it seemed but the mournful wail of a little child. Only to the moose, the black bear, and the wolverene was it other than the very voice of death.

Fifty feet above the ground, from a blasted and hollow white pine, the mournful call again shuddered down the wind. From a hollow under an overhanging bough, a brownish-black animal moved slowly down the tree-trunk head first, which position of itself marked him as a past-master among the tree-folk. Only those climbers who are absolutely at home aloft go forward down a perpendicular tree-trunk. As the beast came out of the shadow it resembled nothing so much as a big black cat with a bushy tail and a round, grayish head. Because of this appearance, the trappers have named it the black-cat. Others call it the fisher, although it never fishes, while to the Indians it is the pekan —the killer-in-the-dark. In spite of its rounded head and mild, doggy face, the fisher belongs to those killers, the weasels.

On reaching the ground, the pekan followed one of the many runways which he had discovered in the ten-mile beat which made up his hunting-ground. Like most of the weasels, he lived alone. His brief and dangerous family life lasted but a few days in the autumn of every year. When his mate tried to kill him unawares, the black-cat knew that his honeymoon was over and departed back again to his own hollow tree, many miles away from Mrs. Black-cat. To-night, as he moved leisurely

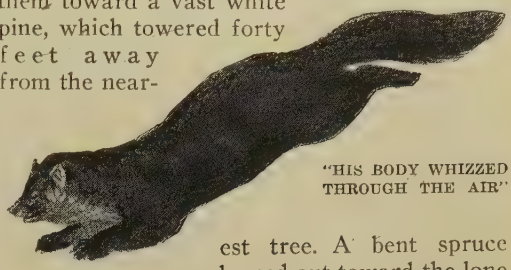
across the snow in a series of easy bounds, his lithe black body looped itself along like a hunting snake, while his broad forehead gave him an innocent, open look. If in the tree he had resembled a cat, on the ground he looked more like a dog.

There was one animal who was not misled by the frank openness of the fisher's face. That one was a hunting pine-marten, who had just come across a red-squirrel's nest made of woven sticks, thatched with leaves, and set in the fork of a moose-wood sapling some thirty feet from the ground. Cocking his head on one side, the marten regarded the swaying nest critically out of his bright black eyes. Convinced that it was occupied, with a dart he dashed up the slender trunk, which bent and shook under his rush. Chickaree, however, had craftily chosen a tree that would bend under the lightest weight and signal the approach of any unwelcome visitor. Before the marten had covered half the distance, four squirrels boiled out of the nest, and, darting out to the farthest twigs, leaped to the nearest trees and scurried off into the darkness. The marten had poised himself for a spring when he saw the fisher gazing up at him, and straightway forgot that there were squirrels in the world. With a tremendous bound he landed on the trunk of a near-by hemlock and slipped around it like a shadow.

It was too late. With effortless speed the black-cat reached the trunk and slipped up it like a black-snake. The marten doubled and twisted and turned on his trail, and launched himself surely and swiftly from dizzy heights at arrowy speed. Yet spring and dash and double as he would, there was always a pattering rush just behind him. Before the branches, which crackled and bent under the lithe, golden-brown body, had stopped waving, they would crash and sag under the black weight of the fisher. With every easy bound, the black came nearer to the gold. The pine-marten is the swiftest tree-climber in the world—bar one. The black-cat is that one. As the two great weasels flashed through the trees, they seemed to be running tandem. Every twist and turn of the golden leader was followed automatically by the black wheeler, as if the two were connected by an invisible, but unbreakable, bond.

Under the strain it was the nerves of the marten which gave way first. Not that he stopped and cowered helpless and shaking, like the rabbit-folk, or ran frothing and amuck, as do ratkind when too hardly pressed. No weasel, while he lives, ever loses his head completely. Only now the marten ran more and more wildly, relying on straight speed and overlooking many a chance for a puzzling double which would have given him a breathing-space. The imperturbable black-cat noted this, and began to take short cuts which might have lost him his prey at the beginning of the chase.

At last the long and circling chase brought them toward a vast white pine, which towered forty feet away from the nearest tree. A bent spruce leaned out toward the lone tree. With a flying leap, the marten reached the spruce and flashed up the trunk with never a look behind. His crafty pursuer saw his chance. Landing in a broad crotch of the spruce, with a flying take-off he launched himself outward and downward into mid-air with every ounce and atom of spring that his steel-wire muscles held. It seemed impossible that anything without wings could cover the great gap between the two trees, but the black-cat knew to an inch what he could do, and almost to an inch did the distance tax his powers. In a wide parabola his black body whizzed through the air half a hundred feet above the ground, beginning as a round ball of fur which stretched out until the fisher hung full length at the crest of his spring. If the tree had been a scant six inches farther away, the black-cat would never have made it. As it was, the huge, clutching, horn-colored claws of his fore paws just caught and held long enough to allow him to clamp down his hold with his hind paws. The marten, who had started fifty feet ahead of the black-cat and had lost his distance by having to climb up, jump, and then climb down, passed along the trunk of the pine on his way to the ground, his lead cut down to a scant ten feet. Without a pause, the pekan deliberately sprang out into the air and disappeared in a snow-bank full forty feet below.



"HIS BODY WHIZZED THROUGH THE AIR"

Not many animals, even with a snow buffer, could stand a drop of that distance, but the great black weasel burst out of the snow, his steel-bound frame apparently unjarred, and stood at the foot of the tree. As the marten reached the ground and saw what was awaiting him, his playful face seemed to turn into a mask of rage and despair. The round black eyes flamed red; the lips curved back from the

sharp teeth in a horrible grin; and with a shrieking snarl and a lightninglike snap, he tried for the favorite throat-hold of the weasel-folk. He was battling, however, with one quite as quick and immeasurably more powerful. With a little bob, the black-cat slipped the lead of his adversary and the flashing teeth of the marten closed only on the loose, tough skin of the fisher's shoulder. Before he could strike again, the black-cat had the smaller animal clutched in its fierce claws with no play to parry the counter-thrust of the black muzzle, which in another second had a death-grip on the golden throat. Throughout the whole fight and the blood-stained finish, the black-cat's face was the mild, reflective, round face of a gentle dog.

With a single flirt of its black head, the fisher flung the limp body of the marten over its shoulder, and, winding its way up the tree-trunk, cached it for the time in a convenient crotch, feeling sure that no prowler would meddle with a prey which bore upon its pelt the scent and seal of the black-cat.

All through the two-day snow-storm the fisher had kept to its tree, and its first kill of the night had only sharpened its appetite. Following the nearest runway, it came to the shore of a wide, rapid, little forest river, which at this point had a fall that insured current enough to keep it from freezing. Near its bank the ranging black-cat came upon a fresh track in the soft snow. First there were five marks, one small, two large, and two small. The next track showed only four marks, with the order reversed, the larger marks being in front instead of behind the smaller. A little way farther, and the smaller marks, instead of being side by side, showed one behind the other.

The black-cat read this snow-riddle at a glance. The five marks showed where a northern hare, or snow-shoe rabbit, had been sitting, the fifth mark being where its bobbed tail had touched the snow. The larger marks had been the marks of the fur snow-shoes which it wears in winter on its big, hopping, hind legs, and the smaller, the mark of the little fore paws which, when sitting naturally, touched the ground in front of the hind paws. When the hare hopped, the position was reversed, as the big hind paws with every hop struck the ground in front of the others, the hare traveling in the direction of the larger marks. The last tracks showed that the hare had either scented or seen its pursuer, for a hare's eyes are so placed that it can see either frontward or backward as it hops. As the little fore legs touched the ground, they were twisted one behind another, so as to secure the greatest leverage possible. The black-cat settled doggedly down to the chase. Although far slower in a straightaway run that either the hare or the fox, it can and will run down either in a long chase, although it may take a day to do it.

To-night the chase came to a sudden and unexpected end. The hare described a great circle, nearly half a mile in diameter, at full speed, and then, whiter than the snow itself, squatted down to watch his back trail and determine whether his pursuer was really intending to follow him to a finish. Before long the squatting hare saw a black form on the other side of the circle, with humped back looping its way along.

At such a sight the smaller, cottontail rabbit would have run but a short distance and then crouched in the snow, squealing in fear of its approaching death. The hare is made of sterner stuff. Moreover, this one was a patriarch fully seven years old, a great age for any hare to have accomplished in a world full of foes. Wabasso, as *Hiawatha* named him, had not attained to these years without encountering black-cats. In some unknown way, probably by a happy accident, he had learned the one defense that a hare may interpose to the attack of a fisher and live. Reaching full speed almost immediately, he cleared the snow in ten-foot bounds, four to the second, while the wide, hairy snow-shoes which nature fits to his white feet every winter, kept him from sinking much below the surface.

Although the same color as the snow, the keen eyes of the black-cat caught sight of the hare's movement and he at once cut across the diameter of the circle. In spite of this short cut, the hare reached the bank of the open river many yards ahead. Well out in the midst of the rushing icy water lay a sand-bar, now covered by snow. To the black-cat's amazement and disgust, and contrary to every tradition of the chase, this unconventional hare plunged with a desperate bound fully ten feet out into the icy water. Wabasso was no swimmer, and had evidently elected to travel by water in the same way that he had found successful by land. Kicking mightily with his hind legs, he hopped his way through the water, raising himself bodily at every kick, only to sink back until but the top of his white nose showed. Nevertheless, in a wonderfully short time he had won his way through the wan water and lay panting and safe on the sand-bank. If pursued, he could take to the water again and hop his way to either shore,

"THE BLACK-CAT RACED UP AND DOWN THE BANK FURIOUSLY" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

along which he could run and take to the water whenever it was necessary.

To-night no such tactics were needed. The fisher, in spite of his name, hates water. He can swim, albeit slowly and clumsily, in summer-time. As for leaping into a raging torrent of ice-cold water—it was not to be considered. The black-cat raced up and down the bank furiously, and not until convinced that the rabbit was on that snow-bank for the night did he give up the hunt and go bounding along the bank of the river after other and easier prey. For the first time that night the mildness of his face was marred by a snarling curl of the lips, showing the full set of cruel, fighting teeth with which every weasel, large or small, is equipped.

As the black-cat followed the line of the river his sharp ear caught a steady, monotonous sound, like some one using a peculiarly dull saw. Around a bend the still water was frozen. Against the side of the bank an empty pork-keg had drifted down from some lumberman's camp and frozen into the ice. In front of the shattered keg crouched a large, blackish, hairy animal, gnawing as if paid by the hour. It was none other than the Canada porcupine, Old Man Quill-pig, as he is called by the lumberjacks, who hate him because he gnaws to sawdust every scrap of wood that has ever touched salt. The porcupine saw the black-cat, but never ceased gnawing. Many and many an animal has thought that he could kill sluggish, stupid Quill-pig. The wolf, the lynx, the panther, and the wildcat all have tried—and died. So to-night the porcupine kept on with his sawing under the star-shine, convinced that no animal that lived could solve his defense. The black-cat, however, is one of two animals which have no fear of the quill-pig. Black bear is the other. With its swift, sinuous gait, the pekan came closer, whereupon the quill-pig unwillingly stopped his sawing and thrust his head under the broken, frozen staves of the barrel. His body hugged the ground, and in an instant he seemed to swell to double his natural size, as he erected his quills and lashed this way and that with his spiked tail. Pure white, with dark tips, the quills were thickly barbed down to the extreme point, which was smooth and keen. These barbs are envenomed, and wherever they touch living flesh cause it to rankle, swell, and fester—for all save the pekan. To-night the black-cat wasted no time. Disregarding the bristling quills and lashing tail, the crafty weasel suddenly inserted a quick paw underneath the gnawer, and, with a tremendous jerk, tipped him over on his bristling back. Before the quill-pig could right himself, the fisher had its teeth in the unprotected under parts, and the fight was over. Throughout the struggle, the black-cat disregarded the porcupine's quills entirely. Many of them pierced his skin. Others were swallowed as the victor feasted on his prey. By reason of some unknown charm, the barbed quills can do no harm to a black-cat.

As the pekan ate and ate, the stars began to dim in the blue-black sky and a faint flush in the east announced the ending of his hunting day. With a farewell mouthful, he started back through the snow for his hollow tree, making a long detour to bring in the cached marten. As he approached the tree from whose crotch the slim golden body had dangled, his leisurely lope changed into a series of swift bounds. For the first time a snarl came from back of the pekan's mild mask. The dead marten was gone from the tree. In an open space, which the wind had swept nearly clear of snow, it lay under the huge paws of a shadowy gray animal with luminous, pale-yellow eyes, a curious bob of a tail, and black-tufted ears. For all the world it looked like a gray cat, but such a cat as never lived in a house. Three feet long and forty pounds in weight, the Canada lynx, among the cats of this continent, is surpassed in size only by that huge yellow cat, the puma or panther. At the snarl of the fisher the cat looked up, and, at the sight of the gliding black figure, gave a low, spitting growl and contemptuously dropped his great head again to the dead marten.

For a moment the big black weasel and the big gray cat faced each other. At first sight it did not seem possible that the smaller animal would attack the larger, or that, if he did, he could last long. The fisher was less than half the size and weight of the lynx, who also outwardly seemed to have more of a fighting disposition. The tufted, alert ears, the eyes gleaming like green fire, and the bristling hair and arched back contrasted formidably with the broad forehead and round, honest face of the fisher.

So, at least, it seemed to young Jim Link-later, who, with his Uncle Dave, the trapper, lay crouched close in a hemlock copse. Long before daylight the two had traveled on silent snow-shoes up the river-bank, laying a trap-line, carrying nothing but a back-load of steel traps. At the rasping growl of the lynx, they peered out of their covert, to find themselves not thirty feet away from the little arena.

"That old lucifee 'll rip that poor little black innocent to pieces in jig-time," whispered Jim.

Old Dave shook his grizzled head. He pulled his nephew's ample ear firmly and painfully close to his mouth. "Son," he hissed, "you and that lucifee are both goin' to have the surprise of your lives."

Unwitting of his audience, the weasel approached the cat swiftly. Suddenly, with a hoarse screech, the lynx sprang, hoping to land with all his weight on the humped-up black back and then to bring into play his ripping curved claws while he sank his teeth deep into his opponent's spine.

It was at once evident that lynx tactics have not yet been adapted for black-cat service. Without a sound the pekan swerved like a shadow to one side, and the lynx had scarcely touched the ground before the fisher's fierce, pekan it was fatal. No battler in the world is a better in-fighter than the black-cat, and any antagonist near his size who invites a clinch rarely comes out of it alive.

The pekan first circled the spinning, yowling, slashing lynx more and more rapidly, until there came a time when the side of the gray throat lay before him for a second unguarded. It was enough. With a pounce like the stroke of a coiled rattler, the pekan sprang, and a double set of the most effective fighting teeth known among mammals met deep in the lynx's throat. With all of his sharp eviscerating claws, the great cat raked his opponent. The black-cat, however, protected by his thick pelt and tough muscles, was content to exchange any number of surface slashes for the throat-

"FOR A MOMENT THE BIG BLACK WEASEL AND THE BIG GRAY CAT FACED EACH OTHER"

cutting teeth had severed the tendon of a hind leg, while his curved claws slashed deep into the soft inner flank. The great cat screeched with rage and pain and sheer astonishment. As he landed, the crippled leg bent under him. Even yet he had one advantage which no amount of courage or speed on the part of the pekan could have overcome. If only the lynx had gripped the dead marten and sprung out into the deep snow, the fisher must have had to fight a losing fight. Like the hare, the lynx is shod with snow-shoes in the winter, on which he can pad along on snow in which a fisher would have sunk deep at every step.

In spite of his formidable appearance, however, the lynx has a plentiful lack both of brains and courage. As his leg doubled under his weight, in a panic he threw himself on his back, the traditional cat attitude of defense, ready to bring into action all four of his sets of sharp tearing claws, with his teeth in reserve. Against another of the cat tribe, such a defense would have been good. Against the hold. Deeper and deeper the crooked teeth dug until they pierced the jugular vein itself. The struggles of the lynx became weaker and weaker, until, with a last convulsive shudder, the gray body stretched out stark in the snow.

It was young Jim who first broke the silence.

"Those pelts 'll bring all of twenty-five dollars," he remarked, stepping forward.

"Help yourself," suggested old Dave, not stirring however from where he stood.

At the voices, the black weasel sprang up like a flash. With one paw on the dead lynx and another on the marten, he faced the two men in absolute silence. Suddenly the eyes under the mild forehead flamed red and horrible, and the dripping body quivered for another throat-hold.

"Seems like Mr. Black-cat wants 'em both," observed the old man, discreetly withdrawing from the farther side of the copse.

Jim gazed into the flaming eyes a moment longer and then followed his uncle. "He ain't so blame innocent, after all," he murmured.

A SQUIRREL'S DINNER

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

My pussy likes some milk to drink;
My dog likes bones and meat;
And elephants like hay, I think,—
Oh, *lots* of it,—to eat.

But squirrels like the nuts I throw;
They hide them underground;
And how do you suppose they know
Where they are to be found?
I could n't find *my* lunch to-day
If I had hidden it away!

THE BALLOON MAN

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

THE balloon man comes every day, without fail;
He ties his balloons to the iron rail.
I suppose if he held them, though ever so tight,
They would pull him up into the sky, out of sight!
The man has some whirligigs, too, that spin—
Little star-things that the wind blows in.

I wonder why his face is so brown,
And his coat is so raggedy, up and down?
He has lots of balloons, and I have n't *any*—
Oh, Nurse! Are you *sure* that you have n't a penny?

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ELIZABETH CLARKE, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

It is evident from the prose contributions received this month that the bicycle has still its appointed place in the esteem of countless boys and girls—a place of honor from which neither pony nor automobile can altogether dislodge it. In response to the subject, "A Good Time with a Bicycle," scores and scores of earnest tributes and entertaining incidents seem to prove that it is firmly established as a virtual necessity in thousands of American households, both as an every-day convenience for running errands and as a means whereby the youngsters of the family may obtain genuine and healthful "joy-rides." Read them, and join with us in wishing continued happiness to these ardent boy-and-girl lovers of joyous outdoor exercise on that speeding wheel which is propelled not by gasolene, but by a lad's or lass's own brain and sturdy young muscles!

But do not neglect, at the same time, the poetry, the drawings, and the photographs that enrich, enliven, and beautify our League pages this September.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 235.

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Duane Squires** (age 14), North Dakota. Silver Badges, **Florence Uptegrove Shepherd** (age 11), New York; **Danette Morrow** (age 11), Colorado; **Lois C. Andrews** (age 14), New York; **Mary Penfield** (age 14), Illinois; **Sally F. Harris** (age 12), Massachusetts.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Charlotte Delight Vanderlip** (age 13), New York; **Lois D. Holmes** (age 17), New York. Silver Badges, **Jack Steiss** (age 13), California; **Ruth Burns** (age 12), New Jersey; **Rhea M. de Coudres** (age 12), Connecticut.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Dorothy Lacock** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Elizabeth Southard** (age 15), California. Silver Badges, **Hilda F. Wanker** (age 12), Oregon; **Howard Comfort** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Ruth Moore** (age 16), Iowa. Silver Badges, **Eleanor Fox** (age 10), New York; **Peggy Stevenson** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **William Marshall** (age 17), Alberta; **Ervin Davis** (age 14), Tennessee; **Perry Stokes Gaither** (age 11), Massachusetts.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badge, **Robert V. Beals** (age 13), New Hampshire.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Wilmer Cornell Dechert** (age 12), Virginia; **Mildred Bernheim** (age 13), New York.

BY LETITIA R. MCKENRICK, AGE 13.

BY JOHN BRANSBY, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

"IN THE SUNSHINE."

DRIFTING

BY CHARLOTTE DELIGHT VANDERLIP (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November,* 1916)

Gently borne on the wings of night
From sleeping gardens beneath the stars,
There drifts a breath of the jasmine white
Under the full moon's path of light
Falling in rippling bars.

The river dark slips softly by;
The dripping blade of my paddle gleams;
The only sound is the wind's soft sigh;
I 'm drifting, under a starry sky,
Into the sea of dreams.

A GOOD TIME WITH A BICYCLE

BY MARY PENFIELD (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

Donald was an American soldier waiting in France for his orders to go back to the United States. One day, while walking through a wood, he saw a bicycle leaning against a tree. He went over to look at it, when a French peasant-boy stepped from behind a bush and spoke to him. "Would you like a ride on my wheel?" asked the boy, noting the interest Donald took in the fine machine.

"I certainly would!" replied Donald. "I have a wheel of my own in America."

The French lad said he would not need his bicycle until sunset, so Donald started off, after reporting to his captain.

The day was bright and clear, and Donald could not have had a better day for his trip. He rode far into the country and among the hills, enjoying himself immensely. The roads were in excellent condition, making fast riding easy and enjoyable.

At noon Donald stopped at a small French café and ate a very hearty meal. Soon afterward he started off again on the bicycle, riding to the top of a high hill. From there he could look down upon one of the small French villages. The scene was peaceful and quiet, and it seemed strange to Donald that just three months previous he was fighting in No Man's Land. It was about two hours before the time set to meet the boy when Donald turned his wheel toward camp.

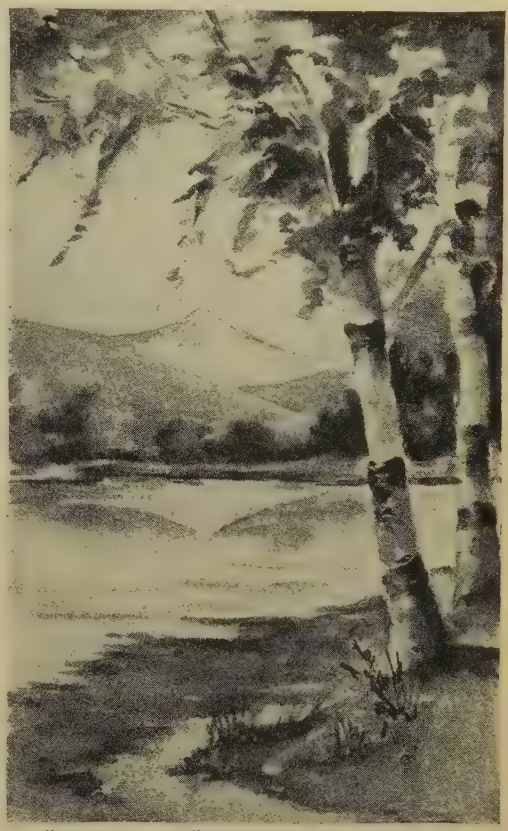
He arrived there as the sun was dropping from sight behind the hills, and found the boy awaiting him. Donald returned the wheel to its owner, saying as he did so, "Thank you very much for the fine time I have had with your bicycle."

DRIFTIN'

BY RHEA M. DE COUDRES (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

Did you ever go a-driftin' when the sun was sinkin' low,
A kaleidoscope of colors in the brilliant afterglow?
Did you ever go a-driftin' with your best friend by your side,
As you watched the dusky shadows come to make the eventide?
Then you slipped a-down the current sort o' lazy-like an' slow,
And some quiet little breezes just waked up and 'gan to blow,
While the sleepy little birdies an' the grass an' trees an' things
Made a sweet and soothin' lullaby, like those that Mother sings;
And the sun's last rays they linger as if they 'd never want to go,
But at last they sink down quiet where the pine-trees stand and grow.
Now, if you 've seen all this you know how happy you can be;
An' that nothin' can be nicer than driftin', you 'll agree.



"SEEN IN A WALK." BY HILDA F. WANKER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

A GOOD TIME ON A BICYCLE

BY DANETTE MORROW (AGE 11)

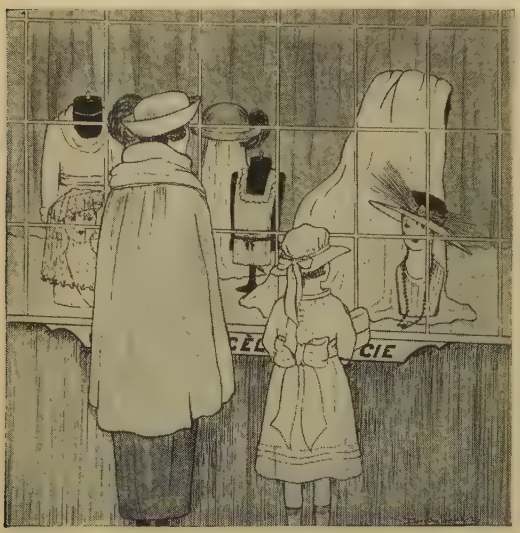
(*Silver Badge*)

I started down a lane on my bicycle just as the sun was setting. We had recently built a home out in the country and before me spread the Platte valley, and in the background the beautiful Rocky Mountain Range—the snow-capped Mount Evans rising above all the other peaks. The sun was going slowly out of sight. For miles around the sky was pink and gold. Mount Evans changed first to a delicate pink, then brighter and brighter as the sun slowly sank behind it. It was almost out of sight when a robin in the tree above me twittered to his mate; and then a meadow-lark poured forth his song. The sun, now a golden ball, dropped out of sight. All was still. The sun had set. A cow mooed in the distance.

Again I started on my bicycle,—looking into the little brook as I rode along,—when I heard the rumble of wagon-wheels. A buggy, with a man and three

children, was approaching. When quite near, a little girl, looking longingly at my wheel, exclaimed, "Gee! I would give my pony for one of them things!" while *I* had been wishing for a pony!

I reached home and told Mother what the little girl had said, and Mother said, "That is the way with the world—what one has, another wants."



"SEEN IN A WALK." BY DOROTHY LACOCK, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1918.)

DRIFTING

BY RUTH BURNS (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

ADOWN the drifting current of the stream
Float faëry barques of brilliant autumn hues;
They hesitate on whirlpool's fatal brink,
And twist to shun the danger of the tide,
Then sweep, with stately gesturings, aside.
Down where the deer and elk come oft to drink,
And, swinging wide from shore, lie birch canoes,
Are glens and dells where one can rest and dream,
And watch the drifting leaves float far and wide.

Like leaves that eddy slowly down the brooks,
Drift human lives, nor care to upward rush.
Their colorless existences are made
And welded with the downward sweep of things.
Their lead souls do not strive to try their wings,
But float on, down life's stream—a cavalcade
Of human wrecks. Yet sometimes, in the brush
With sordid things, one gives last, backward looks,
Before, into the rapids, all he flings.

WHAT I DID WITH MY BICYCLE

BY SALLY F. HARRIS (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

HERE in New England, where I live, there was a telephone strike, which lasted almost a week. It maimed business in all the large cities; also, housewives were greatly inconvenienced.

The first day of the strike Mother wanted a laundress, so she told me to take my "bike" and go down street to the employment bureau and get one. On my way down, one of the neighbors beckoned me and asked me to get her some groceries at the store. I was passing a stately house when a nurse frantically called me to ride as fast as I could for Dr. Greene, for her patient was in dire need of him. With an assuring answer, I started on.

Dr. Greene jumped into his automobile upon hearing of this urgent call and was quickly on his way to the stately mansion. I arrived at the employment bureau. Finding a woman wanting just such a job, I gave her the address and told her to take the car. After putting the neighbor's groceries in the carrier of my bicycle, I started on my long coast home.

At the end of that day, after many other errands, I had two dollars and fifty cents jingling in my pocket. After all, with a "bike," it was n't so bad to be without the telephone a week.

DRIFTING

BY LOIS D. HOLMES (AGE 17)

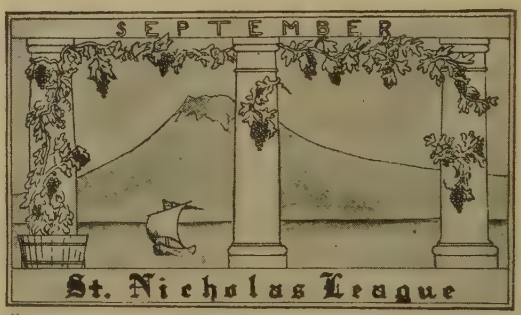
(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July,* 1919)

THE purple shades and rosy hues
Have faded in the west,
And gentle twilight falls upon
A tired world at rest.

The silver moonbeams dance and play,
Like fairies of the night;
And tiny stars peep out to shed
Their burning rays of light.

As in and out upon the waves
The moon plays merrily,
My tiny little skiff and I
Glide gently o'er the sea;

Now drifting, when the lovely moon
Around my skiff doth play,
And drifting still when first we see
The rosy dawn of day.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY HOWARD COMFORT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A GOOD TIME ON A BICYCLE

(*A True Story*)

BY KATHERINE A. KRIDEL (AGE 12)

ON one of the gasless Sundays last summer a few of my friends and myself decided it would be a nice day to go for a bicycle ride. It was a rather hot Sunday, but we did n't care. We first went down the main road for about two miles; then we turned inland and went into the beautiful woods. The leaves were beginning to turn brown and red; the birds were singing in the trees, and the frogs croaking in the marshes. We rode along, on and on, through the lovely woods for about two hours. It really was beautiful. Sometimes we had to get off and steer our bicycles through the thick mud which lay in our path.

BY ELEANOR FOX, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY RUTH MOORE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1919.)

BY PEGGY STEVENSON, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"IN THE SUNSHINE."

We were tired at last and, to rest ourselves, sat on a carpet of moss beside a little pond. There were little fishes swimming in it, and we tried to catch them in our hands. There was also a tree upon which were carved initials of people dating back as far as 1870. After about fifteen minutes we continued our ride. Going home, we went a different way, but it was not as nice as the way we had come. We arrived home so tired that we could hardly stand, and so hot that we were nearly suffocated. But in spite of everything, we all said it had been the nicest bicycle ride that we had ever had.

DRIFTING

BY JACK STEISS (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

'T is summer-time, and days drift slowly by;
No breeze falls fresh from heaven—no breath, no sigh,
And life, replete with dreams, floats calmly on,
Like clouds that line the boundaries of the sky.

The drowsy hum of bees wafts o'er the air,
And perfumes from the sunset 's in the sky;
While 'luring heights loom tempting everywhere,
And dreams of indolence drift lightly by.

And misty castles, with their walls of blue,
I 've built on clouds that float about on high,
And there, where rainbows cast their golden hue,
I'll drift, and watch the dreaming earth pass by.

A GOOD (?) TIME WITH A BICYCLE

BY FLORENCE UPTEGROVE SHEPHERD (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

I HAD never ridden a bicycle before. Nevertheless, I felt very sure of myself as I went to try my powers on the lovely new wheel that father had given me for my birthday.

I mounted, or rather, I *tried* to mount, and made a very bad job of it. However, after many efforts I succeeded and started off—by which I mean, off my bicycle. Down I went with my bicycle on top of me. I never was so surprised in all my life. It had

BY JOSEPH WARD, AGE 10.

BY VIRGINIA MASON, AGE 13.

"IN THE SUNSHINE."

seemed "so easy," and here I was, in the middle of the street, that vehicle on top of me, and the whole universe (as it so often seems to you when you are in a ridiculous position) staring at me. My brother George came out of the house, and amid much laughter I was extricated.

My brother is a great tease, and I had no peace for about three weeks; but after I had learned to ride decently (with the aid of my father) he ceased to torment me. Now the laugh is on him, for he also has a new bicycle and has had a bad fall, getting a scar that he still carries.

Now, however, when I am very sure of my ability to do anything I recall the incident when I first tried to ride, and, as George says, I "come down a peg."

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ELIZABETH SOUTHARD, AGE 16 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCTOBER, 1918.)

DRIFTING

BY LOUISE PATTERSON GUYOL (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

WHITE sails drift on the blue, blue sea,
Heavy with wealth of many lands;
White clouds drift in the azure sky,
Scattering rain from misty hands.
Night winds breathe with a cool caress,
Wafting dreams upon dusky wings;
And children float their paper boats
Along the joyful brook that sings.

A GOOD TIME ON A BICYCLE

BY DUANE SQUIRES (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March,* 1919)

"FINE! Good shot, Alden!"

"Whew, that was a close one!"

"Now, Bob, let 's see some real speed! Good boy, a goal, a goal!"

These, and countless similar expressions issuing from the Woods' back yard, are infallible signs that Alden and his chums are at their daily sport of bicycle-polo. This is a very thrilling and fascinating game, and is played on bicycles.

The court is one hundred feet long and one third as wide. The players, two on each side, furnished with tennis-rackets, line up at their respective ends. The ball, either a tennis- or a volley-ball, is placed at the exact center. At the sound of the referee's whistle, the boys leap to their saddles and speed toward each other. The object of each side is to drive the ball between two short posts, three feet apart, at the center of the opposite goal-lines.

When well played, this is a most exciting game. The rush of bicycles, the thud of racket on ball, the crash of two meeting rackets, all combine to give to it an unrivaled fascination. To be sure, there is some danger, both to machine and rider, but this is disregarded in the general eagerness to play.

I, myself, have enjoyed this sport for hours. It teaches one to think quickly and accurately and develops remarkable agility in mind and body. And, in addition to these valuable and useful lessons, it is as interesting a sport as could well be wanted. To a fairly good rider it offers unexampled opportunities for having the best kind of "good time on a bicycle."

A GOOD TIME WITH A BICYCLE

BY LOIS C. ANDREWS (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

Two years ago a number of my friends and myself organized a little club, which we called the Bicycle League. This club is still in existence. Each member has a bicycle, and we take many rides together.

We hold a meeting once each month, and every few months elect a new president, who also acts as secretary and treasurer, as we have only one presiding officer. The president holds the meeting at her house, and afterward we take a ride and have a picnic. Three of us have cameras, and so we have very good times together.

We have a few rules which we must live up to, small dues, a simple initiation for new members, and also little blue-white-and-gold pins.

This little club affords us much pleasure. We are always ready to do errands, as it is fun to do them on our bicycles.

"SEEN IN A WALK." BY LAURA MARSH, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

BY EDITH R. PENTZ, AGE 14.

BY WILLIAM MARSHALL, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

BY PERRY STOKES GAITHER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

BY HELENA AVER DILLINGHAM, AGE 15.

BY NOEL RICHARDS, AGE 13.

BY ERVIN DAVIS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"IN THE SUNSHINE."

WHAT I DO WITH MY BICYCLE

BY OLIVER HAZARD PERRY (AGE 9)

I AM going to tell you a true story of a bicycle ride that I took last summer.

One day, while playing around, nine aëroplanes flew over and landed at Sea Girt, five miles from where I spent the summer. I rode over as fast as I could and arrived just in time to see them land. After looking them over, I asked the mechanician of one if I could get into his machine. He said, "Certainly."

So he helped me get in. It was very fine indeed. You steer it with your feet just as you do a flexible flier. As soon as I got out, they made ready to go up. Then I rode home and went in swimming, for I needed a cooling off after my long, hurried ride.

DRIFTING

BY JUANA ALLRAUM (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

DIAMOND drops from my paddle falling,
The cool, cool lips of the blue depths calling,
  Luring my wayward bark;
Silver fish in the sunlight gleaming
Glisten and sink as I drift by, dreaming,
  Into the shadows dark.

White pearls fall in the rippling wake
Of my birch canoe, and the sunbeams break
  Into a rainbow arc;
Drifting until the purple gray
Of twilight falls, and the summer day
  Is blended into the dark.

"SEEN IN A WALK." BY BERNARD SHERIDAN, AGE 15.

DRIFTING

BY HELEN GRACE DAVIE (AGE 15)

DRIFTING—drifting—drifting,
In my birch canoe,
Through the morning freshness,
Crowned with lily dew.

Drifting—drifting—drifting,
Morning 's almost spent;
Would that I might pass again
O'er the path it went!

Drifting—drifting—drifting,
Noon-time sun on high;
Quickened now the motion,
Quiet by and by.

Drifting—drifting—drifting,
Now 't will not be long
Till the sounds of afternoon
Change to even-song.

Drifting—drifting—drifting,
So through life we go;
Now the rhythm quickens,
Then again grows slow.

Drifting—drifting—drifting,
Days on earth soon past;
Then to leave this restless world—
Home again at last.

"IN THE SUNSHINE." BY ELIZABETH KIRKWOOD, AGE 12.

THE FUN I HAVE ON MY BICYCLE

BY CONSTANCE DORAINE BOYD (AGE 13)

WHAT can be a better combination than a gorgeous day, a bicycle, and a box of lunch? Nothing, from my point of view. Whizzing up hill and down dale, rushing along like the wind, I ride along for an hour or so and then turn in at a woodsy pathway or road. The soft sweet smell of the woods never seems so sweet to me as when I am riding. Put on the coaster-brake and stop under a tree and eat lunch.

Bird-rides are another variety of joy. If I go quietly, the feathered folk of the forest never mind me, and I can see them. The Arnold Arboretum, near where I live, is a paradise for the cyclist. No motor vehicles are allowed and the roads are excellent. A long hill is great fun to coast down, going lickety-cut, with the warm wind rushing against one's face. My favorite sport certainly is bicycle riding, and I hope you enjoy it, too.

DRIFTING

BY MARION TOMBO (AGE 16)

DRIFTING slowly down the stream,
Drifting on, as in a dream;
Past the banks of moss and flowers
Slowly passing summer hours,
By drifting down the stream.

Drifting onward in the breeze,
Under overhanging trees;
While my thoughts are far away,
Far in other lands do stay,
While drifting down the stream.

Drifting forward evermore,
Never touching either shore;
Gliding silently along,
Singing low my little song,
And drifting down the stream.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

VERSE

Louise H. Baker
Rosamond W. Eddy
Sam L. Simpson
Aline Fruhauf
Violet S. Cosby
Catherine Parmenter
Kathryn A. Lyon
Mignon Rittenhouse
Berneice Porterfield
Helen H. Kieffer
Margaret Mackprang
Louise S. Birch
Charlotte I. Root
Kathleen Heile
Ruth Fuller
Katherine Smith
Marian E. Guptell
Edith Clark
Eleanor Slater
Willie F. Linn

PROSE

Helen Monan
Annette Klein
Dorothy Ward
Eileen Leary
Muriel I. Thomas
Louise Corcoran
Elizabeth Stearns
Alberta H. Damon
Leonore F. Gidding
John S. Kieffer
Louisa Butler
Phyllis A. Whitney
Gertrude E. McIntyre

DRAWINGS

Eudora A. Welty
Dorothy C. Hess
Worthen Bradley
Vincent Jenkins
Lucie Bentley
Agnes H. Barnard
Selma Moskowitz
Ione Finch
Peggy Whitehead
Jack Markowitz

PHOTOGRAPHS

Barbara Beach
Russell Dewart
Virginia M. Burmister
Elizabeth N. Dale
Gratia B. Houghton
Gertrude L. Lewis
Eloise V. White
Ellen Hallowell
Avis H. Bixby
Sewall Emerson
Edith E. Miller
Florence E. Finley
Virginia Doyle
Alice Lawson
Blanche L. Cunningham
Margaret Hawkins
Robert Van C. Whitehead, Jr.
Dorothy Herlong
John E. Cowles
Margaret L. Fick
Dorothy Hager
James C. Perkins
Faith H. Poor
Elsa Mayer
Edith D. Hull
Virginia Errett
Lyell MacLean
Joseph T. Resor
Carol Cookingham
Dorothy Hillman
Ruth Brooks
Betty Hungerford
Carroll McCarty
Elizabeth Bacon
Marjory Weld
Mildred H. Kenyon

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Sally Miller
Marjorie Niehaus
Gladys Bowman
Ruth H. Thorp
Antoinette C. Thomas
Jack Slater
Elizabeth J. Bleakley
Mary C. Bergman
Mary J. Burton
Dorothy M. Jones
Patricia Sheridan
Margaret H. Eckerson
Isabelle T. Ellis
Beth A. Curtis
Hortense A. R. Doyle
Junia Bright
Mona Caine
Meredith Wilson
Ruth Lauder
Jean Corcoran
Audrey Legg
Meyer Lisbanoff
Alice A. Walter
Mary K. Slate
Margaret F. Halsey
Benjamin D. Krantzor
Martha E. Lichti
Elizabeth Gould
Florence M. Adams
Sarah P. Shiras
Miriam MacKay
Gervase Thomas
Gladys Hadden
Helen Hayes
Julia Polk
Jean C. Osborne
Helen L. Rummons
Muriel Stafford
Helen B. Parker
Charlotte M. Reynolds
Burbeck Wilson
Margaret Morgan
Margaret Thaw
Travis Milliken
Madge C. Child
Mary E. Herr
Keith Hepburn
Florence A. Brewer
Morris Helprin
J. Asher
Haru Watamura
Alex Nesbitt
J. Rowan Boone
Henry Dreyfuss
Ethel Haven

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER."
BY MARGERY H. BROWER, AGE 14.

Louise Van H. Jack
Elizabeth C. Siedler
Eva Titman

PHOTOGRAPHS

Elizabeth O. Wertz
Eleanor L. Royal
Natalie Burggraf
Sallie C. McKenzie
Marian Burger
Maude M. Denman
Anna M. Van Cleef
W. H. Sandt, Jr.
Annele H. McGee
Dorothy Applegate
Margaret Olmsted
Barbara B. Leavens
Frederica Coming
Chauncey P. Williams, Jr.
Helen Hughes
Frances Cope
Mollie Stratton

"IN THE SUNSHINE."
BY THERESA ELY CLARKSON, AGE 12.

PUZZLES

Judy Holmes
Louis Kronenberger, Jr.
Ruth Jameson
John Roedelheim
Mildred Lull
G. Eleanor MacLean
Mary Louise Myers
Thelma V. Stanley
Mary T. Arnold
Gwenfread E. Allen
Blanche L. Dickens
Betty Sargent
Margaret Rulifson
John Voorhis
Philip S. Hurley

VERSE

Laura Gilman
Theresa Berney
Ruth Branning
Natalie Hall
Evelyn B. Thompson
Gerrish Thurber
Rosalind Leale
Mollie L. Craig
Isabel A. Lockwood
Constant M. O'Hara
Emily Brittingham
Elizabeth Gilkey

DRAWINGS

Virginia Tilson
Clark Winter
Frances K. Andrews
Marjorie Henderson

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 239

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

The League motto is, "Live to learn and learn to live."

The League emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

The League membership button bears the League name and emblem.

The ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the greatest artistic educational factors in the world.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Competition No. 239 will close **September 24.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **January.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Looking Back," or "When Eyelids Close."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Looking Ahead," or "A Dangerous Venture."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "A Good Time."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Fireside Friend," or "A Heading for **January.**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing — that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

KEPLERVILLE, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I enjoy you very much and think you are a lovely magazine. We are members of the LEAGUE.

I would like to enter some of the contests, but I cannot, because I live one hundred miles from a railroad, on a homestead, and do not get the magazine in time.

In the winter there is quite a lot of snow out here, and we have fun coasting and skeeing. We have a pony, a colt, and a pet sheep. I love music and I play the piano.

We do not live far from the great Missouri River, where I see the ice break up and go out in the spring. Last spring there was an enormous ice-jam that caused the water to leave its banks and flood a great deal of country.

Your devoted reader,

FREDA DUNBAR (AGE 13).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't know what I should do to divert my mind if I did n't have you to read. I 'm going to tell you about the lovely auto ride I had on "Fourth of July."

We rode along King's Highway to the "deserted village," used during the war by a motion-picture company for "war" pictures. It is a delightful little village. Just outside is the "chapel." The stained-glass windows, represented by cloth painted in different colors and marked off with charcoal to denote the panes, gives a very natural effect indeed. This village is a French one. Down the main street is a French "wine garden." In the windows were paper geraniums. At the end of the main street was an American hospital. Inside were many wheel-chairs. Outside were "trenches" and the "cemetery," the "graves" just under some willow-trees. In the background is the mill creek in which the boys of the neighborhood go for their "dip," but which represented the Marne River in the pictures.

Your devoted reader,

ELSIE M. GRAHAM (AGE 15).

ROSWELL, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl in the "wild and woolly West," but I get your dear little book every month, and look forward to it long before it is due.

New Mexico is not so bad as some eastern people think it is; for even if we have some Mexicans in our little city, we are all Americans. And have you ever stopped to think that over half of the beef you eat comes from here?

Roswell is at the base of a range of the White Mountains. Looking toward the west, you may see the white peak of El Capitan, a large peak of rock that is nearly covered with snow at nearly all times of the year. Looking at it at sunset, one gets a very beautiful view. Seeing that old white peak against a sky of fiery red is a picture that no artist can draw.

Many people go from here in the summer, to spend the season up in the mountains.

New Mexico did her little bit in the war by sending her boys to France. Last week the boys came home, and it was a wonderful day for Roswell. There were over five thousand visitors here. At ten o'clock there was a big parade—in fact, the largest one I ever saw. It was over a mile long. After the parade, there was a large barbecue, and how the people did revel in that! In the afternoon there were games and more parading, and the celebration ended in the evening with a street dance and a benefit performance for the boys called "No Man's Land."

Well, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I will close now by saying, I love you, hurry up and come again soon.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLOTTE M. KIEFER (AGE 13).

FOOCHOW, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Aunt Lucy sends you to me, and I enjoy you very much.

I live in China, where there are a lot of little Chinese children.

I live in a compound with fifteen children. Out of all these children there are only four boys. Such a lot of girls! I have one sister, aged eight.

In the summer we go to a mountain called Huliang, because it is so very hot down here.

We have a little school here that runs all winter until May. This year we graduated two children, Marjorie and James, from the eighth grade. They are going to Shanghai to high school.

James is the boy who wrote about silkworms in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Marjorie is a girl that takes you and likes you.

I like all your stories very much. I like the letter box and the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, too.

The Chinese children stare in through the fence as they pass by, to see the "white-faced children."

I have been to America only once, but will be going again in four years.

My father is a missionary. He teaches in the Anglo-Chinese College.

Your loving reader,

MARTHA LACY (AGE 9).

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you ever so much for that beautiful silver badge which you sent me and also that nice card. The badge is certainly very neat and pretty and I like it. The photograph of pussy willows, which won the badge, was taken about a half mile from this house.

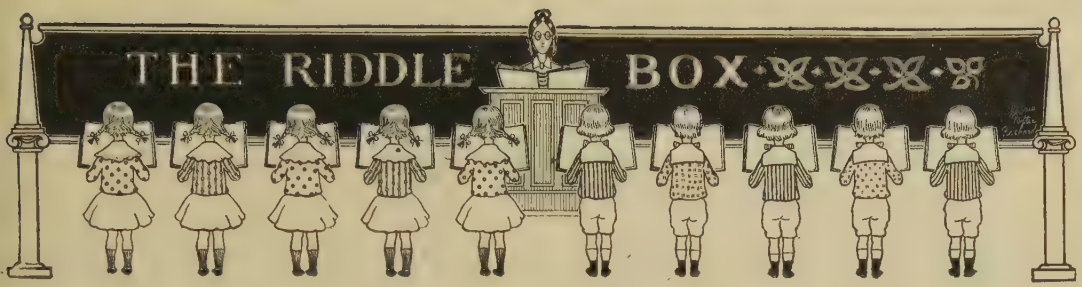
The wild flowers are very beautiful around here. One kind is the pitcher-plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*), which grows by the dozens in a swamp about three miles from here, and the books say is very rare, especially when growing in such numbers. The strange thing about them is that they live on insects, the leaves being made like pitchers and covered with hair pointing downward so that the insects may get in but cannot get out, except by flying perpendicularly, and the plant "devours" them. The flowers are red and beautiful. The twin-flowers and trailing arbutus are abundant here at their respective seasons.

I have had ST. NICHOLAS five or six years. I was in India when I first saw you. I was born there. I came across during the war, and we saw the British line near Suez through field-glasses, and we heard the British guns pounding the Turks, and two aëroplanes went over our heads, and it was great!

One time, going out to India, we went on the *Ivernia*, which is now at the bottom of the sea.

I am your sincere reader and friend,

JAMES C. PERKINS, JR.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Heart. 2. Eerie. 3. Ardor. 4. Riots. 5. Terse.

DIAMOND. From 1 to 2, Stevenson. Cross-words: 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Dream. 4. Craving. 5. Wednesday. 6. Saunter. 7. Taste. 8. Dog. 9. N.

UNFINISHED WORDS. 1. Rank. 2. Sand. 3. Sane. 4. Many. 5. Tank. 6. Zany. 7. Rant. 8. Lank. 9. Hand. 10. Hank. 11. Pane. 12. Cane. 13. Land. 14. Bank. 15. Lane. 16. Pang. 17. Sank. 18. Want. 19. Tang. 20. Bane. 21. Pant. 22. Mane. 23. Jane. 24. Band. 25. Dane. 26. Fang. 27. Hang. 28. Wane. 29. Rang. 30. Gang. 31. Sang. 32. Vane. 33. Dank. 34. Fane. 35. Yank.

A "PROPER NAME" ACROSTIC. Elizabeth B. Browning. Cross-words: 1. Electra. 2. Lincoln. 3. Iceland. 4. Zenobia. 5. Atlanta. 6. Bulgars. 7. English. 8. Theseus. 9. Helicon. 10. Belgium. 11. Bermuda. 12. Raleigh. 13. Olympic. 14. Watteau. 15. Niagara. 16. Infanta. 17. New York. 18. Germany.

PICTURED ANSWERS. 1. The figure 9. 2. Spires. 3. Drum. 4. Icicle.

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS. General Grant. 1. Abro-gate. 2. Esch-eat. 3. Cabi-net. 4. When-ever. 5. Mist-rust. 6. Carn-age. 7. Land-lady. 8. Safe-guard. 9. Pilg-rim. 10. Salt-ant. 11. Fore-noon. 12. Chas-ten.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Sir Walter Scott; fourth row, Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Shuck. 2. Itchy. 3. Redan. 4. Worry. 5. Apple. 6. Lanes. 7. Terse. 8. Etude. 9. Relic. 10. Stack. 11. Cooks. 12. Otter. 13. Turns. 14. Tense.

BROKEN NAMES. Apollo, Diana, Hebe, Juno, Jupiter, Minerva, Mercury, Venus, Vesta, Vulcan.

CHARADE. Sigh-wren; siren.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. And. 2. Nay. 3. Dye. II. 1. Pah. 2. Ape. 3. Hew. III. 1. Epoch. 2. Pasha. 3. Osier. 4. Cheap. 5. Harps. IV. 1. Bah. 2. Awe. 3. Hen. V. 1. Sam. 2. Are. 3. Met.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddlebox, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were duly received from Robert V. Beals—Barbara Beardsley—Louise Keener—John M. Pope—Catherine Jones—Elizabeth Faddis—John F. Davis—Harriet L. Rosewater—Eleanor Tait—Doris and Herbert Blumenthal—Edward and Elizabeth Sherley—Gwenfread E. Allen—Florence S. Carter—Virginia Ball—Mary Catherine Hamilton—"Allil and Adi"—Helen H. McIver—"Three M's".

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were duly received from Clarissa N. Metcalf, 8—Marion F. Rust, 8—J. and J. Marx, 8— Katharine H. Beeman, 8—William P. Pratt, 7—Lillian M. Hillis, 6—Kenneth H. McIsaac, 6—Miriam J. Stewart, 6—Signe Steen, 5—Merle Davis, 4—Babe Shanks, 4—Katherine Kridel, 4—Mary E. Turner, 3—F. H. L. and R. B. H., 3—J. G. Livingston, Jr., 3—Eunice S. Smith, 3—Elizabeth Kirkwood, 3—E. King, 2—A. Woodcock, 2—M. Decker, 2—J. W. Cresswell, 2—F. M. Strickland, 2—V. H. Sutro, 2—S. E. S., 2—K. Rand, 2—A. Peters, 2. One puzzle, M. Todd—D. Hougstad—W. Fleisher, Jr.—N. Alling—M. Bragaw—E. I. Ashley—R. McFarland—H. Wyeth—L. Yates—C. S. Salmon—C. N. Hazelton—O. Atkinson—E. Goodrich—"Spartanburg"—D. Busick—J. Melville—K. Kahler—L. Zeibel—L. Friedman—C. A. Taylor—F. E. Marx—F. H. Pierson—W. G. Luqueer—"Scranton"—A. Payne—L. Galiasso—D. C. Drummon—R. O'Bryan—J. Howell—A. Forbes—J. C. Gregg—V. D. Copperthwaite—K. Gasslander—F. Schenkan—M. Bates—M. E. Bradley—J. Magor. Belated May answers, V. Ball, 8—K. H. McIsaacs, 4—B. Taft, 1.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS League Competition.)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the surname of a famous writer, and another row of letters will spell one of his famous books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Snares. 2. Employed. 3. Solitary. 4. In its natural state. 5. To bend the knees. 6. Occurrence. 7. Destroys. 8. To examine and adjust, as accounts. 9. Barm.

WILMER CORNELL DECHERT (age 12).

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE

Every second letter in the following quotation is omitted. What are the two lines?

E. r. y. o. e. a. d. a. l. t. r. s.

M. k. s. m. n. e. l. h. w. a. t. y. n. w. s.

JOHN G. LIVINGSTON, JR. (age 12), *League Member*.

DIAMONDS

I. 1. In untroubled. 2. A mountain. 3. Fairy-like. 4. To fasten. 5. In untroubled.

II. 1. In untroubled. 2. A serpent. 3. A running knot. 4. A poisonous serpent. 5. In untroubled.

III. 1. In untroubled. 2. Skill. 3. Mistake. 4. A measure of weight. 5. In untroubled.

IV. 1. In untroubled. 2. To study. 3. A villain. 4. The fruit of a tree. 5. In untroubled.

V. 1. In untroubled. 2. A pioneer's tool. 3. To put in vigorous action. 4. Age. 5. In untroubled.

VI. 1. In untroubled. 2. Apex. 3. The whole. 4. A kitchen utensil. 5. In untroubled.

VII. 1. In untroubled. 2. To forbid. 3. Crippled. 4. Recent. 5. In untroubled.

VIII. 1. In untroubled. 2. Epoch. 3. Apparel. 4. To inquire. 5. In troubles.

IX. 1. In troubles. 2. To color. 3. An ecclesiastical council. 4. An age. 5. In untroubled.

X. 1. In untroubled. 2. Before. 3. A lazy person. 4. Conclusion. 5. In untroubled.

XI. 1. In untroubled. 2. An emmet. 3. To penetrate. 4. A number. 5. In untroubled.

The middle letters of these eleven diamonds will spell a lovely flower.

DOROTHY WOOD (age 12), *League Member*.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A month. 2. Tranquility. 3. Furious. 4. Frosting. 5. A shelf-like ridge.

MARION GRAY (age 13), *League Member*.

CHARADE

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS League Competition.)

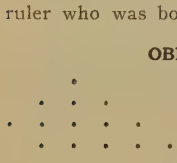
In my *first* I love to ride,
With my *second* by my side;
On my *whole* we walk and roam
Every day within our home.

MILDRED BERNHEIM (age 13).

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL of the fourteen objects shown in the above picture may be described by words of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous ruler who was born in September, 1533.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE



IN solving, follow the above diagram, though the puzzle contains many more cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In roast. 2. A number. 3. A viper. 4. Increasing. 5. To go into. 6. A small animal. 7. To revolt. 8. Lukewarm. 9. The utmost extent. 10. A journal. 11. A company. 12. A bumpkin. 13. Relating to punishment. 14. Narrow passageways. 15. A small animal allied to the monkeys. 16. A sweet substance. 17. A cutting instrument. 18. A wanderer. 19. A color. 20. In roast.

JOHN H. SHERBURNE, JR. (age 14), *League Member*.

BROKEN WORDS

The name of ten different colleges and universities have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, the names will appear:

A, bar, bryn, bi, vard, co, cor, es, ford, vas, ford, george, ham, land, ton, mawr, ley, ing, nell, nard, well, wash, har, sar, lum, stan le.

GWENFREAD L. ALLEN (age 14), *Honor Member*.

RHYMING FISH

1. A creature great for which men sail
   The Arctic seas—the mighty ——.
2. Now search for one that rhymes with "hoard,"
   A warlike fish, armed with a ——.
3. A fish that's free from trick or gammon,
   A king of fish, the gamy ——.
4. The next we leave not in the lurch,
   A "rod" in length, the little ——.
5. A handsome fish we rather like,
   A gamy fish as well, the ——.
6. An ugly fish that seeks the dark;
   Swimmers, beware the deadly ——.
7. A dainty fish much talked about,
   For Walton loved the speckled ——.
8. A fish whose bones may make us sad,
   Its flavor's fine, the welcome ——.
9. A fish by ladies prized, I'm told,
   Named for the precious metal, ——.
10. Though most uncommon, yet we wish
    We all might see a —— ——.
11. Of all the tiny fish, the queen;
    'Tis "done in oil," the small ——.
12. One more, before our list is done,
    Named for the orb of day, the ——.

J. D. L.

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will name the result of a great engineering feat.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The capital of Bohemia. 2. A city of the Philippines. 3. A great city of Europe. 4. A city in the Empire State. 5. The name of an island near Cuba. 6. A cold country. 7. A famous principality on the Mediterranean. 8. A great desert. 9. A city of China. 10. The largest of the Sandwich Islands. 11. A city of Portugal.

ALPHEUS B. STICKNEY, 2D (age 10), *League Member*.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

1 E	2 L	3 P	4 M	5 E	6 L	7 W	8 A
9 O	10 K	11 A	12 A	13 E	14 R	15 M	16 L
17 A	18 S	19 H	20 N	21 I	22 A	23 H	24 N
25 N	26 M	27 A	28 P	29 L	30 I	31 T	32 U
33 O	34 G	35 A	36 P	37 E	38 H	39 C	40 K
41 L	42 I	43 C	44 O	45 R	46 C	47 E	48 O
49 D	50 E	51 P	52 E	53 P	54 R	55 M	56 R
57 A	58 R	59 R	60 A	61 Y	62 I	63 L	64 Y

BEGIN at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess), until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been rightly made, the names of thirteen trees may be spelled out.

KATHARINE CLEVELAND (age 13), *League Member*.

THE CAREY PRINTING CO., INC.
NEW YORK

"THE GIANT LAUGHED, BUT THE KNIGHT REPLIED, UNSMILING,
'PLAY THY GAME!'"

ST. NICHOLAS

Vol. XLVI OCTOBER, 1919 No. 12

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KATHLEEN'S LUCKY-PIECE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

As the train passed through the familiar college-town, Kathleen Munroe leaned forward in her seat, catching her breath sharply to keep back the tears. She watched the library flash by, with the old town clock capping its stone tower; the station, its platform piled high with trunks, because spring vacation began to-morrow; and at last the tall, stately buildings of the college itself, standing serenely beautiful amid their setting of green woodland and greener lawns.

They were past now, and Kathleen sank back against the cushions and closed her eyes. She would never see them again, she thought drearily. She had left a day before the other girls, because she could n't bear the thought of their gay farewells, with promises of speedy meetings. Besides, she wanted these hours on the train free from companionship. She wanted to get her bearings; to be able to greet her family with a smile. They must n't know, most of all her father must never guess, how hard it was for her to give up college.

She drew her mother's letter from her pocket and read the words again, although she knew them almost by heart. It was the old story of her lovable, kind-hearted father signing a note. This was the third time in Kathleen's memory that he had come to grief by such an action, only this time the result was more serious. It meant leaving the home which had been laboriously paid for, and seeking smaller quarters. It meant also the loss of certain advantages for the small brother and sister, and no college for Kathleen. Ted, her older brother, would manage somehow. A boy could work his way through college more easily than a girl, and besides, Kathleen would be needed at home. Her mother was far from strong, and a maid would be out of the question until her father gained another start.

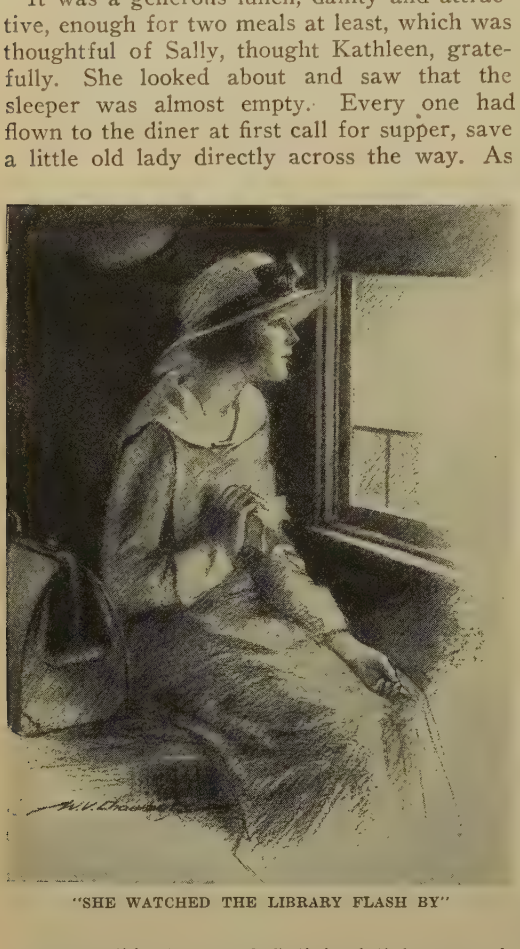
Kathleen's heart contracted at the thought. Another start would not be easy for a man past fifty. Her mother wrote that he had promised solemnly never to sign another note. Well, thought the girl, grimly, it would be easy for a man who had lost almost everything, to keep that promise! A man with a family had no *right* to do such things!

For a moment a little flare of anger possessed her, which melted suddenly as her father's face rose before her. She remembered those kindly, trusting eyes, which saw only the best in every one, and knew instantly that she would n't have her father different, though, as Ted once remarked: "Dad was *too* dead easy." His office was a museum of articles purchased from wily peddlers. The family were always using poor grades of shoe-blacking or matches, because some hard-luck story had pierced his heart. No tramp left the door unfed if Dad happened to be at home. He had been known to give his good overcoat to a poor wretch he found shivering on a corner selling shoe-strings. He had bought the shoe-strings, too, thought the girl, with a choking laugh of reminiscence. They were impossible shoe-strings. Ted had donated them to a rummage sale!

Suddenly Kathleen's heart lightened. She did not know that she had inherited her father's optimistic nature. There were worse things than giving up college and doing housework! She believed she was hungry. Her room-mate, Sally King, had insisted on giving

her a luncheon. She had put it up herself in the Agora kitchen. Sally was the only girl who knew that Kathleen would not return after vacation, and had assured her jestingly that she had salted the sandwiches with her tears.

It was a generous lunch, dainty and attractive, enough for two meals at least, which was thoughtful of Sally, thought Kathleen, gratefully. She looked about and saw that the sleeper was almost empty. Every one had flown to the diner at first call for supper, save a little old lady directly across the way. As



"SHE WATCHED THE LIBRARY FLASH BY"

Kathleen lifted one of Sally's delicious sandwiches from the box, she glanced across the aisle to find the old lady regarding her in real distress, and, laying her lunch-box down, she crossed the aisle.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked courteously.

"I don't know what to do," answered the old lady, nervously. "I 'm not used to traveling alone. My son Tom expected to come as far as Buffalo, but at the last minute things came up to change his plans. He went to New York yesterday. Then Phœbe—she 's Tom's wife—expected to see me aboard the train, but she was taken with an awful headache, and the girls were both off for over Sunday, so she sent for a taxi and arranged with the driver to make me comfortable. He was very attentive, followed me right aboard and everything, but just now, when I looked in my reticule before going to the diner, I found my pocketbook was gone."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Kathleen, with ready sympathy. "Have you looked everywhere?"

"Everywhere. My ticket was in my bag, but I have n't a penny—not one penny!" she repeated soberly. "I 'm going to Evanston, but——"

Her voice trembled, and Kathleen said quickly: "Don't worry. The first thing is to have supper. Luckily I 've enough for two. I will bring it over here, and we 'll have a cosy time together. Then *I 'll* take a look for your purse. Mother says I 'm splendid about finding things."

The old lady brightened visibly, and Kathleen saw with pleasure that she thoroughly enjoyed the sandwiches, though she protested at first about accepting them. Meanwhile, the girl was making calculations. She had only enough money to see her through; but of course she must look out for the old lady, who was, Kathleen noticed, dressed very simply. The loss of her money might mean much to her. The taxi driver may have stolen it, or she might have dropped it in the cab. It was plain to see that she was easily upset. Now if the purse remained lost——

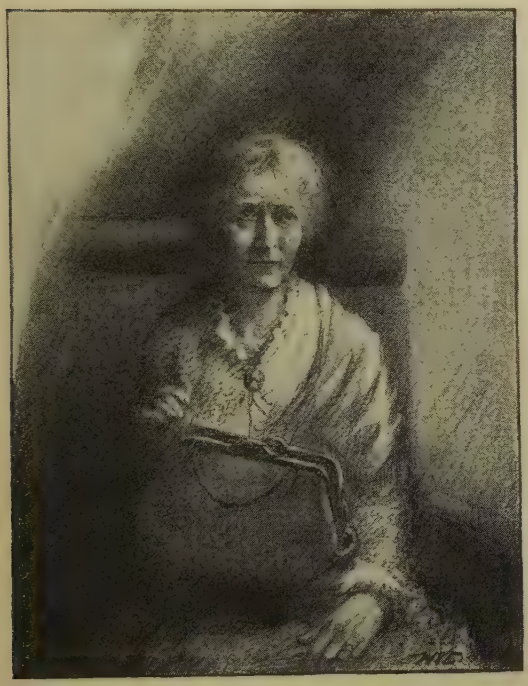
Well, it did. Their supper over, Kathleen moved the old lady across the aisle and made a thorough search, in which the porter helped, but all in vain, and the old lady's distress grew more apparent. It was then that Kathleen remembered her "lucky-piece." It was a ten-dollar gold-piece her father had given her on her eighteenth birthday, which she had never spent. She had kept it in her purse, carefully wrapped in tissue-paper, much against the advice of her small and cautious brother David, who declared she would lose it before she had a chance to spend it. Kathleen had replied that she was keeping it for luck, and, as the months passed, she went without many things rather than use it. It must be confessed that she felt a twinge of regret at the thought of parting with it, but there was no other way. She produced the gold-piece, which her old friend thankfully accepted along with Kathleen's card.

"I 'll mail a check as soon as I reach home, my dear," she promised gratefully. "You 're sure you can spare it?"

"Quite sure. I was n't counting on it at all," answered Kathleen, honestly. "Do you want to rest now, or shall we talk a while?"

The old lady smiled brightly. "I 'd love to talk; but you must n't feel obliged to bother with an old woman, though goodness knows what I 'd have done without you! I told Tom that the next time he wanted to see his mother he 'd have to come to her. I 'm too old to travel,—I guess I' ve proved it,—and once I get home I 'm going to stay there. After all, there *is* no place like home."

Her words brought a warm thrill to Kathleen's heart. "I 'm going home, too," she said gently. "I can hardly wait to see them all, and



"A LITTLE OLD LADY DIRECTLY ACROSS THE WAY"

I think I 'll stay there for some time to come."

The old lady had bright, shrewd eyes, which somehow reminded the girl of an English sparrow. She turned them on Kathleen now as she replied, "I sort of thought you were from college, and going home for Easter."

Kathleen smiled. "I am, but——"

Afterward, Kathleen could n't have told just how it happened. As a rule she was rather reticent about her own affairs, but there was something very appealing in the old lady's face, and before bedtime she knew all Kathleen's troubles: how Dad had signed the note just because he was the most trusting, easily-imposed-on, dearest father in the world; how Ted must work his way through college; how the home must be given up; and how Dad's business would have to go unless a miracle occurred to clear the skies. Kathleen did n't realize that she was making light of her own part of the trouble, but, as she finished speaking, the old lady said gently:

"So you 're not going back to college?"

"No," answered the girl, gravely. "I 'll be needed at home. Mother can't manage everything alone, and perhaps I 'll find time for some outside work. I want to earn something, so the younger ones won't have to go without things. I have n't had time for any plans, but I 'm sure there 's a way, if only I can find it; and I would n't for worlds have Father know how much I really care about college. I 'm hoping that somehow he 'll save the business. It does seem as if a man as good and honest as Father ought not to fail just because he did a kindness to someone. Well, you must get to bed and so must I. I—I hope I have n't bored you. Somehow, it 's made me happier to talk."

"Indeed you have n't bored me!" responded the old lady, quickly. "You 've made me feel like a real grandma. Tom's girls were all so busy they did n't have much time for me. Not that I blame them, child! It 's natural for young folks to flock together. Good night, my dear. Sweet dreams!"

She looked up so wistfully that the girl stopped impulsively for a good-night kiss.

Kathleen was right. Her talk had eased her heart and she slept well. The train was leaving Buffalo as she awoke. Her first thought was of her old friend, and that she must be ready to escort her to the dining-car for breakfast. When she was dressed, however, she was surprised to find the section opposite ready for the day—and vacant.

"Is my old lady in the dining-car?" she asked the porter.

"You mean that old lady what lost the pocketbook?" queried the darkey. "She done leave the train at Buffalo, Miss."

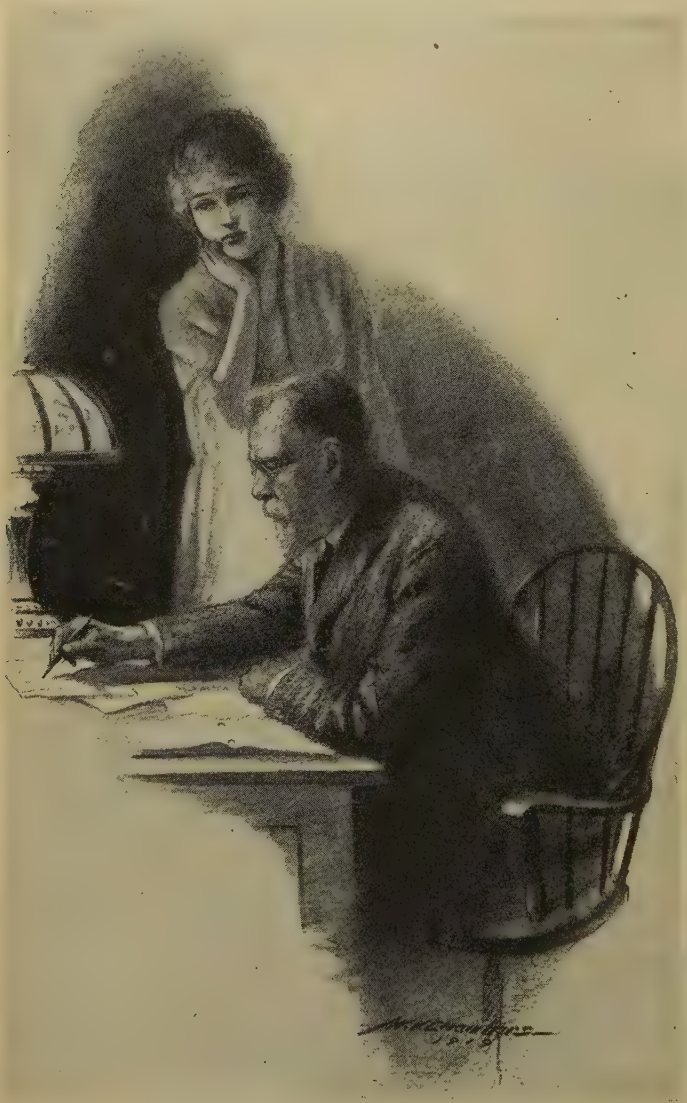
"What!" gasped Kathleen. "She was on her way to Evanston!"

"No, ma'am. She done get off at Buffalo. She give me half a dollar when she left, so she must ha' found her pocketbook all right. I 'll fix your section, Miss, while you 's in the diner."

"I—I guess I won't go into the diner," said Kathleen weakly. "I have some sandwiches, and——"

She did n't finish the sentence. She sat down on the seat she had occupied the night before with the old lady and stared at the landscape with unseeing eyes. Could it be possible that her sweet old lady was an impostor? Yet

she had said distinctly that she was going to Evanston, and she would n't have needed ten dollars had Buffalo been her destination. Suddenly Kathleen smiled. If she *had* been taken in, she was only following in her father's footsteps. How quickly Dad would have come to the rescue of the old dear! Then at thought of the old lady's face, her own brightened. Of course she was all right! It was all very strange, but somehow Kathleen believed in her. It was fortunate that it was her own lucky-piece she had parted with. She need n't tell the family a word about it.



"HER FATHER WAS WORKING EARLY AND LATE"

But Kathleen was counting without the family. She received a joyous welcome, all the more joyous because of the dark days that had preceded it. She wondered, as she looked round on the adoring faces lifted to her that night at supper, how she could have thought anything a hardship when she belonged to such a family. She was questioned about every minute of her trip, and before she knew it she had told all about the old lady and the lucky-piece. "Perhaps I was foolish," she explained hurriedly, "but she was all alone. It would have been dreadful not to help her."

"I said you 'd lose that gold-piece," proclaimed small David.

"She has n't lost it, sonny," said her father, quietly; "she 's passed it on. I 'm glad you did, Kathleen. I 'd have been ashamed of you if you had n't. The prospects don't look very bright, but if you never hear from that old lady, I 'll see that you have another lucky-piece, though you may have to wait some time for it. You would n't have been our daughter if you had n't helped the poor old soul, would she, Mother?"

"Not *your* daughter, surely," said Mother, smiling.

Yet as the days passed and no word came from the old lady, Kathleen began to blame herself for her sudden generosity. Her father was subtly aged by this last blow. He was working early and late in an attempt to save his business, and when the girl saw how many things her mother had gone without, she realized that even her ten dollars would have helped.

She had been at home two weeks when her father burst in upon them as they sat down to supper. They all realized at once that something unusual had occurred, because, though he was evidently trying to be calm, Dad was the sort who could n't possibly keep any good news to himself. It took great self-control for him to hand Kathleen a letter and ask her to read it to the family. She took it wonderingly, but when she saw the cramped writing she exclaimed: "Is it from my old lady? I *knew* I 'd hear from her! It 's ad-

"EVEN THE CHILDREN LEANED FORWARD ON THEIR ELBOWS IN EXPECTATION"

dressed to me, but there is n't any stamp, and—— Where did you get it, Dad, and——"

"Oh, read it, read it!" commanded Father. "Then I 'll explain——"

He stopped, because Kathleen had obeyed him, and even the children leaned forward on their elbows in expectation.

"My dear little friend:

"I wonder what you 're thinking of me for taking French leave of you! You may be calling me all sorts of disgraceful names, but I 'm hoping that, although appearances are certainly against me, you 've kept just a grain of faith in the old woman you befriended so generously.

"I saw you unwrap that gold-piece from its tissue-paper, child, and I knew it was something precious—a lucky-piece, most likely; and after you left me for the night I got to wondering if I could n't make it a *real* lucky-piece—one you 'd never forget.

"For you see, your story sounded very natural. There was a time when I went through just such ups and downs, because my husband, like your father, would always believe the best of folks, even when there was n't much 'best' to believe. So I saw it all very clearly. I knew just what you were going through, you and your mother, and your father, too. I don't know but what his part was the hardest.

"First, I thought that, if I could afford it, I 'd send you back to college; and then I knew that would n't do, because you said they needed you at home. Then I thought of a lot of other things which did n't suit me; and then, just as I was getting disgusted with myself as a fairy godmother, I had a wonderful idea. You see, my son Tom is in the same line of business as your father. He 's been branching out lately, and, only a few days before, I had heard him say he wished he knew of the right man for his western office, one he could trust absolutely. Well, I knew from what you 'd said that your father was one to be trusted; and I knew also that Tom would be in Buffalo that night. Do you see now what I was up to?

"Of course, my dear, a letter to Tom would n't have done at all. I had to *see* him, and explain how you 'd helped me and what I 'd gleaned from you about your father. I wanted to remind him of how his own father was always doing just such

things, yet what a splendid father he was, and what a good husband and honest man. So I just 'lit out,' as Tom would say, leaving you to think all sorts of things, but hoping that you'd believe in me.

"I could n't write before, because, of course, Tom had to make a few inquiries; but they were satisfactory, just as I knew they would be, and now he 'll take this with him when he sees your father.

"Here 's your lucky-piece, my dear—the very same one. I found my purse tucked inside my waist when I went to bed. I *knew* I was n't fit to travel by myself! Next time I go upon a journey I 'll have to take you with me.

"You can't think, dear child, how glad I am to know that you 'll be going back to college, after all; and that I 've been able, ever so indirectly, to play the part of your fairy godmother."

There was a moment's silence as Kathleen laid down the letter; then she cried:

"You don't mean, Dad, that my old lady's son Tom——"

"Oh, yes, I do!" interrupted Dad, joyfully. "The business is saved, and I 'm on a salary; a salary that 'll send you back to college. If you knew how it just broke my heart, and Mother's—to have you give it up——"

Dad stopped a moment to swallow; then went on: "Son Tom is all right! He 's president of the very concern I 've wanted to get in touch with. I tell you, daughter, that *was* a lucky-piece, was n't it?"

"Why, Mother 's crying!" exclaimed David, suddenly.

"No, I 'm not!" contradicted Mother, though she dashed a tell-tale handkerchief across her eyes. "But you 're mistaken this time, Father." She rose, and, coming around the table, slipped between Kathleen and her father, putting an arm around each. "It was n't the lucky-piece at all," she said tenderly. "It was just the dear way you both have of believing the best of everybody."

And who would dare to say that Mother was not right?

WISKEDJAK THE JAY

WISKEDJAK the Moose-bird, Wiskedjak the Jay,
Wiskedjak—the rascal!—was a Man.
Impishly he bantered all who came his way,
Playing tricks on everything that ran.
All that ran or bounded, walked or crept or flew
Through the wood, were targets for his jokes;
Jeering at the Eagle, lordly Ken-e-u,
Wiskedjak was always plaguing folks;—
Teasing wily Waguc; scaring from her nest
Wucagi, the heron of the fen;
Worrying the wood-friend, everybody's guest,—
Little Oka-pandji-kuc the Wren.

Mikinak the Turtle, Kag the Porcupine—
Kag who bears the spears upon his back,—
Came to Nanabozo, human yet divine;
Told him of the deeds of Wiskedjak.
Mighty Nanabozo spake a potent word:
Wiskedjak, the culprit, had to come!
Mighty Nanabozo changed him to a Bird,
Ruffling out the feathers with his thumb.

"Go!" said Nanabozo, "Play your merry games!
Be my Little Jester of the Woods!
When the green is tender, when the maple flames,
When the mountains don their snowy hoods,
Flitting through the pine-boughs like a driven leaf,
You shall mock at all beneath the sky.
Though you be a scapegrace, though you be a thief,
Men shall laugh to see you swagger by!"

Wiskedjak the Moose-bird, Wiskedjak the scamp,
Wiskedjak, you rogue in sooty grey,
Wake the wood with laughter, sport about our camp!
Harum-scarum Wiskedjak the Jay!

Arthur Guiterman.

LOST AND FOUND

By ELLEN MANLY

"IT COULDN'T BE KEPT AT ALL."

LOST

A QUEER little lad one summer's day,
He met with a serious loss.
He never could tell just what befell
But of course, it made him cross.

II

He lost a thing in a crowd of boys—
There was trouble indeed from that;
It went again in a shower of rain
And next, when he missed his hat.

III

And once, t'was lost in his garden plot;
And once, at a game of ball;
Till time and again it seemed quite plain
That it couldn't be kept at all!

FOUND

A QUEER little lass, when first she woke,
She found something, they say,
One rainy day in the month of May
When the clouds hung dark and gray.

II

She found it again at breakfast-time,
To the family's great surprise—
Mama looked up from her coffee cup,
And grandmother opened her eyes.

III

She found it next when the school bell rang,
And it nearly made her late;
And once, at play, in the strangest way,
And once, at her luncheon plate.

IV

And she kept on finding it all day long,
And a tiresome time she had,
Till 't was lost to sight as she said "goodnight,"
And all of her friends were glad.

"SHE KEPT ON FINDING IT ALL DAY LONG"

V

Now whatever it was that our lassie found
That morn when the skies were gray,
Or our laddie lost, to their serious cost,
It isn't for *us* to say.

VI

Though they never have mentioned what was wrong,
We think we know, full well!
But when skies are bright and hearts are light,
It doesn't seem fair to tell.

VII

Yet just a hint to the wise we'll give,
They may follow it if they choose—
When *fault* is found there's trouble around,
And *temper* is easy to lose.

"IN SHAGGY SKINS MARCHED THE BLOND-HAIRED MEN FROM THE NORTHERN FORESTS OF OAK"

THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE MAGIC CHESS-BOARD

The Wondering Boy: Fifth Ballad

By CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

"And Peredur proceeded towards the castle and the gate of the castle was open. And when he came to the hall, he entered. And he beheld a chess-board in the hall, and the chessmen were playing against each other, by themselves. And the side that he favored lost the game, and thereupon the others set up a shout, as though they had been living men. And Peredur was wroth and took the chessmen in his lap and cast the chess-board into the lake."—From the Tale of Peredur the Son of Evrawc.

Behold, the Men of the Eastern Lands came into the Council Hall,
In splendor of scarlet with orange scarves, like shafts of sun, o'er all.
In purple and crimson of many folds came the Men of the Central Plains;
Beneath their cloaks was the gleam of mail and the clanking of silver chains.
Like the green-blue light of water-caves the Lake Men were arrayed,—
In the burning orange of southern suns and the purple of ilex shade.
The Men of the South shone darkly bright; while the Hill Men strode along
In the smoky red of their signal-fires, a free and a proud-necked throng.
In shaggy skins marched the blond-haired Men from the Northern Forests of Oak:
The clubs they bore felled the great wild ox at a single swinging stroke.
And last came the Men of the Western Isles in a goodly company,
With coats as green as the rowan leaf, hearts stout as the rowan tree.

Round the Council Chamber they ranged their ranks, with many a questioning glance,
With wondering whispers, clan to clan, and a hand to sword and lance.
Then out from the band of the Forest Folk a bearded giant strode:
"O Men of the World, we Forest Folk are weary of our abode.

"We look at your lands, and we find them fair; we claim them as our right;
For stronger our clubs than your slender swords, and greater than yours, our might."
A murmur of wonder and anger rose, and a Man of the Isles stepped forth:
"As we fight for ourselves, so we fight for all! We have answered, Men of the North!"

"AND PEREDUR, ARTHUR'S STRIPLING KNIGHT, LED THE WONDERING BOY INSIDE"

Quick flashed the swords from the secret sheaths when the doors flung open wide.
And Peredur, Arthur's stripling Knight, led the Wondering Boy inside.
"Now why must you shed your blood?" said he; "there be other ways to strive.
Test ye your craft in a game of skill, and save yourselves alive."

The giants laughed as they wagged their heads: "'T was a friend came in the door!
For great as our strength may be," they said, "our craft and our skill are more."
On a carven table was laid the chess, and the board was of ruddy gold,
The chessmen of silver, jewel-set. The leader grew loud and bold:

"I will play a game with your craftiest chief, whatever his rank or name."
But Peredur answered, knightly-wise, "This child shall play the game.
Think not he is overmatched in strength. Who champions liberty
Has all the powers of earth and air, and the forces beneath the sea.

"But this is the stake ye play withal: if ye win, ye will have your will:
If ye lose, ye may go unscathed to your homes, but your clubs must be left here still."
The game began: "Oh!" the Boy cried out. "Some wizard has cast a spell!
No hand moved near them above the board, but three of my pieces fell!"

The giant laughed, but the Knight replied, unsmiling, "Play thy game!"
The game went on and the chessmen fell, till the boy cried out, "For shame!
He wins unfairly!" *"But play thy game!"* As a dream the game went on,
Till bishops and castles and pawns and knights, and the white queen, too, were gone.

The white king stood in a ring of his foes, and the giant laughed again;
But the Boy cried out, "I am only tricked, not beaten! Up, my men!"
And lo, as Peredur clapped his hands, the chessmen sprang from the ground,
They fought and shouted like living men, they countered by leap and bound!

But ever they moved by the rules of chess; and there, at the set of sun,
Each path was blocked round the giant's king, and the game was fairly won.
The Forest Men filed out of the Hall in silent and slow retreat;
And each, as he passed by the Wondering Boy, laid down a club at his feet.

From photograph by Henry Dixon & Son

"BUNNY." PAINTED BY RALPH PEACOCK

TYPE OF AËROPLANE WHICH HAS MADE THE TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT

PUTTING THE AIR-CRAFT TO WORK

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

Now that the war is over, a great effort is being made both in America and Europe to find work for the great fleets of air-craft. Instead of carrying deadly guns and bombs, they are being freighted with the mails, passengers, or merchandise, and sent on errands of peace to many parts of the world. The United States was quick to reorganize its air-craft on a peace basis by sending its flying boats over sea, by crossing the continent in record time, and by putting them to scores of useful purposes. It is only a matter of a few years at most when we shall see the sky dotted with air-craft busy on a hundred peaceful errands. We can catch an interesting glimpse of the future, meanwhile, by observing the latest achievements of air-craft.

The mails are regularly carried by aëroplane to-day in eleven different countries on thirty-one air-routes. The United States has two such air-services, those between Washington and New York, with a stop at Philadelphia, and New York and Cleveland and Chicago. Some thirty more air-routes have been planned for the future. The Washington-New York route, which has been in regular operation for more than one year, holds the world's record for efficiency. The mail 'planes flew one hundred times between the cities, making only seven forced landings and but two failures from bad weather. The best time made between Washington and New York has been a little over eighty minutes, which is about one fourth the time made by the fastest express-trains.

LATEST TYPE OF MAIL-CARRYING AËROPLANE

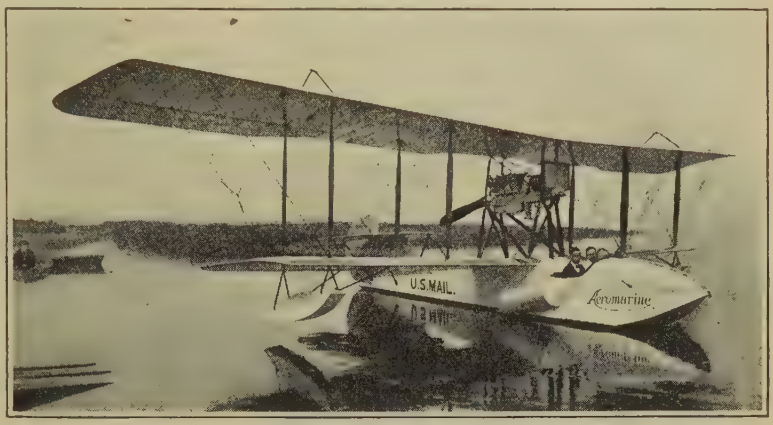
At the end of the first year's work it was found that the air-service had actually paid all expenses and made money besides. Mail-bags have also been carried out to sea and dropped on ocean liners outward bound, thus saving several hours time in the journey between America and Europe. Within a few years we shall doubtless see the mail-aëroplanes winging their way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

The air-mails and parcel delivery will probably soon be followed by regular passenger-carrying service. One is already in successful operation between London and Paris. The distance of about 250 miles is covered in less than three hours. The fare of a shilling a mile, or $62.50 for the trip, does not seem high, considering the circumstances. The car of the aëroplane is furnished with upholstered chairs and is decorated with mirrors and lighted by electricity.

The United States will profit more by air travel than European countries because of its greater distances. The larger number of the European states can each be crossed by rail in five or ten hours, and the aëroplane, by reducing the time to one third or less, does not make possible a vital economy. But in America it will be a tremendous advantage to reduce the time for crossing the continent from four or five days, as at present, to one or two. The distance already has been flown in fifty-two hours.

There will soon be great rivalry between the dirigible balloon and the aëroplane in compet-

ing for passenger air-travel. The aëroplane may be faster, but its passengers are more crowded than aboard an airship, and are more likely to be air-sick. The dirigibles now fly over seventy-five miles an hour and can travel for ten thousand miles, or over eight days, without coming down. The largest of these airships are upward of a thousand feet in length. Regular course dinners are served on board, and the passengers enjoy all the luxuries of a Pullman car.



THE AËROPLANE THAT DROPPED MAIL ON THE *ADRIATIC*

There are still many people who are afraid to fly. Not many years ago some had the same fear of a sea voyage. During the war many men were killed in the air-service, but this was largely because they were fired upon, and not because the air-craft themselves were dangerous. The official reports show that the United States trained 8600 fliers at home. In learning, these men flew 880,000 hours, or about 66,000,000 miles. It was found that there was but one fatality for every 3200 hours spent aloft, or for nearly 240,000 miles flown. In other words, flying is almost, if not quite, as safe as motoring or railroad travel.

To encourage passenger and express service by air, the Government has planned an elaborate system of air-ports in thirty-two cities throughout the United States. The large cities will be assisted in preparing municipal landing-fields, so that regular air-routes may be established and maintained in all directions. It will soon be possible for an aviator to start on an air-tour of the continent and find landing-fields, with supplies, at convenient distances.

The landing-fields will be of four classes. The smallest of these will provide runways six hundred yards long in every direction. The fields will be located on good highways convenient to the city limits. If the city does not care to go to the expense of preparing such a field, the Government will assist it and provide steel hangars for the purpose. The fields will have electric lights, water-supply and sewerage. In shape they will be square or rectangular.

Wide World Photos

THE AËROPLANE APPROACHING THE *ADRIATIC* AND READY TO DROP THE MAIL

The first American air-port has been established at Atlantic City, New Jersey, which will serve as the port of entry for the great dirigible balloons which will be flown from England to America, and for transatlantic seaplanes and airplanes as well. There are no hangars in the United States capable of accommodating the monster dirigibles, but steel

A PASSENGER ALIGHTING FROM AN AËROPLANE

masts will be erected to which they may be tethered.

The aëroplane promises to revolutionize map-making. Instead of dragging the surveyor's chain up hill and down dale, the aëroplane accomplishes the same end, while flying at a speed of a hundred miles an hour or even faster. The new method of making maps from the air was developed during the latter part of the great war.

The first photographs taken aloft were made with ordinary hand-cameras, but only half the exposures made turned out well. To-day the pictures are taken with cameras six or eight feet in length, which are often operated automatically and can be counted on to take excellent pictures ninety per cent. of the time.

The map-making cameras are set in the floor of the aëroplane's fuselage, and point straight downward. Before starting a flight, the automatic device is set to take a fixed number of pictures a minute. The air-pilot then steers his craft back and forth, just as you would mow a lawn, until every part of the city or country below has been photographed. The films are then developed and the prints are matched together. Many of them will be found to overlap. If the aëroplane has fallen into an air pocket or its altitude has varied for any other reason so that the pictures have not been made from the same height, the negative is reduced or enlarged to match the others. The views may also be made with stereoscopic cameras to show the elevation of hills or mountains.

The maps thus constructed show marvelous details and are full of life. Every house of a great city will be shown, while no other map can give so clear an idea of open country. They proved invaluable to generals in the war, and in peace times they serve a great variety of purposes. The Government has already arranged to prepare such maps of the forest areas. They are valuable in many kinds of engineering projects, such as the building of roads or railroads, bridges, canals, reservoirs or irrigation systems, and many other forms of construction.

The real estate man, too, finds that the aëro view shows the position of houses, roads, and bodies of water better than any map.

There are to-day 30,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface of which we know very little and 8,000,000 square miles which have not been surveyed and mapped. It would take two hundred years at the present rate of exploration to complete the work, whereas the aëroplane makes it possible to do the work in a few years with great saving of time and money and of human lives.

The air-police fill a long-felt want. The great speed of the new craft gives it a tremendous advantage in pursuing wrong-doers. From his position aloft, the aëro-patrolman can spy upon his prey, while the use of the wireless telephone keeps him in instant communication with the earth. An interesting demonstration was made recently of the possibilities of this new "hurry-up" vehicle. A man "stole" a fast automobile and was allowed several minutes start of the air police. The alarm was given by telephoning by wireless to an aëroplane, which happened to be aloft a few miles away, while a second aëroplane at once took the air.

The two 'planes at once circled about at an altitude of a mile or more, which enabled them to see over many miles of the surrounding country. The "thief" was soon sighted many miles on his way, speeding at nearly a mile-a-minute pace. The aëro-patrol overtook him, at a speed of a hundred miles on hour, passed him, and came to earth at a town several miles further on, through which he must pass. The authorities were notified, and a local constable

secured to make the "arrest" when the "thief" arrived. The ground police might have been notified by wireless had it been necessary.

The example of New York in establishing a regular aëro-police squad will doubtless soon be followed by other cities. In patrolling harbors and the long water-fronts of such cities as New York, Chicago, or San Francisco the aëroplane is invaluable. A single policeman can thus do the work of a score of men in fast patrol-boats, and do it better. In San Diego, California, they even have an aërial fire-boat. In case of riots or disturbances, the air police, by looking down upon the crowds, can tell at a glance where crowds are congregating or danger is threatened and telephone to the ground without a minute's loss of time. The aëroplane proved invaluable during the great explosion at Morgan, near New York City, making it possible to fly directly over territory which was too dangerous to approach on foot.

The first use of an aëroplane as a patrol-wagon is credited to the police of Dayton, Ohio. In February last a police inspector flew from Dayton to Indianapolis, and returned bringing a prisoner charged with embezzlement. The distance of upward of one hundred miles was flown in less than one hour. It is not recorded that the prisoner made any attempt to escape while flying.

The aëroplane has been used with great success as an ambulance. The high speed at which an injured man may be carried makes the flying craft an ideal vehicle for the purpose. When the automobile ambulance was first introduced in America, replacing the horse-drawn vehicle, the speed at which a patient might be rushed to a hospital was doubled. The aëroplane ambulance more than doubles the speed of the automobile. The air-craft are especially designed for the purpose. The floor of the fuselage swings open, allowing a stretcher to be slid inside without disturbing the patient. The gentle swaying motion of the aëroplane is much less trying upon a sick or wounded passenger than the bumping of a wagon over ordinary roads. Many lives will be saved by carrying an injured man to the hospital in one half or one third the time required by the ordinary ambulance.

A great variety of patrol work can be better done by aëroplane than afoot, on horseback, or by automobile. It is important, for instance, that thousands of miles of telegraph wires and high-power electric transmission lines be regularly inspected, and these often extend over rough and unsettled country, far from roads. An experienced observer, flying rather low and racing along even at high speed, can readily see a broken wire, a fallen pole, or other accident to the line.

This method has been put into successful operation in the Canadian Northwest.

THE AËROPLANE OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE

The aëro cowboy or sheep-herder has come to stay. It has been found by experience that one man with the aid of an aëroplane can do the work of a score or more mounted on horses. The Government was quick to realize the possibilities of aëro scouting in the forestry work. These air-scouts look down upon broad expanses of forest, while keeping in touch with headquarters by wireless telephone.

When forest-fires are started from any cause, the loss is usually due to the fact that they gain headway before the fire fighters can arrive. The air patrol reduces this loss to a minimum. In one case the forest fire discovered by the air-patrol was in the Sierra Madre Mountains. The air-scout was flying at the

"A FAST AËROPLANE BROUGHT THE MISSING PART IN RECORD TIME"

time at an altitude of 1500 feet. Within seven minutes after the fire was observed, fire-fighters had reached the spot by motor-truck, and the fire was quickly extinguished. The Government reported recently that the aëroplane patrol of the Cleveland National Forest covers 115 miles in its work in ninety minutes, flying at an altitude of 300 feet.

The mackerel fishers along the New England coast employ a seaplane for scout work. Flying at high speed, the aëro-fisherman can thus fly far out to sea and return, keeping the fisherman informed of the presence of schools of fish. It was found during the sea-scouting in search of submarines that an observer in an aëroplane high above the water may look down into the water to surprising depths.

The aëroplane has been employed as a pay-car with very satisfactory results. A mining company in Mexico hit upon the idea of sending considerable sums of money by an air route to balk the attempts of bandits to hold it up. The mines lay in a remote section of the country, far from the regular trade routes and police or military protection, and to carry the pay-chest through this country would entail great risks. Now the aëro pay-car covers the distance in a short time, while the would-be robbers watch it soaring a mile or so above their heads.

The possibilities of smuggling by air-craft is already being considered by the customs authorities at Washington. Meanwhile, the first air smuggler has already appeared. A few weeks ago an aëroplane was flown from Canada across the border into the United States carrying a consignment of furs to a concern in Newark, New Jersey.

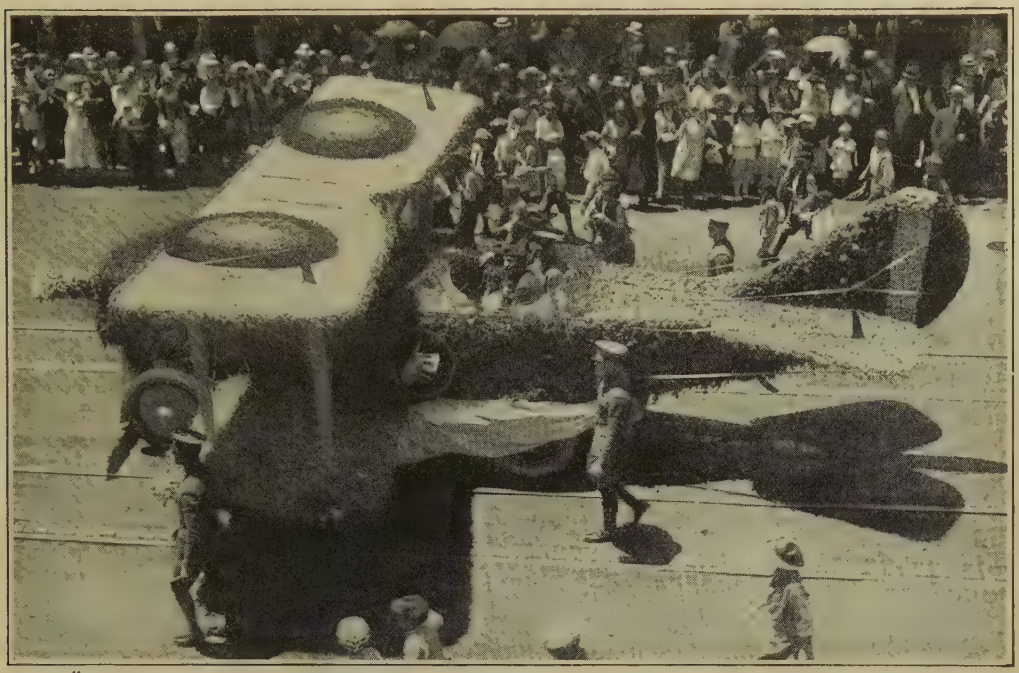
The Customs Division of the Treasury Department at Washington believe that an air service to patrol our Mexican and Canadian boundaries against smuggling will soon be required. By carrying wireless telegraph and telephone apparatus, the air-police can instantly communicate with any near-by force. A single air-scout can thus patrol hundreds of miles of boundary, doing the work of a large force of inspectors and doing it more efficiently.

At a great automobile race held recently at Detroit one of the cars was held up for the lack of a certain part which could only be found at Dayton, Ohio. A fast aëroplane brought the missing part in record time.

The aëroplane has been found extremely useful in making astronomical observations. It often happens that an eclipse of the sun or other phenomenon which occurs at rare intervals is hidden from the observers by clouds or mist. The aëroplane makes it possible to rise high above the clouds and thus gain an uninterrupted view. The experiment has been made by Professor David Todd, who has charge of the Amherst College astronomical observatory.

The seaplane used for the flight was taken aboard a steamer bound for South America. On reaching the point at which the observation was to be made, off the coast of South America, the steamer left its course and proceeded to the desired position. Professor Todd, a naval pilot, and a photographer flew to a height of nearly 15,000 feet, and up there the eclipse was observed and photographed. The results were then cabled to Washington to be compared with similar observations taken at the same time off the coast of Africa. The photographs of the eclipse taken at this altitude are more successful than those made at sea-level. The atmosphere being thinner at this altitude also make it possible to catch certain color values of the sunlight during the eclipse.

Experiments have been made by the Government with the intention of organizing an aëro patrol to work with the life-saving stations along our sea-coast. The shores are, of course,



THE AËROPLANE AS A DECORATIVE FEATURE OF A PARADE—HOW CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER WAS GREETED IN LOS ANGELES

regularly patrolled during the winter months and the stations connected by wire with one another. The air-craft, again, could carry out lines to vessels in distress or drop food and supplies on their decks, and in comparatively rough seas they could come down near the ships and take off the crew or passengers.

Plans are being perfected by Stefansson, the arctic explorer, to reach the pole by means of aëroplanes. It is planned to construct a flying craft suited to the new conditions which can land upon or rise from the water, the land, or the ice. The attempt will probably be made this year. The extreme cold does not deter aëro-explorers, since the engines will not be affected. The men plan to wear suits of clothes having an arrangement of electric wires with which they can be heated to any temperature.

The recent experience of the great naval seaplanes in the transatlantic flight has encouraged the Government to construct larger and more powerful machines. The naval experts believe that with such machines they can make a non-stop flight across the ocean. The wings of the machines will be increased from 126 feet to 200 feet, and it is probable that nine instead of four motors will be installed. The Government also plans to build giant dirigibles, to rival the largest in Great Britain or Germany, which will be capable of flying three times across the Atlantic Ocean or across the width of the United States without alighting.

SOME FURTHER USES OF THE AËROPLANE

By JAMES ANDERSON

THE story of some of the things which are done, or are immediately projected, by the use of aëroplanes in this country to-day may surprise those still skeptical as to the proved practical value of these machines.

To begin with, the airplane has come to help agriculture. In southern Texas, where the devastating pink boll-worm that attacks the cotton plant has been trying to invade the United States from Mexico, there are cotton-free zones, declared by law as barriers against the progress of the worm. But a few misguided farmers feel that their rights have been infringed and have developed a tendency to become outlaw cotton-planters. Much of the country is heavily timbered. Roads are neither plentiful nor good, in many places, and it has been possible for an outlaw planter to tuck

away a few acres of cotton in some nook of the woods beyond the probability of discovery by ordinary means. The Federal Horticultural Board not long since determined to try the aëroplane as a scout to hunt the outlaw Texas cotton-fields, and very successful flights have already been made for this purpose by army aviators, who have not only reported outlaw plantings, but also that on a clear day at an elevation of 2000 feet a distinct view can be had of the country over a range of thirty miles; and cultivated fields, buildings, roads, railway lines, creeks, and the character of the wooded areas can be easily distinguished. At seventy-five miles an hour the ground seems to move so slowly that these observers affirm they can get a complete picture of the area and readily distinguish cotton- from corn-fields.

The Gilliams Service

UNLOADING ITS CARGO FROM AN AËROPLANE

This last summer, army aëroplanes and captive balloons not only have covered portions of the national forests of California, Arizona, New Mexico, and other States to aid in detecting and suppressing forest fires, but one of the interesting possibilities, to be tested at the first opportunity, is bombing forest fires to put them out. It is believed that bombs charged with suitable chemicals can be used with good results.

Lookouts in a very broken country, cut up by deep cañons or where mountain ridges obstruct the view, or in a flat country that affords no good points of vantage, are often unable to pick up all fires quickly by the rising smoke, or to locate them accurately. For precise location the system in use depends on triangulation, through reports telephoned from separate observation points. Aëroplanes will use wireless in reporting fires, and will locate fires by coördinates, in the same way that gun fire in war is directed to a particular spot or object.

The government believes that the aërial mail, when extended all over the country, will meet conditions that can never be met by railroad. At various places beneath its flight, it is planned to drop mail into large nets, constructed for the purpose, wherever mail is wanted. For the aëroplanes to be used in this service, Uncle Sam has turned battle-planes into mail-planes. For this purpose the armament and military accessories have been removed, the pilot's cockpit changed from the front to the rear, and the front cockpit altered so as to provide a rain-proof compartment holding about 500 pounds of mail.

Along the aërial mail-routes it is planned by the post-office department to have radio-system block-signal stations every twenty-five miles. These, of course, will provide a system of lights for night flying. It is easy to appreciate all that the coming of the aërial mail will mean to far-off places like Alaska.

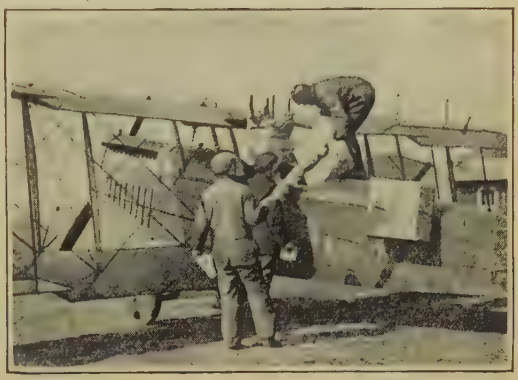
Plans are said to have been completed for the construction of a fleet of dirigibles for a New York to Chicago line, carrying a passenger list of twenty-five and a crew of ten. The ships are to be of the Zeppelin type, and helium gas is to be used, removing the danger of fire. Out in the far Northwest, passenger airplanes will soon be flying on regular schedules between Seattle and Spokane, according to officers of an air-craft company, which has leased from the city of Spokane a 1000-acre tract on which to test air-craft. Each plane will have a capacity of twelve to fourteen passengers. The flight, it is believed, can be made in four and one half hours.

Mining companies are beginning seriously

to consider the employment of aëroplanes to carry the workers to and from pits and to transport the ores to market. Many an out-of-the-way mine, which has been abandoned because no means of transporting the ore has been found, could thus be profitably worked. A famous mining corporation, composed of practical business men, is now considering the use of aëroplanes in taking gold bullion from Mexican mines, and owners of oil-wells in Wyoming and Texas are inquiring concerning the feasibility of using aëroplanes to inspect and establish fields.

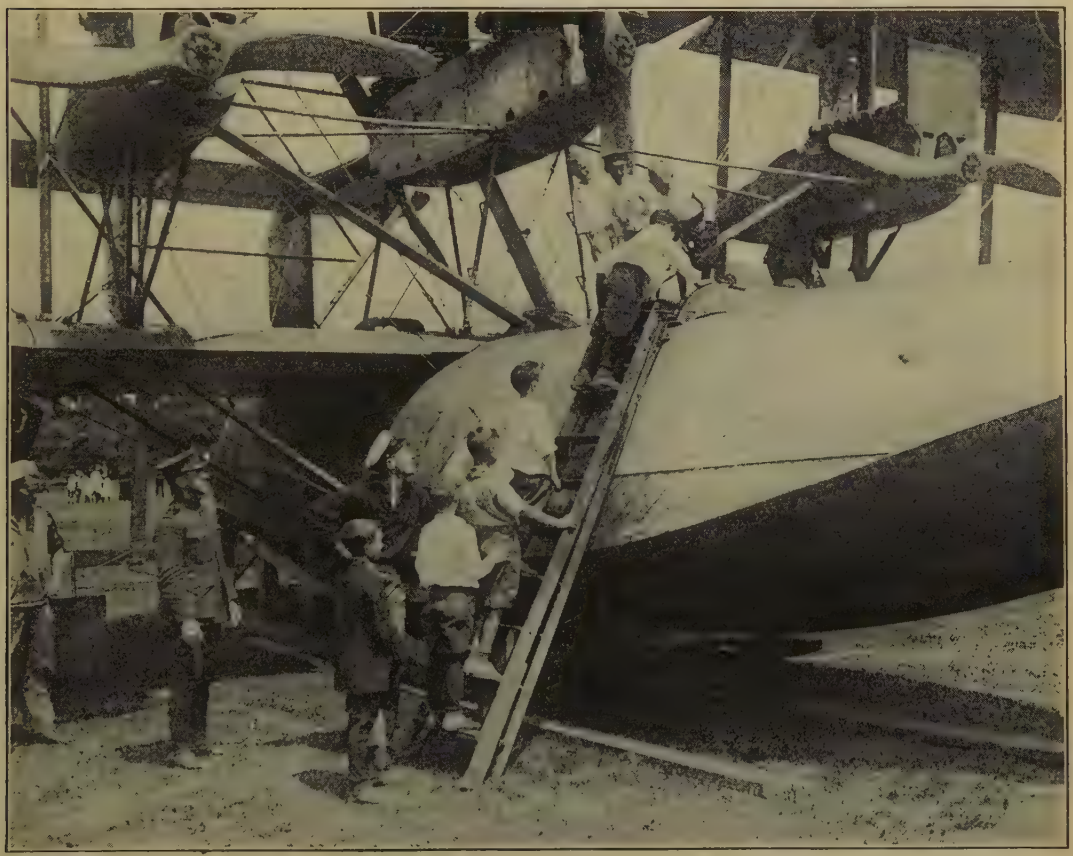
In Texas, ranch owners have utilized aëroplanes successfully in trailing cattle-thieves.

The aëroplane is already being used to carry lighter forms of express freight. An enterprising store in one of our large cities near the sea delivers packages to its customers daily by aëroplane in an incredibly short time. The distance, in this case of less than thirty miles, is traversed in about twenty minutes and then an automobile completes the delivery. In Paris, France, a department store discovered that much time and money could be saved by making its deliveries by aëroplane, using the



A DEPARTMENT-STORE AËROPLANE MAKING A QUICK DELIVERY

flat roof of the store as a landing-stage for the airplanes at the city end, an example that some large American shops could easily follow.

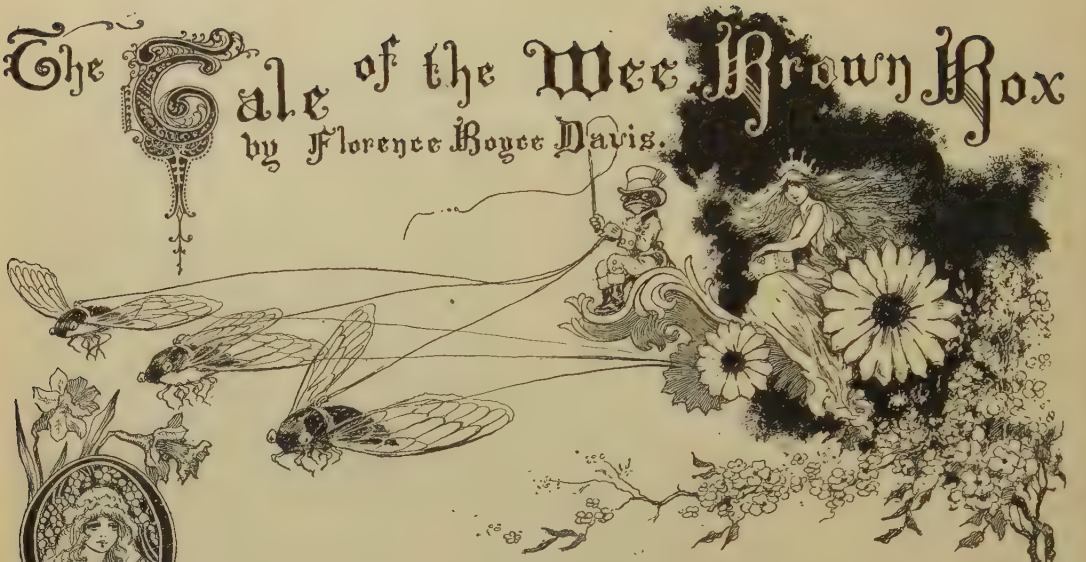


Central News

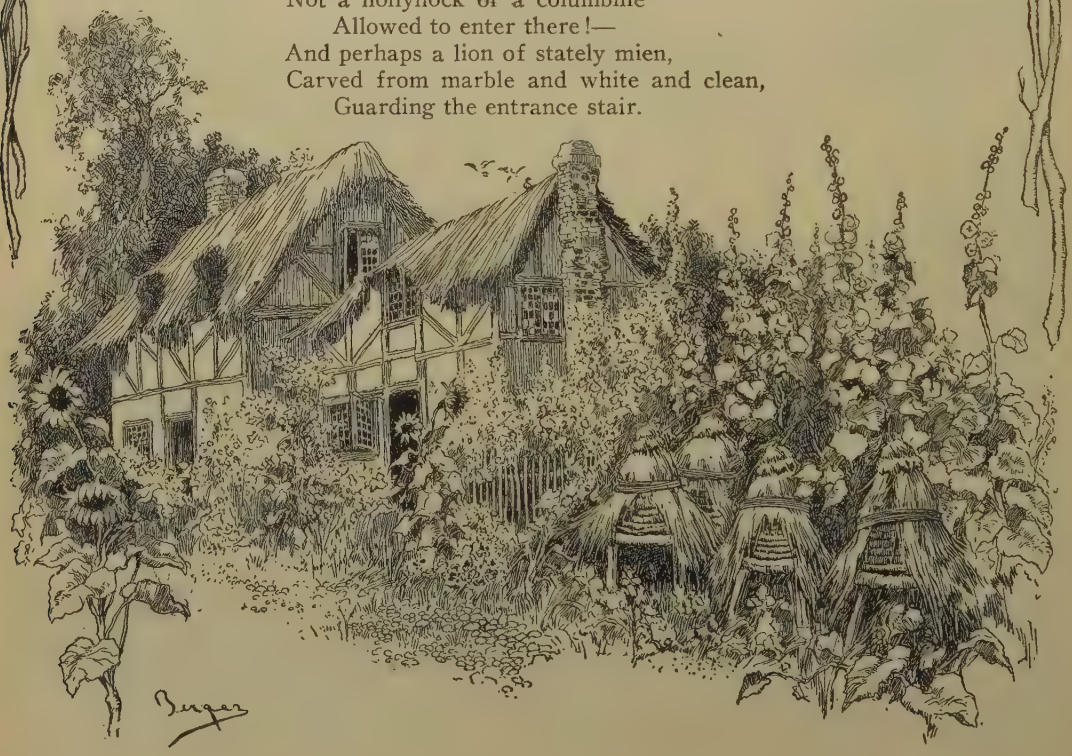
THE AËROPLANE IN WHICH CAPTAIN READ FLEW OVER THE OCEAN, ON EXHIBITION IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK
"Just us East Side kids giving the N C-4 'the once over' "

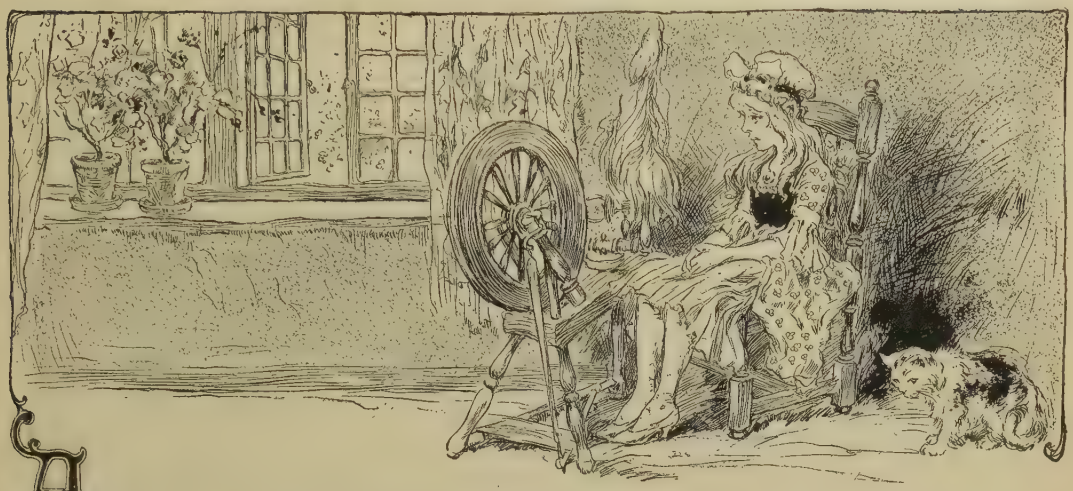
The Tale of the Wee Brown Box

by Florence Boyce Davis.

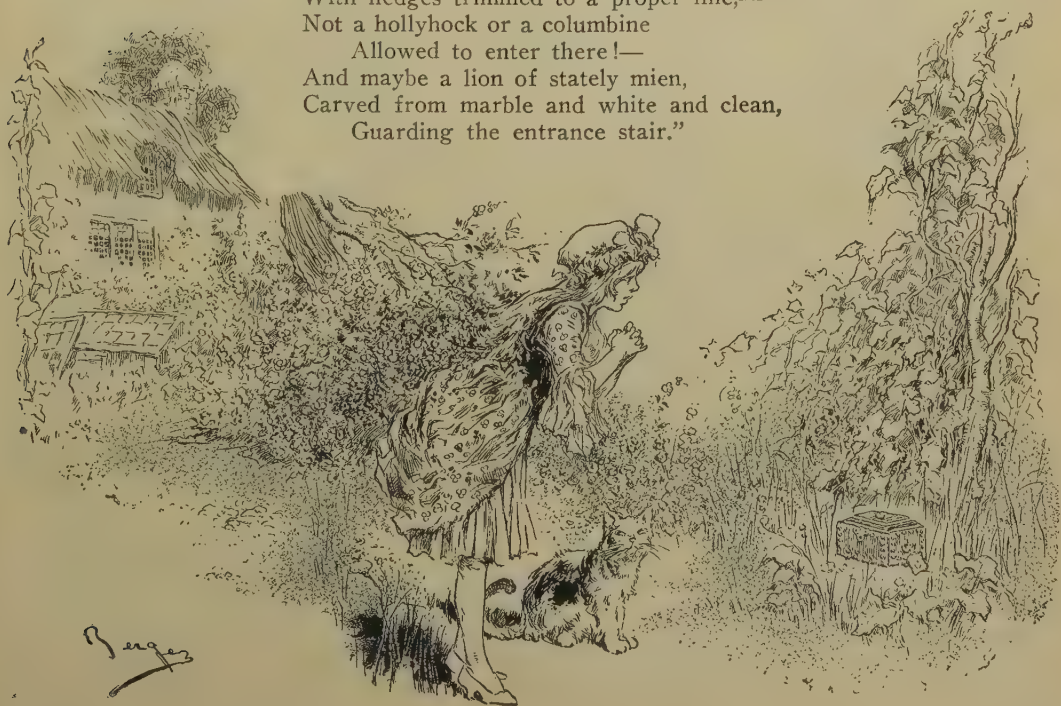


ONCE on a time, so the tale begins (it might n't be true, you see,
For there 's no date given; but it *sounded* true when grandmother told it to me),
A little girl lived in a small gray house that was sheltered and trimmed with vines,
And under the windows grew hollyhocks and wayward columbines.
But the little girl longed for finer things—a house with a gabled roof,
And a porch where great round pillars were, and a garden set aloof,
With hedges trimmed to a proper line,—
Not a hollyhock or a columbine
Allowed to enter there!—
And perhaps a lion of stately mien,
Carved from marble and white and clean,
Guarding the entrance stair.

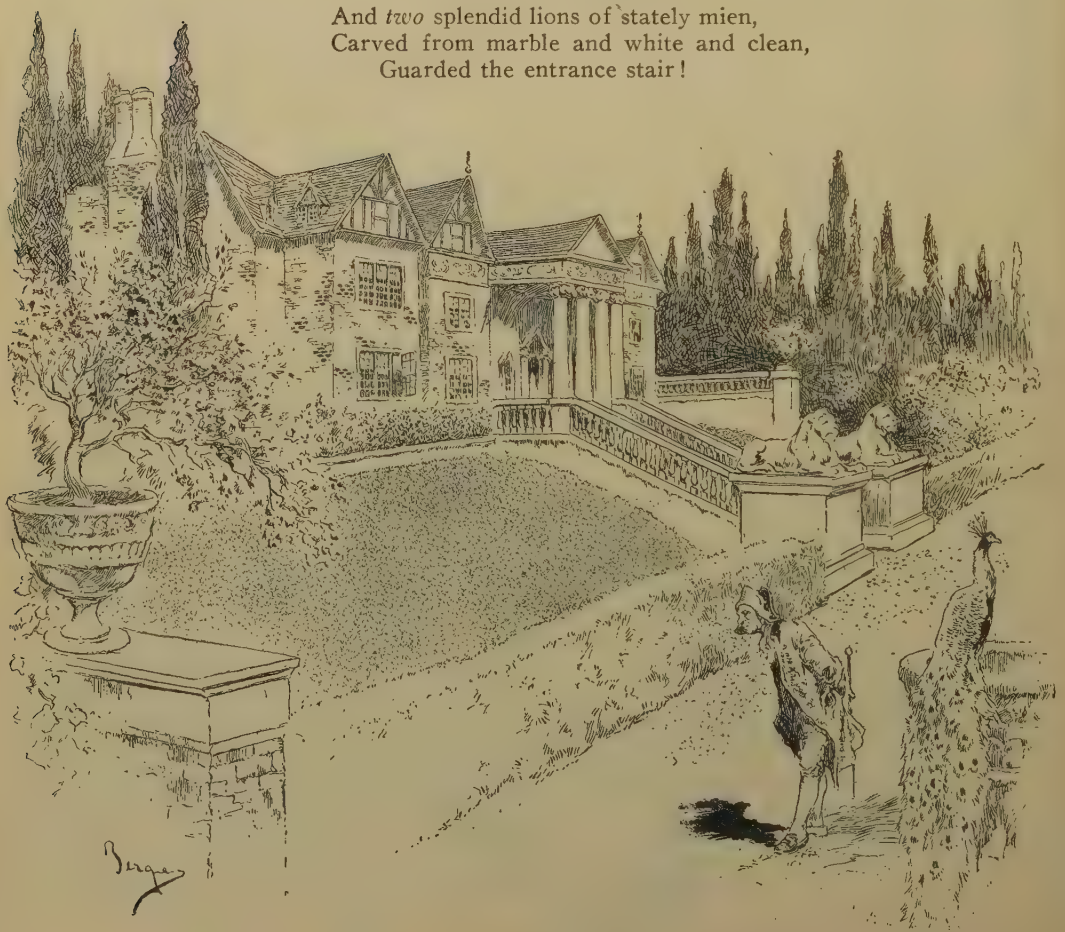




AND so one day a fairy came—for who but a fairy brings
Mascots and charms to little maids who are yearning to have fine things?
Well, anyhow, a box was left out under the old fox-grape,
And a note was tied to it hard and fast with a piece of yellowed tape.
The note ran thus: "All charms work best when guarded and held by locks.
Take heed, I pray, to what I say, and do not open this box,
But each day carry it round with you, some time 'twixt morn and night,
All over the house and the garden too, and see if everything 's right,
And if anything needs attending to, of course you 'll see it is done!
As the years go by, you will find, my dear, that your heart's desire is won;
You will prosper well, and will get, methinks, the house with the gabled roof,
And the porch where great round pillars are, and the garden set aloof,
With hedges trimmed to a proper line,—
Not a hollyhock or a columbine
Allowed to enter there!—
And maybe a lion of stately mien,
Carved from marble and white and clean,
Guarding the entrance stair."



WHEN morning came, the little maid woke with feelings akin to awe,
But she took up the box and made her rounds, for the word of a fairy was law.
She searched with care and found some things she hardly was looking for:
In the very first room a mouse had built a nest in a bureau drawer!
Down cellar, the jar of strawberry jam was foaming over the top;
Up garret, a window had to be closed a driving shower to stop;
In the garden was trouble enough indeed, for bugs were eating the vines;
Of a prowling fox at the chickens' coop, she thought she detected signs.
That night she was tired, oh, *very* tired, and a little cross no doubt;
The ways of a fairy, she must confess, were past all finding out!
But still on her rounds she went next day, and the next, and the next day too,
Till into a well-formed habit, it seems, her daily engagement grew.
And I was told, as the years went by (as it sometimes *does* occur),
That, from doing the little things so well, the great things came to her.
If ever she opened the wee brown box to see what the charm might be,
I do not know; and 't will long remain a baffling mystery.
But I am convinced that all went well—and have n't we ample proof?
For, the last I heard, the maiden dwelt in a house with a gabled roof.
Her hedges were trimmed to a proper line,—
Not a hollyhock or a columbine
Ran reckless riot there!—
And *two* splendid lions of stately mien,
Carved from marble and white and clean,
Guarded the entrance stair!



THE FIND

By ORVILLE W. MOSHER, JR.

THE story I am about to tell is of Indians, a battle and hidden treasure. The battle and the Indians are real, and as for the treasure—that may be real, too, for all I know, and some of the things that I tell about did happen and others might have happened.

As long as there are boys in New Richmond, St. Croix County, Wisconsin, they will tell the story of the great Find to succeeding generations of boys, and they, in turn, will pass it on again to other generations as long as there are boys in New Richmond; and I reckon that will be a long time, judging from the large crop of boys there now. You see, things just like this don't happen every day in the week, and, when they do come, they simply stagger the imagination, and I am going to tell it to you all so that you can see for yourself. But first I must begin a long way back.

IN 1842 two families, working northward from Ohio in their canvas-covered wagons, halted their journey on the shore of what is now called Bass Lake, some eight miles south of New Richmond. They constructed log cabins on the prairie and proceeded to wrest a living from the wilderness. Of that little settlement of people by the lake, only one is now living, a white-haired old lady by the name of Greenborough. We boys used to gather on her back porch after she had supplied our internal cravings with a plentiful supply of ginger cookies, and then she would tell us about a battle that took place between the Chippewas and Sioux, right over there where her field of corn was waving in the breeze. She told how she, as a frightened little girl, peered between the logs of the cabin garret late one afternoon and saw a band of Chippewas, some seventy in number, sorely pressed, plunge their panting ponies into the lake from the opposite shore and swim them for a landing near her house. I remember she said some of the Indians hung by their horses' tails and let the horses pull them through the water. She told how, almost immediately following them, there appeared a band of some two hundred Sioux, on war ponies, pursuing them.

The Chippewas, their horses too exhausted to run farther, turned to fight in the unequal match and were killed to the last man. And then the Sioux stripped the bodies of the slain and all rode away "yip-yipping, and barking like coyotes," as Grandma Greenborough expressed it. They carried with them the bodies of their own dead and a great mass of plunder taken from the Chippewas.

Why the Sioux did not stop to massacre the few whites crouched fearfully in the two homes set alone on the prairie, it is hard to say, but they did not; and that night, when the moon came out and lit up the wide, level plain, the men of the family loaded their wives and children into their wagons and hurried away to Fort Snelling, near Minneapolis, to be under the protection of the United States soldiers. There they stayed through the long, terrible, anxious weeks, during which each day brought news of the massacre of settlers and destruction of emigrant trains, until the Sioux were at last corralled on their reservation and it was safe to return.

Nearly seventy years had passed away since that time, and now we boys sat at the feet of the white-haired, kind old lady, looked out over the battle-field, and listened. Instead of prairie and woods dotting the landscape, there were well-kept farms. It seemed as though nothing could have happened there, so calm and peaceful it looked. How little did we think or know that soon the reality of that battle would be brought home to us! You can't always tell—a mighty quiet time may contain within it the seeds of genuine excitement, for Jimmy Warrick—or, to be more exact and to give him the name read out at the Sunday-school, James Montgomery Warrick, Jr.—was there. He sat there and listened to Grandma Greenborough's stories and tucked away dozens of perfectly good cookies. He was just the same sort of boy as any of the rest of us; but he had an imagination that his mother said was like a "house afire," and that imagination ran to Indians. He was fond of Indians. He collected "Injun" arrow-heads and chummed with every Indian or half-breed who stuck his nose into New Richmond. He was so good at shooting with the bow and arrows that his Indian friends had made him that he could kill squirrels and rabbits with them, and sometimes shot the glass insulators of the telegraph-poles when the railroad men were n't looking. I was a little younger than Warrick, but I was in his "gang," and he let me go with him once in a while to hunt arrow-points or cornelians, so I know all about him

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE CHIPPEWAS AND THE SIOUX

and what happened. Sometimes he let me shoot with his bow, too.

Jimmy was mighty lucky because he had an uncle who was United States Indian agent at the Pine Ridge Agency. I wished I had an uncle living there, too, so that I could go and see the Indians; but my uncle was a justice of the peace, and did n't care for war and "Injuns."

It was just after school closed for the summer vacation when Jimmy got the letter from his uncle. I know because I saw it. It said:

If you want to see some real Indians, come out and visit your aunt and me during fair week. We are going to let them kill a few beeves in the old-fashioned way—riding bareback, one rawhide strand held in their teeth to guide the horse, and bow and arrows to kill the beeves with. I will have Red Horse meet you at the Lame Deer Station and drive you over to the agency.

Did Jimmy want to go! Did he? Well, would n't you?

So we all said good-by to him as he went away on the train, carrying his bow and arrows, and some colored handkerchiefs and gewgaws that he said he was going to trade. My, he looked happy!

We were most awfully lonesome after Jimmy had gone, because he was always stirring up something new, and all we did was just go swimming and wish he would hurry up and come back and tell us all about it. It was two whole months before he came back; and when he did, my, but he was loaded down with curios! He had a whole Indian suit—beaded vest, feathers, leggings, and all. We boys just looked up to him; and if he put on a few airs, we did n't mind, because anybody who had been chumming around with chiefs has a right to put on airs. He would talk about Charging Eagle, Wahitika, and Waupoose just as though he had known them for years. We boys stood around and listened with our mouths open. But most of all Jimmy talked about his friend Powless, the son of one of the Santee Sioux chiefs there, and Jimmy hinted at a visit and spoke mysteriously about something big that Powless knew. How we boys wished we could see him and tag along with him and Jimmy when they went exploring! But Jimmy said that it was something mighty important, and only they two should go together.

I was with Jimmy when he came—Powless, I mean. The boys of New Richmond know where Honey Hole and Fox Hole are, on Willow River, where we all used to go swimming. The river takes a wide bend down below Wearses, and flows smoothly on for about a mile, where it is a little broken by rocks and the bank on the right-hand side rises tall and steep. We boys liked to roll rocks down the sides and hear them splash. Beyond this, the forest thickens and boys don't go there so much, because it is marshy. Along the banks of the river are the lower fringes of the forest that, following these shores, sweeps northward to the great woods of Northern Wisconsin, with all their mysteries of lake and stream. As I was saying, the boys did n't go much beyond the high cliffs; for it was marshy and the willows lay thick and close. But Jimmy and I went there, and we knew where a break in the cliff, the entrance covered with brush, led to a small cañon where the water had washed, and there we would set up targets and shoot and cook our dinner sometimes. Nobody but just us two knew the place. We never told anybody for fear the East Enders would jump it; and I guess you know that would mean war between the east and west ends of town, sure enough.

About a month after Jimmy got back from his trip to his uncle, Jimmy and I were in there and were getting a fire ready and stopping once in a while to shoot an arrow through a barrel-hoop that we would roll across the ground, when, from somewhere, a stone dropped at our feet.

"That did n't roll down the cliff, did it?" asked Jimmy.

"I dunno," said I; "it might have; nobody knows this place; it must have just got loose and rolled down."

We did n't say anything more about it, thinking it was nothing; but about five minutes later another stone landed where the first one had fallen, and Jimmy said, "I 'm going to see about this." And he slipped through the brush. A half-hour later he came back, saying he could n't find anybody, but he was sure some one was around, for stones had dropped near him and he had heard some one calling like a screech-owl behind him. He had n't more than said this when from behind a rock, not ten feet from us, stepped an Indian boy.

"Powless!" yelled Jimmy, as he sprang toward his friend.

"How, how," said Powless, making a sign across Jimmy's right arm. My, were n't my eyes just sticking out, though! for he was dressed all up in sure-enough Indian clothes—hair tied with strips of fur and two feathers, and moccasins and fringed leggings and everything.

Jimmy and Powless talked together for a moment, making signs with their hands, and then Jimmy came to me and said: "Powless and me are going into the woods now; you go home and don't tell anybody. Promise, 'Cross your heart I hope to die.'"

So I said, "Cross my heart I hope to die," and then I went home and did n't say a thing. I hated like the dickens to go home; but I knew if I tried to tag along, they 'd run away from me and Jimmy would n't let me go with him again—I guess you know what that would mean.

The first thing we knew anything big had

happened was when Jimmy staggered into town carrying a great buffalo-robe, ornamented with bead and porcupine work—the finest of its kind, said old Bill Bascomb, who had been a trapper and knew. Jimmy would disappear into the woods and come out looking mighty solemn and important, carrying with him great quivers filled with arrows, guns, tomahawks, in almost endless array, and then came ax-heads of stone, and queer-looking rocks, and finally rings and jewelry. He always went into the woods alone, and when he came out his father would meet him with the wagon and carry the findings back to the Warrick library, where they hung on the walls and began to pile on the floor—such piles of rich skins, of bead-work, of Indian weapons of war! The whole town watched and waited to see what would come next. We boys hung around the Warrick fence in crowds all day, waiting for Jimmy and his father to drive up with their load. Everybody was asking, "Where *did* that boy get those wonderful things?" Some tried to follow; but Jimmy always gave them the slip.

Then one day both newspapers in our town printed a story all about a tremendous find of Indian wealth, and, along with it, a picture of Jimmy as the finder. Jimmy tried mighty hard not to look as though he felt pretty big; but I don't see how he could help it; do you? At first it was just the home papers, but later on many other papers printed it.

Everybody in town was getting pretty excited, and I could tell it was a mighty big thing because Father asked me about it, and he does n't usually bother with such doings. Then one day it came out that the head of a great university was coming. Jimmy's father had telegraphed him, and he had wired that he was coming at once.

I was there, standing alongside of the three o'clock train, when the great man came. He was a big tall man, with white hair and kind blue eyes. Jimmy said I could come, too, and the man and Jimmy's father and Jimmy and me all went into the Warrick library. And say! do you know, it was packed pretty nearly solid from floor to ceiling with Indian things.

"Phew!" said the man when he saw it; "this certainly is a find!"

As he looked over the collection he got more and more excited. He had a note-book and checked off the different things. He would put down: "800 spear-points, all identical, probably the same maker, largest cache of its kind yet found." Once he said, "I never saw white flint ax-heads before, but here are 45 perfect ones." And then he would pick up one queer-looking stone after another, and would say to himself, "H-m-m-m, ceremonial stones, pendants, gorgets, butterfly-stones;" and then he would put them down on the list. "These skins are remarkably preserved," he said; and after he had tested some brown stains on the beaded blankets, he added: "These are blood-stains; all these blankets have been soaked with blood. Was there ever an Indian battle near here?"

"I never heard of any," said Mr. Warrick.

I could n't help piping up then with, "Yes, there was, Mister! Mrs. Greenborough can tell you all about it—it was Sioux and Chippewas, right over on her farm, and she said the Sioux carried off all the Chippewas' things."

"Well, well!" said the university man, "here is the Chippewa mark on these moccasins, and yes—this is the sign of the Sioux worked in in the beadwork on these buffalo and beaver robes. It might be—it might be—that these blankets with the blood-stains were some taken from the Chippewas at that battle."

Then Jimmy showed him some of the jewelry, and there were lots of military buttons. Most of the jewelry was old-fashioned, heavy, old gold.

"Some of this must have been taken from the white settlers; the Indians probably killed the settlers or emigrants and the soldiers guarding the wagon-trains, and then cached their plunder," said the great man. "This is the greatest find of its kind I have had anything to do with in all my experience of thirty years with the university. You are to be congratulated, Jimmy," he added.

And Jimmy looked down, proud and pleased as could be.

When he had made a careful list and description of everything, he said to Jimmy, "Now let me hear just exactly how and where you found these"; and he took out his note-book to jot down what Jimmy was to say.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "I can tell you how I got these; but I can't tell where."

"Yes, you will tell where," said Jimmy's father, looking toward the barn with a look that all us boys know.

"I can't," said Jimmy, his lip trembling; "'cause I can't find the place now. I know pretty near where it is, but I can't find it."

"Let the boy go ahead and tell his story," said the university man.

Jimmy said: "Powless and me were chums, and I told him when I was visiting my uncle on the Pine Ridge Reservation about there

being a battle between the Sioux and Chippewas here, and he said his grandfather, White Elk, used to tell about it, and about a place where the Sioux hid their things in the cliffs across the St. Croix River. He said that before White Elk died he drew a picture on the

tore a piece from his blanket and bound it over my eyes tight, so that I could n't see anything, and then pulled me through the woods after him.

"When he finally jerked off the cloth from my eyes, we were standing on a spot like a

THE QUEST. "POWLESS BOUND MY EYES TIGHTLY SO I DID N'T SEE ANYTHING, AND THEN PULLED ME THROUGH THE WOODS AFTER HIM"

sand, and showed him how to find the place in the cliff where the Sioux kept the things they captured. After I came home from my trip to my uncle, Powless slipped off the reservation and found me down at our hiding-place; did n't he?" said Jimmy, turning to me.

"I was there when he came," I spoke up.

"After we left you," went on Jimmy, "we went into the dark woods the other side of Constance Bridge and followed the Willow River for a long way—you know, it twists in and out; and then Powless left me after he had told me to wait till he came back. He came back in about a half an hour and said he did n't want even me to know how to get to the place where the things were hid. He

circle on the ground, and high cliffs were all around. It was a queer-looking place, with funny-looking rocks thrown up on edge; some of them looked as though they might roll down the cliffs any minute. I did n't like the looks of it—it did n't look safe. "Help me with this stone," Powless said; and when we pulled at it hard together, it rolled away and there underneath was a deep black hole. It was mighty dark down there, so we lit some branches and made a torch and went down inside. It looked as though somebody had dug it out inside; there were sort of stone steps cut out, and on the inside was a long passage, with rooms and other passages leading off to the sides. Along the big passage the walls

were cut into sort of long shelves, and on them lay great piles of Indian things; these things here are just a few of them that were near the hole and easy to get out; but back in there were just piles of things."

"What were in the other passages?" the university man asked.

"I don't know about most of them," said Jimmy, "but Powless went in one; and when he came out he said it was dead Indians, and I was afraid to look and see. He said he wanted me to have some of those things in the cave, so I stood up at the top of the hole and he passed them up to me; we did the same thing every day for nearly all the rest of the week, until we got all these things here out. Powless always blindfolded me when I came and went, so I never knew how we got there or went away. When I went home every day, after we had worked at the cave, he took the things that we had got and carried them away. I asked Powless what he did with them; he would n't tell me where he put them, but said he had put them away and would let me have them later. At the end of the week, that was just a month ago to-day, he said we were n't going to the cave any more—that he was going away. He did n't blindfold me, but brought me straight to a tepee he had made out of branches, and there under it was this big pile of things that we had taken out of the cave. Powless told me they were all for me. Then he made the sign of the Sioux on my right shoulder, gave me this arrow-head, and disappeared in the woods. I have n't seen him since. I wrote to Uncle Fred at the Pine Ridge Reservation, but he says Powless has gone, no one knows where. After he went away I came home and got Father to go with me and get these things. I 've tried to find the cave, but I can't do it."

"Strange, very strange!" said the great man; "this is a remarkable collection and the university needs it."

Then Jimmy turned to his father and said, "Shall I give this to the university?"

"It 's yours. Do as you like with it, Jimmy," said his father.

"All right," said Jimmy, "you can have the whole collection, except this pink arrow-head here. Powless put it into my hand just before he went into the woods."

"Let me see it," said the great man.

Jimmy held it out—such a beauty it was, a soft pink color, of wonderful shape.

"It is very precious," said the man. "I know of only one other like it."

"I want to keep it," said Jimmy, "'cause—'cause I 'm afraid Powless is dead!" and Jimmy looked very sad.

"What makes you think that?" said his father.

"Because there was a high cliff hanging over the cave, and the rocks on it looked as though they were going to fall any minute; and about an hour after Powless left me I heard a roar way off in the woods, and it sounded as if it might be the cliff falling; and since then, when I can't find out anything about him, I 'm—I 'm afraid he went back to the cave and was killed."

That was all. The university man stayed through the week, trying, with Jimmy's help, to find the cave, but without success; then he left, carrying the collection with him. There in the university museum the collection that Jimmy got hangs to-day; but somewhere in the dark woods there is a fallen cliff, and underneath it a deep cave that holds a far more wonderful collection of the relics of many past generations of Indians.

The boys at New Richmond, Wisconsin, know that, after you cross Constance Bridge, you turn to the left along the Willow River, go across an open field that is crossed by gullies in which woodchucks have made their holes, and then, going on, you come to a dark forest that, in the springtime, is open and just a dandy place to get dog-tooth violets, but that in summer is choked deep with undergrowth. Boys don't go in there much, it is so deep and solemn.

I will tell you, as nearly as I can, how to try to find this hidden cave. First, follow that river in and out as it winds, keeping close to the shore; then, over at the right, but back a ways from the river, are low cliffs that gradually rise higher. When you come to the spot where the high cliffs on the right come right up to the river-bank, there is the one sure place that we know about. It was right there, where the cliffs and river meet, that Powless made his tepee and placed the things that Jimmy got. Somewhere farther on, where the cliffs twist and turn, or maybe back inland among the gullies, there is the cave. Where it is, I don't know; Jimmy can't find it, though we hunted for it when we were boys and often do now, when we are older. Perhaps some time some lucky boy will discover it, with all its hidden treasures of buried Indians. As nothing has ever been heard from Powless, it may be Jimmy is right, and that somewhere underneath that cliff and in the depths of the cave Powless sleeps with his fathers.

KARUSOKIN AND KREISLERETT

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

I

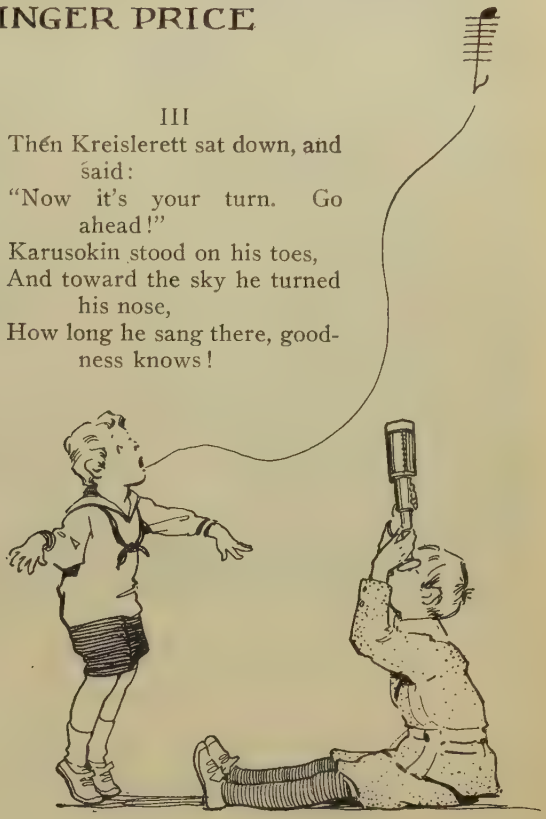
Karusokin and Kreislerett
One October morning met,
And at once Karusokin
Said, "Get out your violin
And we 'll practice. You begin."

II

Kreislerett began to play
On that sunny autumn day.
What he played he thought so nice
He played it once, he played it *twice;*
He played it even more than THRICE!

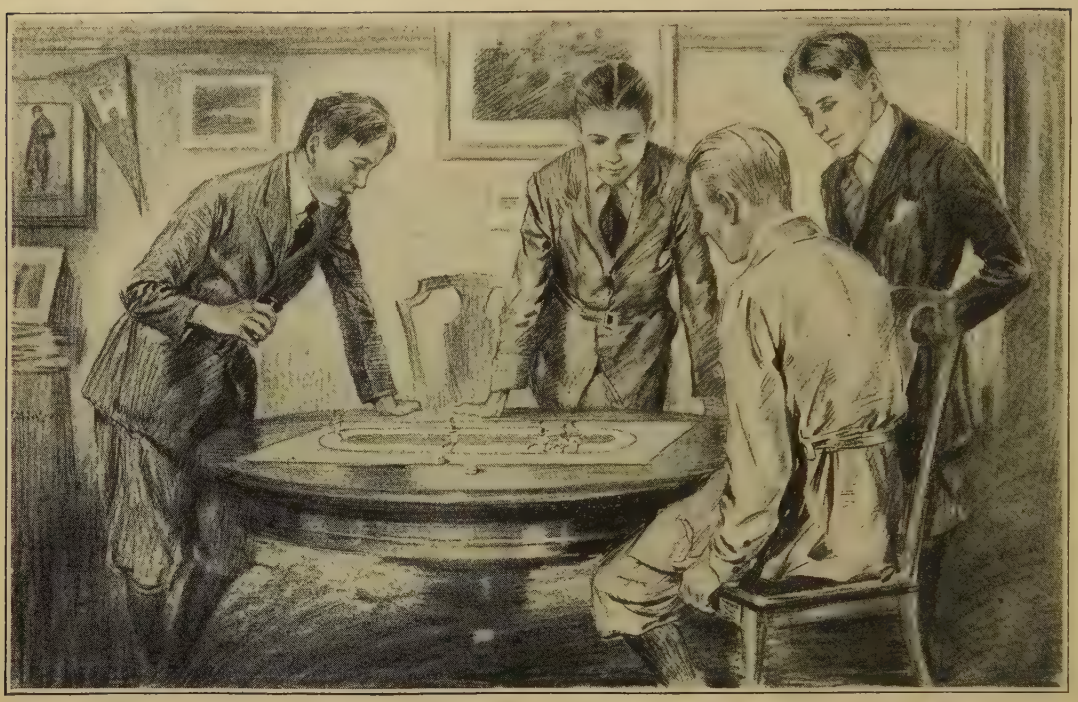
III

Then Kreislerett sat down, and said:
"Now it's your turn. Go ahead!"
Karusokin stood on his toes,
And toward the sky he turned his nose,
How long he sang there, goodness knows!



IV

Then both together sang and played,
And what an *awful din* they made
I never, *never* shall forget!
Perhaps they 're doing of it yet,—
Karusokin and Kreislerett!



AN INDOOR TRACK-MEET

By RALPH W. KINSEY

"HERE 'S FUN!" as the old raven used to croak in "Dick and Jack on Sable Island"—fun for winter evenings when the snow is on the ground or for rainy days in spring or the hot afternoons of the summer; in short, for any time when a boy is inclined to enjoy some sport that requires little energy.

But, you say, an indoor track-meet? That means long training, and athletic effort, and all sorts of things that are included in the art of running and jumping and hurdling, etc.

But not this kind of an indoor track-meet, because—well, this meet is one wherein wooden counters do all the athletic work and you and your chums sit and cheer and urge them on to victory. So my indoor track-meet is one that requires little expense, small equipment, and can be made to include any number of fellows from two up. And it can even be played as a solitaire affair, all by your lonesome.

But to details. To get the proper fun out of our indoor track-meet, let us make it follow a real outdoor track-meet as closely as possible, even if we are using wooden men, instead of real live athletes, and a pasteboard track, instead of the regulation cinder-path.

Now, if you remember, most tracks are 440 yards for one lap, or four laps to a mile. In preparing for our indoor track-meet, we must have a similar track, with a distance to represent the 440 yards. This is best done by getting a piece of cardboard 24 by 36 inches at least (the top of a woman's suit-box will do), and, with pen and ink, rounding off the corners. Then draw an oval at the center, making our track about five inches wide.

With the track laid out, we must next mark off spaces, for our wooden athletes can't run except by moving them by throw of dice, and to do that we must mark off spaces. In the complete circuit of the track we ought to have 110 spaces, each one representing four yards and making a complete distance of 440 yards, or a quarter of a mile for the circuit.

The next thing we need is dice. For the track events we do not need more than three, but for the field events we must have fifteen.

The athletes may be represented by wooden checkers, buttons, or some similar counter. The best is to use pasteboard disks about the size of a nickel, cutting them out yourself, because on them can be placed the letter of the college or school you want to be in the meet, such as "Y" for Yale, or "H" for Harvard.

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Still better, in fact the best stunt of all, is to keep your eye open for pictures of the actual figures of the running athletes. Every magazine and daily paper has such figures in it occasionally. These figures can be mounted on cardboard to give them stiffness, colored, to make them look lifelike, and again mounted on small wooden blocks. Using them, it is not hard to imagine you are at a real track-meet with real athletes struggling for supremacy.

The last thing needed is a paper on which you write the order of events, with spaces in which to write the winners' names. This order of events could follow the usual one of the outdoor meet. A sample program would be as follows:

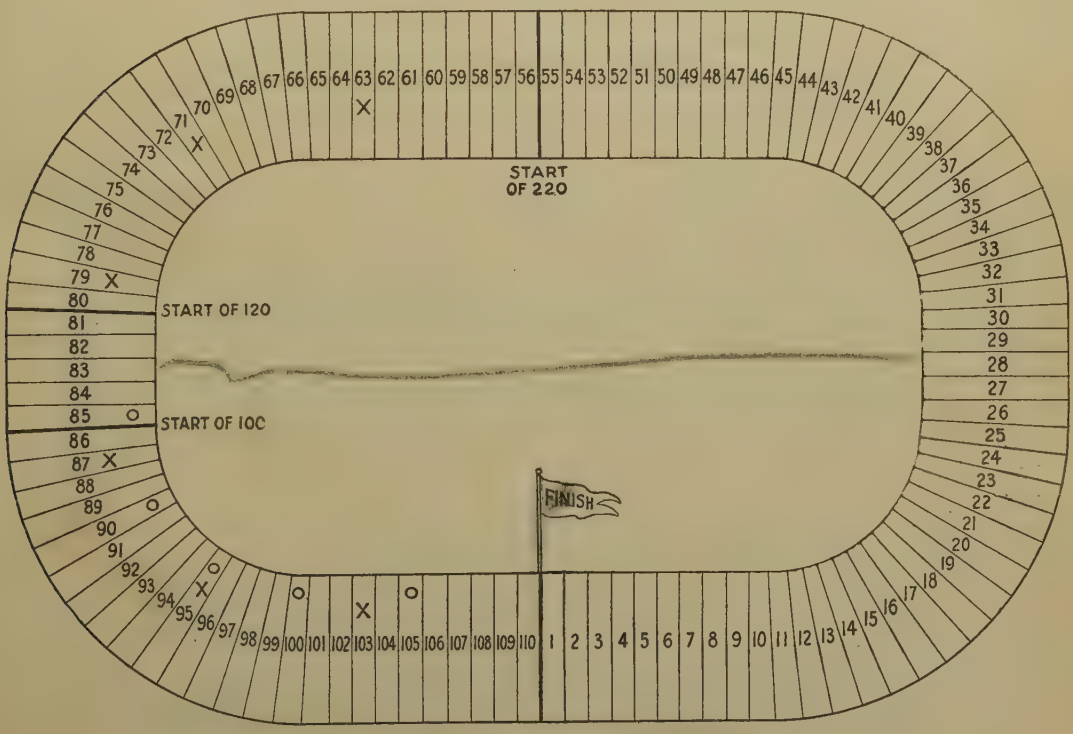
Event 1—100-yard Dash (Trial heats)
Event 2—100-yard Hurdles (Trial heats)
Event 3—Pole-vault
Event 4—Mile Run
Event 5—220-yard Hurdles (Trial heats)
Event 6—Shot-put
Event 7—220-yard Dash (Trial heats)
Event 8—880-yard Run
Event 9—Hammer-throw
Event 10—100-yard Dash (Finals)
Event 11—120-yard Hurdles (Finals)
Event 12—High Jump
Event 13—220-yard Hurdles (Finals)
Event 14—220-yard Dash (Finals)
Event 15—Broad Jump
Event 16—440-yard Dash.

Having written out this program, the meet is ready to start. This is the way you run the various events:

100-yard Dash. Use one die, each man throwing in turn. In this event, as in all others, each man throws in turn regardless of how he stands in the race. The distance is, of course, 100 yards, or 25 spaces, and the positions are determined by the order in which the men cross the line between the twenty-fifth and the twenty-sixth space. Since this is a trial heat, divide the number of entries up into groups in the way they usually do in a real meet. Each college is allowed three entries, and care should be taken to not have more than one man of each college in each heat. Record is made of the winners of each heat, and, for the finals, these winners run the race. Of course, no points are scored except in this final heat.

220-yard Dash. Run the same way as the 100, except that you use two dice and the distance is 220 yards, or 55 spaces.

440-yard Dash. In this event you use two dice, and, in order to save the time it would take for a throw to be made for each entry, a good plan is to eliminate the last men as you pass the twenty-fifth space, the fiftieth space and the seventy-fifth space. The number



THE TRACK. X INDICATES HURDLES FOR 220. O INDICATES HURDLES FOR 125 YARDS

eliminated each time depends on the number in the race. If but two colleges are racing, don't eliminate any of them. If there are, say, twelve in the race, eliminate one each time. If a larger number, increase the number left out.

880-yard Run. Here, owing to the greater distance (two laps), you use three dice, and it is a good plan to again eliminate. In this case, however, the eliminations should come at the 55th space, the 110th space, and the 55th space again on the second lap.

Mile Run. This is run just like the 880-yard run, except that you run four laps, and eliminate only on the complete lap being made.

120-yard Hurdles. This is run with one die for a distance of 120 yards, or thirty spaces. To imitate the obstacle of the hurdle, place a cross with ink on every sixth space. Mark four crosses. These represent the hurdles. Any man landing, through a throw, on such a cross loses a turn, the idea being to imitate the way he would be slowed up should he strike a hurdle in a real race.

220-yard Hurdles. Run the same way as the 120, except that more hurdles are marked in with crosses made by different-colored inks. In this race, the crosses are marked on every eighth space, six crosses in all.

So much for the track events. In the field events, the contests are managed a bit differently, for the pasteboard track is no longer used, but the dice still play a very important part.

Pole-vault. Use one die. Imagine the bar placed at nine feet. To clear it, a man must throw an even number, two, four, or six. He gets three tries to clear, as in the real event. The bar is then supposed to be raised each time six inches till it reaches eleven feet, when it is raised two inches at a time. As is usual, the contest continues till one man is left, the rest having been eliminated because, in three tries, they could not clear a certain distance.

Shot-put. We use nine dice for this event. Each man throws in turn, three times. The inches are indicated by an additional throw each time of two extra dice. The winner is the man making the highest throw.

Hammer-throw. This is played the same way as the shot-put, but you use fifteen dice and throw them twice, so that the final throw would be just as if you had thirty dice. The inches are again indicated by two extra dice.

High Jump. This is run just like the pole-vault. It takes an even throw to clear the bar, which starts at four feet. It is raised an inch at a time. The winner is the man who eliminates all the others.

	POLE-VAULT	MILE RUN	SHOT-PUT	880-YARD RUN	HAMMER-THROW	100-YARD DASH	120-YARD HURDLE	HIGH JUMP	RELAY	220-YARD DASH	220-YARD HURDLE	BROAD JUMP	440-YARD DASH	POINTS				
YALE																		
HARVARD																		
PRINCETON																		
PENN.																		
CORNELL																		
COLUMBIA																		
MICHIGAN																		

A SPECIMEN SCORE-CARD

Broad Jump. This is run like the shot-put, except that you use five dice, with the usual two extra ones for the inches. Each man gets three "jumps," and the winner is the man making the greatest distance.

To score, follow the usual college system of giving five points for first, three for second, two for third, and one for fourth. Make a score-card, with the events at the top of the paper and, running down the left hand margin, the names of the colleges. As the points are scored, mark them under the proper event opposite the name of the college, and it will be surprising to see how easily the meet is followed.

The beauty of this indoor track-meet is that there is no end to its possibilities. Dual meets can be arranged; intercollegiate contests can

be scheduled; weekly contests can be held. In short, you play just as often as you have the time, the inclination, and the fellows to play it with. And of course that does not exclude the girls who enjoy track sports and who would like to try their hand at the game.

It might interest you, too, to know how realistic this meet can be made by telling of how we developed it. We not only used the small figures of the athletes, but we used the proper names for the entries in each event, as we had them from the regular college list.

Not satisfied with this, we began to keep records of the winners and see if we could break those records with new winners. This brought in the question of timing the events. Our first idea was to take the actual time, but this led to such a scramble to finish that it knocked all the fun out of the races. So we hit on the plan of counting the number of throws needed till the winner crossed the line.

One fellow acted as score-keeper and timer. His job was to count the number of turns needed till the first man crossed the finish-line. Each turn counted as one second. To make the fractions of a second, we noticed the space on which the winning throw had landed him and counted back to the line, deducting each space from the time as one-fifth of a second. Thus if the throw took him over the line eight spaces, that would deduct eight-fifths from the winning time.

But just counting actual throws that way gave us some very ridiculous time records as compared with the real thing. So we made a change, in that we set a certain time for each event and added to that the time made by our counting of the throws, and then we had a time record that was very satisfactory, because it was so near the real thing.

What we worked out was as follows:

100-yard— 5 seconds
220-yard—16 seconds
440-yard—41 seconds
880-yard—1 minute, 36 seconds.
Mile— 3 minutes, 41 seconds
120-yard hurdles— 9 seconds
220-yard hurdles—24 seconds.

Following this schedule, and taking the 100-yard for example, we had six throws. Each throw was a second. Adding it to the set time of five seconds, we had for our time for our 100-yard, eleven seconds, which was close enough to the real time to make it seem realistic.

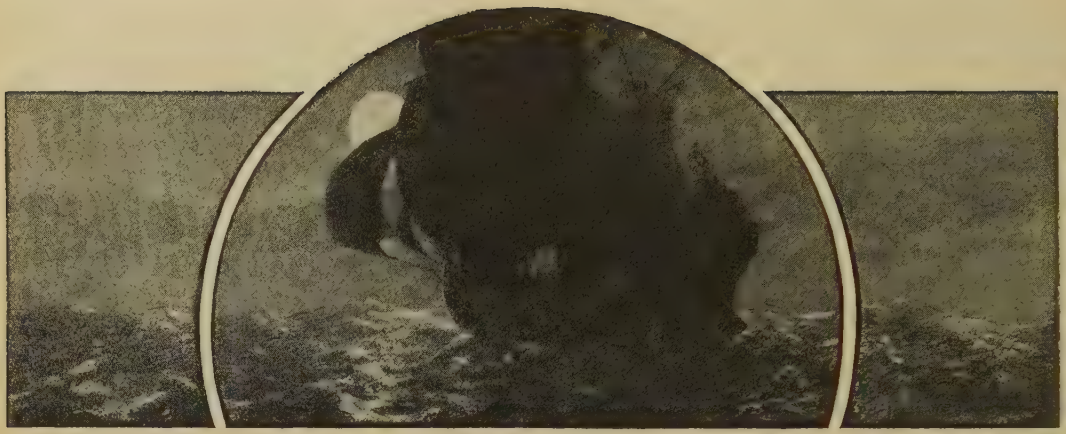
The reason we like to keep the time record is that it makes breaking records easier to watch, and, as you can imagine, there is some "tall" excitement as the runners swing in on the home stretch and you realize that there is a chance, by making only a few throws, to break the record. Then the cries of encouragement rise from the excited bunch, and what a yell goes up as the runner crosses the line and the record is smashed! Talk about the fun and excitement of a real meet—get a good, live bunch of fellows together some time and start my indoor meet, and you 'll have excitement enough to raise you out of your chair time and time again.

THE MILKWEED

BY CECIL CAVENDISH

The milkweed pods are breaking,
And the bits of silken down
Float off upon the autumn breeze
Across the meadows brown.

I wish three times, and watch them go
Far as my eyes can see.
Some day a faëry wind will blow
My wishes back to me!



COLUMBUS

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm'r'l speak; what shall I say,"
  "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

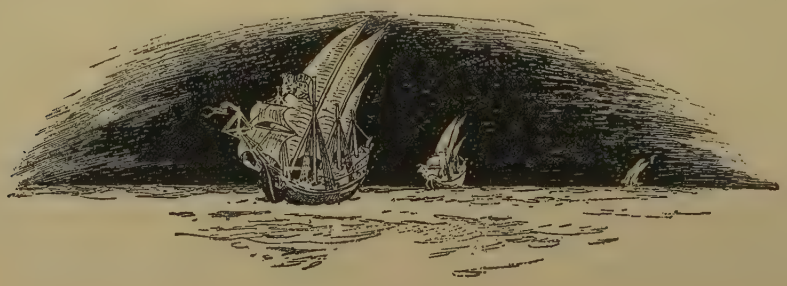
"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly, wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"
  He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword,
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,
  And peered through darkness—Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a spark—
  A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn!
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

From "Joaquin Miller's Complete Poems," by courtesy of Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco.



CARRYING A MESSAGE FOR ANDREW CARNEGIE

By VICTOR ROSEWATER

How a boy carried a message for Andrew Carnegie to a war-time comrade he had never seen is a companion story to the incident I related to readers of St. Nicholas (March, 1916) about securing a unique autograph from Mark Twain. By way of explanation, I must state again that I spent the winter of 1888 in Washington serving as a page in the United States Senate, and more particularly looking after callers who wanted to send in their cards to Senators whom they wished to see. Among the visitors from day to day were men and women distinguished in every walk of life; and all of us boys there were taken with the autograph-collecting fever, missing no opportunity to pounce upon folks with famous names to write in our albums which we constantly carried with us.

One hum-drum afternoon, the listlessness of the day was suddenly broken by the arrival of a fine-looking little man, not much taller than I was, who was asking to see all the most important and influential members of the Senate. His card when it came into my possession disclosed the fact that he was none other than Andrew Carnegie, the great iron-master, whose colossal philanthropies were known to all the world. He was not only short of stature but slight of build, with a square forehead, tawny close-cropped beard, twinkling eyes, quick nervous movements.

Eager to get his autograph, I waited for an opening, and, when it came, he graciously scratched off his signature with a sputtering fountain pen that seemed out of order.

"And what is *your* name?" he fired back at me, pleasantly.

I thanked him for his autograph, and answered his question.

"That's not an unfamiliar name," he commented. "Was not your father once a telegraph operator?"

Upon my replying, "Yes, sir, he was," with the further information that my father was then editor of a newspaper called "The Bee" in our home town, Omaha, he continued:

"Well, your father and I were both telegraph operators in the war. I used to talk to him over the wires, but I have never met him. I'll send him a message which he will understand."

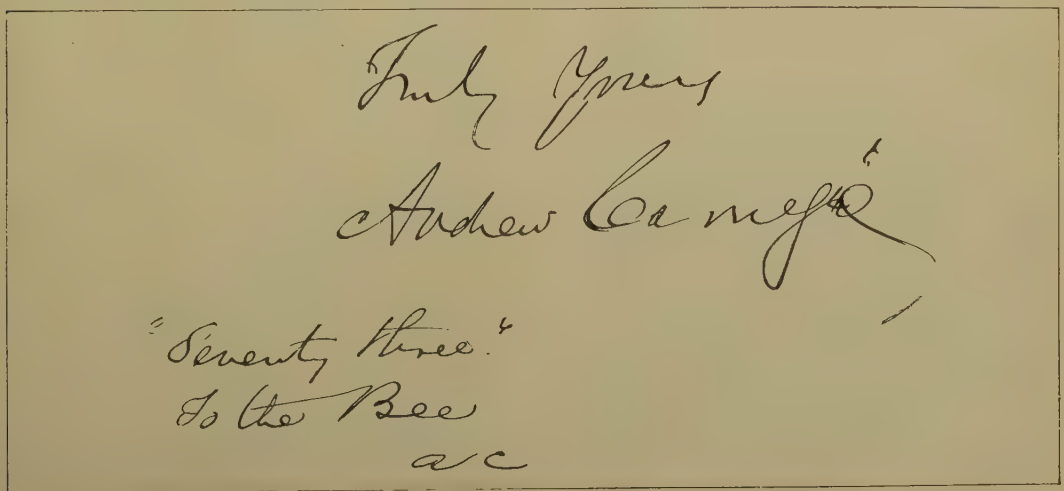
The big little man started to write again, and after he returned the album, I found he had put this inscription in the lower corner of the page:

"Seventy-three"
To The Bee
A. C.

I showed the autograph and message to my father, who corroborated what Mr. Carnegie had told me. When, several years later, the two met, the message I had carried was recalled and the over-the-wire acquaintance became a lasting personal friendship.

"Seventy-three" for both of them has now been followed by "Thirty."

Note—In the working telegraph cipher, numbers are code signals; "Seventy-three" means "Best Regards" and "Thirty" is "The End."



THE SLIPPER POINT MYSTERY

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Sapphire Signet," "Three Sides of Paradise Green," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

Two girls, Doris Craig and Sally Carter, who have met and become acquainted on the shore of the little Manituck River and share the secret of a mysterious cave on the banks, have discovered that an underground passage leads from it into the cellar of Miss Camilla Roundtree. She has never before known of its existence, but guesses that it may have been constructed many years before by her father, an ardent abolitionist, to assist the flight of runaway slaves. Of the mysteriously inscribed scrap of paper concealed in the cave she can make nothing till Doris hits on the explanation that it is a secret code. This leads to Miss Roundtree's deciphering a letter left long ago among her father's effects, and from it they learn the fate of Miss Camilla's long-lost brother and clear away the supposed stain that has rested on her family history for many years. From it they also guess that some porcelains and other valuables may be concealed in the tunnel.

CHAPTER VIII

THE REAL BURIED TREASURE

It had been a very dull day indeed for Genevieve. Had she been able to communicate her feeling adequately, she would have said she was heartily sick and tired of the program she had been forcibly obliged to follow. As she sat solitary on the porch of Miss Camilla's tiny abode, thumb in mouth and tugging at the lock of hair with her other hand, she thought it all over resentfully.

Why should she be commanded to sit here all by herself, in a spot that offered no attractions whatever, and told, nay ordered, not to move from the location, when she was bored beyond expression by the entire proceeding. True, they had left her eatables in generous quantities (but she had already disposed of these) and picture-books of many attractive descriptions, to while away the weary hours. But the picture-books were an old story now, and the afternoon was growing late. She longed to go down to the shore and play in the rowboat, and dabble her bare toes in the water, and indulge in the eternally fascinating experiment of catching crabs with a piece of meat tied to a string and her father's old crab-net. What was the use of living when one was doomed to drag out a wonderful afternoon on a tiny, hopelessly uninteresting porch out in the backwoods? Existence was nothing but a burden.

To be sure, the morning had not been without its pleasant moments. They had rowed up the river to their usual landing-place, a trip she always enjoyed, though it had been somewhat marred by the fear that she might be again compelled to burrow into the ground like a mole, forsaking the glory of sunshine and sparkling water for the dismal dampness of that unspeakable hole in the earth. But, to her immense relief, this sacrifice was not required of her. Instead they had made at once through the woods and across the fields to Miss Camilla's, albeit burdened with many strange and, to her mind, useless tools and other impedimenta.

Miss Camilla's house offered attractions not a few, chiefly in the way of unlimited cookies and other eatables. But her enjoyment of the cookies was tempered by the fact that the whole party suddenly took it into their heads to proceed to the cellar, and, what was even worse, to attempt again the loathsome undertaking of scrambling through the narrow place in the wall and the journey beyond. She herself accompanied them as far as the cellar, but further than that she refused to budge. So they left her with a candle and a seat conveniently near a barrel of apples.

It transpired, however, that they did not proceed far into the tunnel. She could hear them talking and exclaiming excitedly, and discussing whether "this was really twenty-seven," and "Had n't we better count again?" and, "Shall we saw it out?" and other equally pointless remarks of a similar nature. Wearying of listening to such idle chatter, and replete with cookies and russet apples, she had finally put her head down on the edge of the barrel and had fallen fast asleep.

When she had awakened, it was to find them all back in the cellar, and Miss Camilla making the pleasant announcement that they would have luncheon now and get to work in earnest afterward. A soul-satisfying interval followed, the only really bright spot in the day for Genevieve. But gloom had settled down upon her once more when they had risen from the table. Solemnly they had taken her on their laps (at least Miss Camilla had!) and ominously Sally had warned her:

"Now, Genevieve, we 've got something awfully important to do this afternoon. You

don't like to go down in that dark place, so we 've decided not to take you with us. You 'd rather stay up here in the sunshine, would n't you?" And she had nodded vigorously an unqualified assent to that proposition. "Well then," Sally had continued, "you stay right on this porch or in the sitting-room, and don't you dare venture a foot away from it. Will you promise?" Again Genevieve had nodded. "Nothing will hurt you if you mind what we say, and by and by we 'll come back and show you something awfully nice." Genevieve had seriously doubted the possibility of this latter statement, but she was helpless in their hands.

"And here 's plenty of cookies and a glass of jam," Miss Camilla had supplemented, "and we 'll come back to you soon, you blessed baby!" Then they had all hugged and kissed her and departed.

Well, they had not kept their word. She had heard the little clock in the room within strike and strike and strike, sometimes just one bell-like tone, sometimes two and three and four. She could not yet "tell the time," but she knew enough about a clock to realize that this indicated the passing of the moments. And still there had been no sign of return on the part of the exploring three.

Genevieve whimpered a little and wiped her eyes, sad to say, on her sleeve. Then she thrust her hand for the fortieth time into the cooky-jar. But it was empty. And then, in sheer boredom and despair, she put her head down on the arm of her chair, tucked her thumb into her mouth and closed her eyes to shut out the tiresome scene before her. In this position she had remained for what seemed a long, long time, and the clock had sounded another bell-like stroke, when she was suddenly aroused by a sound quite different.

At first she did not give it much thought, but it came again, louder this time, and she sat up with a jerk. Was some one calling her? It was a strange, muffled sound, and it seemed as if it were like a voice trying to pronounce her name.

"Genev—! Genev—!" That was all she could distinguish. Did they want her, possibly to go down into the horrible cellar and hole? She went to the door giving on the cellar steps and listened. But, though she stood there fully five minutes, she heard not so much as a breath. No, it could not be that. She would go out doors again.

But no sooner had she stepped on the porch than she heard it again, fainter this time but undeniable. Where could it come from? They had commanded her not to venture a step from the porch, but surely, if they were calling her, she ought to try and find them. So she stepped down from the veranda and ran around to the back of the house. This time she was rewarded. The sound came clearer and more forcefully:

"Genevieve!—Genev—ieve!" But where still, could it come from? There was not a soul in sight. The garden (for it was Miss Camilla's vegetable garden) was absolutely devoid of human occupation. But Genevieve wisely decided to follow the sound, so she began to pick her way gingerly between the rows of beans, which were climbing on quite a forest of tall poles. It was when she had passed these that she came upon something that caused her a veritable shock.

The ground in Miss Camilla's cucumber-patch, for the space ten or twelve feet square, had sunk down into a strange hole, as if in a sudden earthquake! What did it all mean? And as Genevieve hesitated on its brink, she was startled almost out of her little shoes to hear her name called faintly and in a muffled voice from its depths.

"Genev—ieve!" It was the voice of Doris, though she could see not the slightest vestige of her.

"Here I am!" answered Genevieve, quaveringly. "What do you want, Dowis?"

"Oh, thank God!" came the reply. "Go get—some one! Quick. We 're—buried in here! It—caved in. Hurry—baby!"

"Who s'all I get?" asked Genevieve. And well she might, for, as far as any one knew, there was not a soul within a mile of them.

"Oh—I don't—know!" came the answering voice. "Go find—some one—any one. We 'll die—here—if you—don't!"

Genevieve was not sure she knew just what that last remark meant, but it evidently indicated something serious.

"All wight!" she responded. "I 'll twy." And she trotted off to the front of the house.

Here, however, she stopped to consider. Where *was* she to go to find any one? She could not go home—she did not know the way. She could not go back to the river—the path was full of pitfalls in the shape of thorny vines that scratched her face and tripped her feet; and besides, Sally had particularly warned her not to venture in that direction—ever. After all, the most likely place to find any one was surely along the road, for she had, very rarely, when sitting on Miss Camilla's porch, observed an occasional wagon driven past. She would walk along the road and see if she could find anybody.

Had Genevieve been older and with a little more understanding, she would have comprehended the desperate plight that had befallen her sister and Doris and Miss Camilla. And fear would have lent wings to her feet and she would have scurried to the nearest dwelling as fast as those feet would carry her. But she was scarcely more than a baby. The situation, though peculiar, did not strike her so much as a matter for haste as for patient waiting till the person required should happen along. As she did n't see any one approaching in either direction, she decided to return to the house and keep a strict eye on the road.

So she seated herself on the porch steps, tucked her thumb in her mouth—and waited. There was no further calling from the curious hole in the back garden, and nothing happened for a long, long time. Genevieve had just about decided to go back and inquire of Doris what else to do, when suddenly the afternoon stillness was broken by the *chug chug* of a motor-car and the honking of its horn. And before Genevieve could jump to her feet, a big automobile had come plowing down the sandy road and stopped right in front of the gate.

"Here 's the place!" called out the chauffeur, and jumping down, walked around to open the door at the side for its occupants to get out. A pleasant-looking man stepped out and gave his hand to the lady beside him, and, to Genevieve's great astonishment, the lady proved to be none other than the mother of "Dowis."

"Well, where 's every one?" inquired the gentleman. "I don't see a soul but this wee tot sitting on the steps."

"Why, there 's Genevieve!" cried Mrs. Craig, who had seen the baby many times before. "How are you, dear? Where are the others? Inside?"

"No," answered Genevieve. "In de garden. Dowis, she said, 'Come. Find some one!' "

"Oh, they 're in the garden, are they! Well, we 'll go around there and give them a surprise, Henry. Doris will simply be bowled over to see her 'daddy' here so unexpectedly. And I 'm very anxious to meet this Miss Camilla she has talked so much about. Come and show us the way, Genevieve."

The baby obediently took her hand and led her around to the back of the house, the gentleman following.

"But I don't see any one here!" he exclaimed, when they had reached the back. "Are n't you mistaken, honey?" This to Genevieve.

"No, they in big hole!" she announced gravely. The remark aroused considerable surprise and amused curiosity.

"Well, lead us to the 'big hole,' " commanded Mrs. Craig, laughingly. "Big hole, indeed! I 've been wondering what in the world Doris was up to lately, but I never dreamed she was engaged in excavating!"

Genevieve, still gravely, led the way through the forest of bean-poles to the edge of the newly sunk depression.

"What 's all this?" suddenly demanded Mr. Craig. "It looks as if there had been a land-slide here. Where are the others, little girl? They 've probably gone elsewhere."

But Genevieve was not to be moved from her original statement. "They in dere!" she insisted, pointing downward. "Dowis called. She say, 'Go find some one!' " The baby's persistence was not to be questioned.

Mr. Craig looked grave, and his wife grew pale and frightened. "Oh, Henry, what do you suppose can be the matter?" she quavered. "I do believe Genevieve is telling the truth."

"There 's something mighty queer about it," he answered hastily. "I can't understand how in the world it has come about, but if that child is right, there 's been a land-slide or a cave-in of some sort here, and Doris and the rest are caught in it. Good heavens! If that 's so, we can't act too quickly!" And he ran round to the front of the house shouting to the chauffeur, who had remained in the car:

"There 's been an accident! Drive like mad to the nearest house and get men and ropes and spades—anything to help dig out some people from a cave-in!"

The car had shot down the road almost before he had ceased speaking, and he hurried back to the garden.

The next hour was a period of indescribable suspense and terror to all concerned—all, at least, save Genevieve, who sat placidly on Mrs. Craig's lap (Mr. Craig had brought out a chair from Miss Camilla's kitchen) and, thumb in mouth, watched the men furiously hurling the soil in great shovelfuls from the curious "hole." She could not understand why Mrs. Craig should sob softly at intervals, under her breath, nor why the strange gentleman should pace back and forth so restlessly and give such sharp, hurried orders. And when he jumped into the hole, with a startled exclamation, and seized the end of a heavy plank, she wondered at the unnecessary excitement.

It took the united efforts of every man present to move that plank, and when they had forced it aside, Mr. Craig stooped down with a smothered cry.

"WHO S'ALL I GET?" DEMANDED GENEVIEVE."

And the next thing Genevieve knew, they had lifted out some one and laid her on the ground, inert, apparently lifeless, and so covered with dirt and sand as to be scarcely recognizable. But from the light golden hair, Genevieve knew it to be Doris. Before she realized where she was, Genevieve found herself cascaded from Mrs. Craig's lap, and that lady bending distractedly over the prostrate form.

Again the men emerged from the pit, carrying between them another form which they laid beside Doris. And, with a howl of anguish, Genevieve recognized the red-bronze pigtail of her sister Sally.

By the time Miss Camilla had been extricated from the debris, as lifeless and inert as the other two, the chauffeur had returned at mad speed from the village, bringing with him a doctor and many strange appliances for resuscitation. A pulmotor was put into immediate action, and another period of heartbreaking suspense ensued.

It was Doris who first moaned her way back to life, and, at the physician's orders, was carried into the house at once for further ministrations.

Sally was next to show signs of recovery, but over poor Miss Camilla they had to work hard and long, for, in addition to having been almost smothered, her foot had been caught by the falling plank and badly bruised. But she came back to consciousness at last, and her first words on opening her eyes were:

"Do you think we can get that Spode dinner-set out all right?"

A remark that vastly bewildered Mr. Craig, who chanced to be the only one to hear it!

"But how on earth did you and Mother happen to be there, Father, just in the nick of time?" marveled Doris, two days later from the depths of several pillows with which she was propped up in bed.

She had been detailing to her parents at great length the whole story of Sally and the cave and the tunnel and Miss Camilla and the

hazardous treasure-hunt that had ended her adventure. And now it was her turn to be enlightened.

"Well," returned her father, smiling whimsically, "it was a good deal like what they call 'the long arm of coincidence' in the story-books, and yet it was very simple, after all. I 'd been disappointed so many times in my plans to get down here to see you and your mother, and at last the chance came, the other day, when I could make at least a flying trip, but I had n't even time to let you know I was coming. I arrived at the hotel about lunch-time and gave your mother the surprise of her life by walking in on her unexpectedly. But I was quite disgusted not to find you anywhere about. Your mother told me how you had gone off for the day with your bosom pal, Sally, to visit a mysterious Miss Camilla, and I suggested that we take the car and go to hunt you up. As she was agreeable to the excursion, we started forth, inquiring our way as we went.

"It was a merciful providence that got us there not a moment too soon; and if it had n't been for that little cherubic Genevieve, we should have been many minutes too late. So the next time you go treasure-hunting, young lady, kindly allow your useless and insignificant dad to accompany you!" And he gave her ear a playful tweak.

"Daddy, it was awful—simply *awful* when that old plank gave way and the earth came sliding down on us!" she confided to him, snuggling down in the arm he had placed around her. "At first we did n't think it would amount to much. But more and more earth came pouring down, and then another plank loosened and Miss Camilla lost her footing and fell, and we could n't make our way out past it in either direction, and still the dirt poured in all around us; and Sally and I tried to struggle up through the top, but we could n't make any progress. And at last that third plank bent over and shut us in so we could n't budge, and Sally and Miss Camilla did n't answer when I spoke to them, and I knew they 'd fainted, and I felt as if I was going to faint too. But I called and called Genevieve, and at last she answered me. And after that I did n't remember anything more!" With a shudder, she hid her face in her father's sleeve. It had been a very horrible experience.

"Don't think of it any more, honey. It turned out all right, in the end. Do you know that Sally is around as well as ever, now, and came up to the hotel to inquire for you this morning? She 's as strong as a little ox, that child!"

"But where is Miss Camilla?" suddenly inquired Doris. "She hurt her foot, did n't she?"

"She certainly did, but she insisted on remaining in her own home, and Sally begged her mother to be allowed to stay there with her and the undetachable Genevieve, of course, and take care of her and wait on her. So there they are, and there you will proceed in the automobile this afternoon, if you feel well enough to make the visit."

"But what about the treasure?" demanded Doris, her eyes beginning to sparkle.

"If you refer to the trunks and the chestful of articles that we excavated from that interesting hole in Miss Camilla's garden, you do well to speak of it as 'treasure'!" answered her father laughingly; "for beside some valuable old family silver and quite rare articles of antique jewelry, she had there a collection of china and porcelain that would send a specialist on that line into an absolute spasm of joy. I really would not care to predict what it would be worth to any one interested in the subject.

"And you can tell your friend Sally, of the adventurous spirit, that she 's got 'Treasure Island' licked a mile (to use a very inelegant expression) and right here on her own native territory, too! I take off my hat to you both. You 've done better than a couple of boys who have been playing at pirates and hunting for their treasure all their youthful days. Henceforth, when I yearn for blood-curdling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, I 'll come to you two to lead the way!"

But under all his banter, Doris knew that her father was serious in the deep interest he felt in her strange adventure and all that it had led to.

CHAPTER IX

THE SUMMER'S END

THEY sat together in the canoe, each facing the other, Doris in the bow and Sally in the stern. A full, mid-September moon painted its rippling path on the water and picked out in silver every detail of shore and river. The air was full of the heavy scent of the pines, and the only sound was the ceaseless lap-lap of the lazy ripples at the water's edge. Doris, with her paddle resting on her knees, was drinking in the radiance of the lovely scene.

"I simply cannot realize I am going home to-morrow and must leave all this!" she sighed.

Sally dipped her paddle disconsolately and answered with almost a groan: "If it bothers *you,* how do you suppose it makes *me* feel?"

"A FULL, MID-SEPTEMBER MOON PAINTED ITS RIPPLING PATH ON THE WATER."

"We have grown close to each other, have n't we?" mused Doris. "Do you know, I never dreamed I could make so dear a friend in so short a time. I have plenty of acquaintances and good comrades, but usually it takes me years to make a real *friend*. How did you manage to make me care so much for you?"

"'Just because you 're *you'!*" laughed Sally, quoting a popular song. "But do you realize, Doris Craig, what a different girl I 've become since I knew and cared for *you?*"

She was, indeed, a different girl, as Doris had to admit. To begin with, she *looked* different. The clothes she wore were neat, dainty, and appropriate, indicating taste and care both in choosing and wearing them. Her parents were comparatively well-to-do people in the village and could afford to dress her well and give her all that was necessary, within reason. It had been mainly lack of proper care, and the absence of any incentive to seem her best, that was to blame for the original careless Sally. And not only her looks, but her manners and English were now as irreproachable as they had once been provincial and faulty.

"Why, even my thoughts are different!" she suddenly exclaimed, following aloud the line they had both been unconsciously pursuing. "You 've given me more that 's worth while to think about, Doris, in these three months, than I ever had before in all my life."

"I 'm sure it was n't *I* that did it," modestly disclaimed Doris, "but the books I happened to bring along and that you wanted to read. If you had n't *wanted* different things yourself, Sally, I don't believe you would have changed any, so the credit is all yours.

"Do you remember the day you first quoted 'The Ancient Mariner' to me?" she went on. "I was so astonished I nearly tumbled out of the boat. It was the lines, 'We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea.'"

"Yes, they are my favorite lines," replied Sally. "And with all the poems I 've read and learned since, I love that best, after all."

"My favorite is the lines, 'The moving moon went up the sky and nowhere did abide,'" said Doris; "and I love it all as much as you do."

"And Miss Camilla," added Sally, "says her favorite is,

> "The selfsame moment I could pray,
> And from my neck so free
> The Albatross fell off and sank
> Like lead into the sea."

"She says that 's just the way she felt when we girls made that discovery about her brother's letter. Her 'albatross' had been the weight of supposed disgrace she had been carrying about, all these fifty years."

"Oh, Miss Camilla!" sighed Doris, ecstatically. "What a darling she is! and what a wonderful, simply *wonderful* adventure we 've had, Sally! Sometimes, when I think of it, it seems too incredible to believe. It 's like something you 'd read of in a book and say it was probably exaggerated. Did I tell you that my grandfather has decided to buy as much of her collection of porcelains as she is willing to sell, and the antique jewelry, too?"

"No," answered Sally, "but Miss Camilla told me. And *I* know how she hates to part with any of them. Even I shall feel a little sorry when they 're gone. I 've washed them and dusted them so often and Miss Camilla has told me so much about them. I 've even learned how to know them by the strange little marks on the back of them. And I can tell English Spode from old Worcester, and French Faience from jeweled Sèvres—and a lot beside. And what 's more, I 've really come to admire and appreciate them. I never supposed I should.

"Miss Camilla will miss them all, for she 's been so happy with them since they were restored to her. But she says they 're as useless in her life now as a museum of mummies, and she needs the money for other things."

"I suppose she will restore the main part of her house and live in it and be very happy and comfortable," remarked Doris.

"That 's just where you are entirely mistaken," answered Sally, with unexpected animation. "Don't you know what she is going to do with it?"

"Why, no!" said Doris in surprise. "I had n't heard."

"Well, she only told me to-day," replied Sally, "but it nearly bowled me over. She 's going to put the whole thing into Liberty Bonds, and go on living precisely as she has before. She says she has gotten along that way for nearly fifty years and she guesses she can go on to the end. She says that if her father and brother could sacrifice their safety and their money and their very lives, gladly, as they did when their country was in need, she guesses she ought n't to do very much less. If she were younger, she 'd go to France right now, and give herself in come capacity to help out in this horrible struggle. But as she can't do that, she is willing and delighted to make every other sacrifice within her power. And she 's taken out the bonds in my name and Genevieve's, because she says she 'll never live to see them mature, and we 're the only

chick or child she cares enough about to leave them to. She wanted to leave some to you, too, but your father told her no, that he had already taken some for you."

Doris was quite overcome by this flood of unexpected information and by the wonderful attitude and generosity of Miss Camilla.

"I never dreamed of such a thing!" she murmured. "She insisted on giving me the little Sèvres vase, when I bade her good-by to-day. I did n't like to take it, but she said I must, and that it could form the beginning of a collection of my own, some day when I was older and times were less strenuous. I hardly realized what she meant then, but I do now, after what you 've told me."

"But that is n't all," said Sally. "I 've managed to persuade my father that I 'm not learning enough at the village school and probably never will. He was going to take me out of it this year, anyway, and, when summer came again, have me wait on the ice-cream parlor and candy counter in the pavilion. I just hated the thought. Now I 've made him promise to send Genevieve and me every day to Miss Camilla to study with her, and he 's going to pay for it just the same as if I were going to a private school. I 'm so happy over it, and so is Miss Camilla, only we had hard work persuading her that she must accept any money for it. And even Genevieve is delighted. She has promised to stop sucking her thumb if she can go to Miss Camilla and 'learn to wead 'bout picters,' as she says."

"It 's all turned out as wonderfully as a fairy-tale," mused Doris as they floated on. "I could n't wish a single thing any different. And I think what Miss Camilla has done is—well, it just makes a lump come in my throat even to speak of it. I feel like a selfish wretch beside her. I 'm just going to save every penny I have this winter and give it to the Red Cross and work like mad at the knitting and bandage-making. But even that is no *real* sacrifice. I wish I could do something such as she has done. *That 's* the kind of thing that counts!"

"We can only do the thing that lies within our power," said Sally, grasping the true philosophy of the situation, "and if we do all of that, we're giving the best we can."

They drifted on a little further in silence, and then Doris glanced at her wrist-watch by the light of the moon. "We 've got to go in," she mourned. "It 's after nine o'clock, and Mother warned me not to stay out later than that. Besides I must finish packing."

They dragged the canoe up on the shore, and turned it over in the grass. Then they wandered for a moment down to the edge of the water.

"Remember, it is n't so awfully bad as it seems," Doris tried to hearten Sally by reminding her. "Father and I are coming down again to stay over Columbus Day, and you and Genevieve are coming to New York to spend the Christmas holidays with us. We 'll be seeing each other right along, at intervals."

Sally looked off up the river to where the dark pines on Slipper Point could be dimly discerned above the wagon bridge. Suddenly her thoughts took a curious twist.

"How funny—how awfully funny it seems now," she laughed, "to think we once were planning to dig for pirate treasure—up there!" she nodded toward Slipper Point.

"Well, we may not have found any pirate loot," Doris replied, "but you 'll have to admit we discovered treasure of a very different nature—and a good deal more valuable. And, when you come to think of it, we *did* discover buried treasure, at least Miss Camilla did, and we were nearly buried alive ourselves trying to unearth it, and what more of a thrilling adventure could you ask for than that?" But she ended seriously:

"Slipper Point will always mean to me the spot where I spent some of the happiest moments of my life."

"And I say—the same!" echoed Sally.

THE END.

FOR BOYS WHO DO THINGS

A NEW DEPARTMENT

BEGINNING with this October issue, ST. NICHOLAS is going to publish a Department for those boys who are not content to sit by and watch others do things but want to have a finger in the pie themselves. The "Do Things Editor" has a lot of brand new how-to-make ideas on hand that he is going to put into that department, but he is not going to fill it all himself. There will be plenty of space for the suggestions of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Useful devices that can be rigged up out of odds and ends, home-made apparatus, shop kinks—these are what the Editor wants. If you have made anything yourself write to the Editor about it. Don't send him ideas that you have seen somewhere else, but plans that you have worked out yourself. Give him complete instructions with sketches that have dimensions on them so that others can follow out your plans, and by all means send a photograph of the work if you have a camera. The Editor will pay for all the material he uses.

The Department starts off this month with a most interesting "how-to-make" serial, by A. Russell Bond, called "Packing-box Village." It will tell just how to build houses out of big packing boxes. They will not be toy-houses nor doll-houses, but real, "honest-to-goodness" dwellings, big enough for boys to get inside of and live in. Being made of packing boxes they will cost practically nothing, and yet they won't look like boxes when they are finished. They will have gable roofs, chimneys and verandas, and they will be fitted with furniture made from smaller boxes. The plan is to have a number of boys club together and build a whole village, with cottages and barns and windmills, with stores, post office, fire-engine house, town hall, etc. Streets will be laid out, with mail boxes and fire-alarm boxes on the corners; and there will be a park with a summer house and a bandstand in it. How to construct all these buildings and the furniture and fittings will be told in detail so that any boy who knows how to handle a hammer and a saw can make them. Added to the pleasure of building the village there will be the joy of organizing a town government, with mayor and common council, police and fire department.

Be sure to keep your copies of ST. NICHOLAS because if you don't start building a Packing-box Village right away you will surely want to do so before the series is ended.

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE

By A. RUSSELL BOND

THERE comes a time in every boy's life when he must belong to a special clan or club—perhaps known nowadays in familiar slang as "the bunch." The boy who goes it alone isn't more than half a boy and doesn't begin to know the joy of living. Of course, there are all sorts of little groups and clubs, and far too many of them that are not of the right kind, but it is up to the boy himself to choose the right kind. Usually a band with some headquarters of its own is a better one than a mere roving group with nothing much to do but hunt up mischief; and if such a band would build a place of its own, it would be far more likely to be the sort of a set that we should like to have our St. Nicholas boys belong to; then it would become a real club.

Boys of today are very much like the grownups of ancient times. As long as people roamed around without any fixed homes of their own, they were always in trouble or making trouble, but when they settled down and began to build houses and cities, then they commenced to amount to something in the world. Now there is no reason why a group of boys should not become a worthwhile club—but why stop there? Why not build a whole village, and become a worthwhile community? I do not mean a toy village of mere doll houses, but a village of real houses, big enough to live in. This sounds like a big undertaking, but it is not beyond the reach of boys who like to do things. The materials can be picked up very cheaply; in some cases they can be had for the asking.

It will be no end of sport, building the village with its cottages, stores, town hall, post-office, fire department, etc., and when it is

HARD AT WORK ON THE "BARN," OR FIRST BUILDING, IN PACKING-BOX VILLAGE

completed the joy of living in a town of your own making will be well worth all the trouble you have taken. You can organize a city government, with a mayor and a common council, chief of police, street commissioner, and all the departments and bureaus of a full-fledged city.

A plan of such a village is shown in one of the accompanying drawings, and we are going to give details for the construction of the different buildings. We are going to call it "Packing-Box Village," and that let's out the secret of how the village is going to be built. The big boxes in which drygoods are packed are just the thing for our little town. Many of them will be found quite big enough to accommodate three or four boys.

The first thing to do is to go on a foraging expedition in search of boxes. Visit the box-piles back of the stores and see what there is to be had. Pick up small boxes, as well as big ones, because there will be plenty of use for short boards, and you can always make use of the nails in them, if nothing else. Peach baskets are going to come in handy for shingles, so don't forget to lay in a stock of them. If you can get hold of a piano box or an organ box, you are decidedly in luck. Of course you will have to buy the bigger boxes, unless you find some very kind-hearted merchant who is willing to give them away, but in these days it is not so difficult to earn the small amount of money they would cost, and with a number of boys banded together in the club the village should not lack for funds.

A hammer, a saw, a brace, and an assortment of auger-bits are the tools necessary. A key-hole saw will also be found almost indispensable. Other tools, such as a plane or two, a draw-knife, a chisel, etc., will come in very handy, but we can get along without them if we have to.

LAYING OUT THE VILLAGE.

After finding our boxes and getting our tools together we can safely proceed to lay out the village. The plan that is shown here is a mere suggestion; every club will have its own ideas as to the layout of the village. Some boy will have to be selected as Superintendent of Construction, who should make a sketch of the plot of ground on which the village is to be built, and lay out the streets.

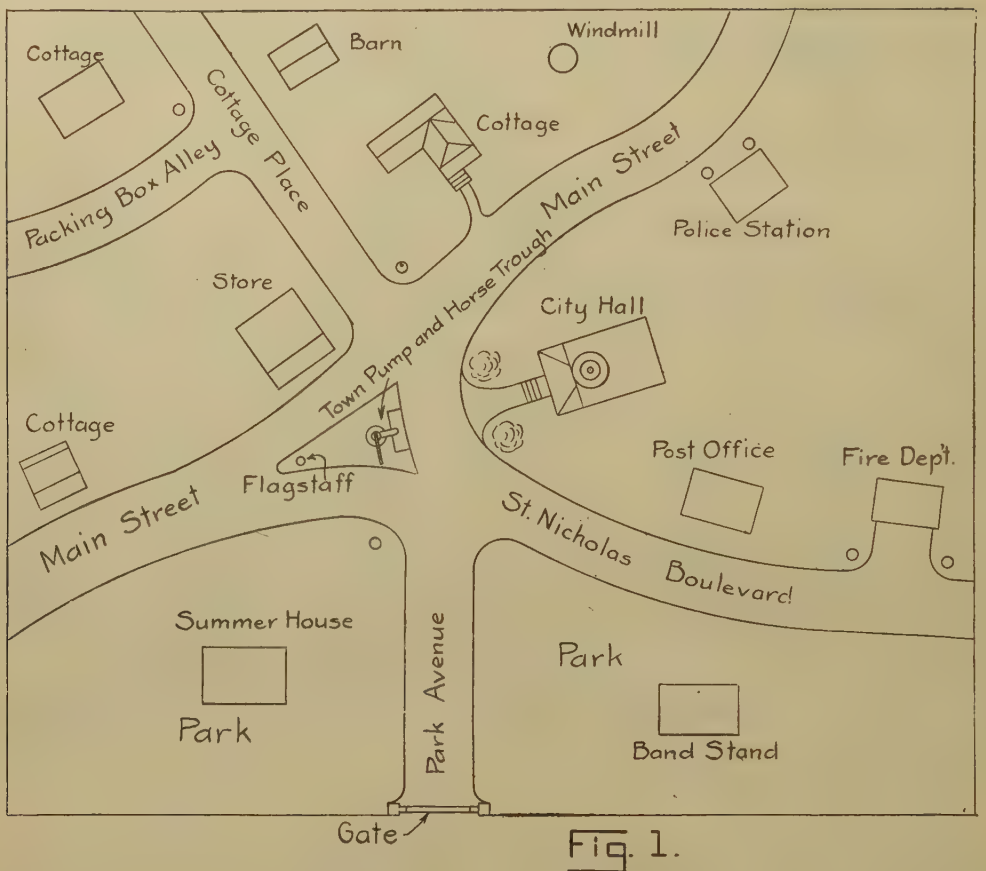


Fig. 1.

PROPOSED PLAN OF PACKING-BOX VILLAGE

The village as we have sketched it out will occupy a space about fifty feet square. The streets are laid out in curves, to add to the beauty of the village, and also in order that all or nearly all the buildings will face toward the gate. Hence visitors to the village will get a view of the best side of each structure. Right in the foreground, we have placed the village green, with Park Avenue cutting through it, and leading to the Town Hall. The streets should be about four feet wide for a village of this scale. Right in front of the Town Hall, where Main Street and St. Nicholas Boulevard come together, there is a triangle in which will be located the town pump and horse trough and the flagstaff of the village. The little circles shown at the street corners represent lamp-posts; they will also carry mail boxes and fire alarm boxes.

At first we need only to stake out the village streets and the location of the principal building. Later, we shall cut the turf away in the streets and pave them with gravel, but that does not need to be done at the present time. What we need at the very start is some place in which we can keep our tools and supplies. And the best building for this purpose is a barn. Our plan shows a barn at the rear of the village, and this will make a good location for a temporary building and construction office. It will be well to start with a barn rather than a more difficult structure, because we shall gain experience in building and will be able to turn out a better building when it comes to constructing a cottage.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE BARN.

In all this work it will be impossible to give exact dimensions, because boxes do not come in any standard sizes and probably no two clubs will have boxes of exactly the same size. But if a boy has any ingenuity at all he can make his own plans and adapt the instructions here given to fit the particular boxes he has to work with. We shall assume, just for

illustration, that we have succeeded in getting hold of a box that is 4′-6″ long, 3′-0″ deep, and 4′-0″ high. The mark (′) stands for feet and the mark (″) for inches. When a dimension is an even number of feet, say four feet, it is customary to put it down as 4′-0″. If it were marked 4′ it might easily be mistaken for 4″, or four inches.

The box is placed in the proper location in the lay-out of our village and the first work is to remove the top of the box, carefully saving the boards and the nails. We are going about ¾″ thick, one of them being 2″ wide for the roller track, and the other 1½″ wide for the spacer. The strips should be 4′-6″ long, so that they will reach clear across the face of the barn, and they should be nailed together so that the roller track projects half an inch above the spacer.

Our barn door is to cover a little more than half of the width of the box. It should therefore be about 2′-6″ wide and 4′-0″ high. Remove the boards from the front side of the box to make a doorway 2′-3″ wide, and use

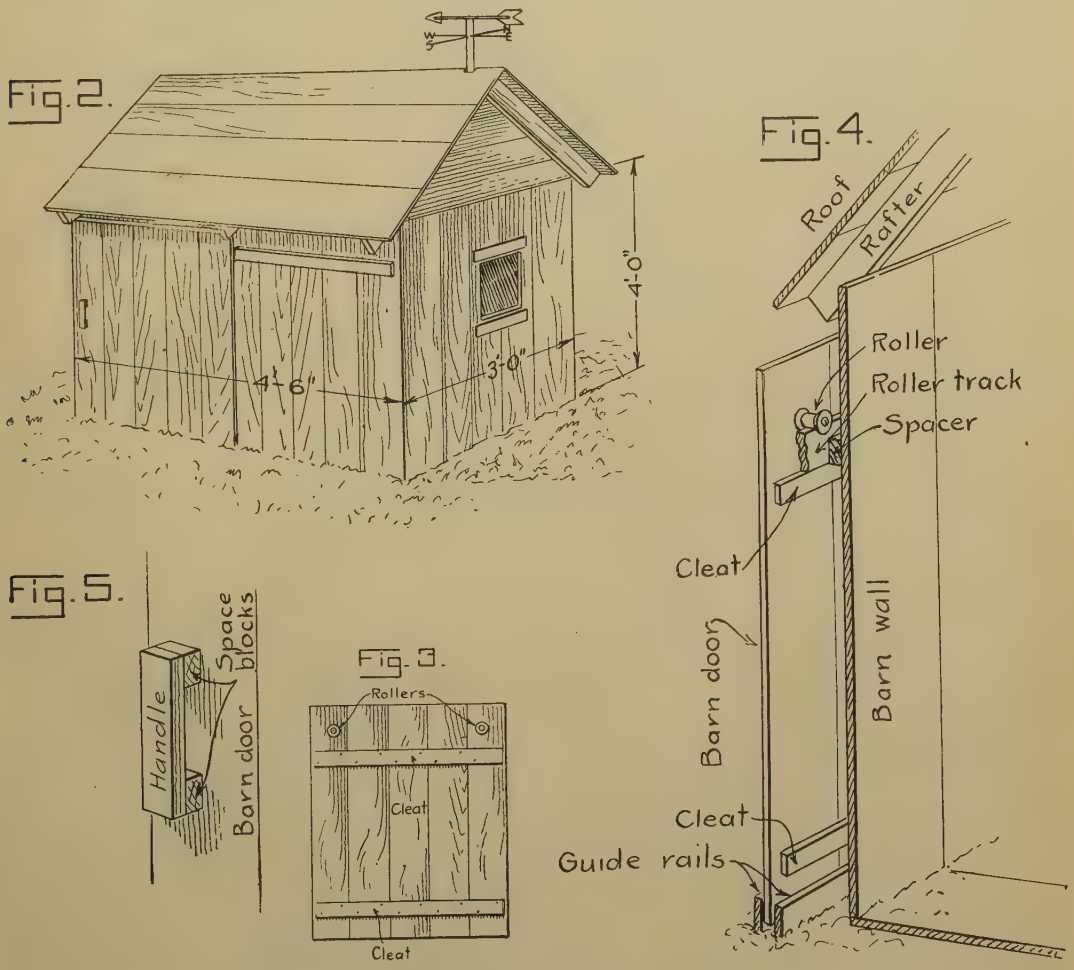
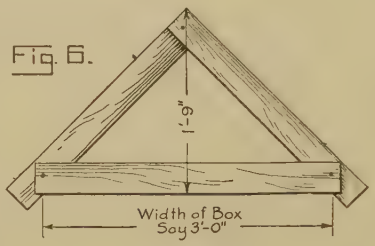
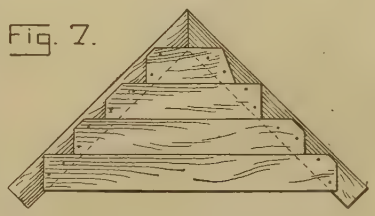


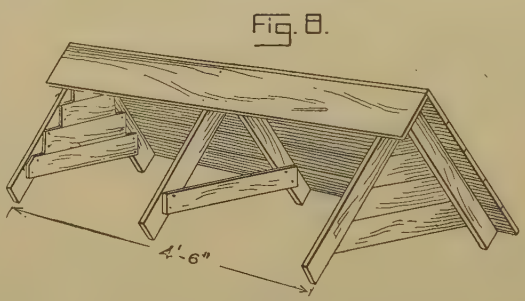
FIG. 2, THE BARN; FIG. 3, REAR OF BARN DOOR; FIG. 4, SECTION OF BARN DOOR SHOWING HOW THE DOOR IS HUNG; FIG. 5, BARN DOOR HANDLE

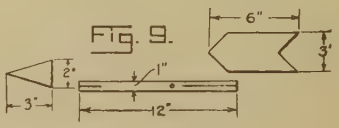
to have a sliding door on our barn, which means that we must have a track for the rollers of the door to run on. This track will have to be spaced away from the barn wall, and so a spacer-bar will have to be used, as shown in Figure 4. Take two strips of wood these boards to make the barn door, piecing it out with boards from some other source. To hold the boards together two cleats or strips of wood about 3″ wide should be nailed fast to them, as shown in Fig. 3. For the rollers that slide on the track rail two stout

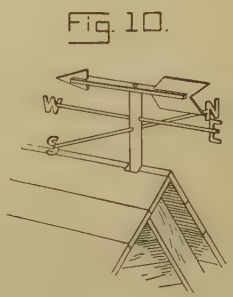
spools may be used, and in order to hold them firmly in place they should be mounted on round-headed screws, firmly threaded into the barn door above the upper cleat. Nails will do if screws are not to be had, but in either case there should be a washer under the head of the screw or nail and another washer between the spool and the barn door so that the spool will turn freely. There should be fully two inches of space between the spools and the cleat, so that the roller track will fit between them nicely. The roller track and spacer are nailed to the front of the barn wall just under the eaves and of course they extend clear across the doorway. The barn door is fitted upon the roller track by sliding it on from one end. The upper cleat of the door comes up against the bottom of the roller track and prevents the barn door from being lifted off the track. At the bottom, the barn door is kept in place by means of two guide rails. These are strips of wood about 4" wide, which are bedded into the ground, and if necessary nailed to stakes driven in the ground. They are spaced just far enough apart to receive the lower end of the barn door between them.











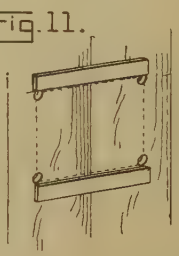


FIG. 6, HOW THE BARN ROOF IS MADE; FIGS. 9 AND 10, CONSTRUCTION OF THE WEATHERVANE; FIG. 11, HOW THE WINDOWS ARE CUT OUT

As a handle for the door all we need is a piece of wood an inch square, and five or six inches long, with a couple of blocks of wood under each end to space it away from the door. This is shown in Figure 5.

BUILDING THE ROOF.

After having finished our door we can proceed with the roof of the barn. First we must make a couple of gables. Take three strips of wood, which may be anywhere from 2½ to 4 inches wide, and nail them together in a triangle, as shown in Figure 6. The two inclined pieces are rafters and they should overhang the horizontal piece, as shown, so as to form eaves. At the peak where the two rafters come together they are temporarily fastened with a single nail, not driven in all the way because it is to be removed later. The distance from the peak to the horizontal strip will depend upon the width of the box. There is no set rule for the slope of the roof, but in general we should recommend that the height of the gable should be a little more than half the width. If our box is, say, 3 feet wide, the height of the gable should be about 1 foot 9 inches. Care should be taken to have the two legs of the table of exactly the same length. This can be determined by measuring from the peak down each rafter to the horizontal piece. We can go ahead now and fill in the gable wall by nailing on horizontal pieces of wood, as shown in Figure 7. After two strips have been nailed fast to the lower part of the gable, so that the rafters will be held firmly in position, the nail at the peak of the frame is pulled out and then a saw-cut is made through the two overlapping pieces, so that they can be brought together in the same plane, as shown in Figure 7. This done, the

rest of the gable wall may be nailed fast. Any pieces of wood can be used for this purpose, and if they project beyond the rafters the projecting parts can be sawed off later on. After one gable frame has been completed another one may be made of exactly the same size and shape by laying the pieces on the first gable frame. If we have plenty of boards long enough to reach across the box with a little to spare for eaves, we can get along with two gable frames, but if long boards are not to be had we shall have to use a frame at the middle of the roof as well. As shown in Figure 8, this frame does not need to be completely boarded up. A board across the bottom and one at the top will keep it in shape. As the roof boards are going to meet on the middle frame, it will be well to make the rafters of the middle frame of thick strips of wood. After the three frames have been completed, they are set up on edge as shown in Fig. 8, and the roof boards are nailed to them.

The boards ought to overhang at least 6 inches at each end to form eaves.

When the entire roof is completed it may be lifted up bodily and placed on top of the barn. The rafters will space the roof a few inches from the top of the barn wall. This space might be filled in, but it is better to leave it open, as it will furnish ventilation.

CUTTING OUT WINDOWS.

At each end of the barn we shall want a window, and the simplest way of making this is to take two pieces of wood, about 2 inches wide, and nail them to the side of the barn, just above and below the place where we wish to cut the window opening. (See Fig. 11) The window ought to be about a foot square, which means that the strips of wood above and below should be 14 inches long, so as to extend at least an inch beyond the opening at each side.

In order to be sure of having the opening square with the wall of the barn, it will be best to draw it out in pencil before nailing on the strips. In each corner of the penciled square bore a hole about an inch in diameter, as shown in Figure 11, then with a key-hole saw, cut from one hole to the other, and the window will be completed. If no key-hole saw is to be had the boards will have to be ripped off and sawed along the penciled lines. Make the horizontal or cross-grain cuts with the saw and then split out the wood between them.

THE WEATHER-VANE

We need only one more detail to complete our barn, and that is a weather-vane. The construction of the weather-vane is shown in Figures 9 and 10. Take a strip of wood an inch square and 12 inches long, cut two saw slots in it, a short one at one end for the head, and a long one at the other for the tail of the vane. The head and tail may be cut out of cardboard. They should be slipped into the slots in the wooden body of the vane, and held in place by means of brads or small nails. Then the vane should be treated to a coat of shellac, applied with particular care to the cardboard, so as to make it stiff and weather-proof. This done the weather-vane should be balanced carefully on the finger so as to find its center of weight. Through this center a hole is bored to receive the nail on which the weather-vane is to turn. A broom handle or a shade roller may be used as the staff on which the weather-vane is mounted.

Before the staff is set up we must place the compass arms upon it. Drill two holes through the staff at right angles to each other and one above the other. Through these holes light sticks of wood are inserted. The sticks could be nailed to the side of the staff, if desired, instead of passing through it. The ends of the sticks have saw slots cut into them to receive the letters *E. S. W.* and *N,* which may be cut out of cardboard. After they have been nailed fast they are also treated with a coat of shellac. The weather-vane may now be set up on the barn, with the staff nailed to the inside of one of the gable walls. This means that a notch must be cut in the peak of the roof, as shown in Figure 10, so as to let the staff through. Care must be taken to have the compass arms point in the right direction before the staff is made fast. This can be done roughly by noting the direction of a shadow at noon time and taking this for the direction North. Of course this will not be perfectly accurate, but it will be near enough for our purposes. If there is a member of your club who can draw a rooster, or some farm animal, you can get him to cut it out of a piece of cardboard and nail it fast to the top of the vane, coating it well with shellac to preserve it from rain. This will give the barn a very lifelike touch.

(To be continued)

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

A Narrative founded on the Diary of Jeannette de Martigny

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "Peg o' the Ring," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE SANDAL OF ST. JEANNE

For a time my brain was rather in a whirl as I sat alone in the little room. My experience with this officer, whose name and rank I did not know, puzzled me exceedingly. Until the matter of the sandal had been touched upon, he had seemed quite calm and indifferent. Then, suddenly, he had changed into an eager, impatient man with an almost passionate interest in the relic. The only reasonable explanation that I could discover was that he must be as keenly desirous of saving Monsieur Guyot as I, and saw in the recovery of the little slipper the proof needed to verify our story.

But it was not at all clear to me, and as the minutes slipped by I became increasingly anxious. Suppose that, in spite of Léon's certainty, the bag of the German prince should have disappeared from its hiding-place. It was only too easy to imagine ways in which this might have happened, and by the time the half-hour had passed I was in a fever of doubt and suspense. For the next ten minutes I paced the room, too much upset to think connectedly. And then I heard an automobile stop outside the house.

I held myself rigid, scarcely breathing, filled with dread of the outcome.

A moment later the door was burst open, and the officer entered in a great state of excitement.

"It is a treasure, Mademoiselle, a veritable treasure!" he cried, hurrying to his desk and placing upon it my box of scented wood that had always held the sandal. With trembling fingers he fumbled till he had it open. My dear relic was within and in nowise hurt.

Forgetting my instructions not to speak, I turned to Monsieur Guyot and held out my hand to him.

"Oh, thank you, for bringing it back to me!" I said, with all the gratitude I could put into the words.

"It is nothing, Mademoiselle," he answered. "It is going to send me to Paris instead of to face a firing-squad. It is I who owe you thanks."

The officer, bending over the relic, seemed quite oblivious of us, and the soldier at the door stood with his rifle like a statue—a rather bored statue, I should say, from the expression of his face.

"But you risked your life to bring it back to me, Monsieur!" I insisted. "What made you do that?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he returned, with a gesture of indifference, "this risking my life has become as my daily bread to me. It was risked every moment I was with the German army. Let us not exaggerate the matter of the sandal. It is more than a pleasure to me that I have been of service to you."

The officer had heard something of what Léon was saying, and with a quick glance at us, gave his head a shake of impatience.

"You cannot exaggerate the matter of the sandal!" he exclaimed. "It is precious beyond price. Whether or not it was worn by Jeanne d'Arc, I cannot say; but it is fifteenth-century work and might have been worn by the Maid. That is beyond dispute. Have you any documents relating to its history, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Monsieur, there are proofs that have been in the family for many generations," I answered.

"Good!" he cried, bending over his desk again.

"Then Monsieur Guyot will be permitted to go to Paris to prove that he is a loyal Frenchman?" I asked.

Instantly there came a change in the officer's manner and, pushing the box away with a hint of reluctance, he turned an impassive face to me.

"I have decided to leave the matter to the Paris Bureau for adjustment," he said. "You may remove the prisoner," he ordered the *poilu*.

"But, Monsieur—" I began, only to stop as he raised his hand for silence.

"I shall be back soon, Mademoiselle. Do not worry," Léon assured me as the guard led him away. Once more I was alone with the strange officer.

"Now that the matter upon which you came is ended, Mademoiselle," he suggested politely,

"I shall have the pleasure of sending you home in my automobile. I am sorry to have given you so much trouble."

He rose and made me a little bow.

I smiled and glanced at the sandal lying on his desk. Noting my look, he became again the eager enthusiast.

"You are not thinking of taking that with you, I hope," he said, with a shade of anxiety in his voice.

"I cannot promise, Monsieur, but I agree with you that it should be in a safe place for the present."

"It shall be sent by a special messenger to Paris to-morrow," he assured me.

"But I do not like to give it up," I demurred. "It is mine and has been in our family for many, many years. I must consider it."

He stood thoughtful for a moment.

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle," he said, "my

"THE OFFICER, BENDING OVER THE RELIC, SEEMED QUITE OBLIVIOUS OF US."

"Indeed I am thinking of it, Monsieur," I replied. "It is my dearest treasure."

"I can well understand that," he said. "But think, child," he went on hurriedly, "think how near you came to losing it, and what may happen in the future. Such a precious thing as this should not be left to the care of a girl. No, no, no! It must be placed in the museum for safe-keeping."

"In the museum?" I repeated vaguely.

"Of course, Mademoiselle," he replied; then, noting my puzzled expression, "You do not understand. I was not born an intelligence officer. Indeed not! I am an archæologist. I am the Curator of the Paris Museum. Since the war I am what you find me here; but that is incidental. Ordinarily, you see, I deal with things, like the sandal here—old things that are precious. You will let me keep it, Mademoiselle."

enthusiasm has carried me away. You are quite right. The matter should wait for final decision until after the war. The sandal will, of course, always be yours. There was never any question in my mind about its ownership. The museum would only be its guardian. But I pray you, allow us to take care of it until the country is safe."

There was no disguising the fact that all he said was true. My treasure would be safer in his hands, and after a little further talk it was so decided.

"I was sure you would be wise, Mademoiselle," he said at the end. And I parted from my relic again, assured that it would always be awaiting me if I should wish to claim it later. The officer was patient while I took a long, careful look at it, rather reluctant to let it go, after all, but knowing in my heart that it was the most sensible thing to do.

He escorted me to the automobile, instructed the two soldier chauffeurs to see me safely home, then stepped back and bowed stiffly.

"Adieu, Mademoiselle de Martigny," he said, "I shall have an interesting report to make to the general."

"After all, I 'm glad we did n't wake him," I remarked.

"You are very good to mention it," he acknowledged, and the car started.

It took no more than ten minutes to reach our street, and I was on the pavement beside our hole in the ground ere I knew it.

"Good night, and thank you," I said to the chauffeurs. "I hope we did n't disturb the general."

"No fear of that, Mademoiselle," one of them answered with a chuckle. "The general has n't been there for weeks; but everybody thinks he is, so it 's all right. Good night." And the machine moved off into the darkness.

I turned to go down into our cellar, feeling that I had spent the evening in a dream in which everything went by contraries.

CHAPTER XXXIII

UNDER THE RED CROSS

Without doubt I deserved the scolding I received from Eugénie. Nor did Madame Garnier find any excuse for my having given them two hours or more of great anxiety. Doubtless I had been careless of their feelings, for which I was sorry; but of course I did say that I should do the same thing again in similar circumstances, trying to explain Monsieur Guyot's predicament. But this did not satisfy them; and when Eugénie grasped the fact that it was the orderly of the German major of whom I spoke, she insisted that he was a *Boche* spy, in spite of my reiterated denials.

To tell the truth, it was not so much the scolding I minded as their indifference to my adventure. I wanted to talk about it, but they refused to show the slightest interest; so when Sunday came I went out to the military hospital certain that in Mademoiselle Peters I should find a sympathetic listener.

It was one of our few fine days, and early in the afternoon we went for a little walk, when I talked and talked to my heart's content, while Mademoiselle Peters put in a question now and then and laughed with me over the climax to my queer experience with the French officer.

We had grown so indifferent to the constant booming of the guns that we forgot all about the war until we neared the hospital on our way back. Here a German aëroplane attracted our attention. It was flying very low and seemed particularly interested in the buildings.

"Now what do you suppose he is looking for?" Mademoiselle Peters remarked, as we watched the enemy airman making wide circles above the roofs painted with huge red crosses.

"No one can tell what the *Boches* have in mind to do," I said bitterly. "Perhaps he 's getting ready to bomb the place."

Mademoiselle Peters laughed.

"You French surely believe the worst of the Germans!" she declared. "I admit they are pretty bad; but I 'm certain they won't harm a hospital. That would be too brutal. The Red Cross will protect us."

"They fired upon it when it was flying from the cathedral," I reminded her.

"That was n't a real hospital," she insisted, and, as if to prove me in the wrong, the aëroplane rose and went swiftly away to the north. When it had disappeared we forgot all about it for the time being.

Always, on Sundays, the nurses and doctors gathered to have tea together in the English fashion. We all looked forward with much pleasure to this half-hour, and it was a happy little party of men and girls who laughed and joked at the privations they were forced to endure.

"If we were not cheerful," Mademoiselle Peters said to me, as we listened for a moment to the hum of busy tongues about us, "if we did not try to see the lighter side of our work, I think, Jeannette, we should all go crazy."

She had scarcely ceased speaking when there came a terrific crash, followed by another and then another. The house we were in shook with the shock of it, and on the instant every lip was sealed. We eyed each other for a second with startled faces.

Three other explosions rent the air, so near that we instinctively shrank back, shuddering. Every one in that room had had some experience with shells in one part of France or another; but the unexpectedness of this attack appalled us all for the moment. Then one of the doctors recovered his wits.

"I guess it 's our turn," he remarked calmly. "A *Boche* aëroplane is bombing us."

In the hush that followed we heard the falling of glass, the clatter of splintered wood, followed by sharp cries of pain and fear.

This brought us to our feet and there was a rush for the door. At the sound of those pleas for help we forgot ourselves on the instant.

In the open, the purring of the engine was

plainly audible, and I looked up to see an aëroplane almost directly over my head. Even as my eyes were upon it, a dark object was dropped to the ground, a flash and a detonation resulting that shook the earth under my feet.

Then came a shout of "Fire!" and I saw smoke rising from the building at the end of the little group. Inside it, I knew that there were a dozen prostrate men who could not escape unaided. Their only salvation lay in the devotion of the men and women who rushed to their rescue without thought of their own peril.

Somehow or other I had stayed near Mademoiselle Peters and now found myself running at her side.

"They are deliberately bombing us!" she shouted in my ear. "I could not have believed that there were such people living. They care nothing for the Red Cross or anything else. They are murderers!"

Her tone was one of deep anger and resentment. She was an American, with none of the feelings that years of insult and attempted oppression had bred in the French, yet I could add nothing to the tone of loathing, contempt, and horror that this girl from across the sea had now for the *Boches*.

But this was no time to talk. All of us had work to do. Mademoiselle Peters and I entered the smoke-filled building with the others, and strove desperately to remove the wounded as quickly as possible. We found a *poilu* who could not put foot to the ground. There was only one way for us to save his life and that was to carry him out in his blankets and sheet.

How we managed it I do not know. I was at one end and Mademoiselle Peters at the other, and somehow we reached the air with our maimed burden slung between us as in a hammock. We staggered with him to the next building, and as there was no empty bed we laid him gently on the floor.

"Thank you, thank you," he said, through set lips. "I am all right here. Go back to the others. I wish I could help you."

That the man suffered intensely I know, yet he had the courage to thank us and think of others.

We rushed back, but by this time the entire building was ablaze, and a draft of hot air stopped us on the threshold. For an instant it seemed impossible to breathe.

"Come on, Jeannette," cried Mademoiselle Peters; "we must go in!" and with her head lowered she entered the smoke-filled room. I followed, but we had scarcely taken a step when some one bumped into us.

"Where are the rest?" demanded Mademoiselle Peters.

"This is the last one," came the answer out of the murk of smoke. "All out! Hurry!"

With a thankful heart that all were saved, I turned and found my way into the air, filling my lungs with a deep breath of it. Mademoiselle Peters stood panting at my side.

"Thank Heaven, we 've saved them!" she half sobbed. "Oh, Jeannette, how can the Germans do such things?"

I did not answer, for once more there came the throb of an aëroplane engine above our heads.

"They 've come back!" some one shouted. "Look out! Here 's another bomb!"

It burst so close to us that I reeled, and in my eyes there was a flash as of lightning, hot and terrible. In that blinding light two or three figures closer to the point of explosion fell like wooden images, so unlifelike did they appear against the background of flaming gas. Mademoiselle Peters was flung to the earth, but jumped to her feet the next moment.

"The brutes are bombing us again!" she cried, with flashing eyes. "Oh, how I wish I were a man!"

More bombs were dropping, and again the flames began to crackle, this time on the roof of the building where we had a few moments before placed our rescued patients. All the work had to be done again, and now by fewer hands. Some were lying prone, nurses, doctors, and ambulance men, who would never help in this world again.

It was dreadful.

After a time I lost touch with Mademoiselle Peters and was aiding another nurse to bear a stretcher upon which lay an unconscious *poilu*. As I was making for the door I collided with a huge fellow with a bandaged head, whose wide, uncertain gestures showed me at once that he was blind.

"Stay here and I 'll come back for you!" I shouted.

"Good, Mademoiselle," he answered, and stood still, while I struggled out once more into the air.

It was some minutes, I suppose, before I was free to return, but as I ran back to enter the burning building a hand stayed me.

"You must not go in," a voice shouted in my ear. "It 's impossible!"

"I must! I must!" I cried, and wrenched myself free, remembering the helpless *poilu* waiting for me.

A heavy black cloud poured through the door as I plunged in. I felt the acrid vapor

clutch my throat with a smothering grip. For an instant I faltered. It did seem impossible; but I had bidden the blind soldier stay till I returned.

I must find him.

Only by instinct did I reach the man, standing rigidly on the spot where I had last seen him. I grasped him by the arm and turned toward the dim glow in the thickening smoke which indicated the doorway.

As I started to lead him, my giant began to laugh uproariously.

"This is n't funny, Monsieur!" I cried out in irritation, choking with the hot fumes that enveloped us.

"Oh, is n't it?" he shouted. "Here am I, the strongest man in my regiment, being led like a dancing bear by a girl. That 's funny, is n't it? Either I must laugh, Mademoiselle, or I shall cry."

Even in the confusion of that ghastly, reeking room, the thought came to me that my huge *poilu* was right. In this dreadful business of war, as fought today, we must either laugh or cry. There is no middle way to live through it.

But that was the last connected thinking I did for some time. The smoke was blinding me, too, and my senses were reeling. On our way to the door we struck against a cot. It seemed to be of enormous size. The second I groped in the darkness was to me an interminable hour. Flashes of light sprang up before my eyes, and I knew not whether they were flame or the delusions of my fast ebbing consciousness. I gasped for more air to fill my laboring lungs, struggling against threatening suffocation. In my ears was a Babel of sounds, bewildering and chaotic. Yet through this mad muddle of my senses I held to one thought. I must save my *poilu!* And somehow or other we reached the door. Out into the blessed sunlight we stumbled, safe, at least for the moment. My mind cleared as two nurses and a doctor came running up to us.

"A thousand thanks for saving me," my blind soldier shouted above the din, "when the war is over, Mademoiselle, your bear will dance for you."

I laughed with him, hardly knowing what I did, and then I became aware of the now dreaded humming of an aëroplane.

"Look out! Here 's another!" some one cried, and that was all I heard.

For, the next instant, a great blinding flash of light pierced my brain, followed by a deep and velvety blackness.

CHAPTER XXXIV

LA CROIX DE GUERRE

Before I opened my eyes again I was dimly aware of a most pleasing sensation of tranquillity. It was as if I had laid myself down on a deep bed of moss in a cool and shady place after a long hot walk in midsummer. It was a most delightful feeling, and I lay quiet, smiling with the dreamy comfort of complete relaxation. I had no desire to move. No wish to open my eyes. No thought but of this wonderful restfulness and blissful bodily ease.

Gradually, after what seemed long hours, there came to me a hint of speculation as to what had happened; but I put it from me for a time, satisfied to let myself drift along without care and without sensation, save that of perfect serenity. But little by little a curiosity grew upon me. I was not aware of any life outside of my own hardly conscious existence. There was no sound, not even the shadow of a world beyond my dim perceptions. Yet my mind gradually awakened to the realization that there was something more about me than simply a vague and fleeting knowledge of my own identity. I shortly began to remember that I was Jeannette de Martigny and with that memory came a reawakening to what had been happening in my little world before this period of serene passiveness. Then, like a scene, half hidden by a cloud of fog, I pictured that last mad effort to save the wounded in the hospital. The choking grip of the smoke at my throat when I had tried to lead my blind *poilu* out of the building; the great glare of that last bomb and the sudden blackness that had enveloped me. I knew what had happened now, and smiled at the thought. I was dead, and there was a glad feeling in my heart that all this wonderful calmness of spirit could have but one explanation—I was in Heaven.

To me it was a beautiful thought. I opened my eyes and looked up into the face of my father, bending toward me with a smile upon his lips. There he was, my dear papa, looking just as I had known him upon the earth, with warm love for me shining in his eyes. There could be no doubt now as to where I was. I had left my body behind me and was with him whom I had loved best in the world, high above all cares and troubles. What more could I ask of Heaven than to give him back to me?

Curiously enough, I was content to lie and look up at him. It was sufficient that we were together again. There was plenty of time to put my arms about him. For the present I was

too happy to move; too blissful to break the wonderful spell that seemed to hold me.

But presently, out of the corner of my eye, I saw another figure standing a little way off. It was Mademoiselle Peters, in her uniform, and the red cross she wore seemed to gleam as if it were alive. For a moment, sadness filled me. It was too bad that she should have died too. For myself there was nothing to regret, on the contrary, I was joyful that I was with Papa again; but for her I was conscious of a great sorrow, so that I felt the tears brimming my eyes. Poor Mademoiselle Peters, they would miss her very much, I was certain. She was so quick to help and so cheerful in the hospital. There would be difficulty in filling her place.

Then I became aware of rustling sounds, as of people walking about, careful not to make a noise. A murmur of low-pitched voices afar off came to me with gentle familiarity, as if I had heard it many times before. I wondered for a while what they could signify, and then, with something of a shock, I remembered hearing just such murmurs in the hospital at Neuilly.

Yes, that was it! The hushed hum of voices was characteristic, and there was Mademoiselle Peters just as she always was, for when I looked again the red cross had lost its radiance.

Of a sudden a great fear seized my heart, and, turning my head a little, I saw that beside me was a white bed; beyond it was another; and so on, an endless row. At the foot of the long room there was a door, a wide double-door so that stretchers could enter easily. Around one of the beds there was a screen, and behind it, I knew, there was one struggling with death, a patient whose case was desperate. All about me were the old familiar things which make the bare furnishings of a ward. I had not left the earth after all. I was in a hospital and not in heaven, as I had supposed.

With a pang in my heart, I turned my eyes to seek Father's face, dreading to find it gone; but there it was, smiling lovingly as before. Yet I knew that he was dead. What could it mean? Was it only a dream? Was I very ill, and was this dearly loved face the product of an imagination made vivid by my weakness? He seemed so real and strong and alive—and oh, the loving smile upon his lips!

Then came the thought that if I could only take hold of him, put my arms about him and cling with all my strength, I would be able to keep him with me always. That he would not vanish as does a dream when one awakens.

But when I tried to move, my body seemed to have lost the power to stir itself, and the anguish in my heart was more than I could bear. I must embrace Papa to keep him with me, else would I be left alone again, and summoning all my will I struggled against the dead load of my passive body. With an effort that seemed to wrench my very soul I lifted myself from the pillow and flung my heavy arms about his neck, my own cry echoing in my ears:

"Oh, Papa, Papa! I cannot let you go! I cannot let you go. Stay with me, please stay with me!"

I felt his arms about me, strong and alive, and in my ear his murmured words of comfort.

"My dear, my dear! It 's all right. I 'm not going away. I 'm going to stay a long time. It was all a mistake about my being dead. My little Jeannette! *Ma petite fille!* Don't sob so. See, it 's all right. I 've come back to you as well as I ever was."

I clung to him, shaking from head to foot, fearing for a time that my very ears were playing me a trick; but in a little the realization came to me that we were both alive and in each other's arms. Nothing mattered after that, though I still clung to him desperately, while he patted and comforted me till I grew calm again. Then I heard Mademoiselle Peters speaking to me.

"Jeannette, dear, you must lie quiet or I shall have to send your father away."

She needed to say it but once, for at that threat I lay down like a lamb, ready to do anything that I was told rather than that he should go away from me.

"May I talk?" I asked with a smile.

"A little," she said, "but not too much."

"I 'll do most of the talking," Father cut in. "I must tell Jeannette how it happens that I am still here. Is n't that what you wanted to know, dear?" he asked me.

I nodded my head.

"That is just what I wanted to know," I whispered.

"In that case I 'll leave you to yourselves," Mademoiselle Peters suggested, and went off to her duties.

Then Father told me about his adventure which, as he said, was quite simple after all. He was n't killed, as André supposed, though he had been pretty badly wounded; but the Germans had taken him prisoner and for weeks he had lain in one of their hospitals. After he was strong enough, they sent him

to a prison camp in Germany, where he was dreadfully treated and given scarcely enough to eat. Then, because he could talk English and pretended to be an American, he managed to escape to Holland—and from there it was no trouble to come back home.

"I looked to find you in Paris," he ended. "I knew you would be worried about me, so I hurried there as fast as I could."

"And you found me in Rheims in a hospital!" I said, thinking it strange. "But what is the matter with me?" I asked; remembering that I did not really know why I was there.

"You were shocked by the explosion of a bomb, my dear," he answered. "Luckily you were not wounded, but it will be some time yet before you are out of bed."

I was not particularly curious about my own condition. Papa was there, and nothing else seemed to matter.

Presently, as we talked, I noticed that on my nightgown was the cross of war which Father had won, and in a moment I was fumbling at it.

"It 's yours," I told him. "I want to pin it on your uniform."

He leaned over, and soon it was on his breast. I was very glad.

"It looks better there," I said. "Now I can see it."

"Yes, but I can't," he laughed. "Before, while you were wearing it, I could admire it without trouble. Now I shall have to stand before the mirror all day."

I laughed, of course,—that is what he wanted me to do,—and he too laughed. Then the tears came into his eyes and he leaned down and kissed me again.

"Oh, my dear, it is so good to hear that laugh of yours!" he whispered.

And then I laughed again, knowing of what he was thinking, though the tears were in my eyes too.

But we were very happy and, to crown all, the next day there came a high officer into the ward who was led directly to my bed. I looked up at him and recognized the gentleman I had met at the general's headquarters that night I went to try to help Léon. He and Father knew each other and shook hands; then the officer turned to me with his queer, inexpressive face.

"Mademoiselle," he began formally, "I have the pleasure of being commissioned to bestow upon you the medal for bravery, the Croix de Guerre."

"For me?" I cried out in surprise. "Why, I have done nothing!"

"Mademoiselle," he replied, "you have saved the life of a soldier at the immediate risk of your own. That deed alone is worthy of the Cross, but we find, upon examination, that in Paris as well as in Rheims, in all things you have acted as a brave and worthy daughter of our land. The Abbé Chinot tells us that you should have had the Cross long ago for what you did here in the first days of the bombardment of the cathedral. In Paris I learned that you set your hand willingly to any duty that might help our soldiers——"

"Monsieur," I interrupted, "that required no bravery."

"Mademoiselle," he answered, soberly, "the Croix de Guerre stands for something more than doing brave things on the battle-field. It means more than doing one's duty as it comes in the day's work of the soldier. It is a badge to show the spirit of the wearer. That brave and glorious spirit that has held us all under one banner, the tricolor of France."

"Then all French women should wear the medal," I observed, "and the men, too."

"Mademoiselle," he returned with a little bow, "I agree with you, but until a new order is issued the Cross is given to those who have both the spirit and the achievement. Permit me."

He leaned over the bed and pinned a new Cross upon my breast.

"My congratulations, *Monsieur le Capitaine*," he said, turning to Father. "Upon another occasion I shall have the pleasure to talk more at length upon the services of your daughter."

He started to go, but I called to him.

"Oh, Monsieur, what has happened to Léon——"

"He is in Paris, Mademoiselle. He has given us much valuable information. I think you deserve another medal for saving him." And with that he went stiffly out of the ward.

For a moment Father and I looked at each other without speaking.

"Well," he began finally, "now I shall not have to stand in front of the mirror to see a Cross of War."

"Nor shall I," was my answer; and then a thought came to plague me. "Will you have to go back to your regiment?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "you would not have it otherwise, I know."

"And I back to my funny little school. You remember, Father," I went on, "how I longed to do something as our dear saint did to save France? How I wanted to be a boy and go to the front? Well, I have found my work and am happy. Wait till you have seen my

LA CROIX DE GUERRE

"With a pang in my heart, I turned to seek Father's face . . . there it was, smiling lovingly as before."

little school, and Paul and Henriette and Alice and—and little Fleurette. They will be fine French men and women, and I shall have helped to make them good citizens. That is worth something, is n't it?"

For a moment he sat silent, thinking deeply, then he spoke with quiet gravity.

"When this war is done, when we have put an end to war, it will be known by all people that it is better to make good citizens than the finest general that ever lived. *Le Bon Dieu* has found work for us all, and I think the good Saint Jeanne is right pleased to see the Cross upon your breast."

"It was she who helped me to win it," I answered. "She is still leading France, Papa, but when will the war end?"

"When we have made the earth safe for kindly people who wish to live at peace with all the world," he replied.

AN EXTRACT FROM JEANNETTE'S DIARY

RHEIMS, April 3rd, 1915.

To-morrow I am to leave the hospital and return to my school *dans la terre*. I think they have kept me here too long. I shall be glad to be with my children once more. And Léon Guyot came to see me to-day. He is not a spy in future, but will train for the aviation. He looks very handsome in his uniform.

Also a letter came from Eddie Reed. He begs me to answer him. His French is very funny. Perhaps it is my duty to help him write our language better. This is a matter which requires consideration. Léon is not as tall as Eddie, but he has fine eyes.

Papa is expecting to be ordered *lâ bas*. It will be hard to let him go but—*c'est la guerre!* Whatever happens, we shall endure.

Vive la France!

THE END

RUSTY ON THE TRACK

By JOSEPH T. KESCEL

STRAIGHT out onto the brush-dotted flat they raced at top speed, their pounding hoofs kicking up tiny dust-clouds that were quickly scattered by the stiff southwest-Texas breeze. A hundred yards—two—three—a quarter-mile; then the snaky lariat noose, circling above Houston Page's head, suddenly shot forward and settled around the neck of a magnificent big black horse, saddled and bridled, but riderless. Rusty, Houston's beautiful sorrel, at once started to slow down. The rope grew taut, and the black was brought to a standstill just as a half dozen bronzed-faced cowboys dashed up, Jack Bromley in the lead.

"By ginger"—Bromley coaxingly made his way to the black's head, picked up the bridle-reins, and tossed off the lariat,—"you and that hoss of yours are sure a winnin' team!"

And a winning team they were, too; Houston, alert, sturdy, brown-faced, blue-eyed, and easy in the saddle, and the trim-built sorrel with the points of a racer, whose silky coat, so much the color of rusty gold, had given him his name, "Rusty," well known to horsemen along a big strip of the Rio Grande. Houston laughed, coiled his rope, and all hands rode for the low hill where the chase had started.

Bromley, tall, lean, dark, free of speech—a young broncho-buster—was doing all the talking as the party loped up to a swarthy, black-eyed Mexican sitting on a rock, idly swishing his quirt.

"Pablo, you 're in luck that there was one real hoss in the outfit." Bromley chuckled, turned over the bridle-reins, then went on, "If there had n't been, that almost good nag of yours would 've splashed across the Rio Grande before sundown."

Pablo resented the jocular remarks and showed it by frowning brows. "Nothin' here as fast!" he growled, swinging into the saddle.

Bromley snorted. "Pablo, you make me snicker. He 's just about fast enough to run his nose in a feed of oats. I 'll admit he 's a little faster than the average cayuse, with a leg on each corner, and head, tail, and teeth; but he ain't in Rusty's class at all. I 'd be willin' to bet a forty-pound, full-rigged saddle against a collar-button the sorrel could run him off his feet in a quarter-mile dash."

"Pooh!" Pablo sniffed; "all talk!"

"Yuh think so?" Bromley glanced at the sun, now well down in the heavens, winked at Houston, then again turned to Pablo. "Well, what 's the matter with makin' sure? We 've got a good chance before startin' for the ranch, and the hosses ain't tired. What do yuh say to a race?"

Pablo jumped at the idea, for he felt sure as to the outcome. Rusty had overtaken his horse, but he was certain the black had not done its best. "All right," he said, and looked at Houston's smiling, freckled face, and into his clear blue eyes that were taking in the scene. "What you say? All ready, Señor?"

"A SWARTHY MEXICAN, SETTING ON A ROCK"

"Sure! I 'll go you a quarter; that won't tire 'em much."

Houston's words made Pablo smile, for a quarter-mile was exactly the distance he wanted.

Bromley immediately took charge of the whole affair. Looking over the flat, he picked out a fairly clear, hard, level strip, spurred his horse into a run, waved his hat in the air, and yelled, "Come on!" With his eye he measured off a quarter-mile, then appointed starters and judges and told Houston and Pablo to get ready.

Houston rode back of the starters, but beyond shortening his stirrup-straps a trifle, did nothing to prepare for the race. Pablo, however, prepared enough for two, because he intended to win if it were possible. First, he took off the heavy stock-saddle, mounted bareback, and, as the fast-setting sun shone on his brown face, announced, "I 'm ready!" Time and again he tried to jockey Houston into a bad start, only to be neatly blocked by the alert young Texan, who was always on time.

At last Houston yawned, purposely, glanced toward the sun, now partly hidden behind the hills, then drawled, "I say, Pablo, it 's gettin' late. Go ahead! I 'll catch you."

The black was off like an arrow, with a good fifty-foot lead, Rusty bounded into his stride, and the race was on. Before the first two hundred yards had been covered, Pablo looked back over his shoulder and immediately started to use quirt and spur. Still, he did not draw away from that racing red streak behind. Another hundred yards, and Rusty's nose was at the black's flanks. The next hundred, and Pablo could see a khaki-clad back, and pounding hoofs that appeared to scarcely touch the ground. And as they flashed by the judges, with Houston and the sorrel romping in as the winner, Pablo knew his black was greatly outmatched.

Houston was extremely gracious when the

two horses stopped side by side, some distance out on the flat, for he was not the kind to rub it into a loser.

"That 's a mighty good hoss you 've got there, Pablo," he said, in his soft-spoken, southwestern drawl, taking in the black's heaving sides.

Pablo showed all over that he was a poor loser, and grunted something that Houston did not hear as they turned and made for the starting-line.

But every one was not so magnanimous as Houston, for when the racers came up, Bromley greeted Pablo with a good-natured poke in the ribs, quickly followed by a laughing, "What yuh think now? Huh?"

Pablo glared at Bromley before he shot back, "He is a little faster than my horse, but I know of one that can leave him far behind."

"Haw—Haw—Haw! Pablo, you make me feel coltish," and Bromley once more prodded the Mexican's ribs.

"Cut it out!" Pablo now lost his temper entirely, brushed Bromley's hand aside savagely, and, while speaking English, unconsciously used the pompous style of his mother tongue. "You give me the great pain. You have altogether too much freshness. The Rusty horse is slower than a hobbled cow alongside one I know. It is I who will laugh, should the two ever be brought together!"

"Whew-w-w!" At Bromley's drawn out exclamation, Pablo's black eyes flashed and both hands clenched. "Where is this wonderful old plug you 're talking about?" Bromley went on, easily. "Can he beat the black?"

"He has beaten everything that has ever been matched against him, and they were the best horses of my country."

Bromley beamed, for an idea had suddenly formed in his mind. "I say, Pablo," he broke out, "you 're all right after all, and I 'll stop my funny business. I ain't joshing now. Why can't we get these hosses together?"

All hands formed into a circular group before Pablo replied, "That is what I 'd like to do."

Bromley looked at Houston. "What do you say, lad?"

Houston nodded. Then he suddenly held up his hand. "Hold on a second. I don't mind running Rusty a quarter or a half, but no long distance. And remember this, no betting—*no betting!*"

Pablo's lip curled. "Already backing down?"

"Don't you ever believe it!" Without waiting for a reply Houston went on, "There are a whole lot of people like you that think a person can't get fun out of anything or be a sportsman without betting. That 's where you 're wrong. I figure the real sportsman is the one that goes into anything with the idea of winning, not how much will be made out of it. If your man's got the sand to run his hoss under those conditions, trot him along."

Bromley looked rather taken aback and started to speak, but checked himself as Houston's hand went up again, this time with, "Rusty 's my hoss, Jack."

The conditions had n't struck Pablo as very good either, for he knew that his countrymen would back their choice to the limit if a race could be arranged. He would jeer the young gringo into different terms and sneered, "Piker!" Then he flashed his even, white teeth and laughed. Bromley looked glum, but said nothing.

"How does this strike you?" Houston resumed, as he lazily lounged over his saddle-horn. "What 's the matter with making this a race between the fastest hoss in Mexico and the best little hoss in the United States? I won't say mine is the fastest, but I can say I think he 's the best. If you beat 'im, you 'll know that wonder of yours has been running."

"I 'll bet you everything I own that—"

"You won't bet me a single centavo," Houston broke in, straightening up and making ready to ride off. "If you want to show that you are a real sportsman, trot your hoss around. I 'll be on the job at any time."

"Bueno," was the only word that left Pablo's lips, but the uppermost thought in his mind was, "After the race, these Americanos will not feel so stuck up." Hurriedly resaddling, he started for the Rio Grande, while Houston and the others rode to the Page ranch, thinking Pablo was only talking.

Two days later, at sundown, Pablo turned his horse into one of Page's corrals and immediately found Houston. "Be ready a week from to-day for a half-mile dash," he said, his black eyes dancing. "Don Juan and 'Silver Plume' are on the way here now. They will travel much slower than I, to have the horse in the best condition possible. Don Juan said it was fair, your country against mine. He also must be what you call a sportsman, for he has told my people there must be no betting."

At no time had Houston thought Rusty would ever be matched against the famous Silver Plume, whose wonderful speed made him the pride of every Mexican. Bromley was in his element, and sent word to the nearby towns and ranches for everybody to be on

hand the following Thursday. He would allow no one but Houston and the two rubbers near Rusty. "We ain't takin' no chances on our hoss bein' doped," he would say, if some visitor tried to stroke the sorrel's glossy neck. "Course I know you 're all right, but stay where you are, and we 'll be just as good friends."

Houston's father, John Page, tall, grizzled, does me good to see you. Now may the best horse win!"

Of course, every one was very anxious to see Silver Plume, but all that was visible of him, even during exercise, was his noble-looking head, glossy silver neck, tail of light iron-grey, four trim legs and small round hoofs that appeared to spurn the ground, for his

"DON JUAN AND AN ESCORT OF SIX MEXICANS ARRIVED"

and straight-backed — a typical rancher — laughed at Bromley, but never interfered. "You and the boy are doing this," he said, "so run it to suit yourselves."

Saturday afternoon, Juan Sanchez, better known as Don Juan, the famous Silver Plume, and an escort of six Mexicans, arrived. Don Juan was a Spaniard, quite bald and very fat, and seemed to take great pride in his long black mustache and spiked goatee. He was soon installed in Page's best room, and pounding Houston on the back with his pudgy hand. *"Ha, ha,"* he chuckled; "a real sportsman! It body was always covered with a thin cotton fly-blanket.

At last the eventful day arrived. Shortly after breakfast Houston and Don Juan walked to the track so they could look things over. Before crossing the starting-line, Don Juan stopped and critically surveyed the two six-foot strips of cleared ground extending more than a half-mile out on the floorlike valley. Waist-high brush flanked all sides, while a hedgelike growth separated the tracks for their full length.

"It 's father's idea," Houston explained.

"This is where he tries out the polo ponies he ships back East. He says that brush in the middle keeps the hosses apart and gives each one an equal show."

Don Juan pulled at his goatee. "Good idea," he said, and they moved on.

The race was to be at three o'clock, but long before noon the valley was dotted with an eager crowd. The Mexicans were the first to arrive; coming on foot, astride patient little burros, horses, mules, and in creaking, heavy wagons, fashionable rigs, and automobiles. They selected a spot about half-way between the starting-line and finishing-post, but a few rods from the track, and settled down for a real holiday.

Exactly at three o'clock the expectant throng had their first look at Silver Plume, as the Mexican champion was paraded over the track. And a handsome picture he made, wide between the eyes, full at the nostrils, broad-chested, high-hipped, a shining silver beauty. Perched upon his back, riding native fashion with a surcingle strapped over his knees, was Don Juan's noted jockey, Pancho Guzman.

Pancho was also a study. A wily, dried-up Chihuahua Indian, well past thirty, but weighing only ninety pounds. Stripped to the waist, a bright red handkerchief tied around his head, and his long, skinny arms grasping the bridle-reins, the little jockey greatly resembled a crouching brown monkey. Cheer after cheer arose from Americans and Mexicans alike as he guided Silver Plume onward.

Soon the onlookers were greeted by the sight of another thoroughbred, a trim-built sorrel. A true head, full brown eyes, tremendous depth of chest, slim-barreled, and a coat that shone like rusty gold. In points there was little difference, but Silver Plume was somewhat the heavier, perhaps by a hundred pounds, while Houston weighted forty pounds more than Pancho. The advantage was all with Silver Plume, but as Rusty gingerly trotted toward the starting-line, his reception was deafening.

Houston's only preparation for the race had been to clean up a light jockey saddle, have his hair cut, and put on a clean suit of khaki. He would ride without whip or spur, knowing that Rusty would do his best for the half-mile dash with but little urging.

Grouped on each side of the starting-line were more than a hundred mounted men, partly Mexicans, and all of whom were there to see fair play. The instant the racers should start, all hands would charge in behind them, yelling at the top of their voices, waving their hats in the air, and rush onward to the finish.

Never had any of them seen a fairer start. There had been no jockeying for position. Like one horse, Rusty and Silver Plume shot across the line, their pounding hoofs raising the dust-clouds that quickly rolled into one. Neck and neck they tore onward, Pancho crouching low over Silver Plume's withers, his beady eyes on the clear strip ahead. Houston likewise leaned far forward, until his head was over Rusty's neck. Neither rider had as yet called for greater speed. Each one was waiting for the final spurt that would spell victory.

Pancho, watchful, cool, a jockey for years, was overlooking nothing. Houston, just as cool, with the utmost confidence in his own gallant mount, was tense, expectant, waiting.

On they rushed, faster and faster. Sometimes a red nose would be ever so slightly in the lead, then a silver; but the relative position was not changed. Three hundred yards were covered in a whirlwind burst of speed. The first quarter-mile had just come to an end when something happened that almost made Houston's heart stand still. A black-haired Mexican child of two, who had been left asleep under one of the wagons, while the mother eagerly watched the race, toddled from the brush on Houston's side and wonderingly took in the onrushing horse.

Houston's first thought was to guide Rusty off the track, later swing back again, then do his best to win, anyway. He had barely pulled on the rein when something, until the moment entirely forgotten, came to him. Some place behind was that troop of wild-riding horsemen, who in all probability would never see the child, enveloped in the dust raised by Rusty's hoofs. There was but one thing to do —and Houston did it. Leaning far over, he grabbed an outstretched arm, hoisted the little one in front of him, and prepared for the best finish he could put up. But as the child's frightened squawk trailed off into a plaintive wail, he knew that the chances of winning were very meager. Rusty had not only been thrown off his stride, but had been further handicapped by a good twenty-five pounds; and Silver Plume was now two lengths ahead.

When the sorrel settled down to business again, Pancho was grinning back over his shoulder, sure that the race was practically won. Others thought the same, but it was still quite a distance to where John Page and Don Juan held a tightened cord across the track.

Suddenly Pancho realized that the race was not over, by any means, for the gap had in

some way narrowed. He was the old Pancho at once, alert, crafty, with his free hand swinging his snake-like quirt.

Silver Plume increased his gait. So did Rusty. Like a shadow, red crept closer to silver. The Mexican child screamed, wiggled, and clawed, increasing the handicap, but still the red nose grew closer to a shining flank. But no one thought that the sorrel could win; the lead was too great. Rusty thought differently, however, and he was doing the running. Little by little, he closed the gap until his head was even with Silver Plume's hindquarters, while that taut piece of cord seemed tearing toward them.

"THERE WAS BUT ONE THING TO DO—AND HOUSTON DID IT"

In vicious, long-arm swings Pancho brought his quirt whistling down; still he could not shake off that red streak, always creeping toward the lead. Never before had he been obliged to use the whip so freely.

Another hundred yards at the same whirlwind clip, and the lead had been cut down still more. The eyes of every spectator were set, breath was held back, while a thousand hands convulsively opened and closed. Houston hugged the child to his chest and whispered between set teeth, "Be quiet! Be quiet!" at the same time inwardly groaning on account of the little he could do.

Head to shoulder now, with Silver Plume running as he had never run before, and the finish a scant hundred feet distant. "Silver-red, silver-red," seemed to be the tune that was pounded out by the twinkling hoofs. Down swished the quirt, but before it was upraised again Rusty's head was half-way along the silver neck. Two more strides and it was even with the throat-latch. Another, and the horses were neck and neck. The next, and a red nose struck the taut cord ever so slightly in advance of a silver one, and as the immense crowd broke into wild cheers that echoed and reëchoed far out on the valley, Rusty of his own accord slowed down—a winner!

The crowd was still cheering when, a few moment's later, an excited Mexican woman snatched up her child; but every one became silent as Don Juan elbowed his way to Houston's side, grasped an extended hand, and broke out, "I feel honored in knowing you, Señor; so fine a lad, and as true a sportsman!"

THE CAMERONS OF HIGHBORO

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Author of "Cinderella's Granddaughter"

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIVE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

ELLIOTT CAMERON, petted American girl, came to her Uncle Bob's in Highboro while her father went overseas for a year on business for the Government. She had not wanted to come and she planned to go away again just as soon as the scarlet fever quarantine, which had banished her and her cousin Stannard to Highboro, should be lifted from her Uncle James's house. But in spite of herself she liked the people at Cameron Farm, and after a while she liked the farm. There must have been magic in it, for actually, when the six weeks are up, she did not want to go away at all! She couldn't face a bit happily any prospect of leaving Uncle Bob and Aunt Jessica and Laura and Harry and Gertrude and Tom and Priscilla —not excepting Bruce Fearing, who was n't a cousin at all, but who, with his brother Pete, now flying in France with Bob Cameron, had been adopted by the Robert Camerons when the Fearings were children. And, of course, there was no reason, aside from her own wish, why Elliott should go away.

It was on the very day she made this discovery that she cooked her first dinner, that word came that Sidney, Laura's twin brother, was ill at Camp Devens. "Mother Jess" went to him at once, and with her went Laura, because Elliott had said she was sure that, with all the help the Camerons and their neighbors, the Gordons, would give her, she could keep house in their absence. But, oh, how different it was from having Mother Jess there! And Sidney's illness increased daily, and word came to Bruce that Pete was "missing," and Elliott cabled her father and got no word in reply. Then the world grew very black indeed.

CHAPTER XI

"MISSING"

SURE enough, in the morning came better news, Father Bob's face, when he turned around from the telephone, told that, even before he opened his lips.

"Sidney is holding his own," he said.

You may think that was n't much better news, but it meant a great deal to the Camerons. "Sidney is holding his own," they told every one who inquired, and their faces were hopeful. If Father Bob had any fears, he kept them to himself. The rest of the Camerons were all young, and it did n't seem possible to them that Sidney could do anything but get well. Last night had been a bad dream, that was all.

The next morning's message had the word "better" in it. "Little" stood before "better," but nobody, not even Father Bob, paid much attention to "little." Sidney was better. It was a week before Mother Jess wrote that the doctors pronounced him out of danger and that she and Laura would soon be home. Meanwhile, many things had happened.

You might have thought that Sidney's illness was enough trouble to come to the Camerons at one time, but as Bruce quoted, with a twist in his smile, "It never rains but it pours." This time Bruce himself got the message which came from the War Department and read, "Regret to inform you that Lieutenant Peter Fearing has been reported missing since September fifteenth. Letter follows."

The Camerons felt as badly as though Peter Fearing had been their own brother.

"The telegram does n't say that he 's dead," Trudy declared over and over again.

"Maybe he 's a prisoner," Tom suggested.

"Perhaps he had to come down in a wood somewhere," Henry speculated, "and will get back to our lines."

"The Government makes mistakes sometimes," Stannard said. "There was a woman in Upton—" He went on with a long story about a woman whose son was reported killed in France on the very day the boy had been in his mother's house on furlough from a cantonment. "So you never can tell," he wound up.

"No, you never can tell," Bruce agreed; but he did n't look convinced.

"Don't anybody write Mother Jess," he said. "She and Laura have enough to worry about with Sid."

"What if they see it in the papers?" Elliott asked.

"They 're busy. Ten to one they won't see it, since it is n't head-lined on the front page. Wait till we get the letter."

After all, the letter, when it came, did n't tell them much. The letter said that Lieutenant Peter Fearing had gone out with his squadron on a bombing expedition well within the enemy lines. The formation had successfully accomplished its raid and was returning, when it was taken by surprise and surrounded by a greatly superior force of enemy 'planes, which gave the Americans a running fight of thirty-nine minutes to their lines. Lieutenant

Fearing's was one of two 'planes which failed to return to the aërodrome. When last seen, his machine was in combat with four Hun 'planes over enemy territory.

"What did I tell you?" interrupted Tom. "He 's a prisoner."

An airplane had been reported as falling in flames near this spot; but whether it was Lieutenant Fearing's machine or another, nothing was yet at hand to prove. The writer begged to remain, etc., etc.

No, that letter only opened up fresh fields for Cameron imaginations to torment Cameron hearts. Nobody had happened to think before of Pete's machine catching fire.

"Gracious!" said Henry, "if that 'plane was his—"

"There 's no certainty that it was," said Bruce, quickly.

"If that machine was Pete's," Father Bob mused, "Hun aviators may drop word of him within our lines. They have done that kind of thing before."

"Would n't Bob cable if he knew anything more than this letter says?" Gertrude questioned.

"I expect Bob's waiting to find out something certain before he cables," said Father Bob. "Doubtless he has written. We shall just have to wait for his letter."

"Wait—gee!" whispered Henry.

"Both the boys' letters were so awfully late in the summer!" sighed Gertrude. "How can we ever wait for a letter from Bob?"

Elliott said nothing at all. Her heart was aching with sympathy for Bruce. When a person could do something, she thought, it helped tremendously. Mother Jess and Laura had gone to Sidney, and she had had a chance to make Laura's going possible; but there did n't seem to be anything she could do for Bruce. And she wanted to do something for Bruce; she found that she wanted to dreadfully. Thinking about Mother Jess and Laura reminded her to look up and ask, "What *are* we going to write them at Camp Devens?"

Then she discovered that she and Bruce were alone in the room. He was sitting at Mother Jess's desk in as deep a brown study as she had been. The girl's voice roused him.

"The kind of thing we 've been writing—home news. Time enough to tell them about Pete when they get here. By that time, perhaps, there will be something definite to tell." He hesitated a minute. "Laura is going to feel pretty well cut up over this."

Elliott looked up quickly. "Especially cut up, do you mean?"

"I think so. Oh, there was n't anything definite between her and Pete—nothing, at least, that they told the rest of us! But a fellow who had eyes—" He left the sentence unfinished and walked over to Elliott's chair. "You know I told you," he said, "that I should n't go into this war unless I was called. Of course I 'm registered now, but whether or not they call me, if Pete is out of it, and I can possibly manage it, I 'm going in."

A queer little pain contracted Elliott's heart. And then that odd heart of hers began to swell and swell until she thought it would burst. She looked at the boy with proud eyes. It did n't occur to her to wonder what she was proud of. Bruce Fearing was no kin of hers, you know. "I knew you would." Somehow it seemed to the girl that she could always tell what Bruce Fearing was going to do and that there was nothing strange in such knowledge. How strong he was, how splendid and understanding and fine! "Oh," she cried, "I wish, *how* I wish I could help you!"

"You do help me," he said.

"I?" Her eyes were lifted in real surprise. "How can I?"

"By being you."

His hand had only to move an inch to touch hers, but it lay motionless. His eyes, gray and steady and clear, held the girl's. She gave him back look for look.

"I am glad," she said softly, and her face was like a flower.

Bruce was out of the house before Elliott thought of the thing she could do for him.

"Mercy me!" she cried. "You 're the slowest person I ever saw in my life, Elliott Cameron!" She ran to the kitchen door, but the boy was nowhere in sight. "He must be out at the barn," she said, and took a step in that direction, only to take it back again. "No I won't. I 'll just go by myself *and do it.*"

Whatever it was, it put her in a great hurry. As fast as she had dashed to the kitchen, she now ran to the front hall, but the third step of the stairs halted her.

"Elliott Cameron," she declared earnestly, "I do believe you have lost your mind! Have n't you any sense *at all?* And you a responsible housekeeper!"

Perhaps it was n't the first time a whirlwind ever struck the Cameron farm-house. Elliott had n't a notion that she could work so fast. Her feet fairly flew. Bed-covers whisked into place; dusting-cloths raced over furniture; even milk-pans moved with unwonted celerity. But she left them clean—clean and shining.

"There!" said the girl, "now we shall do well enough till dinner-time. I 'm going into the village. Anybody want to come?"

Priscilla jumped up. "I do. Unless Trudy wants to, *more* than I do."

Gertrude shook her head. "I 'm going to put up tomatoes," she said, "the rest of the ripe ones."

"Don't you want help?"

"Not a bit. Tomatoes are no work at all."

Elliott dashed upstairs. In a whirl of excitement she pinned on her hat and counted her money. No matter how much it cost, she meant to say all that she wanted to.

Her cheeks were pink and her dimples hard at work playing hide-and-seek with their own shadows when she cranked the little car. Everything would come right now; it could n't fail to come right. Priscilla hopped into the seat beside her and they sped away.

"I have cabled Father," Elliott announced at dinner, with the prettiest imaginable little air of importance and confidence. "I have cabled Father to find out all he can about Pete and to let us know *at once*. Perhaps we shall hear something to-morrow."

But the next day passed, and the next, and the day after that, and still no cable reply.

It was very bewildering. At first, Elliott jumped every time the telephone rang and took down the receiver with quickened pulses. No matter what her brain said, her heart told her Father would send good news. She could n't associate him with thoughts of ill news.

But when long days and longer nights dragged themselves by and no word at all came from overseas, the girl found out what a big, empty place the world may become, even while it is chock-full of people, and what three thousand miles of water really means. She thought she had known before, but she had n't. As long as letters traveled back and forth—irregularly timed it might be, but continuously—she still kept the familiar sense of Father, out of sight, but there, as he had always been, most dependably there. Now, for the first time in her life, she had called to him and he had not answered. There might be reasons to explain why he had n't answered—good, reassuring reasons, if you only knew them. He might be temporarily in a region out of touch with cables; the service might have dropped a link somewhere—you could imagine many explanations. But it was easier to imagine other things. And since he did n't answer, she could n't get away from a horrible, paralyzing sense that he was n't there.

It did n't do any good to try to run from that sensation. There was nowhere to run to. It blocked every avenue of thought, a sinister shape of dread. The only help was in keeping very, very busy. And even then you could n't stop your thoughts traveling, traveling, traveling along those fearful paths.

At last Elliott knew how the others felt about Pete. She had thought she understood that and felt it, too, but now she found that she had n't. It makes all the difference in the world, she discovered, whether you stand inside or out of a trouble. The heart that had ached so sympathetically for Bruce knew its first stab of loss and recoiled. The others recognized the difference; or was it only that Elliott herself had eyes to see what she had been blind to before? No one said anything. In little unconscious, lovable ways they made it clear that now she was one with them.

"Perhaps we would better send for them to come home from Camp Devens," Father Bob suggested one day. He threw out this remark at the supper-table, which would seem to address it to the family at large, but he looked straight at Elliott.

"Oh no," she cried, "don't *send* for them!" But she could n't keep a flash of joy out of her eyes.

"Sure you 're not getting tired?"

"Certain sure."

It disappointed her the least little bit that Uncle Bob let the suggestion drop so readily. And she was disappointed at her own disappointment. "Can't you carry on *at all?*" she demanded of herself scornfully. "It was all your own doing, you know." But how she did long at times for Aunt Jessica!

Of course, Elliott could n't cry, however much she might wish to, with the family all taking their cues from her mood. She said so fiercely to every lump that rose in her throat. She could n't indulge herself at all adequately in the luxury of being miserable; she could n't even let herself feel half as scared as she wanted to, because, if she did,—just once,—she could n't keep control of herself; and if she lost control of herself, there was no telling where she might end—certainly in no state that would be of any use to the family. No, for their sake, she must sit tight on the lid of her grief and fear and anxiety.

But there were hours when the cover lifted a little. No girl, not the bravest, could avoid such altogether. Elliott did n't think herself brave, not a bit. She knew merely that the thing she had to do could n't be done if there were many such hours.

Bruce heard somebody sobbing one day up in the hay-loft. The sound did n't carry far,—it was controlled, suppressed,—but Bruce had gone up the ladder for something or other, and thinking Priscilla was in trouble, he kept on. The girl crying, face down, in the hay was n't Priscilla. Very softly Bruce started to tiptoe away, but the rustling of the hay under his feet revealed him.

"I did n't mean—any one should—find me."

"Shall I go away?"

She shook her head.

"I can't stand it," she wailed. "I simply can't *stand it!*" And she sobbed as though her heart would break.

Bruce sat down beside the girl on the hay and patted the hand nearest him. He did n't know anything else to do. Her fingers closed on his convulsively.

"I 'm an awful old cry-baby," she choked at last. "I 'll behave myself—in a minute."

"No, cry away," said Bruce. "A girl has to cry sometimes."

After a while the racking sobs spent themselves. "There!" she said, sitting up. "I never thought I 'd let a boy see me cry. Now I must go in and help Trudy get supper."

She dabbed at her eyes with a wet little wad of linen.

Bruce plucked a clean handkerchief from his pocket and tucked it into her fingers.

"Yours does n't seem quite big enough for the job."

She took it gratefully. She had never thought of a boy as a very comforting person, but Bruce was. "Oh Bruce, you *know.*"

"Yes, I know."

"It 's so—so lonely. Dad 's all I 've got—of my really own—in the world."

He nodded. "You 're clear grit, all right."

"Why, Bruce Fearing! how can you say that after the way I 've acted?"

"That 's why I say it."

"But I 'm scared all the time! If I did what I wanted to, I 'd be a perpetual fountain."

"And you 're not."

She stared at him. "Is being scared and trying to cover it up what you call grit?"

"The grittiest kind of grit."

For a sophisticated girl she was singularly naïve, in spots.

He watched her digest the idea, sitting up on the hay, her chin cupped in her two hands, straws in her hair. Her eyes were swollen and her nose red and his handkerchief was now almost as wet as her own. "I thought I was an awful coward," she said.

A smile curved his firm lips, but the steady gray eyes were tender. "I should n't call you a coward."

She shook herself and stood up. "Bruce, you 're a darling! Now will you please go and see if the coast is clear, so I can slide upstairs without being seen? I must wash up before supper."

"I 'd get supper," he said, "if I did n't have to milk to-night. I promised Henry."

She shook her head positively. "I 'll let you do lots of things, Bruce, but I won't let you get supper for me, not with all the other things you have to do."

"Oh, all right. I dare you to jump off the hay."

"Down there? Take you!" she cried, and with the word sprang into the air.

Beside her the boy leaped, too. They landed lightly on the fragrant mass in the bay of the barn.

"Oh," she cried, "it 's like flying, is n't it! Why was n't I brought up on a farm?"

There was a little choke still left in her voice and her smile was a trifle unsteady, but her words were ready enough. In the doorway she turned and waved to the boy and then went on, her head held high, slender and straight and gallant, into the house.

CHAPTER XII

HOME-LOVING HEARTS

Mother Jess and Laura were coming home. Perhaps Father Bob had dropped a hint that their presence was needed in the white house at the end of the road; perhaps, on the other hand, they were just ready to come. Elliott never knew for certain.

Father Bob met the train, while all the Cameron boys and girls flew around making ready at home. The plan had developed on the tacit understanding that, since they all wanted to, it was fairer for none of them to go to the station.

Priscilla and Prince were out watching. "They 're coming!" she squealed, skipping back into the house. "Trudy, Elliott, everybody, they're coming!" And she was out again, darting in long swallowlike swoops down the hill. From every direction came Camerons, running; from house, barn, garden, young heads moved swiftly toward the little car *chug-chugging* up the hill.

They swarmed over it, not giving it time to stop, jumping on the running-board, riding on the hood, almost embracing the car itself in

the joy of their welcome. Elliott hung back. The others had the first right. After their turns—

Without a word Aunt Jessica took the girl into her arms and held her tight. In that strong tender clasp all the stinging ache went out of Elliott's hurt. She was n't frightened any longer or bewildered or bitter; she did n't know why she was n't, but she was n't. She felt just as if somehow or other, however they might turn out, things were going to be right.

She had this feeling so strongly that she forgot all about dreading to meet Laura—for she had dreaded to meet Laura, she was so sorry for her—and kissed her quite naturally. Laura kissed Elliott in return and said, "Wait till I get you upstairs!" as though she meant business, and smiled just as usual. Her face was a trifle pale, but her eyes were bright, and the clear steady glow in them reminded Elliott for the first time of the light in Aunt Jessica's eyes. She had n't remembered ever seeing Laura's eyes look just like that. How much did Laura know, Elliott wondered? She would n't look so, would she, if she had heard about Pete? But strangely enough, Elliott did n't fear her finding out or feel nervous lest she might have to tell her. And after all, as soon as they got upstairs, it came out that Laura did know about Pete, for she said, "I 'm glad, oh, so glad, that wherever Pete is now, he got across and had a chance really to do something in this fight! If you had seen what I have seen this last week, Elliott—"

The shining look in Laura's face fascinated Elliott.

All at once she felt her own words come as simply and easily as Laura's. "But will that be enough, Laura—always?"

"No," said Laura, "not always. But I shall always be proud and glad, even if I do have to miss him all my life. And, of course, I can't help feeling that we may hear good news yet. Now—Oh you blessed, blessed girl!"

And the two clung together in a long, close embrace that said many things to both of them, but not a word out loud.

How good it seemed to have Mother Jess and Laura in the house! Every one went about with a hopeful face, though, after all, not an inch had the veil of silence lifted that hung between the Cameron Farm and the world overseas. Every one, Elliott suspected, shared the feeling she had known—the certainty that all would be well now Mother Jess was home. It was n't anything in particular that she said or did that contributed to this impression. Just to see Mother Jess's face in a room, to touch her hand now and then, to hear her voice, merely to know she was in the house, seemed enough to give it to you.

They all had so much to say to one another. The returned travelers must tell of Sidney, and the Camerons who had stayed at home had tales of how they had "carried on" in the others' absence. Tongues were very busy, but no one forgot those who were n't there, not for a minute. The sense of them lived underneath all the confidences. There were confidences *en masse,* so to speak, and confidences *à deux.* Priscilla chattered away into her mother's ear without once stopping to catch breath, and Bruce had his own quiet report to make. Perhaps Bruce and Priscilla and the rest said more than Elliott heard, for when Aunt Jessica bade her good night she rested a hand lightly on the girl's shoulder. "You dear, brave little woman!" she said. "All the soldiers are n't in camp or over the seas."

Elliott put the words away in her memory. They made her feel like a man who has just been decorated by his general.

She felt so comforted and quiet, so free from nervousness, that not even the telephone bell could make her jump. It tinkled almost continuously, too. That was because all the next day the neighbors who did n't come in person were calling up to inquire for the returned travelers. Elliott quite lost the expectation that every time the telephone buzzed it meant a possible message for her.

She had lost it so completely that when, as they were on the point of sitting down to supper, Laura said, "There 's the 'phone again, and my hands are full," Elliott remarked, "I 'll see who it is," and took down the receiver without the thought of a cable in her head.

"This is Elliott Cameron speaking. Yes, yes, Elliott Cameron. All ready. Yes—yes. Elliott Cameron. All ready." A tremor crept into the girl's voice. "I did n't get that. Just received my message? Yes, go on. Repeat, please. Wait a minute till I call some one."

She wheeled from the instrument, her face alight. "Where 's Bruce? Please, somebody, call—Oh, here you are!" She thrust the receiver into his hands. "Make them repeat the message to you. It 's from Father. Pete was a prisoner. He 's escaped and got back to our lines!"

Then she slipped into Aunt Jessica's waiting arms.

Supper? Who cared about supper? The Camerons forgot it. When they remembered,

the steaming-hot creamed potatoes were cold and the salad was wilted, but that made no difference. They were too excited to know what they were eating.

To make assurance trebly sure, there were more messages. Bob cabled of Pete's escape through the Hun lines and the Government wired from Washington. The Camerons' happiness spilled over into blithe exuberance. They laughed and danced and sang for very joy. Priscilla jigged all over the house like an excited brown leaf in a breeze. Not one of them, unless it were Father Bob, Mother Jess and Laura, could keep still. Laura went about like a person in a trance, with a strange, happy quietness in her ordinarily energetic movements and a brightness that dazzled you in her face. There was no boisterousness in any one's rejoicing, only a gentleness of gaiety that was very wonderful to see and feel.

As for Elliott, she felt as though she had come out from underneath a great dark cloud into a place where she could never be anything but good and happy forever. She had been coming out ever since Aunt Jessica reached home, but she had n't come out the same as she went in. The Elliott Aunt Jessica and Laura had left in charge when they went to Camp Devens seemed very, very far away from the Elliott whose joy was like wings that fairly lifted her feet off the ground.

"I suppose," Mother Jess said at last, "we shall have to go to bed, if we are to get Stannard off in the morning."

Going to bed is n't a very exciting thing to do when you are so happy you feel as though you might burst with joy, but by that time the Camerons had managed to work out of the most dangerous stage, and inasmuch as Stannard's was an early train, going to bed was the only sensible thing to do. So they did it.

What was more remarkable, the last sleepy Cameron straggled down to the breakfast-table before the little car ran up to the door to take Stannard away. They were really sorry to see him go, and he acted as though he were just as sorry, which would seem to indicate that he, too, had changed in the course of the summer. He looked much like the long, lazy Stannard who had rebelled against a vacation on a farm, but his carriage was better and his figure sturdier and his hands were n't half so white and gentlemanlike. Underneath his lazy ease was a hint of something to depend on in an emergency. Perhaps even his laziness was n't so ingrained as it used to be.

They all went out on the veranda, and waved good-by as long as the car was in sight.

THE MORNING WHEN BRUCE WENT AWAY (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Are n't you sorry you 're not going too?" Bruce asked Elliott.

"Oh, no. I would n't go for anything!"

"For a girl who did n't want to come up here at all," he said softly, "you 're doing pretty well. Decided to make the best of us, did n't you?"

She looked at him indignantly. "Indeed, I did n't. I would n't do such a thing! Why, I just *love* it here!"

Then she saw the twinkle in his eye. "You old tease!" she said.

"I 'm going away myself, next week, S. A. T. C. I can't get any nearer France than that, it seems, just yet. Father Bob says he can manage all right this winter, and he has a notion of something new that may turn up next spring. He said, 'Go,' and so does Mother Jess. So—I 'm going."

Elliott stole a quick glance at the firm, clear-cut face chiseled already in lines of purpose and power.

"I 'm glad," she said, "but we shall—miss you."

"Shall *you* miss me?"

"Yes."

"I 'd hate to think that you would n't."

Elliott always remembered the morning three days later when Bruce went away. How blue the sky was, how clear the sunshine, how glorious the autumn pageant of the hills! Beside the gate a young maple burned like a shaft of flame. True, Bruce was only going to school now, but there was France in the background, a beckoning possibility, with all that it meant of triumph and heroism and pain. That idea of France and the fiery splendor of the hills seemed to invest Bruce's strong young figure with a kind of glory that tightened the girl's throat as she waved good-by from the veranda. She was glad Bruce was going, even if her throat did ache. Aches like that seemed far less important than they used to. She waved with a thrill of mingled pride and joy—a shy, eager sense of how big and wonderful and happy a thing it was to be a girl.

With a last wave to Bruce turning the curve of the road, Mother Jess stepped back into the house. "Come girls," she said. "I feel like getting very busy, don't you?"

Elliott followed her contentedly. People might go, but she did n't wish to, not while Father was on the other side of the ocean. It made her laugh to think that she had ever wanted to. That laugh of pure mirth and happiness proved the completeness of Elliott Cameron's change of heart.

"What is the joke?" Laura asked, smiling at the radiant charm of the dainty figure enveloping itself in a blue apron.

"Oh," said Elliott lightly, "I was thinking that I used to be a queer girl."

THE END

THE CHEERFUL AUTUMN-IST

By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

When noisy day has reached its close,
  Who does not love the rhythmic beat
Of pale tree-cricket's measured notes
  That ever tranquilly repeat:
  "Hush, hush, hush, hush?"

The little friend of silent Night
  Helps make the silence far less grim.
How sweet to hear that tireless one
  Persist in his nocturnal hymn!
  "Peace, peace, peace, peace!"

He robs the waning season, too,
  Of sadness for the dying year.
In soothing measure such as his,
  There is no dread; there is no fear.
  "Rest, rest, rest, rest."

Transparent-wing-cased, faint moon-green,
  A fairy creature of the dark,
So frail, ethereal he seems,
  And yet so brave, withal; for hark!
  "Cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer!"

Though slower moves that rhythmic beat
  When nights are cold and frost is nigh,
A lullaby is what he sings.
  Brave yet, he does not fear to die:
  "Sleep, sleep, sl-eep, s-l-ee-p!"

THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

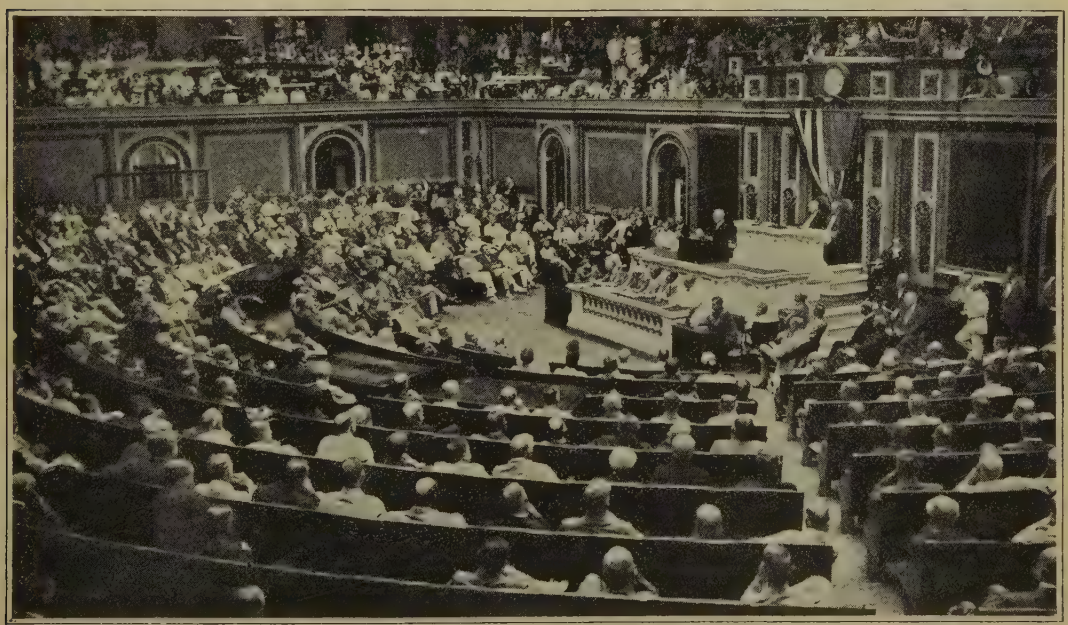
THE PRESIDENT'S WAR ON THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

EARLY in August the President told Congress what he thought about the high cost of living. The most interesting assertion he made was that the sooner the peace treaty was ratified, the sooner we should get back to normal conditions, with the "free processes of supply and demand" in operation. As the bear remarked when he poked his nose into the beehive, "Perhaps there 's something in it."

The President urged capital and labor to "get together," agree on wages and hours, and cut out the strikes for which the poor old innocent public has to suffer. It was good advice; but the strikes went on.

Increase of production was recommended. So was careful buying by housewives. Also, fair dealing by producers, middlemen and merchants. Here the President was appealing to the goodness and the good sense of individuals. Even the President of the United States cannot *make* us produce more abundantly, spend more wisely, or deal more fairly!

There were some suggestions of a more practical nature: That profiteering be made punishable under the Food Control Act; that a law be passed preventing food from being kept too long in storage and requiring food



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PRESIDENT WILSON ADDRESSING CONGRESS ON THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

packages to be marked with the date of their entrance into the storehouse and their market value at that time; release of hoarded food and other articles; and the sale of surplus stocks held by the Government. Where these matters could be regulated by law, Congress was urged to act. In other instances the Government Department of Justice got after the profiteers, more or less effectively, and army food and blankets were placed on public sale.

Putting it squarely up to the Government to make its laws and acts fit in with the laws of nature to control the relations of men, just try to think out an answer to this question: Wouldn't all the problems be solved if every single individual played absolutely fair?

Here is one answer: No! But if every individual played absolutely fair, the work of the Government in regulating public affairs *would* be very much simpler. Common sense might flavor even political economy.

AMERICA'S ROYAL VISITOR

International Film

THE PRINCE OF WALES

It is a hard job, we should think—being a Prince these days. But we don't think Edward, Prince of Wales, needs our pity or wants our sympathy. His princing is admirably done, and he seems to get his share of fun out of it, too.

The House of Windsor, that used to be the House of Hanover (there *is* something in a name, you see!), has qualities quite different from those of the Houses of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg.

The young Prince of Wales brought to the Dominion of Canada friendship and good fellowship; and back of all the festivities of his reception there was a deep significance. The Prince was a living symbol of the unity of the splendid empire which, in spite of its human faults and errors, has done so gloriously much for the civilization of the world, and which today needs (more perhaps than ever before) *team-work* by its member-countries.

Don't forget—the Prince does not!—that the U. S. A. makes a good clean triangle with England and Canada.

WARSHIPS IN THE CANAL

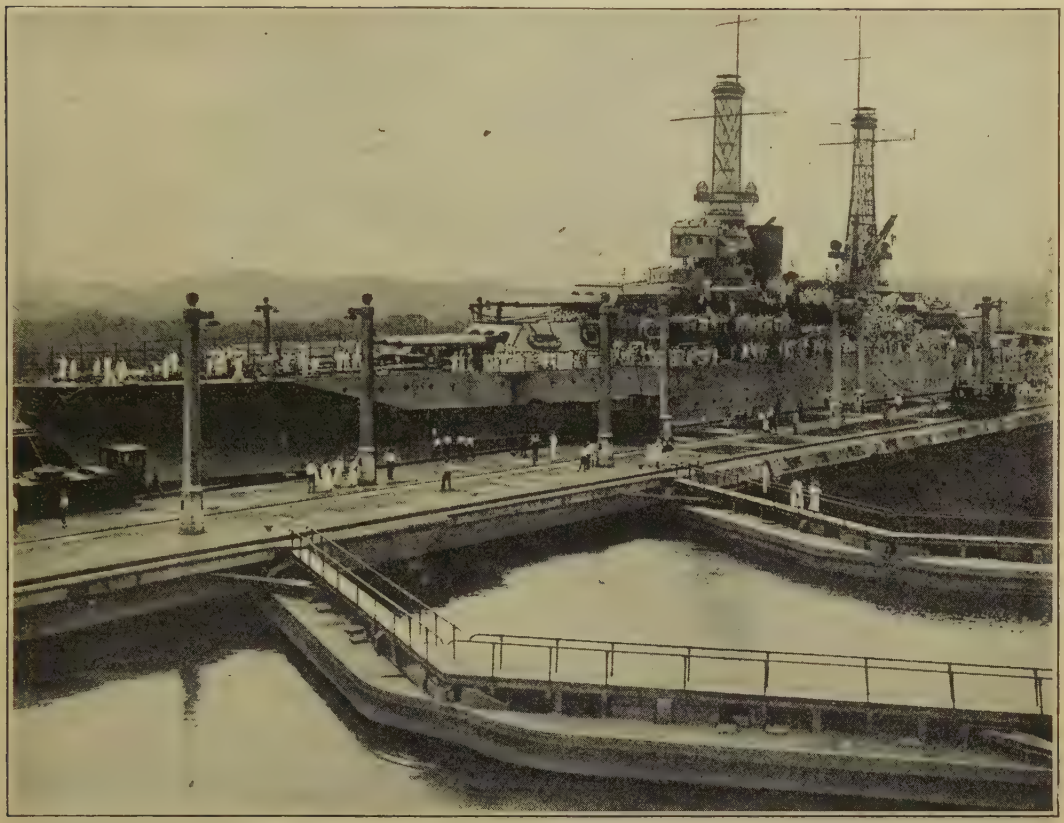
"This is the biggest event in the history of the Canal," said Governor Harding of the Canal Zone, after the six dreadnoughts of the Pacific Fleet had passed through. At one time in their passage through the locks these huge floating defenders of Uncle Sam's liberty were 85 feet above sea level.

The ships went through nicely. "No trouble at all," said Admiral Rodman, commander of the fleet. But it was a relief to hear, about August 1, that the ships were at last floating safely on the western ocean.

The presence of this splendid naval force will be a source of satisfaction to the people out on the coast, even though there is no warlike necessity to call for their presence.

FROM MESSENGER-BOY TO MILLIONAIRE

Andrew Carnegie, who died in August, was born in Scotland in 1835. He came to this country in 1848, and began working in a factory with wages of just a bit more than a dollar a week. When he was 14 he became a telegraph messenger-boy. He learned telegraphy, got a job as operator on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and rose to the position of Division Superintendent. The Scotch are a "canny" people, and Andrew had the thrift of his race. He saved money, and kept his eyes open for chances to make his savings grow. He made money in a sleeping car company, invested in oil lands, and started building up one of the world's greatest fortunes.



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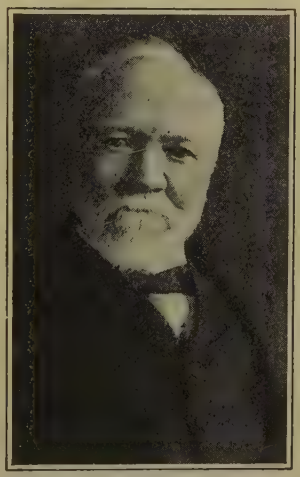
THE *NEW MEXICO*, FLAG-SHIP OF THE NEW PACIFIC FLEET, PASSING THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

In the Civil War times he worked for the Government, as superintendent of the military railroads and telegraph lines of the East.

After the war Mr. Carnegie went into the steel industry. He built up the great Homestead Steel Works, and in 1888 introduced the Bessemer process. In 1901, when the Carnegie Company was merged into the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Carnegie retired.

He had accumulated a vast fortune. The character of a man is shown both by the way in which he amasses wealth and by the uses to which he puts it. Mr. Carnegie used his for the public good. He established the Hero Fund, the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh, the Carnegie Institution at Washington, the Endowment for International Peace, and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Millions of dollars were set aside for the support of these institutions, each of which embodied some pet idea or theory of "the Ironmaster." His libraries are in a thousand cities and towns. He gave away 350 million dollars.

Mr. Carnegie wrote several books: "Triumphant Democracy," "The Gospel of Wealth," "The Empire of Business" and "Problems of Today." He built the Palace of Peace for the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague. Learning and peace were the two chief objects of Mr. Carnegie's interest in his later years.



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THE LATE ANDREW CARNEGIE

Andrew Carnegie was a leader in the wonderful industrial development of America. He had the courage of a pioneer. He dreamed the dream of wealth and power, and by using all the brains and energy he had he made the

dream come true. He dreamed also the dream of a world at peace, and spent huge sums of money in the endeavor to bring about the happy state of affairs which he longed to see. This dream did not come true, and the War in Defence of Civilization brought grief to him. But the work of Andrew Carnegie for peace on earth, good will among men, was not done in vain. Out of the Great War must come at last a new era of happier relations among the peoples.

OUR SPLENDID BOYS ON PARADE

Now that the men who served in France are home again, it is good, before we stop printing soldier pictures in the WATCH TOWER, to look at one more pair of photographs showing The Boys in action. The pictures in this number are not battle pictures, but they are an important part of the Great Story.

When those fine fellows marched, in Paris, in London and in New York, who could ever have supposed, from their splendid appearance, that they had learned their soldiering in so few months?

ALONG AND BEYOND THE BORDER

POLICING the border between the United States and Mexico is a difficult task. Even if the Carranza Government were all it ought to be (which means about everything it is n't!) it would find great difficulty in trying to control the lawless men who hide in the mountains and ride hard in border raids, leaving a trail of what the editorial writers call "international complications."

When bandits captured two American officers and demanded ransom, there was only one thing for our Government to do: it was bound to save the officers' lives and try to punish the outlaws.

That is what the Government did. Incidentally, also, it let Señor Carranza know that we cannot forever accept his weakness as though it were free from guilt.

Who does the most harm in Mexico: Mexican bandits, foreign exploiters of the country's natural resources, or German plotters? They all help to make our Government's problem more difficult.

Central News

THE AMERICAN DIVISION CROSSING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, LONDON

Wide World Photos
THE 5TH MARINES OF THE SECOND DIVISION PASSING THROUGH NEW YORK'S VICTORY ARCH AT MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

BACK TO WORK!

JULY and August had gone, and with September home come the boys and girls from mountain and seashore, ready for the new year of school—that most important of all events!

A new school year's opening is, certainly, a great event in this country. Public education is one of the big departments of the business of our Government. What with war work, Liberty Loan drives, and "flu" epidemics, school work has been rather seriously interrupted.

Now, however, we are "getting back to normal." No excuse for being behind in your lessons! More need than ever for Uncle Sam's nieces and nephews to pitch in and learn, learn, learn—learn all their heads will hold! Good luck to you, and happy days!

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

HUNGARY, after being *torn* up by the Bolsheviki, "*took* up" with a Grand Duke of the House of Hapsburg. She was then notified by the Powers represented at Paris that they could not recognize nor deal with a Governmen with a Hapsburg in it. This raised the question, what would they do if a Hapsburg were to be chosen to high executive office, by a vote of the people. Then the Hapsburg Grand Duke stepped down and out! What with her internal problems, and with Rumania anxious to push her out of the way, Hungary has had a troubleful summer of it.

After the President had vetoed the bill for repealing the Daylight Saving law, the House and the Senate killed the veto. Old Father Time may have been bewildered, but, so far as we could see, the sun kept right on rising and setting in the good old way.

The new Prime Minister of Italy, Signor Nitti, warned his people that they must get "back to the land." If everybody lived and worked in cities, who would raise the wheat and work the mines?

GROUP OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

SAVING THE BIG-HORN SHEEP

It was eight years ago that Tom Watkins, a United States forest-ranger stationed at Ouray, Colorado, craned his neck backward one winter morning after a heavy snowfall and, in this uncomfortable position, gazed upward two thousand feet to the edge of that miraculous granite bowl that shuts the little mining community away from the world. Just under the lip of this bowl half a hundred brown specks strayed aimlessly through deep snowdrifts. They were the big horns!

"When I stop to wonder how those sheep live," he muttered, "I am ashamed to go back into my warm cabin." This was the time when Tom Watkins heard the still, small voice of conscience crying, "Feed my sheep." The hardy ranger heeded that voice, and that marked the beginning of the most romantic and interesting story of game preservation that has developed in America.

With half a dozen tiny burros,—"Rocky Mountain canaries," they are called in the mining country,—Watkins struggled up the steep trail that led to the summit, avoiding the places where snow-slides might occur, passing around precipices that forced him from the straight line between the town and the sheep. At times he broke a trail for the burros, and again he fell in behind to prod them onward and upward. It was enough to have discouraged the most seasoned outdoor campaigner; but in addition to the tenacity of purpose that comes to men who live in the open, the ranger had a genuine love of wild life. When at length the burros reached the spot where the Rocky Mountain sheep band had been, Watkins found only trampled snow. Exhausted by the great exertion, he tumbled the hay upon the snow and made his way slowly downward.

The next morning, when the ranger stepped from his cabin, he felt a thrill of pride and satisfaction. Far above, the big-horn band was busily engaged in cleaning up the remnants of the unexpected feast.

This was the beginning of a patient work

which was carried on with the help of other citizens until, three years later, a great ram led a band of sheep into the outskirts of the town. Each day, the distance to which the hay was carried shortened almost imperceptibly, and the shyest, wariest, and most romantic of American big game responded voluntarily to human kindness. To the big-game hunter who has braved the bitter winds above timberline, fought snow-banks and huge boulder-fields, slipped upon the treacherous rock-lichen under the snow, experienced painful stalks and still more painful disappointments, all to secure one of those splendid heads that have come to represent the maximum of skill, hardship, and patience on the part of the sportsman, the story of the semi-domestication of the Ouray sheep herd will seem like a chapter out of the "Jungle Book." But children and wise men know that the "Jungle Book," after all, is not so far off the Trail of Truth.

In spite of rigid game-laws, the big-horn has not increased as it was hoped he would when protected. Colorado has more of this variety of mountain sheep than all other States combined, but even now there are only 7,000 of them in the State.

EDGAR C. MACMECHEN.

TRANSATLANTIC WIRELESS TELEPHONE

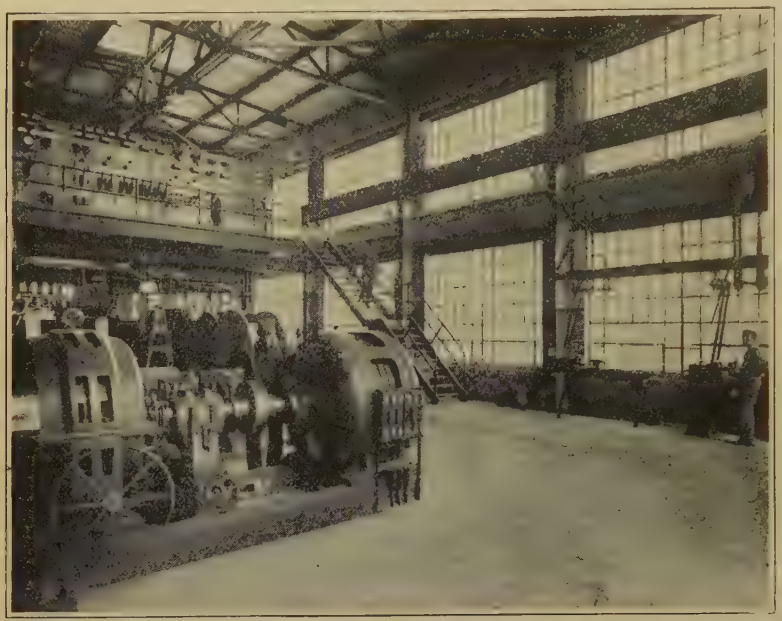
THE human voice is now carried by invisible waves across the Atlantic Ocean. After years of experiment, a wireless telephone has been devised which enables us to talk through thousands of miles of empty space. One 's voice is transmitted more distinctly by wireless than over telephone wires, and even a whisper may be clearly heard. Probably within a year or so at most, you can lift the receiver of the telephone in your home or office and talk to any part of England or the Continent. One of the great advantages of the wireless telephone is its simplicity and cheapness. The charge for talking across the Atlantic will probably be about one-fourth that of talking across the United States.

In the first year of the great war, a few words were transmitted by wireless across the Atlantic, but a conversation proved impossible. The voice was thrown out from the powerful oversea station at Arlington, near Washington, D. C. An American operator had journeyed to Paris, and was listening in at the Eiffel Tower to receive the message. After many attempts, working day after day, the obstacles were mastered for a few brief seconds. The voice from America was not only clearly heard, more than three thousand miles away, but was actually recognized as that of a friend. With the close of the war the electricians found more time and opportunity for their experiments, and to-day the transatlantic wireless telephone is announced as a practical, commercial affair.

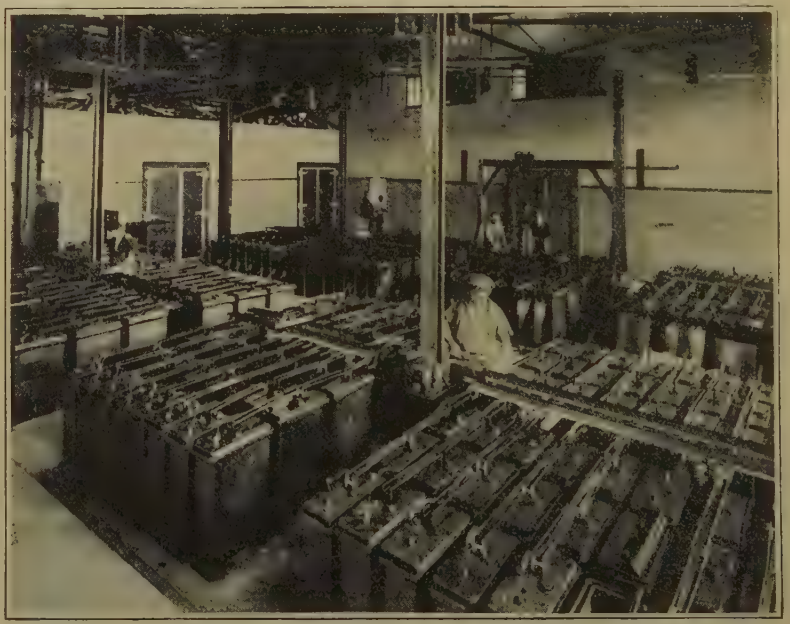
The oversea messages are thrown out from

THE STATION OF THE TRANSATLANTIC WIRELESS TELEPHONE, NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

a powerful station at New Brunswick, New Jersey. A modest, two-story brick building houses the complicated machinery, and some of the equipment is a giant high-frequency alternator, which makes the alternating-current electricity. The alternating current used for light and power has a "frequency" of from twenty-five to sixty cycles per second. The current used at this station for the wireless telephone has a frequency of 22,000 cycles per second! The wheel of solid steel which revolves in this machinery weighs nearly three tons, and rotates at the rate of twenty-one hundred revolutions per minute.



The experimental stages of the long-distance wireless telephone are said to be past, or nearly so, and we are promised the practical machine in the near future. It is not generally known that the great wireless telegraph stations which have been built all over the world may be used for the transmission of wireless-telephone messages. A great deal of preliminary work of preparation is therefore already complete. By installing thirteen tall masts, with many wires radiating from them, launch the invisible waves into space. The experiments conducted here were kept secret until President Wilson sailed for France aboard the transport George Washington on his second visit. The wireless telephone was then tuned in with the apparatus on the steamer, and conversation back and forth was kept up until the arrival at Brest, France, a distance of thirty-two hundred miles. President Wilson was thus enabled to talk with Washington without interruption throughout the entire Atlantic crossing. The present year becomes an important date in the history of world communication.



GENERATOR (ABOVE) AND CONDENSER (BELOW) IN WIRELESS TELEPHONE PLANT

There is something almost magical in the complicated machinery which makes oversea conversation possible. An interesting feature

power-stations and using these towering masts along our coasts, the wireless telephone is ready for business. There is a great saving of time and money in the wireless telephone over

WIRELESS TELEPHONE RECEIVER

the now old-fashioned system of transmission by wire. The expense of laying costly cables across the broad oceans is, of course, saved.

To talk across the Atlantic Ocean, it will only be necessary to talk to the coast by the ordinary telephone system, and there the wire can be connected up with the wireless station. On the other side of the Atlantic, the wireless station there will, in turn, be connected up with the land wires, thus making a complete connection between the telephone subscriber in any part of the United States and any telephone in England. Later, the system will be extended to the continent of Europe. A man in Chicago, for example, who wishes to talk to England will merely raise the receiver of his telephone and ask for "long-distance radio," just as today he asks for ordinary long-distance. He will then give the number of the telephone in England, and hang up his receiver. A few minutes later his telephone bell will ring, and, on raising the receiver to his ear, a voice will say, "This is Mr. Jones, 4444 London, speaking." And the voice will be clearer and sound more natural than if it were coming from some near-by town!

FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

A MUSICIAN OF THE AUTUMN

USUALLY we think of springtime as the song time of the year, but this does not apply to all singing creatures; there are some whose singing season is in the autumn. In this class are a few of our insect friends—the cicadas, grasshoppers, and crickets.

Strangely enough several of these autumn musicians are night singers. Though the grasshoppers and cicadas are day singers, the crickets hold the night world without much opposition, and of these perhaps the most wonderful musicians are the little green tree-crickets.

These frail little pale-green creatures, belonging to the genus *Œcanthus*, do not follow the ways of the commoner field-crickets of the ground, but live in the trees. In appearance and shape the two are little alike, the tree-cricket being slender with long legs, long wings, and very long antennæ, contrasting oddly with the other's blackness and stoutness. The tree-cricket hides among the leaves, and seldom comes nearer the ground than is necessary to frequent the currant or raspberry bushes. The apple-orchards of both eastern and western America seem to be their best strongholds. Here they are more easily found than among the wild shrubbery. They really are hard to find in either place. Their coloration is exactly fitted for hiding them among

TREE CRICKET, A MUSICIAN OF THE AUTUMN, AND HIS MATE

the leaves; they are active, running nimbly up or down the stems; and also they have a cunning way of hanging to the under side of the leaves, thus avoiding prying eyes. When routed, they spread their wings and sail off much after the manner of some of the grasshoppers, coming to earth within a few feet.

But it is by their songs that we know these little musicians best; indeed, to many people, the tree-cricket is but a voice and a mystery. They know that in early autumn a chorus of *"Roo-roo's"* begins to come from the orchard, that it increases in volume, and by and by fades with the coming of the frost; and that is all. As in the case of the other crickets, only the males sing. The two sexes are rather unlike, for, as shown in the two photographs on the preceding page, the female is more slender, with narrow wings, while the male has a wing spread (folded) that gives him a broad, flat back, tapering toward the head.

On the inner surface of each wing are two tiny instruments which might well be called a scraper and a rasp, and it is the rubbing of the two that produces the vibrant, stridulous note that serves as a song. The wings are elevated almost to the perpendicular, and somewhat spread, as the strange note is rasped out on the air.

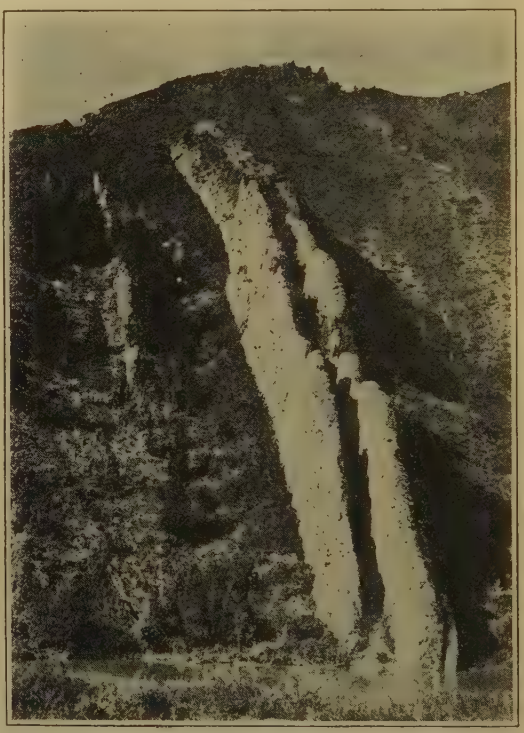
To the human ear it is melodious. It fills the August day and night with pulsating melody. To stand in the orchard on a still warm night of early autumn and hear hundreds of these voices in chorus is to hear one of Nature's strangest orchestras. Though all the singers or fiddlers do not strike the same note, varying by several tones, they fall roughly into tune and produce a pulsating, rhythmical sound that becomes tremendously strong in volume and power; the air fairly booms. While there is a steady undertone, resulting from the voices out of tune, the majority sing so correctly in time that the air throbs with a mighty, rhythmical, *"Roo-roo-roo!"*

Yet when we isolate a singer and watch him at a few inches, we are instantly struck with the insignificance of the individual song. It seems one of the magic sounds for this apparently quiet song may be heard at a very great distance.

A curious and interesting thing about this creature is the varying of his song with the temperature. If we know how to read him he is a perfect thermometer. During a warm August night he will fiddle out about 100 *"Roo's"* to the minute; at near-frost temperature he becomes silent. In the west-coast orchards his fiddle ceases about the end of October, and through the later days of song, his tune runs from twenty-eight, his minimum, to some fifty *"Roos"* per minutes. At the close of his season he tunes up just before sunset and sings for only an hour. In the East, his song dies away in autumn slightly earlier, depending of course on the severity of the autumn frosts. HAMILTON M. LAING.

"THE DEVIL'S SLIDE" AND NONNEZOSHE

WHAT kind of welcome would you expect if you should step up to the clerk's desk in a first-class Eastern hotel, and register from Devil's Slide, Utah? Nevertheless, that is the



THE DEVIL'S SLIDE

unique name of a little station on the Union Pacific Railroad, a few miles east of Ogden. A short distance from the settlement, across a narrow river, two parallel walls of rock slope from the top of a steep hill down to the stream. This is the famous "Devil's Slide." Apparently the town fancied the name, as it has taken it for its own.

Millions of years ago, when huge reptiles were in vogue and set the pace for the rest of creation, the region round about Ogden was a deposit of mud at the bottom of a great interior ocean. From time to time, the sea would clear

a little and deposit lime instead of mud. Ages passed. The mud hardened to shale, and the lime changed to limestone. At that time, these beds were all horizontal, like leaves of a book lying flat on a table. Then came the Uinta uplift. The sea withdrew, and in its place the Rocky Mountains appeared. As the Uinta Mountains slowly rose above the waves, these horizontal beds were tilted up in huge folds until they stood on end.

Erosion has done the rest. For millions of years it has waged a ceaseless warfare on these mountains, carving them into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The Devil's Slide is one of these erosion freaks. In the dry climate of Utah shale crumbles faster than limestone. As a result of this, uptilted beds of limestone, stand up like walls above intermediate deposits of shale. There are many other reefs of limestone similar to these shown in the picture, but the Devil's Slide is the best example within view of the railroad. The walls are forty feet high and twenty feet apart.

NONNEZOSHE, OR "THE RAINBOW BRIDGE"

And now for Nonnezoshe, or the Rainbow Bridge. Speaking more accurately, the Rainbow Bridge is not a bridge at all, but a great flying-arch, called "Nonnezoshe" (great stone arch) by the Navajo Indians. It was first visited by white men on August 14, 1909, who discovered it in a wild, picturesque canyon in southeastern Utah, close to the point where the 111th meridian crosses the Colorado River. The discovery is so recent that the "Bridge" is not located in general atlases.

Sipapu, near Bluff in southeastern Utah, is the largest known *natural bridge,* Nonnezoshe, the *natural arch,* overtops it by eighty-nine feet. So far as is known, it stands supreme in its class. To be more accurate, the total height of the Rainbow Arch is 309 feet. The span of the arch is 278 feet, and the thickness of the arch at the top is forty-two feet. A comparison or two will make it easier to grasp the proportions of this gigantic structure. It is twenty-two feet higher than the Capitol at Washington, dome and all, and if it could be hung astride the Flatiron building in New York City, the ends of the arches would almost touch the ground beyond Fifth Avenue on one side, and Broadway on the other.

Nonnezoshe has been cut by river erosion from buff and brick-red sandstone, suggesting to the Piute Indians the name "Barohoini," meaning the rainbow. It was created a National Monument by Congress on May 30, 1910.

GEORGE BURBANK SHATTUCK.

THE SAND-PILE BAKERY

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

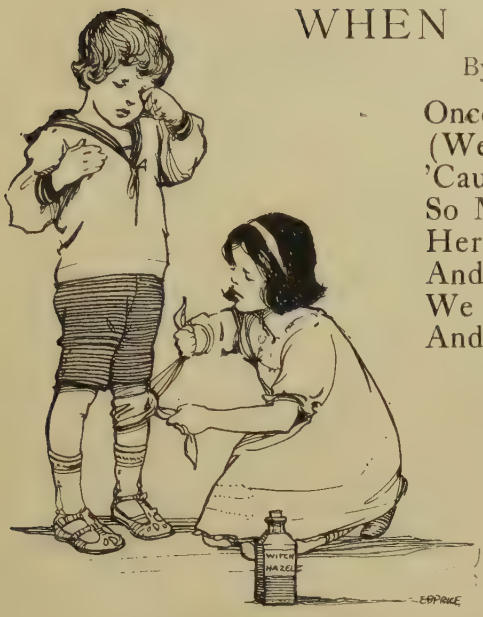
If on the road you chance to be,
Stop at the Sand-pile Bakery!
Delicious things you 'll find within.
(The oven is a biscuit tin
Set beneath the maple tree, at the Sand-pile Bakery.)

"Mister Smith" is the Baker there,
He makes his cakes and pies with care;
Soft white sand is the flour he uses,
And icings with great skill he chooses.
(Lemon-chocolate cake you 'll see at the Sand-pile Bakery!)

Now does a baker ever make
For *himself* a birthday cake?
For "Mister Smith," so I 've been told,
Is to-day just five years old.
A celebration I 'm sure we 'll see at the Sand-pile Bakery!

WHEN MOTHER WENT AWAY

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



Once Mother had to go away;
(We thought we 'd have a lovely day,
'Cause Daddy planned to stay at home.)
So Mother packed her brush and comb,
Her nightie, and a few things more,
And when the Cab was at the door
We all ran out to hug and kiss her,
And never thought how much we 'd miss her!

First, some one down town telephoned,
And Daddy turned around and groaned,
And said, "Too bad! I 'll have to be
At the office, kids, till half past three."

Then Phil fell down and cut his knee
And cried as hard as hard can be.
I tied it up the best I could
But not as well as Mother would.

On Friday Mother went away,
And that 's a most unlucky day!
We broke the darling Chinese jar
In the cupboard where the Queer Things are.
And I got caught on nails, and tore
In my new dress a big barn-door.
If Mother 'd been at home I *know*
That things would not have happened so.

And when at last we went to bed,
And Daddy came, he only said:
"All right? Good night, then, kiddies dear;
I wish that your Mamma was here!"
He never tucked us in at all,
But turned the light off in the hall!
(Our Mother always leaves it lit,
So that we 're not afraid a bit.)
Then in the night I had a dream
That almost made me cry and scream,
But Mother was n't there that night
To comfort me and hold me tight,
And talk and laugh away the fright.

Our Mother came back home to-day,
And me and Phil and Daddy say
That she must *never* go away
Any more!

"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY MARCIA VAN DER VEER AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1919.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

Our young rhymers pay glowing tributes this month to "The Coming Day"—their verses ranging in theme from the burst of dawn, or an October morning, to that greater dawn of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," to which we all are looking forward through these troubled days. An outstanding and exceptional feature, too, is the fact that, in this particular competition, far the best of the little poems were sent in by Honor Members. So you will not find as many Silver Badge winners as usual among the versifiers; but the subject brought a golden harvest from those whose work is already well and favorably known to readers of the League pages. At best, we are unable to do full justice to our clever troubadours who have already won distinction; for the first five of the names on the Special Mention list will be recognized as Honor Members!

Besides the joy of finding so many young folk who can interpret a comparatively commonplace subject with significance and charm, there is an added satisfaction in the proof this month's competition affords, that those who do win early our Gold and Silver badges are not content to rest satisfied with these laurels, but are still eager to "follow the gleam" of inspiration month by month, and year after year. In this they are doing notable service both to the League and to themselves;—for the continued development of their own best gifts and aspirations, and of the love of the ideal in literature, will be of inestimable value to them in after life.

The prose-writers, too, have acquitted themselves nobly this month with a series of storiettes that are admirably written; but here again we have to lament the crowding-out of contributions that equally deserved a place in print. And the young artists and photographers must not feel slighted by the comment that their work "speaks for itself"—for it does, indeed, and to the joy of all beholders! They have our thanks and admiration, by unanimous vote.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 236.

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Silver Badges, **Natalie C. Hall** (age 11), Canada; **Jane Morley Wilcox** (age 8), Canada; **Ruth Mott** (age 14), Minnesota; **Elizabeth Butler** (age 11) Kansas.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Marion Blatchford** (age 15), Illinois; **Briton Niven Busch, Jr.** (age 16), New York; **Katrina E. Hincks** (age 10), Connecticut. Silver Badge, **Jean Harper** (age 15), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Marcia Van der Veer** (age 13), Arizona; **Worthen Bradley** (age 15), California. Silver Badges, **Louise R. Allen** (age 15), Texas; **Bernard Sheridan** (age 15), Ohio; **Margaret McGrew Lyon** (age 15), Illinois.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badges, **O. Lindsay Clarkson** (age 17), New Jersey; **Eleanor Royal** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **John Stewardson** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **F. Goddard Lawrence** (age 16), New York; **Katherine Sullivan** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Harry Robert Woodside** (age 16), South Carolina; **Marion Stevens** (age 12), Colorado; **Caroline L. Whyland** (age 14), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Mary Redmayne** (age 16), England; **Frances M. Shepardson** (age 15), Missouri; **Patience A. Russell** (age 14), Australia; **Grace B. Murray** (age 12), New York; **Andrew K. Peters** (age 11), Massachusetts.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badge, **Peter T. Byrne** (age 13), New York.

BY O. LINDSAY CLARKSON, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCTOBER, 1917.)

BY JOHN STEWARDSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"IN SUMMER-TIME"

THE COMING DAY

BY LOUISE M. SANDFORD (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

Oh, now it is October, the month of golden trees!
And I would fain be climbing the hillsides with the breeze!
But they have called me homeward to take my books again,
And throughout my last school-winter to work with might and main.

Oh, now it is October, the month of starry nights!
And I would fain be camping on the frosty, pine-wood heights!
But I must leave the hillsides, the forest, and the shore,
To grind away on school-books, for just one winter more.

Oh, now it is October, the month I love so dear!
And I shall stay and play in it, about this time next year!
So I look forward longingly toward that Coming Day
When I shall be a Graduate, some time next year in May.

Oh, now it is October, and I would fain be free
To pick the golden apples from off each flaming tree!
But when that Coming Day arrives, and I must go away
From school and all *its* pleasures, I know I 'll want to stay!

THE THOUGHTLESS WORD

BY NATALIE C. HALL (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

Two men were standing talking on a street one evening more than sixteen years ago. They were both rough working men, and they had met to discuss the new and outrageous invention of the automobile.

"I tell yuh, Bill," said one, "those auto things are the most foolish contraptions of machin'ry that's come this way in years. I 'd never ride in one."

"Nor I," rejoined the other. "Why, I 'd as soon try to fly across the deep, blue sea."

Little did he think that within twenty years a man would really fly across the deep, blue sea! Far less did he think that the impossible feat would be accomplished by an American, the gallant Read.

What changes have been wrought in the years which succeeded that day sixteen years ago! Did that rough man ever dream that gigantic aeroplanes would be built for the purpose of carrying mail and passengers? No, for many of the most learned and scientific men had said then, "The air is unconquerable. We have practically conquered land and sea; and with these privileges we must be content."

Little did anyone think at that time that daring men with fearless hearts would soon face such odds as Hawker and Grieve did! They knew the danger and dread possibilities of their Transatlantic flight; and yet they risked their very lives for the sake of the good of the world.

When one thinks of the possibilities that shine in the future and the marvels that the next twenty years may bring forth, does not one feel how wonderful it is—this day in which we live?

So we see, by this little incident of not long ago, that there is "Many a true word spoken in jest."

"IN SUMMER-TIME." BY F. GODDARD LAWRENCE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE THOUGHTLESS WORD

BY SYLVIA WUNDERLICH (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

The large department store was very busy. People kept streaming in and out the whole morning. Mrs. Jones, one of the store's best customers, stopped for a few minutes to talk with a clerk.

"You are very busy to-day," she said; "in fact I believe I have never seen this store so crowded. Wouldn't it be terrible if there should be a fire?"

The last word was said in a cautious whisper.

"No danger," the clerk replied, but he had scarcely finished speaking, before a sharp, piercing shriek arose from a woman a few feet away from them. "*Fire! Fire,*" she shouted. It was heard by the people and rapidly repeated throughout the store. Panic ensued. The clerks and floor-walkers were powerless to check the mad rush to the door. People fell and were trampled upon by the excited crowd. In less than ten minutes the building was emptied: save for the clerks, who had quietly remained at their posts—and the disabled.

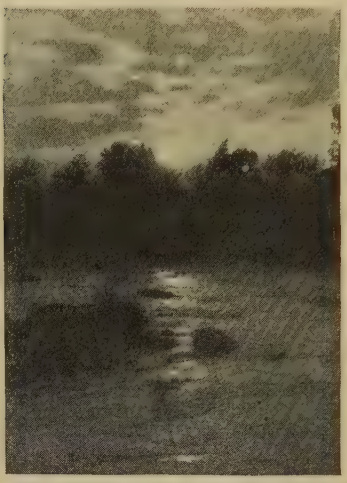
There was an investigation but no fire could be discovered. Five people, however, had to be taken to the hospital.

Mrs. Jones, who had remained standing where she was, again turned to the clerk.

"It was that woman near us who started the alarm," she said. "She must have overheard me say 'fire,' and have cried out without a moment's thought. It certainly is too bad that the innocent people who were hurt and who are now in the hospital have to pay the price of a woman's thoughtless word!"

"READY." BY MARY LOUISE JOHNSON, AGE 14.

BY KATHERINE SULLIVAN, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY HARRY ROBERT WOODSIDE, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY LAURA BIDDLE, AGE 12.

"IN SUMMER-TIME"

THE COMING DAY

BY MARION BLATCHFORD (AGE 15)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June,* 1919)

ONE night as I lay sleeping on my pillow,
I dreamt about the dark days of the war;
I lived again through all its pain and sorrow,
Such sorrow as men never knew before.

I saw the battlefield, the winding trenches;
I trembled at the cannon's deadly roar;
I looked into their faces as they stood there—
The heroes whom the world has bowed before.

I saw them fall upon the field of honor.
How gloriously they gave their lives away!
With tear-dimmed eyes I bowed my head before them.
The broken flower of youth—ah, there it lay!

And then, as through a mist, I saw them marching
On, ever onward, through a starry sky;
I raised my hand and silently saluted
The souls of heroes as they passed me by.

But high above the storm-clouds seemed to lower.
They won the victory, could *we* win the peace?
The love of gain and wealth, the false ambitions,
The foolish wranglings—would they never cease?

Then, suddenly, I heard a Voice within me;
"Fear not, and know that God will show the way."
And through the clouds of night that hung so heavy
I saw the brightness of the coming day.

A THOUGHTLESS WORD

BY DUANE SQUIRES (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

"AND then the bears ate them all up, growling 'Brrr! Grrr!' all the time. Maybe some day a bear will come and try to eat you up! Brrr! Grrr!"

Thus Donald Murray concluded a bed-time story to his little sister, Ruth. Mrs. Murray and her husband had gone out for a short time that evening. After tucking Ruth in bed, they had promised that Donald should tell her a short story before turning out the light. After his parents had gone, Donald went to Ruth's room and told a truly thrilling tale, ending with the sentence I have quoted. Ruth listened fascinated and trembling.

Going downstairs, Donald prepared to enjoy himself with a favorite book. After arranging the lounge pillows comfortably, he opened the volume and began. Soon all was silence, broken only by the rustling of the pages.

At last he looked up at the clock. Could it be possible that it was ten o'clock already? His mother would be home at any minute now.

Suddenly a wild scream rent the air. Donald rushed to Ruth's room and opened the door.

There she lay on the floor, crying frantically, "Oh, the bears! the bears!" She had tripped over a rug, and cut her forehead. Donald picked her up and tried to soothe her, but in vain. She seemed hysterical and constantly cried out about the "bears."

This was the state of things when finally Mrs. Murray reached home.

* * * * * *

A half-hour later, after quieting Ruth and bandaging her forehead, Mrs. Murray came to Donald's room and sat down. "Donald," she asked, "have you any idea as to what frightened Ruth?"

Slowly and shamefacedly Donald told her all. When he had finished, Mrs. Murray was silent a moment. Then she said very quietly, "Donald, let this be a lesson to you! Never should you say a thoughtless word to a little child."

"IN SUMMER-TIME," BY CAROLINE L. WHYLAND, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE)

THE COMING DAY

BY JEAN HARPER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

Down the Future's misty spaces,
I can see the childish faces
Of the days that will be born,
In the rosy, golden morn.

Little childish, peeping faces,
Wond'ring at the world's strange pace;
Childish faces, plain and fair,
That the Future Time will bear.

In their hands, strange gifts have they
Hidden in the misty gray,
For mankind, that they will give
To the day in which they live.

Little, childish, happy faces,
Peeping from the misty spaces,
Do you know we look to you
That our dreams may all come true?

That the gifts your fingers hold
Are to us as hidden gold?
That to you and them we look
As to some strange, guiding book?

Naught you know of weal or woe,
In our world they mingle so!
Yet in you our hopes all rest,
Little childish faces blest!

"READY." BY RUTH MOORE, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE COMING DAY

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

The sun's last ray
Now fades upon my sight;
The sunset sky so bright
Slow darkens into night;
The coming day—
Will it bring hope and light?

Their morning lay
The birds will sweetly sing;
The morning bells will ring;
What joyful sounds of spring
The coming day
Ere long to us will bring!

But oh, my way
Is still beset with care!
The grief that falls my share
Seems far too great to bear;
The coming day
Holds naught but bleak despair.

Oh, never say
That hope deceives our eyes!
A will-o-wisp that lies.
For oh, if hope ne'er dies,
The coming day
Will bring the longed-for prize!

THE THOUGHTLESS WORD: "CATS"

BY JANE MORLEY WILCOX (AGE 8)

(Silver Badge)

We have a nice gentle little dog named Rowdy. One day a neighbor's kitten came into our yard. Rowdy paid no attention but just poked up his nose. Unluckily my little brother cried out: "Cats!"

Rowdy pricked up his ears. Away went the kitten and Rowdy after her! Away went the kitten over the fence, Rowdy still following. At the foot of the tree he caught her, and would have killed her, only we children scrambled over the fence in time to save her life.

The kitten was badly hurt; Rowdy had bloody scratches; our neighbor cried; Mother scolded; Father frowned; and we children were awfully scared! But we learned this lesson—that it was a *thoughtless word* that had got us into so much trouble.

"IN SUMMER-TIME." BY RACHEL D. SMITH, AGE 15.

THE THOUGHTLESS WORD

BY RUTH MOTT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

On a certain evening late in June a very pretty girl of about fourteen years lounged in a wicker chair, with a book.

Suddenly a voice aroused her from her reverie. She glanced at the speaker, a woman of about fifty, rather tall and thin. This was Ellen, the housekeeper, who really had charge of Frances (for that was the girl's name), as her mother had died when she was a mere infant and her father was in far-away Egypt.

"Frances, will you please wash the dishes for me this evening, as I am tired and have your graduation dress to finish for to-morrow?"

"Oh, Ellen, you know I hate to wash dishes! Can't you leave them and wash them in the morning? Besides, I have to go out and do a good deed and then go to the Girl-Scout meeting."

As Ellen turned towards the kitchen to resume her task, a tired sigh escaped her lips. This set Frances to thinking: "Am I obeying my oath—'To do my duty to God and my Country; to help other people at all times; to obey the laws of the Scouts?' A Scout helps other people at all times."

Frances jumped up from her chair, resolved to do her best thereafter. As soon as the dishes were done, she appeared at the Scout meeting. Before, she had brought the standard of her Patrol down for not having done a good deed, but now she was indeed proud to have helped them toward the goal—a beautiful silver cup for the Patrol which had the highest number of merit-marks.

Then a thought came over her, "Dear, patient Ellen, it was she who showed me my duty, and who helped me with my good deed! How sorry I am that I said those thoughtless words, for surely they were not the words for a true Scout!"

"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY WORTHEN BRADLEY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1919.)

THE COMING DAY

BY MARK W. ECKELS (AGE 13) (*Honor Member*)

Above, the gray old guardian peak;
Below, the valley, soundless, still.
Cool wandering breezes softly speak,
And lowly-murmuring branches fill.

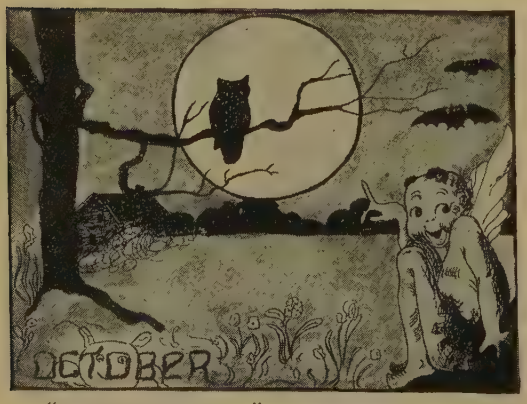
Beside a sparkling mountain lake—
A diamond set in emerald green—
A traveler, ere the morning break,
In silence gazes on the scene.

For long he stands, awaiting morn,
As some old Hindu fakir-priest,
In silent and perpetual scorn
Regards, unmoved, the busy East.

And now the deep, dark hues of night
Grow softer, as on yonder lake
The breezes stir the ripples light;
And joyous birds from slumber wake.

For winds have risen against the night.
They murmur, loud and strong and wild:
"You dark old king, give place to Light,
And tyrant Night to Day's sweet child!"

The traveler onward takes his way
And, looking upward toward the peak,
He sees a light break through the gray,
And feels morn's breath upon his cheek.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY LOUISE R. ALLEN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

THE COMING DAY

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

PRELUDE

Night is a sphinx, half woman and half beast.
I see her great eyes through the window pane;
I hear her fierce claws rattling there like sleet;
The air is vibrant with her mighty wings.
But I lie warm and safe—the fire sings,
And dreams come thronging, eager-eyed and sweet.
Her heavy breathing shakes the walls in vain—
The dreams bend nearer—consciousness has ceased.

I

You slim and mocking dream with slanted eyes
And tilted lashes, dance for me to-night!
Through orchid veils your arms gleam golden bright;
Your ankle rings are jeweled, wondrous-wise,
With deep-sea sapphire, shore-sea emerald,
And foam-white pearl. Across your crimson mouth
An amber fan is held. Dream of the south,
Dance me no more—my fancy is enthralled!

2

And you, oh black-masked dream with rapier drawn,
A moonlight menace in its death-chill gleam,
Back to your forest den, highwayman dream!
For all the stars wink out before the dawn.
And goodbye, child-dream, fading now to gray;
All night I could have warmed you in my arms.
But your shy face, your dimpled, baby charms
I saw too late—Behold the coming day!

"READY." BY BERNARD SHERIDAN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE THOUGHTLESS WORD

(*A True Story*)

BY ELIZABETH BUTLER (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

One evening when my mother was a little girl about ten years old, she said to her mother: "Oh, I wish I could do exactly as I please for one day!"

And it was indeed a thoughtless word, for her mother answered, "All right, dear, you may begin to-morrow."

Mother began the day with sleeping late in the morning and woke up with a headache. She dressed without putting on her shoes or stockings and went down stairs. Breakfast was over and so she did not get anything to eat.

Then began her misfortunes.

She went out-doors and, not being used to going barefoot, at once got rather a bad cut in her foot.

BY KATHRYN L. STEINERT AGE 11.

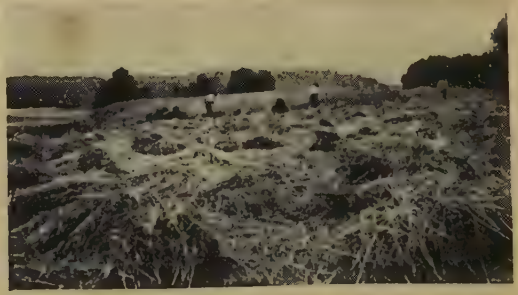
BY SERENA WOOD, AGE 16.

BY RAE VERRILL, AGE 9.

BY VIRGINIA M. BURMISTER, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

BY ELEANOR SPOTTISWOOD, AGE 12

BY ELSIE M. TALBOT, AGE 17.



BY HELEN J. HABBERLEY, AGE 13.

"IN SUMMER-TIME"

But she was determined to have her good time. Near her home lived a family of children with whom her mother did not wish her to play because they were so rough in their games. She went there, but after they had played a while, they pushed and slapped her and finally sicked their big dog on her, until she ran home, at last, frightened and crying.

Her next foolish action was to draw all the money out of her little savings bank, and start with it toward the candy shop. But alas! on the way, she lost nearly all of it through a crack in the board walk.

After these sad experiences, she decided that her mother knew best, and resolved that she would not ask to do just what she wanted to again.

THE THOUGHTLESS WORD

BY MAXINE OBERNDORF (AGE 11)

"MOTHER," said Jack, "what shall I read?"

"I think a story about a boy who did not think before he talked would be appropriate—don't you?" said his mother.

"I don't care what it is," said Jack.

"Very well, here you are," and Jack's mother handed him "The Man Without a Country."

"Read that and see what you think of poor Philip Nolan."

Jack read, and whenever after that he would start to say something very thoughtless, his mother would say: "Philip Nolan! the thoughtless word!"

"READY." BY MARGARET MCGREW LYON, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE COMING DAY

BY BRITON NIVEN BUSCH, JR. (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1919)

THE threatening clouds that once piled thick and grey
Dissolve and disappear into the skies.
The long dark night of war behind us lies
And we await the coming of the Day
That will all grief and sacrifice repay
With untold gladness. Even now our eyes
Can catch the glimmer of its far sunrise
That on the east horizon faint doth play.

Yet we must wait its breaking, patiently;
For this dim hour that comes before the dawn,
Though cold and danger-fraught, will pass at last;
And then o'er all the earth and sky and sea
Will burst the radiance of the perfect morn
Alight with peace that ever shall stand fast.

THE THOUGHTLESS WORDS

BY CONSTANCE MARIE O'HARA (AGE 14)

KAISER WILHELM, now Mr. Hohenzollern, once said that he "would rule the world. And as for America, her troops "were but a handful. It was absurd for her to even think of fighting Germany, who had prepared for forty-six years."

He certainly must have said it thoughtlessly, because he only had to think to remember that America has always been victorious. And always will be!

When four millions of American men, side by side with our Allies, put Germany off the map and sent the Kaiser fleeing to Holland, he must have thought how thoughtless he was to antagonize America! And now, when the German troops who goose-stepped so proudly off to war, have returned defeated to the Germany that is not even a nation, Willie must think he said a great many thoughtless words.

THE COMING DAY

BY KATRINA E. HINCKS (AGE 10)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1919)

THE dusk has deepened into night.
Far o'er the hills has fled the light;
Stars twinkle in the blue.
Hushed are the sounds of woods and hills;
A cricket in the treetop shrills;
The grass wears pearls of dew.

The summer night begins to wane;
The nighthawk stills his cry of pain;
The stars melt in the gray.
The dawn appears to conquer night—
And rosy bars of golden light
Herald the coming day.

"IN SUMMER-TIME." BY MARION STEVENS, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"IN SUMMER-TIME." BY ELEANOR ROYAL, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEBRUARY, 1919.)

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

DRAWINGS

Phyllis Dohm
Chas. K. Hepburn
Amie H. Medary
Robert Diller
Elizabeth E. Clarke
John W. Schmidt
Elizabeth Southard
Mary L. Russell
Mary E. Reveley
Martha Linerd
Helen Hodge
Eleanor M. Sprague
Katharine S. Stebbins
Lois Bacon
Hildegarde Mittendorff
Louise K. Tiedeman

PHOTOGRAPHS

Edith Pentz
Theresa Clarkson
Margaret Chandler
Marion M. Fincke
Gerrish Thurber
Caroline Stephenson
Lucia Turner
Frances I. Herendeen
William A. Dalton
Margaret Olmsted

PROSE

Rebecca T. Farnham
Fred W. Floyd, Jr.
Jeannette M. Smith
Edna Peterson
Constance Poinier
Hugh Latimer Willson
Frances Adams
Henry Briggs
Helen Manz
Dorothy Hughes
Roslyn Thalheimer
Beatrice Trefethen
Helen Gugenheim
Louise Hullihen

VERSE

Virginia E. Follin
Lois D. Holmes
Catherine Parmenter
Eleanor C. Slater
Katharine Edwards Sheldon
Kathryn A. Lyon
Jack Steiss
Rosamond Weston Eddy
Fanita Laurie
Ruth Branning
R. C. Bull
Virginia Hanford Chapman
Arthur Blaisdell
Dorothy Eckard
Mary C. Bergman
Eloise Frye Burt
Betsy McAllister

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Margaret Hunloke Eckerson
Janice Fink
Edward Lawrence
Rosamond Tucker
Katherine Hicks
Margaret Garrison
Betsey Pleasants
Dorothy I. Dixon
Barbara Simison
Helen Cahn
Mildrew Andrews
Margaret A. Earle-Walker
Dorothy Wood
Marian W. Elder
Helen M. M. Reid
Margaret Lewis
Clara F. Greenwood
Jean Banks
S. Leland Casano
Mimi Casano
Caroline McClellan
Virginia H. Orr
Olwen Leach
Ruth Gardner
Dorothy Hamblin
Mary E. Longworth
Dorothy E. Quinn
Staats J. Cotsworth, Jr.
Ione Finch
Helen G. Pentz
Ben Sackheim
Edward E. Murphy
Marjorie M. Lockman
Margaret G. Walkington
Jane Gaston
Carroll Freeland
Emelyn Wyse
Beatrice Cantwell
Phyllis Pike
Winifred Wise
Alice C. Tobie
Ethel Durbin
Dorothy Burns
Mary S. Henning
Isobel McKay

PUZZLES

Elizabeth Eddy
Paul O. McCormick
Susie Cobbs
Ruth W. Clarke

"READY." BY MABEL CLARK, AGE 16.

VERSE

Evelyn Thompson
Edna Lovejoy
Margaret Hamilton
Jessica L. Megaw
Mary White
Mary D. Graff
Jill Spargur
Louise Porter
Madeleine Smith
Eleanore F. Best
Ruth Burns
Dorothy L. Wheelock
Winifred Jutten
Frederick Corning
Ewart Kellogg
Thora Beeken
Edith Clark
Margaret J. Harper
Eleanor Ellis
Benjamin D. Krantzor
Rose E. Elliott
Elizabeth Paisley
Marion Wadsworth
Mollie L. Craig
Ruth Peirce Fuller
Betty Upham
Dorothy Hetzel
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Chiyo Hirose
Marion Ward Smith
Betty Dow
Janice Thompson
Nathalia Fort Peugnet
Margaret Mackprang
Betty Hardham
Nannie B. Crow
Winifred Matthews
Lorraine Mead
Virginia Tilson
Dorothy Scull
Robert Luke Kelly
Dorothy Stephenson
Mary Rollinson
Fay Merrill
Clarice J. Flaum
Marjorie Pilgrim
Lucie Bentley
Raymond Dowden
Arwen Cornell
Florence E. Day
Marion C. Danforth
Margaret G. Spence
Caroline P. Walker
Althea R. Ward
Celeste Laure
R. Joe Stephens
Geneva Neff
Jessie Day
Frances L. Purnell
Eleanor Stockwell
Chas. T. Cravens
Emily Pendleton
Peter Drummond
Mildred A. Hayes
Gwenfread E. Allen
Elizabeth Y. Richardson
Helen Cochrane
Ruth Sherlock
Alice L. Stone
James C. Perkins, Jr.
Mona Morgan
Miriam Reid
Rhoda Hellman
Isabella M. Laughton
Nanette Kutner
Grace B. Murray
Charlotte Morris
Helen M. Fogg
Elizabeth Greenlees
Katherine Kridel
Frances E. Duncan
Dorothy Mitchell

PHOTOGRAPHS

Martin Moore
Mary McKay
Sarah E. Brown
Harriet Sedgwick
Mary E. Carty
Anita L. Gennerich
Barbara C. Potter
Frances Rude
Richard C. Miller
Cecile de L. Simonds
Constance Reynolds
Ruth Banks

POETRY

Charles H. Le Roy
Pauline Edna Jenkins
Gertrude M. Anderson
Ruth Fickert
Anna Elizabeth Suess
Virginia H. Clinger
Charlotte-Washington Willis
M. Norma Nearing
Mary Bright
Eleanor Blum
Isadore Katz
Jeanette Thurston
Isabel A. Lockwood

DRAWING

Dorothy Chamberlin

PRIZE COMPETITON No. 240

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of the readers of the St. Nicholas Magazine.

The League motto is, "Live to learn and learn to live."

The League emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

The League membership button bears the League name and emblem.

The St. Nicholas League, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the greatest artistic educational factors in the world.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Competition No. 240 will close **October 24.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in St. Nicholas for **February.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Trumpeter."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Good Excuse."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "A Random Snap-Shot."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "On Duty," or "A Heading for **February."**

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nicholas. Must be addressed to The Riddle Box.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

Any reader of St. Nicholas, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing — that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

GREENSBORO, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine has been in our family for many years. My grandmother has about thirty-five volumes of it in her home, each volume containing twelve magazines. Every summer when we go to see her we read them from cover to cover. It is a lot of fun to compare the stories and pictures of the early nineties with those of now. They have furnished amusement for two generations and possibly three, for I would not be surprised if grandmother herself did not run off in a corner sometimes with one and spend a quiet hour reading.

You may believe me that if I ever have any children ST. NICHOLAS will be the first thing I shall give them just as soon as they can read.

Your loyal friend,

FRANCES HARRISON (AGE 14).

STEVENSBURG, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister takes you and I always look forward with pleasure to the next number. I just adore "The Girl Next Door." I think it is the best story I have ever read. "The Sapphire Signet" and "Understood Betsy" were fine. It is of no use for me to mention all of the stories that I like, because I think everyone I 've read (which is nearly every one) were just simply fine.

My favorite amusement in summer is to study birds. We have three books about birds, and every bird we see and don't know the name of, we hunt up. Last summer we saw a bird that we never have known the name of. We have always wanted so much to find a hummingbird nest, but have never been so fortunate as to find one. I hope we shall this summer.

You have no idea of how much use you are to me. Most of your poems are just dear. At school there are five rooms in the schoolhouse and each day in the week one room has to have some recitations. Tuesday is our day and oh, so many times have I found poems or stories for them to read or recite. I am the only one in my room who takes you, and you are very useful to us.

Your loving reader,

MARY STEVENS JONES (AGE 10).

MENDENHALL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We get a great many magazines, but of all you are *most decidedly* the best.

I read you from cover to cover and enjoy everything you contain. I enjoy all the stories, but the ones I like best are: "The Boy Vigilantes of Belgium," "The Girl Next Door" and "Vive La France."

My friends and I went on a little picnic a week ago to-day and had a dandy time. Just before I left the mail-man brought you in; I took you along with me, and in the afternoon we took turns reading you; every one enjoyed the stories.

Your most devoted reader,

HELEN H. PALMER (AGE 12).

KINGSTON, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am always wild with joy when you come, dear Magazine!

My favorite stories are "Vive La France!" "The Boy Vigilantes of Belgium."

I live in Brooklyn, N. Y., but mother and I are staying with my grandmother, who owns the "Eagle Hotel," while my father is in France. I have several pets. Two black cats named "Booker T. Washington" and "Nemo." Also a dog named "Patrick Henry." The dog is an Irish terrier.

My father is writing stories in France. His name is Edward Hungerford. I enjoy the letter box very much.

Your devoted reader,

ADRIENNE HUNGERFORD (AGE 10).

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am not going to attempt to tell you how much I love you, but let it suffice to say that I will take you as long as I live!

Before I came to West Virginia, I lived in Oklahoma, near the Indian reservations. A great many of the Indians were dirty and indolent, but some of the young Indian girls were lovely. Winona, the grand-daughter of one of the great chiefs, was a dear friend of mine, and could speak English almost perfectly. She sends me beautiful little baskets that she has wöven herself, and skilfully-moulded pottery of all kinds. Her old grandmother, who is almost blind, can weave the most intricate patterns on her old and clumsy loom, while Winona can do almost as well. Her brother is going to a college in Massachusetts, and he is making a fine record there.

I fear that I should not know Winona now, for I hear that she looks like a "real American."

I wish you the longest life possible, dear St. Nicholas, and hope you will live to be ten thousand times older than you are now.

Your devoted reader,

MARY MANN (AGE 14).

TULSA, OKLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you how a club of which I am a member made a large sum of money for the destitute children of Europe.

We gave a luncheon and bazaar. People came and bought their luncheon and after luncheon bought hand-made articles.

Altogether we made one hundred and twenty-five dollars ($125), which we are going to give to the organization that helps the unfortunate children of France and Belgium.

I thought this was an interesting way to help.

I am

An interested reader,

MARY ELIZABETH VEASEY.

DELAVAN, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I am not a subscriber to your magazine I enjoy you just as much, for my cousin takes you, and through her I learned to love you. In our library are bound volumes dating from 1892. My favorite stories in these are written by the Knipes, "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood" and "Peg O' the Ring."

I live in a small town in Wisconsin. In the summer I go to a resort in the north and in the winter I go south or west. Last year we went to Florida. I don't care for it very much as there is sand everywhere, otherwise I think it is wonderful. The bathing is the most fun and I can swim so that makes it easier. Last summer I swam a mile.

Yours lovingly,

MARY ELISABETH JONES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

Novel Acrostic. Initials, Thackeray; fourth row, Pendennis. Cross-words: 1. Traps 2. Hired. 3. Alone. 4. Crude. 5. Kneel. 6. Event. 7. Ruins. 8. Audit. 9. Yeast.

Drop-letter Puzzle.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Diamonds. Forget-me-not. I. 1. E. 2. Alp. 3. Elfin. 4. Pin. 5. N. II. 1. N. 2. Boa. 3. Noose. 4. Asp. 5. E. III. 1. E. 2. Art. 3. Error. 4. Ton. 5. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Con. 3. Rogue. 4. Nut. 5. E. V. 1. E. 2. Axe. 3. Exert. 4. Era. 5. T. VI. 1. T. 2. Top. 3. Total. 4. Pan. 5. L. VII. 1. L. 2. Ban. 3. Lamed. 4. New. 5. D. VIII. 1. D. 2. Era. 3. Dress. 4. Ask. 5. S. IX. 1. S. 2. Dye. 3. Synod. 4. Eon. 5. D. X. 1. D. 2. Ere. 3. Drone. 4. End. 5. E. XI. 1. E. 2. Ant. 3. Enter. 4. Ten. 5. R.

Word-square. 1. April. 2. Peace. 3. Rabid. 4. Icing. 5. Ledge. —— Charade. Car-pet.

Illustrated Primal Acrostic. Queen Elizabeth. 1. Quire. 2. Unicorn. 3. Eagle. 4. Emu. 5. Nail. 6. Eleven. 7. Lobster. 8. Ibex. 9. Zebra. 10. Acorn. 11. Balloon. 12. Ear. 13. Ten. 14. Hourglass.

Oblique Rectangle. 1. S. 2. One. 3. Snake. 4. Eking. 5. Enter. 6. Genet. 7. Rebel. 8. Tepid. 9. Limit. 10. Diary. 11. Troop. 12. Yokel. 13. Penal. 14. Lanes. 15. Lemur. 16. Sugar. 17. Razor. 18. Rover. 19. Red. 20. R.

Broken Words. Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Columbia, Cornell, Fordham, George Washington, Harvard, Leland Stanford, Vassar, Wellesley.

Rhyming Fish. 1. Whale. 2. Sword. 3. Salmon. 4. Perch. 5. Pike. 6. Shark. 7. Trout. 8. Shad. 9. Gold. 10. Flying fish. 11. Sardine. 12. Sun.

Geographical Zigzag. Panama Canal. Cross-words: 1. Prague. 2. Manila. 3. London. 4. Albany. 5. Bahama. 6. Alaska. 7. Monaco. 8. Sahara. 9. Canton. 10. Hawaii. 11. Lisbon.

King's Move Puzzle. Pine (28—21—20—13), maple (4—12—3—2—1), oak (9—17—10), ash (11—18—19), magnolia (26—27—34—25—33—41—42—35), cedar (43—50—49—57—58), poplar (51—44—36—29—22—14), elm (5—6—15), walnut (7—8—16—24—32—31), hickory (23—30—39—40—48—56—64), lime (63—62—55—47), cherry (46—38—37—45—54—61), pear (53—52—60—59).

To Our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in *full,* following the plan of those printed above.

Answers to All Puzzles in the July Number were received, within the time limit, from Peter J. Byrne—Barbara Beardsley—Ransford E. Kirk, Jr.—John M. Pope—"Two M's"—"Allil and Adi"—Virginia Wall.

Answers to Puzzles in the July Number were received, within the time limit, from Polly Ardra, 8—Alice Poulin 8—Miriam J. Stewart, 8—William P. Pratt, 8—Elizabeth Faddis, 8—"Larwin", 8—Helen H. McIver, 8—Mary Catherine Hamilton, 7—Margaret K. Lehman, 7—Julia Caroline Gregg, 7—Florence S. Carter, 7—Frances E. Cummings, 6—Helen Symonds, 6—Gladys and Ruth, 6—Julian Phelps, 5—Mary J. Burton, 4—S. T. Ramage, 2—B. Sharp, 2—E. Freeland, 2—H. K. Dunn, 2—V. H. Sutro, 2—R. Labenberg, 2—V. Emmons, 2—C. B. Hussey, 2—K. Kridel, 2—P. K. Brill, 2 One puzzle: R. Schlaberg—L. S. Eastman—M. Cate—R. Rodgers—F. H. Sillick, Jr.—N. Alling—R. D. Allen—L. Gunn—M. F. Ingersoll—C. D. Halliday—C. Wilkens—L. E. Mitchell—G. Partridge—K. Childs—K. S. Goodman—M. E. McGaughey—L Raffer—F. G. Searle—N. Hill—D. Busick—R. Lederhaus—F. Cook—R. Johnson—D. Morrell—F. DuBarry—T. L. Dorroh—D. Noyes—M. Courvoisier—J. Sterling—C. Morrissey—C. Kouwenhoven—A. Scofield—E. Linton—L. F. McMahan—C. Schauber—M. Field—G. Green—R. M. Search—K. Morris—E. Howson. Belated answers, Gwenfread E. Allen, 8—Kenneth McIsaac, 7—B. and B., 5—Charles Mooers, 2—S. V. Pick, 2—H. L. Harner, 1—C. Harrigan, 1.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition.)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell a place made famous by the Great War and another row of letters, reading downward, will spell the men who made it famous.

Cross-words: 1. To exhibit. 2. Laborious. 3. To turn upside down. 4. To utter so that another may write it down. 5. Fishermen. 6. A bouquet. 7. To make noble. 8. Short and to the point. 9. Following the letter or exact words. 10. Clear to the understanding. 11. Timidity.

PATIENCE A. RUSSELL (age 14).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Example: Triply behead and doubly curtail an adversary, and leave a number. Answer: opp-one-nt.

1. Triply behead and doubly curtail inflicted capital punishment on, and leave to sever.

2. Triply behead and doubly curtail deceives, and leave a grassy plain.

3. Triply behead and doubly curtail an almanac, and leave termination.

4. Triply behead and doubly curtail to begin, and leave human beings.

5. Triply behead and doubly curtail reasonable, and leave an epoch.

6. Triply behead and doubly curtail noted beforehand, and leave a word used to express denial.

7. Triply behead and doubly curtail obtained, and leave an inferior dog.

8. Triply behead and doubly curtail to set free, and leave age.

9. Triply behead and doubly curtail withdrew, and leave skill.

10. Triply behead and doubly curtail to separate, and leave a prefix signifying one or once.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, beheaded, and curtailed, the initials of the ten three-letter words remaining will spell the surname of a grand old man.

FRANCES M. SHEPARDSON (age 15).

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC

In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the nine objects have been rightly guessed and the words written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a place that became famous in October, 1854.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in elm, but not in tulip;
My second, in tulip, but not in catalpa;
My third is in catalpa, but not in poplar;
My fourth is in poplar, but not in plum;
My fifth is in plum, but not in birch;
My sixth is in birch, but not in apple;
My seventh is in apple, but not in cottonwood;
My eighth is in cottonwood, but not in spruce;
My ninth is in spruce, but not in ash;
My tenth is in ash, but not in elm.
My whole is a very tall tree of Australia.

FLORENCE M. GILDAY (age 12), *League Member.*

HIDDEN PROVERBS

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition.)

In the six sentences following may be found two proverbs. The first word of each proverb may be found in the first sentence, the second word of each proverb in the second sentence, and so on.

1. A girl and a dog walked down the street.
2. Please go on rolling the lawn while I go in and put a stitch in this torn apron.
3. The boy, in a fit of anger, threw a stone at the dog.
4. She always gathers her blackberries in time to make jam.
5. No person who saves his money will ever want.
6. On the moss-covered stones sat nine hungry little children.

MARY REDMAYNE (age 16).

A WAR ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition.)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, the initials will name a place that will be forever famous.

1. A great gun. 2. A defensive covering for the head. 3. An instrument used to hold a ship in a particular station. 4. A mark to shoot at. 5. A power-producing machine. 6. A place where arms and instruments of war are deposited for safe keeping. 7. A long, loose coat. 8. A deep ditch used by soldiers. 9. Persons of conspicuous bravery. 10. A valuable disinfectant. 11. A commissioned officer of the lowest grade in the navy. 12. Certain weapons carried by soldiers. 13. A kind of firework used in the Great War. 14. A name given to a soldier from the United States.

GRACE B. MURRAY (age 12).

TRANSPOSITIONS

The sixteen letters in the first line printed below may be rearranged so as to form four feminine names.

The twelve letters in the second line printed below may be rearranged so as to form four masculine nicknames.

JULIUS, THE MAYOR, RAN.
SOME DID NOT, JO.

VIRGINIA LIGNELL (age 15).

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Example: Take a letter and a notice, and make a standard. Answer: n sign, ensign.

1. Take a letter and a pair of horses, and make respect.
2. Take a letter and a part of a ship, and make to adorn.
3. Take a letter and part of a table, and make to baffle.
4. Take a letter and part of a fish, and make relating to elves.
5. Take a letter and to distribute, and make fanciful.
6. Take a black bird and a letter, and make a popular game.
7. Take a masculine nickname and a letter, and make a tree.
8. Take a young cow and a letter, and make a restaurant.
9. Take a variety of cabbage and a letter, and make part of a flower.
10. Take a chef and a letter, and make a hard little cake.

ANDREW K. PETERS (age 11).

CHARADE

My *first* is in an office found; sometimes half-buried under ground;
My *last* is always present, though far distant it may be;
My *whole* is small, I must confess, and none of us could ever guess
How many tons it carries over land and over sea.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK